

PNCH

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RUNCH

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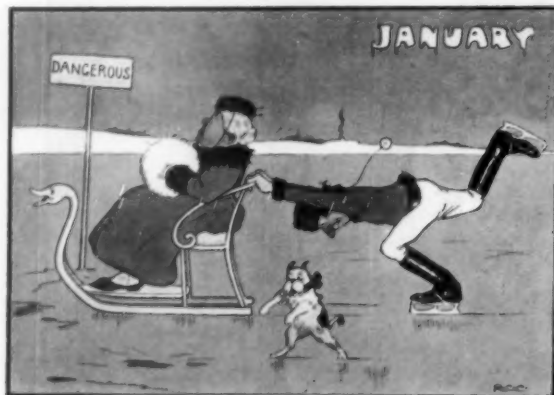


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Punch's Almanack for 1905.

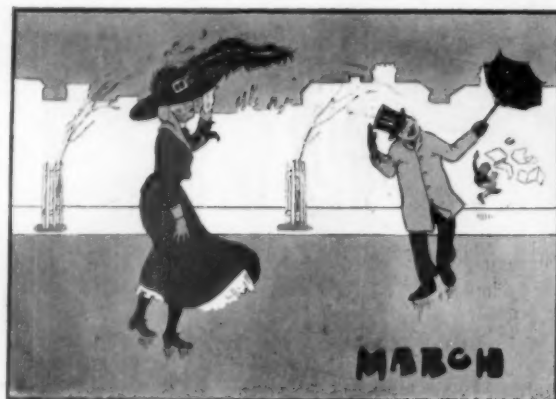
CALENDAR FOR THE YEAR.



A crystal pavement, by the breath of Heaven cemented firm.
J. THOMSON.



O, but she will love him dearly;
He shall have a cheerful home.—TENNYSON.



All in the freshness of the humid air.—J. THOMSON.



The teeming clouds
Descend in glad some plenty o'er the world.—J. THOMSON.



The shepherd, on the mountain brow,
Sits piping to his flocks and gamesome kids.
J. THOMSON.



To pant and sweat beneath the fiery noon.—JOHN ARMSTRONG.

CALENDAR FOR THE YEAR.



Beside the idle summer sea.—W. E. HENLEY.



Be patient,
For the world is broad and wide.—SHAKESPEARE.



Here from the sultry harvest fields
The reapers rest at noon.—T. BUCHANAN READ.



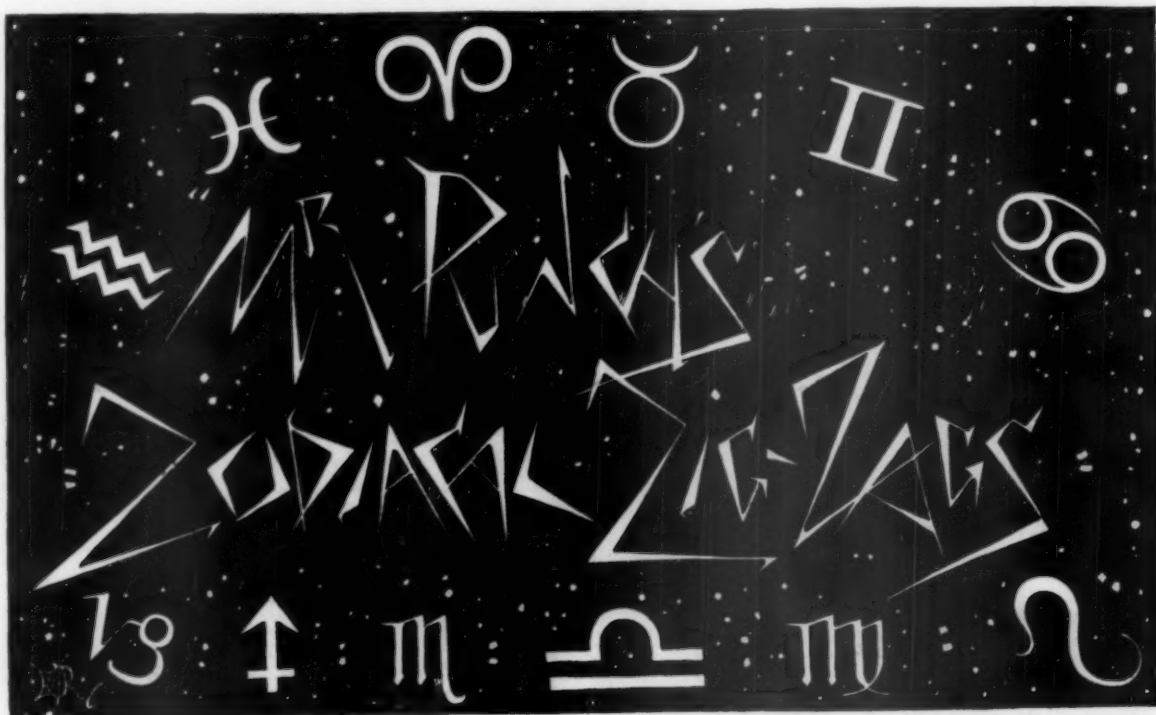
Measure not the work
Until the day's out and the labour done.—BROWNING.



Of all the griefs that harass the distress'd,
Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest.—DR. JOHNSON.



A steaming bowl, a blazing fire;
What greater good can heart desire?—WORDSWORTH.



It was suggested by one of the scientific iconoclasts at the last meeting of the British Association that the Zodiac was played out. Mr. Punch, however, as usual knows otherwise. To that profound Sage it is given to see farther than any through a brick wall, and he has discovered that, so far from Aries, Taurus, Aquarius & Co. having ceased to affect their children, it is impossible to escape their dominion, as the following notes on the months only too

abundantly prove. A baby coming into this world in January, under Aquarius, cannot escape aquatic influence in one form or another; to be born in March, under Aries, the Ram, is to be aggressive; to be born in July, under Leo the Lion, is to be leonine; and so forth. The Zodiac still rules, and Mr. Punch has brought together instances both from ancient and modern history to prove the truth of the assertion.

JANUARY—AQUARIUS.

Though water is placed last of the four elements, January has its revenge by leading in the year. This is only as it should be, for British greatness is built on its control of the water. The Englishman begins his day with a cold water tub, he tempers the rigours of the night with a hot-water bottle, and he consolidated his Empire by winning the battle of Waterloo. The United Kingdom is surrounded by water. What would Scotland do without its Burns, or England without its Becks? Aquarius fittingly dominates the first of the months.

No one born in January can avoid watery influences—either he will make a voyage, or abstain from one; get water on the brain or his feet wet; pay the water rate or go to prison; mix too much whisky with his water, or too little with his whisky. And it is in this month that water-pipes usually burst.

England has many notable Januarians, as they might be called. Dearest to the

heart of Aquarius is Sir Wilfrid Lawson, who is pledged to the service of water pure and simple. The world's record for abstinence is, however, held by the Ancient Mariner, of whom it is recorded, "Water, water everywhere, and not a drop to drink." In spite of Sir Wilfrid's creed it has been proved by Thames trippers to be as easy to be drunk on water as on land. In this month also were born Mr. Water Long and Lord Tankerville, Baron Schweppe, Mr. Anthony Waterer, Mr. H. G. Wells, author of *The Liquid of the Gods*, and Principal Rainy, each of whom in his own way is helping to build up the Empire.



Punch's Almanack for 1905.

MEMORABILIA OF THE MONTH.

Hercules encountered the first Hydro.
Jan. n.c. 2501.

Mixed bathing permitted in the Round
Pond. Jan. 1905.

Kingsley's *Water Babies*, published
1863.

Umbrellas first called gamps. Jan.
1844.

PROVERBS OF THE MONTH.

An Englishman's aquascutum is his
castle.

When an acorn sprouts on a mountain ash,
Then prepare for splash, splash, splash;
But if a walnut buds on the oak,
Then prepare for soak, soak, soak.

HINTS TO SMOKERS.

Distrust cigarettes which are sold at
more than ten a penny.

Irish cheroots can be negotiated only
by persons of an iron constitution.

Before lighting a cigar, always hold it
to your ear. If you hear a roaring like
that emitted by a sea shell, it is safer to
ask for a milder brand.

FEBRUARY—PISCES.

To be born under Pisces is a sure
augury of success as a swimmer. Hardly
anyone so favoured can fail every



summer to swim to France—that test of
the higher natation. Greasley was born
in February, and so was Haggerty.
Leander and Byron were both February
babies, and it is the only month in which
Holbein and Mr. Swinburne feel really
well.

The influence of Pisces is powerful
also in stimulating thirst, and many of
our greatest drinkers have confessed to
February as their natal month. Porson,
for example, so notoriously drank like a
fish that the French coined from his
prowess their expressive word *poisson*.

Such is the power of Pisces that most
of the Finns are born in February, and
they invariably choose that month in
which to perform any important action,
such as taking a new house, buying a
dog, &c., &c.

Coldness of blood is not unavoidable
by February children, but a certain
frigidity is often noticeable. Mr. Gill,
K.C., was born in February, and so



FANCY PORTRAIT OF MR. GILL, K.C.

were Mr. Richard Whiteing, Sir Rennell
Rodd, and St. Polycarp. Perhaps
England's greatest February son is the
judicious Hooker.

MEMORABILIA OF THE MONTH.

Izaak Walton became Senior Angler.
February, 1615.

Mr. Gluckstein met Judge Salmon.
February, 1893.

Kedjeree invented. February, 118.
Ananias related his first fish story.
February, 61.

PROVERBS OF THE MONTH.

Spare the rod and spoil the child.

A fly in the hand is worth two in the
bush.

THE ETIQUETTE OF VISITING.

On entering the room a caller advances
towards the lady of the house before
addressing anyone else, and shakes
hands. If your hostess has only one
arm, be sure to offer the hand corre-
sponding to the one she still possesses.

When a visitor rises to take leave, his
hostess rings the bell so that the servant
may be ready to open the hall door. If
the bell is out of order, the guest, on
descending to the hall, should hum or
sing gently to attract attention. Should
that fail, he must call down the kitchen
stairs, unless the kitchen is at the top of
the house.

MARCH—ARIES.

March, the month of bluster and
aggressiveness, owes its character to the
influence of Aries, whose power is such
that under it the most timid of creatures,
the hare, develops an extravagance of
behaviour which has become a by-word.
Schemes of aggression almost invariably
have their origin in March. It was in
March that Mr. Andrew Carnegie began
to endow Free Libraries; spring-cleaning
commences on the 21st; and demands
for rent disturb the equanimity of the
householder in the last week of the

month. To the domination of Aries we
must attribute all these phenomena.

To be born under Aries is inevitably
to be energetic and assertive. Mr. Win-
ston Churchill was born in March, and
so was Mr. Lloyd George. Mr. C. Arthur
Pearson first saw the light of this planet
in a windy day of the vernal equinox.
Mr. Chamberlain planned his tariff
reform in March, and in March Admiral
Togo rammed the first Russian cruiser.
Our old friend Mrs. Ram was a March
child, and Rameses the Second, and
greatest, was crowned in this month.

MEMORABILIA OF THE MONTH.

Cardinal Rampolla first saw Madame
Clara Butt. March, 1899.

Shakespeare murdered by a desperate
band of noted amateurs. March, 1904.

Ramadan introduced into London by
the Omar Khayyam Club. Members go
on Shorter rations. March, 1905.

The Poet Laureate, Mr. Alfred Austin,
received his first butt. Lady Day, 1895.

PROVERBS OF THE MONTH.

Butt me no butts.

You can't make an ivory ruler out of
a ram's horn.

COSTUMES FOR WINDY WEATHER.

To obviate the painfully *bouffante*
effect caused by rude Boreas and his
attendant brethren, fragile and airy
fabrics must now be carefully avoided.
For esplanade wear, tailor-made gowns
should be heavily shotted, while an inner
lining of ferro-concrete will be found to
give the desired stability to a fur-trimmed
cloth redingote. Now, however, that
open-air exercise in all weathers has



become so fashionable, no one should
venture out in a tornado without a
parachute. Embroidered and jewelled
parachutes of lace and *bébé* ribbon made
up over a detachable silk lining, of which
it is advisable, in the interests of variety,
to include several in one's wardrobe, are
now much in vogue.

Punch's Almanack for 1905.

TOBY, M.P.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH BY THE MEMBER FOR SARK.



As in the case of another personage well-known in literature, Toby's birth "is wropt in mystery." There are authorities who claim that he descended in a June thunderstorm from the Dog star. That, however, need not be taken Siriously. In brief, it is a myth. Toby was never nearer the Canis major than was Homer, whose birthplace is equally a subject of controversy.

Whilst dismissing legendary lore it is safe to say that Toby was born of poor but honest parents. He lacked the advantages of education at a public school, and took a degree neither at Cambridge nor Oxford. But, as John Bright used to say, and was able to personally testify to the truth of the allegation, "Varsity training is not absolutely essential to achievement of high position in public life."

The fact is, reading and writing came to Toby by nature. Thus endowed he was able to pursue his studies at the fountain head. His mother, to whom, like most great men, he owed much, was removed (by water) early from this sphere. His father, Tobias by name, was the companion of a wooden-legged watchman who lived in the vicinity of the Isle of Dogs. Bereft of his mother the young pup clung more closely to his remaining parent. Also on one



occasion he clung a little viciously to his father's employer. If it had been the wooden leg in which he inserted his teeth the incident might have been

overlooked. Toby selected the other one.

On the face of it it was a trifling circumstance. It had momentous effect. The irate watchman misunderstanding his motive, which was simply to investigate the reasons why one leg should be more bulky than the other, kicked him off. His father fearing to be deprived of his living disowned him, and Toby was cast out upon a cold world.

Retiring to the Isle of Dogs his capacity and personal predominance quickly asserted themselves. Though still young in years he drew around him a retinue of dogs. Some acquired the habit, fastened upon them by rude boys, of appearing at Court with sections of a tin can attached to their tails. This indignity, the handiwork of idle boys, gave birth to deep resentment in the generous breast of the Captain. He resolved to form a Republic in the island. As a preliminary he established six Army Corps with remounts and all modern appliances. In due time he would lead his army against the tyrants of his race, make prisoners of them, and send them to work in the gold mines under native gangers.

All went well for some weeks. At the approach of the dog days sedition was fomented within the camp. The Commander-in-Chief—he had now assumed that rank with extra rations—was accused of ratting. Summoned to appear before the Council of Ten he indignantly denied the charge. As he proceeded with his oration the ears and tails of his accusers drooped. The Ten in Council barked approvingly, honourable acquittance was certain, when, as William Black used to say in his novels, "Lo, a strange thing happened." Some commotion was heard at the back of the Court. A cry was raised "A Rat! a Rat!" Instantly all the dogs, led by the Council of Ten, bolted, leaving Toby a free, but lonely dog.

Sickened of statecraft Toby, still in his teens, though wiser than many

hoary bulldogs, shook the mud of the Isle of Dogs from off his paws and turned his face towards the setting sun.

"The star of Empire," he said, "rises in the West."

One morning, taking a walk down Fleet Street, whom should he meet but Mr. Punch. The keen eye of the Sage piercing the shaggy eyebrows trustfully turned upwards on him beheld the light of honesty and genius that shone beneath them. His friendly whistle was fearlessly obeyed. Trotting briskly at the heels of his new master Toby found himself in an office. He was promptly arrayed in a white starched ruffle, and "accommodated with a seat," as they say in the police courts, on a number of volumes set upon the table



where sat the Master Spirit of the age, pen in hand, contemplating an impromptu.

That was sixty-three years ago. Dicky Doyle happened to look in, drew master and dog as they sat in close companionship, a picture of world-wide renown that exists to this day. Forty years later the electorate of Barks, looking round for a representative worthy of the historic county, sent Toby to Parliament.

But that is another story. Are not the doings and sayings of Toby, M.P.



of The Kennel, Barks, written in successive volumes of *Punch* whose appearance has gladdened the world during the last quarter of a century?

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD



WENT TO THE
CUPBOARD,
TO GET HER
POOR DOG
A BONE,
BUT WHEN
SHE CAME
THERE

THE
CUPBOARD
WAS
BARE,

AND SO THE SLY DOG HAD KNOWN



BABY
BABY
BUNTIN

DADDY'S GONE A HUNTIN',

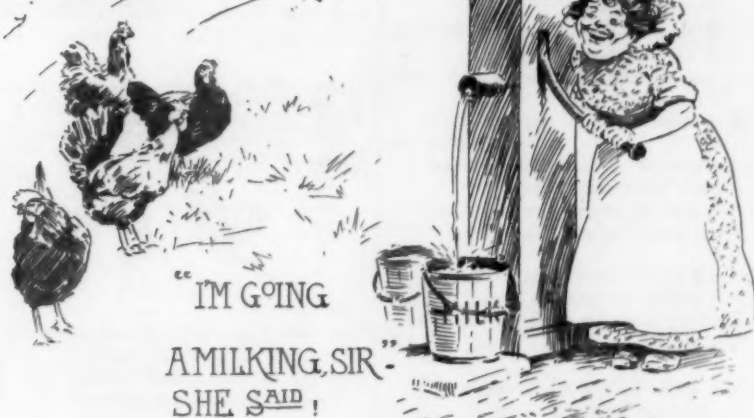


HE'LL GET A LITTLE
RABBIT SKIN

TO WRAP
POOR BABY BUNTIN' IN.



"WHERE ARE YOU
GOING TO
MY PRETTY MAID?"



"I'M GOING
A MILKING, SIR."
SHE SAID!



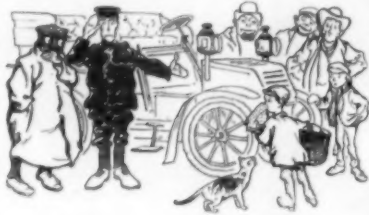
OH DEAR! WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE?
JOHNNY'S SO LONG AT THE FAIR.
HE PROMISED TO BRING ME A
BUNCH OF
BLUE
RIBBANDS
TO
TIE UP
MY BONNY
BROWN HAIR!

OLD FRIENDS WITH NEW FACES.

THE MODERN JOHN GILPIN.

JOHN GILPIN was an Alderman
Of credit and renown :
His family was staying at
A distant country-town.

Now Gilpin bought a motor-car,
And the first time 'twas tried—
Arranged to fetch his family,
And take them for a ride.



The morning came, the *chauffeur* drove
The car up to the doors :
A 16-horse-power, Clincher-tyred
Mercedes-Napier-Mors.

And, when it stopped, men sauntered up,
And little boys as well ;
And some remarked the wheels went
round,
And some observed the smell ;

And everyone cheered loudly when
A start was made at last—
To see that drays and brewers' vans
Were easily out-classed.

Now all went very well at first,
But twenty miles from town
Something began to squeak. At once
The *chauffeur* got him down.

Alas ! while he was underneath
To find out what was wrong,
Gilpin was left alone (which points
The moral of my song).

Now Gilpin (though a pleasant wit
Who loved a timely joke)
Scarce knew the difference between
Misfiring and a spoke.



So, having nothing else to do,
At length must needs forsake
His rôle of looker-on, to put
The clutch in by mistake !

"So, fair and softly !" John, he cried,
But John he cried in vain ;

The car began to move as though
"Twould never stop again.

And fast and faster grew the pace :
For, reckless in his fright,
He oped the throttle with his foot,
And eke with all his might !

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought,
Away went mask and hat ;
At sixty miles an hour or more
He dashed along the flat.

And when the rumour spread around—
"The Gordon-Bennett Race !"
There scarcely was a person there
But backed him for a place.

While men who in the morning laid
Seven to one on Edge,
Looked anxiously at Gilpin's back
And tried their best to hedge.

The dogs did bark, the children screamed,
And chickens strewed the road ;
And some cried out "Police, police !"
And some, "Police be blowed !"



Then Sergeant Jarrett paced a mile,
And waited watch in hand :
But, eke to hide his fell intent,
Covered his boots with sand . . .

But Gilpin vanished in a cloud,
And very soon he neared
His family, who wondered much
To see how well he steered.

They cried, "John Gilpin ! Here we are !
Stop, stop, for Heaven's sake !"
Said John, with head between his knees,
"Can't someone find the brake ?"

So like a bullet swift he flew—
Shot from a marksman's gun—
Far past his family—for why ?
It was a Non-stop Run !

Away went Gilpin, far away,
And sore against his will ;
Till somewhere short of John o' Groats
His car at last stood still.

But while he wondered what to do,
His carelessness (alack !)
Once more was his undoing, for
The car began to back !

Slowly at first, but faster soon
It gathered pace amain,
And all the way it came before
It hurtled back again.

And as before the people cried,
"The Gordon-Bennett Race !"
This is the second round. How well
Gilpin maintains the pace !"



So backward ever Gilpin dashed,
Until some miles from town
He met a circus in the road . . .
And then at last got down !

But, undesignedly no doubt,
Got down upon his head—
Some yards away ; and people thought
"Alas ! he must be dead."

Not he ! By landing on "The Man
With India-rubber Skin"
He saved his own ! (all but a slight
Contusion to the shin).

[The car was not so fortunate—
And all to pieces went :
They found a wheel in Dorsetshire,
A sparking-plug in Kent.]

That night (returning home by train)
O'er coffee and cigars,
Surrounded by his family,
He cursed all motor-cars !

He cursed the Lanchester with strength,
The Darracq without pause ;
But most of all he cursed aloud
Mercedes-Napier-Mors ;



And promised there and then to buy
A carriage and a pair,
And when his wife goes forth to shop
May I be near to stare.

So let us sing, "Long live the King !
And Gilpin long live he !"
(And Gilpin's wife, who daily drives
Down Regent Street at three.)

Punch's Almanack for 1905.

HOW HISTORY IS MADE.



1810

Year after year

they catch nothing



1830

At last!
Unexampled success!



1900

A statue is erected to the Man who caught the fish, and is the glory of the town and the admiration of tourists.



1905

They recommence trying for another celebrity.

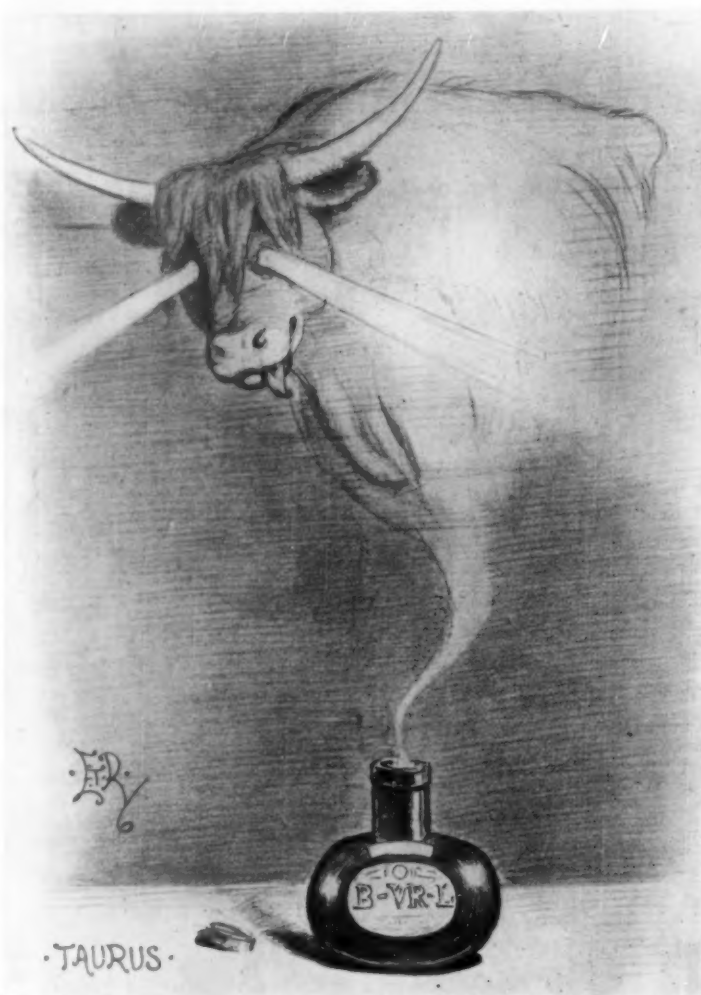
Punch's Almanack for 1905.

MR. PUNCH'S ZODIACAL ZIG-ZAGS.

APRIL—TAURUS.

In this month was John Bull born—on the first, according to some foreign publicists, but not so according to Cocker. The old gentleman, in spite of a few little troubles in some of his limbs—a twinge or two of South African

days before the day of England's patron saint. Taurus not only provides the roast beef of old England, but he typifies her natural solidity of character. In various liquid forms, again, he ministers to one's internal needs, and (by advertisement) to the illumination of our streets.



gout, a suspicion of Russian influenza, the possibility of German measles, a slight attack of Lhasatude—is still hale and untouched at heart. There are some who say that he takes too much exercise at games—a view in which *Mr. Punch* is inclined to agree—and is too little disposed to consider serious measures to compete with his more enterprising Brother Jonathan; but doubtless energy in this direction will come in time. He remains at any rate the finest Bull on earth.

It is with no ordinary appropriateness that the sun enters Taurus only a few

To be born in April is to be infallibly associated in some way or other with Taurus. Bisley prize winners are born in this month, and so was Mr. Jesse Collings. It was in April that the first Cowes regatta was held, and in that month also Mr. Croker, the Tammany Bos, left Oxon.

MEMORABILIA OF THE MONTH.

St. Patrick introduced bulls into Ireland to take the place of snakes. April, 400.

Sir Boyle Roche born. April 1, 1743.
Sir Loin knighted. April, 1196.

Baron Liebig first read *Elegant Extracts*. April, 1845.

Bull-baiting suppressed at Worcester by Bishop Gore. April, 1903.

PROVERBS OF THE MONTH.

Where there's a Bull there's a Bear. (Afghan Proverb.)

Never hit a gift bull in the eye.

COMMON SUPERSTITIONS.

To find a mouse in your teacup means good luck.

If a tintack or a drawing-pin is seen on the bathroom floor and not picked up, misfortune will dog your steps.

It is unlucky to give red pepper to a mad bull.

Walking into a coal-shoot right foot foremost brings luck.

MAY—GEMINI.

The Heavenly Twins, Castor and Pollux, affect in various ways the destiny of those born in May. Castor is the patron of horsemanship and driving, Pollux of boxing and wrestling. To be born in May is therefore, in addition to the chances of being a twin, a sure sign that one will be influenced positively or negatively by horses or bruisers.

The advantages of being a twin are obvious only when it enables the one who has done wrong to be mistaken for the one who has done right. On the other hand, it does not entitle you to the Royal Bounty. No really very great persons have ever been twins, with the exception of Cæsar and Pompey, Beaumont and Fletcher, and the two Lees, Sidney and Nancy.

It is impossible for a May baby to go through life without either witnessing a wrestling competition or refraining from doing so—such is the power of Pollux. Hackenschmidt was a May baby, and so were the Terrible Turk and the Atrocious Bulgarian. All May children are born with clenched fists. All May children also are in danger of becoming horsey, whether they take to motor-cars or not. Lord Brampton was a May baby. Mr. Rider Haggard, Miss Cobbe, Canon Mornington and Maréchal Ney were all born in May.

MEMORABILIA.

Castor oil first administered to the little Pollocks. May, 1881.

Scotland Yard first discovered that Adolf Beck was not John Smith. May, 1903.

John Chilcote, M.P., appointed ambassador to Siam.

Madame Sarah Grand and Mr. W. Baddeley win the mixed doubles.

PROVERBS OF THE MONTH.

Two of a face seldom agree.

It is better to have German measles than Siamese twins.

Punch's Almanack for 1905.



POLICEMAN X. CAN'T TELL T'OTHER FROM WHICH.

CRICKET FORECASTS FOR 1905.

The cricket season proper may be said to open with May. About this time the daily papers will begin to print cricket articles. In the *Chronicle* Mr. Jephson will welcome the return of King Willow to power and wish him the allegiance of Old Sol and as little as possible of the company of Jupiter Plu.

On the fields all over the country wickets will fall, and not a few legs will find their way before them. About the 13th a great batsman will disappoint his admirers. On July 1 Surrey will appoint a new captain.

JUNE—THE CRAB.

That we cannot always be moving forward but must occasionally *reculer pour mieux sauter*, is beautifully indicated by the entrance of the Sun on the sign of the Crab. For, as the American poet sings:

Three things there are in the world which when they seem coming are going.
When they seem going they come—diplomats, women, and crabs.

While a somewhat similar thought has occurred to our own Poet Laureate:

Rash man toils forward, ev'n in four-wheeled cabs,
Yet surely something may be said for crabs.

Not merely something but much may be said for the wayward crustacean, who deeply influences all who see the light under his ruddy sign. To be born in June is to be reactionary, an apostle of retrogression, a *laudator temporis acti*, and so strong is the spell of their natal sign on carsmen who celebrate their

birthday in this month that they can never be depended on in an emergency.

M. Pobedonosteff, the Procurator of the Holy Synod, was born in June; so was Mr. Henry Chaplin. In this month also the days grow to their longest, like a crab's claw in process of deliberate

extension, and begin to shorten again, like the same claw withdrawn.

MEMORABILIA.

Mr. Wilfrid Blunt opened Arabian Aquarium at Crabbet Park. June, 1901.

Great Claus and Little Claus, written by Hans Andersen. June, 1846.

The Great American Impresarios, Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger, projected their dramatisation of Crabbe's *Borough* in this month.

Lord Rosebery crabbied the Anglo-French Agreement. June, 1904.

PROVERBS OF THE MONTH.

Even a crab-apple can have the pip.

It is better to catch a Tartar than a Crab.—*Togo's Table Talk*.

MORE GARDENING NOTES.

Tennis lawns should be well swept and mown, the courts marked out at least once a week, and lost balls carefully looked for in the herbaceous borders. Withered flowers should be removed, dried and pressed, and if snow falls it should be at once removed. Watering is necessary in dry weather, but in the event of a heavy rainfall the amount can be substantially reduced. Cover fruit trees with green baize, and pot newspaper cuttings.



"THE WAYWARD CRUSTACEAN."

Punch's Almanack for 1905.

BACK TO THE LAND.

"ERMYNTRUDE" AND "LADY CHARLOTTE," OF FEMININE JOURNAL FAME, HAVING IMPRESSED UPON THEIR READERS THE DELIGHTS OF A COUNTRY LIFE, DECIDE TO PRACTISE WHAT THEY HAVE PREACHED.



THE MILKMAID.—ANTICIPATION.



THE MILKMAID.—REALISATION.

BACK TO THE LAND.



THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER.—ANTICIPATION.



THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER.—REALISATION.

Punch's Almanack for 1905.

A MEMORY OF MAY.

[Messieurs the reading public are invited to note that many of the statements contained in the following epic are merely legendary.]

I OFTEN wish that I could part
The hanging folds of drifted haze
Which so divide me, head and heart,
From what I was in early days:
I wish that I could take a course
Of Someone's Stimulating lotions
And so revive the vanished force
Of first emotions.



"Mentally reconstruct the thrill of vernal passion."

I would (in thought) renew delight
Of every season's sporting cult:—
The cursive hoop, the hovering kite,
The pebble-loaded catapult;
I'd give a lot to taste again
The joy of going into breeches,
Or even bear (in mind) the pain
Of caudal switches.

I simply cannot! When I've seen
The young about me skip and play
I've felt I never could have been
So young, so immaturely gay;
And though they kindly veil their scorn
When I elude their hurly-burly,
I know they think that I was born
Obese and surly.

Yet, when upon the evening breeze
The sighs of lovers haunt my ear,
When swallows swoop from over seas,
When Spring (to cut it short) is here;
I too, who once at Nature's will
Followed apace the season's fashion,
Mentally reconstruct the thrill
Of vernal passion.

O magic sights and scents of May!
Back flow the ebbing sands of Time;
The mists are rent that round me cling,
And I retrieve my boyhood's prime!

Not in the elemental stage
Of marbles, butterscotch and Henty,
But at the still more guileless age—
Nineteen to twenty.

Once more I flash a garish vest,
A tie of flame, a flawless cuff;
Once more my lip (how well caressed!)
Evolves a kind of downy fluff;
Almost the memory makes me swoon
And ere I know it I am playing.
"O that (I like the poignant tune)
We two were Maying!"

Not that we scoured the nutty grove
Or tramped across the "sheep-trimmed
down,"
Not that I ever really wove
About her crest a floral crown
But May has somehow always struck
The chord of that third term at college,
When she and I essayed to pluck
The Tree of Knowledge



"She lit the match."

Her name I will not noise in print;
To her address I drop no clue,
Nor yet betray by half a hint
What was the local shade of blue;
Discretion seals my mouth, and if
I give (below) her social status
'Twas thence I drew the primal whiff
Of love's afflatus.

She sold tobacco. Often I,
Leaning across the sundering bar,
From sheer virility would buy
A needlessly robust cigar;
She lit the match (ah! little spark
That sets ablaze the leagues of hea-
ther),
And always made some fresh remark
Upon the weather.

We seldom trenched on higher themes;
Soft nothings whiled the hour away,
And just as in a world of dreams,
Went by that truant term of May;
My habits underwent a change;
My bowling lost its easy action;
Even to Dons she proved a strange
Counter-attraction!

I gave her, day by day, a rose,
Warm from my chest, but still de-
ferred
(From modesty, I must suppose)
To breathe aloud the crucial word;
And while my doubting lips refrained
To ask her if she cared to rough it,
Quite suddenly my hopes sustained
A knock-out buffet!

The facts were these. From my exam
I issued last of all my year,
Which caused my captious Head to dam
What would have been a fine career;
I guessed the shock might well explode
That heart (I could not now annex it)
To whose seductive snares I owed
This shameful exit!

She bore the news with perfect tact!
I even wondered if she had,
Unknown to me, a nuptial pact
With some more oozy undergrad.
Base doubt! She merely meant to hide
The truth that she was broken-hearted;
And so, with many a sob inside,
We kissed and parted!

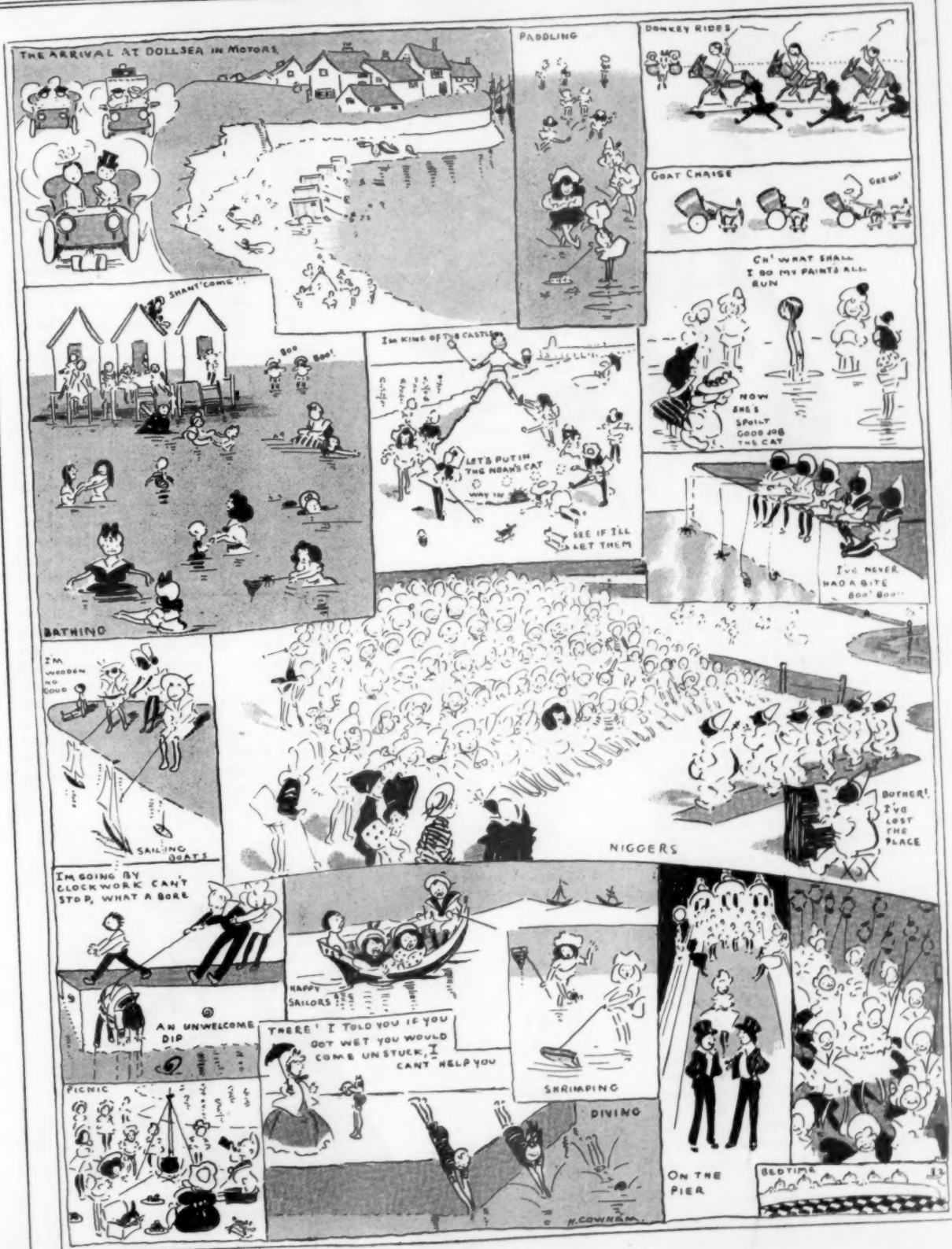
Two decades fled before I faced
Those scenes again: the shop was
there;
But O, her name was now erased,
And she had gone I know not where;



"My captious Head."

Yet if her heart (like mine) is true,
I still can picture her as saying
From time to time, "O that we two
Once more were Maying!"
O. S.

Punch's Almanack for 1905.



DOLLIDAYS AT DOLLSEA.

Punch's Almanack for 1905.

MR. PUNCH'S ZODIACAL ZIG-ZAGS.



JULY—LEO.

With the entry of the Sun on Leo, a multitude of national attributes are revealed in those born under this tawny sign. The children of Leo are invariably strong and ferocious, but of a magnanimous disposition and a noble and benevolent appearance. They wear their hair long, even in the dog days, they like to get the lion's share of all good things, and, if musical, on very slight provocation will rend the welkin with their roar. If addicted to literature they are prone to the composition of leonine verses, and attracted by the legends of Lyonesse. If musical, they incline to the cult of the lion comique. If engaged in the brewing trade they exhibit a marked preference for the Red Lion over all other signs. If their bent be financial they generally adopt a ramping attitude.

The choice of the lion as typical of Britain, in spite of the fact that lions were never indigenous in these islands, has long been the subject of heated controversy, but now, according to the Poet Laureate, it probably arose from a confusion on the part of King Alfred when, after creating a fleet, he was saluted by his grateful subjects as Lord of the Main. Anyhow, July is the month in which lionising reaches its grand climacteric.

MEMORABILIA OF THE MONTH.

Wholesale exodus of young lions from Peterborough Court to Carmelite Street. July, 1880.

Herr Julius Seeth first entered a lion's den. July, 1870.

Lyons' Restaurant first opened at the Zoo. July, 1901.

Dr. Clifford first saw the *Lady of Lyons*. July, 1902.

PROVERBS OF THE MONTH.

A lion in an ass's skin is more dangerous than a sheep in wolf's clothing.

It is safer to twist the tail of the lion than the horn of the unicorn.

A DAINTY RATIONAL PUNTING COSTUME.

The high temperature prevailing in the dog days renders the choice of a light fabric indispensable. But as immersion is always possible, it is as well to have the skirt of waterproof *quenelle* with a cork lino waistbelt trimmed with aërated *passementerie*. The tunic and bodice should be of Waterbury ticking with an antique aluminium *jabot*, always a satisfactory accessory, while a striped Pompadour Zouave with *pergola* insertions and a sash of imitation pampas grass knotted loosely on the left side, combine to produce an eminently suitable whole.

AUGUST—VIRGO.

Virgo being the Lady Paramount of August, amazonian influences are rife throughout the month. All the most eminent exponents of emancipated womanhood, Semiramis, Queen Elizabeth, George Sand, George Egerton, Mrs. Carrie Nation and Madame Sarah Grand, were born in August. It was in August that Mrs. Eddy invented Christian Science and Mrs. Bloomer the bifurcated skirt. In fact, whenever woman has shown herself in the van, it has been under the sign of Virgo. Girton and Newnham Colleges were founded in August; it was in August that lady cyclists in rational costume stormed the Hautboy Inn, that Madame Sarah Bernhardt played *Hamlet*, that Lucas Malet decided to amputate *Sir Richard Culmady*, and that Mrs. Gallup





A Dance Round the



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Punch's Almanack for 1905.

became a "whole-hogger." In August the song of the ladybird is at its best, and Virginia creeper most luxuriant.

On the other hand it was also in August that the most remarkable tributes to the *Ewig Weibliche* were paid by the inferior half of creation. Thus it was under the sign of Virgo that Catherine wheels were first manufactured, that Verdi composed *La donna è mobile*, that London Brighton and South Coast "A" shares were first called Berthas, that Mr. Birrell took the name of Augustine, and that Mr. Rider Haggard published *She*.

MEMORABILIA OF THE MONTH.

Virginian cigarettes first smoked by the Amazons in Dahomey. August, 1859.

Desdemona resolves to take a Moor in Cyprus. August 12, 1514.

Charlotte Russe ennobled by Catherine the Great. August, 1726.

Hockey introduced into the Forbidden City by the Dowager Empress of China. August, 1899.

PROVERBS OF THE MONTH.

In truth she was a lady gent.—*Chaucer*.
To be a better half is only to be a vulgar fraction.

SEASIDE FORECAST FOR 1905.

This will be a serious month for the English coast. Fortifications will be erected all along the sands, only to be destroyed by an incursion of the tide. In many places the tide will rise above the children's ankles. Many trains will be late, and at Brighton nigger minstrels will be constantly seen on the sea front.

SEPTEMBER—LIBRA.

The influence of Libra on the human race has been extensive and benignant. When the Sun enters this sign a general atmosphere of equanimity is diffused which renders controversy almost impossible. Libra being the symbol of justice, the Law Courts are closed, and litigation is reduced to a minimum.

Under the sign of the Balance all experts in the art of equilibrium have been born or performed their greatest feats. It was in September that Blondin crossed Niagara and Mr. Balfour reconciled his policy with that of Mr. Chamberlain. It was in September of 1904 that Justice was supplied with new scales by Mr. George R. Sims, and the Special Beck Commission was appointed.

On certain ill-regulated natures, however, the influence of Libra is distinctly the opposite. Instead of maintaining, they lose their balance. Hence the silly season correspondence. Under such headings as "Should girls grow into women?" "The Bible—is it Biblical?" "Should reading be taught

in schools?" "Is it Christian to breathe?" this section of the community exercise their foolish pens. It is also Libra who drags annually into the arena the sea-serpent and his scales.

There is a better chance of a child born in September becoming a man of weight than one born in any other month. Mr. Daniel Lambert and Mr. Henry Chaplin first saw the light in September.

Signor Cinquevalli received a wound in his jugular vein. September, 1893. Balance sheets superseded by wet blankets among Globe Syndicate shareholders. September, 1902.

PROVERBS OF THE MONTH.

If you have a beam in your eye, kick it.

An ounce of fiction is worth a pound of fact. (Publisher's maxim.)



The Balance of Power is more than usually stable in September. The Kaiser then abstains from public utterances, the Editor of the *Spectator* takes his holiday, and all the intelligence of the War Office is concentrated on the devising of a new cap for our gunless army.

MEMORABILIA.

Automatic Try-your-weight machine first burst on the Underground Railway by the Fat Boy of Peckham. September, 1904.

Dent du Midi first scaled by a Strand dentist. 1880.

GOLF NOTES.

For lady golfers the best dress is undoubtedly a Taylor-made costume trimmed with White Braid.

Tom Morris, on being recently asked whether he was any relation to Sir Lewis Morris, replied, "No, but I could write a fair epic of Hades if I tried."

The works of Fra Lippo Lippi are to be sedulously avoided by those who wish to improve their putting.

Previous to match play a diet of shrimps is to be avoided, as in sympathetic natures it is apt to put the eye out.

P.
S.

ne Time.

Punch's Almanack for 1905.

CHARIVARIA.

It is feared that owing to the depression in trade, and general tightness of money, many persons will be prevented celebrating Christmas by eating too much this year.

It is nevertheless confidently anticipated that, on the night of Christmas Day, not less than twenty thousand little boys will be wishing they had never been born, and the music of the weights will be awful to hear.

For ladies, loose blouses are to be the rational costume for the Christmas dinner-party this year. Small boys will, as usual, be most sensibly clad in elastic jerseys.

"Thick or clear soup, Sir?" said the footman to Master Tommy. "Both," answered Master Tommy, without a moment's hesitation.

We trust, by the by, that there will not be a repetition this year of a disgusting orgie which took place last Christmas Eve. A Harry and a Harriet entered one of Lockhart's establishments. "What'll you 'ave?" asked Harry. "Tea, caw-fee, or cocoa?" "Oh, let's 'ave all three," said Harriet. "Orlright, as it's Christmas Heve," consented Harry.

The feeling in favour of £5 hampers as presents in the place of the useless Christmas Card is steadily gaining ground among recipients.

The most clever of the many clever safety money-boxes now on the market is a poor thing compared with the little girl who swallowed the threepenny-bit in the Christmas pudding last year.

A traveller who, on making his way to a Railway Refreshment Room on Christmas Day, was informed that it was not open, remarked that he ought to have remembered that all museums were closed on that day.

Home for their Holidays" is anxious to receive suggestions for spending a pleasant Christmas Day. Himself, he writes, he is a lover of quiet. We have always set ourselves against the growing fad of suicide, and must refuse to answer "Father, &c.'s" question.

We do not know how the erroneous idea has got abroad that we are willing to solve everyone's difficulties, and to "Young Cook," who writes to ask us what is the best method of removing finger-marks from blanc-mange, we can only suggest india-rubber.

By the by, the Cook who, on being surprised on Christmas Eve having supper in the kitchen with a policeman, answered her mistress's "What's the meaning of this?" with "Oh, please 'm, I thought I heard burglars," should have a future.

Dumb waiters have long been in use. The latest innovation is, apparently, to have dumb diners. We received an invitation from a Society lady the other day, to dine with her "absolutely quietly."

But this, perhaps, is not so offensive as a far more common form of invitation. We have not infrequently been asked to take dinner with acquaintances "in quite a friendly way." Seeing that

we make a point of never quarrelling at a dinner-party, the condition is unnecessary.

A well-known cricketer was expecting an interesting family event. Suddenly the Nurse rushed into his smoking-room. "Well, Nurse?" he said, "what is it?" "Two fine byes," announced the Nurse.

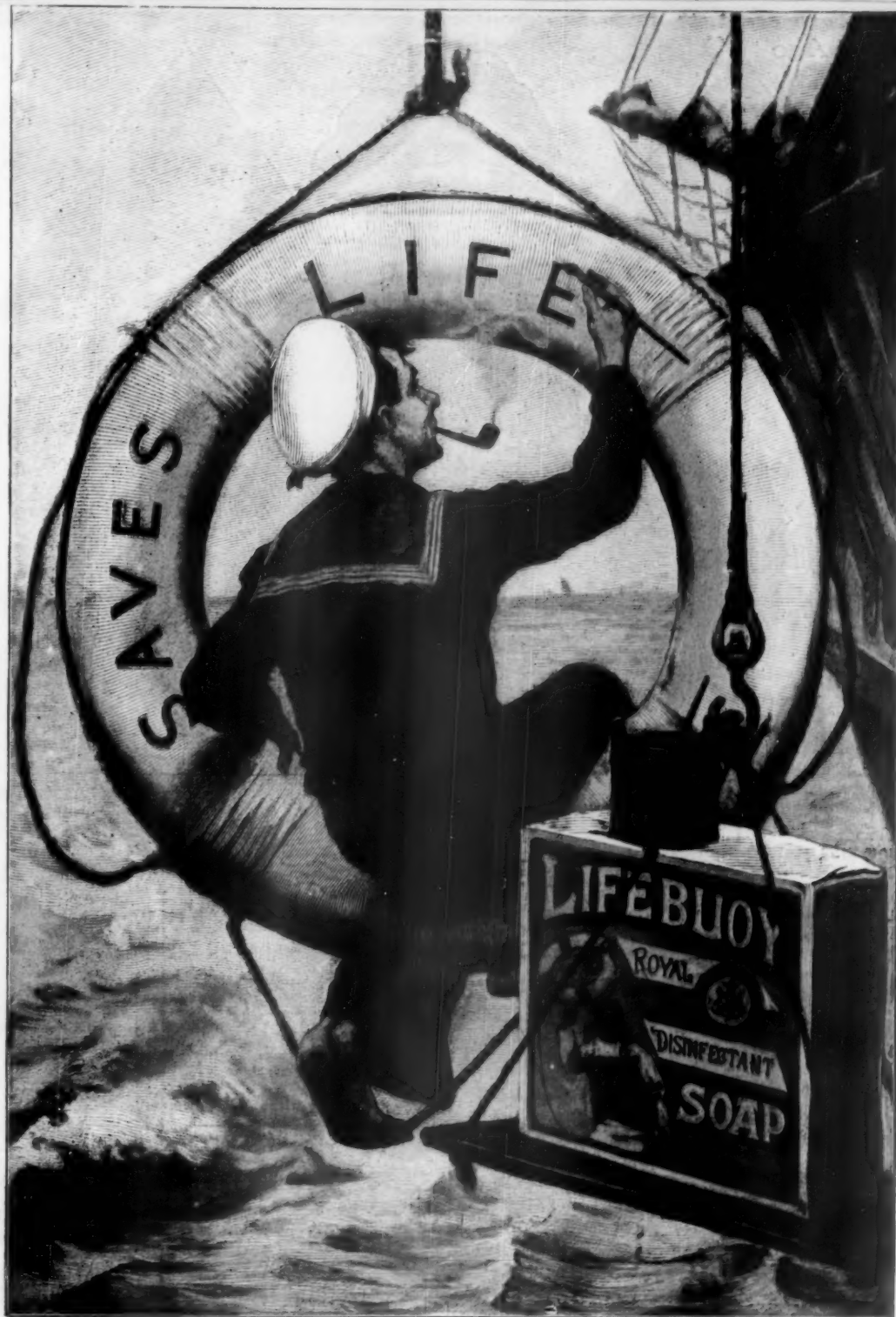


DISILLUSIONED.

AWFUL PREDICAMENT OF YOUNG FITZ-BROWN, WHO, HAVING UNDERTAKEN TO SEE A YOUNG LADY SAFELY HOME AFTER A DAY WITH THE SEABOROUGH HARRIERS, HAS LOST HIS WAY, AND HAS CLIMBED UP WHAT HE TAKES TO BE A SIGN-POST.

It is hard when an honest attempt to please only succeeds in calling forth angry actions. The two little lads who, having overheard their papa remark that he must get his high hat ironed before Christmas Day, in his absence ironed it quite flat, are feeling very sore about it to-day.

"Father of Ten Lusty Boys now



LIFEBUOY ROYAL DISINFECTANT SOAP.

FOR PRESERVATION OF HEALTH AND CLEANLINESS.

Recommended by the Medical Profession as a Safeguard against Infectious Diseases.

Sweetens and Purifies Every Home.

Cleanses and Disinfects at the Same Time.

LEVER BROTHERS, LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT, ENGLAND.

The name LEVER on soap is a guarantee of purity and excellence.

Of Great Age

**DEWAR'S
'White
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Whisky**



"CRICKLITE" LAMPS
FOR DOUBLE-WICK WAX LIGHTS
OR ELECTRIC LIGHT.



A SHOW ROOM HAS BEEN OPENED AT
132, REGENT ST., W.,
for the sale of these Charming Lamps for Lighting
DINNER TABLES, &c.

for which purpose they are most effective.

CAUTION.—Purchasers are requested to see that the Trade Mark "CRICKLITE" is upon every Lamp and Standard, also Silk and Glass Shades, as Imitations are being offered.

Legal proceedings will be taken against any dealer selling or offering for sale a Lamp as a "CRICKLITE" Lamp—not being made by the Manufacturers.

CLARKE'S PYRAMID & FAIRY LIGHT CO., Ltd.,
CRICKLEWOOD, LONDON, N.W.

Pattern Book sent post free on Application.

S. FISHER, 188, STRAND.



FISHER'S "EIFFEL,"

Either for Lady or Gentleman, is still the
Best on the Market.

Price £5 to £50.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE.

THE ORIGINAL FIRM.

ESTABLISHED 1858.

S. FISHER, 188, Strand.

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

**Clarke's
Blood
Mixture**

Is warranted to cleanse the blood from all impurities, from whatever cause arising. For Scrofula, Scurvy, Eczema, Bad Legs, Skin and Blood Diseases, Pimples, Boils, Itches, Blood poison, and Sores of all kinds, it effects a e marvellous. It is the only real specific for Gout and Rheumatic Pains, for it removes the cause from the blood and bones. Thousands of wonderful cures have been effected by it.

In bottles, 2s. 6d. and 11s. each, of Chemists everywhere.

BEWARE OF WORTHLESS IMITATIONS.

Perrier

French Natural Sparkling Table Water

PERRIER is a light, crisp, invigorating water, sparkling with its natural gas.

IS THE IDEAL WATER FOR WHISKY.

Is valuable in cases of gout and the uric acid habit generally.

SAMPLE CASES OF PERRIER, containing 2 large, 2 small, and 2 quarter bottles, will be sent (carriage paid) to any address in the United Kingdom on receipt of a postal order for 2/- addressed to the London Office of PERRIER (Dept. F), 45 and 46, New Bond St., W.

PERRIER will be found at the Carlton, Savoy, Prince's, Caridge's, Trucadero, Cafe Royal, Romano's, and all other first-class restaurants and hotels, and can be obtained of all Wine Merchants, &c.



"SHAVING-SATISFACTION"

Is only secured by using a satisfactory SHAVING SOAP. This is what GIBBS' SUPERFATTED COLD CREAM is. Ninety per cent. of satisfied Shavers use GIBBS'. You should do the same. **FREE** Sample from your usual dealer. London manufacture.

WHOLESALE ONLY:
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City Soap Works,
LONDON, E.

**OLD
HIGHLAND
WHISKY.**

Age 7 years, 48s. per doz.

" 16 " 72s. " "

FORTNUM & MASON,
LTD.,

181, 182, 183, PICCADILLY, W.



COMMON OBJECTS AT THE SEASIDE.

(By our Goblinessque Artist. Studies for Goblin Tapestry.)

Punch's Almanack for 1905.

RULES FOR THE NEW YEAR.

MRS. SPENDER-MOORE'S.

Rule.—To abstain from running up a big milliner's bill.

Exception.—Unless I have no ready money.

Rule.—To abstain from tale-bearing, gossip and scandal.

Exception.—Unless discussing Mrs. Slacker—whose hair is as changeable as her teeth.

Rule.—To abstain from incredulity when my husband says he has been detained on business.

Exception.—Unless he returns in high spirits, with his hair ruffled.

DI FOWLER'S.

Rule.—To abstain from hacking, tripping, or unduly marking the enemy's forwards at hockey.

Exception.—Unless they are in the circle.

Rule.—To abstain from breaking down fences out beagling.

Exception.—Unless the Field Master isn't looking.

Rule.—To abstain from giving free play to my muscle in a crowd.

Exception.—Unless at a bargain sale.

MRS. HENRY

SLACKERS'.

Rule.—To abstain from spending more than four hours a day on the sofa.

Exception.—Unless after hearing one of dear Henry's speeches.

Rule.—To abstain from having my boudoir refurnished more than twice a year.

Exception.—Unless dear Henry's position demands it.

Rule.—To refrain from mentioning our titled connections in general conversation.

Exception.—Unless Mrs. Spender-Moore is present.

THE ELDEST MISS PARSON'S.

Rule.—To abstain from out-singing my neighbours in the hymns and responses.

Exception.—Unless in the vicinity of the Curate—who has a weakness for high sopranos.

BETTY BLYTHE'S.

Rule.—To abstain from allowing Edwin to kiss me again.

Exception.—Unless my fringe net catches on his coat-button—when I've no choice.

Rule.—To abstain from being engaged to more than one at a time.

Exception.—Unless the others insist.

Rule.—To abstain from smoking in hansoms.

Exception.—Unless Mamma is out of town.

MARY PERKINS'S.

Rule.—To abstain from reading Missis's letters.

Exception.—Unless Cook thinks it necessary.

Rule.—To abstain from offering Master's cigarettes to a friend.

Exception.—Unless I've run out of my own.

Rule.—To abstain from breaking the china.

Exception.—Unless the cat's in the room.

THE YOUNGEST MISS PARSON'S.

Rule.—To abstain from eating chocs during Bible Lesson.

Exception.—Unless the girl behind drops them down my neck.

Rule.—To abstain from giggling out loud at Hester Homemade.

Exception.—Unless her clothes are too weird for words.

Rule.—To abstain



THE CHRISTMAS SUPPLY.

Local Grocer and Wine Merchant. "THANK YOU, SIR! THAT JUST COMES TO ONE DOZEN AND NINE BOTTLES. NOW, WHAT CAN I PUT IN TO FILL UP THE CASE, SIR?"

Old Peastraw. "SAWDUST!"

Rule.—To wear an unbecoming hat through Lent.

Exception.—Unless at Sunday morning services and missionary meetings.

Rule.—To abstain from showing any interest in the opposite sex.

Exception.—Unless at Easter decorations.

Rule.—To abstain from betraying confidences. *Exception.*—Unless I am quite sure that the person to whom I tell them is as trustworthy as myself.

from losing my temper with Bertie and Jack.

Exception.—Unless they pull me back by my pigtail—the cowards.

LITTLE SUNSHINE'S.

Rule.—To abstain from kicking my dear little baby brother.

Exception.—Unless he takes up too much room in my mail-cart.

Rule.—To abstain from crying.

Exception.—Unless when washed.



A FEAT OF AGILITY.

Voice from the Bow (to Binks, who is trying to adjust the moorings, and has arrived at the happy moment when he is doubtful whether he will stay with the pole or return to the punt). "NOW THEN, YOU IDIOT, KEEP STILL! I'VE GOT A HIBBLE!"

Punch's Almanack for 1905.

MR. PUNCH'S ZODIACAL ZIG-ZAGS.



• SCORPIO •

OCTOBER—SCORPIO.

There are no scorpions in England since the publication of *God's Good Man*. But though the scorpion is no longer indigenous in the British Isles persons born under that sign generally manifest some of the traits of that spirited reptile. October, in short, is the month of reprisals, and all those born in that month are retaliators. It is then that the most caustic things are said, the most pointed paragraphs written. It was in October that Mr. Gibson Bowles called Mr. Balfour's Cabinet the Hotel Cecil, and that Mr. Winston Churchill described Sir H. H. Haworth as a mammoth Mandarin. Scorpions are still imported from the tropics every October to stimulate the jaded appetites of the plutocrats of Park Lane. Persons suffering from chronic lethargy cannot do better than try a brace swallowed whole with a pinch of cayenne pepper. Curried scorpion is much in vogue at the Oriental Club, and scorpions on toast have completely ousted angels on horseback at the ordination lunches at Lambeth Palace.

MEMORABILIA.

Handel composed the famous March in Scorpio. October, 1748.

Mr. Winston Churchill trod on the tail of Sir J. Crichton-Browne's Harris tweed coat. October, 1902.

Mr. Tim Healy, M.P., born at Netley. October, 1849.

Mr. Beit called Scorpio Africanus by the *Daily News*. October, 1900.

PROVERBS OF THE MONTH.

It is better to stand on a swelled head than to sit on a scorpion's tail.

The bark of the cockatoo is worse than the bite of the cockatrice.

HINTS IN EMERGENCIES.

To BURGLARS.—If discovered in the pantry, say that you stepped in to get out of the way of a motor car.

WASP-STINGS.—The sting must be extracted if the insect has left it in, otherwise it is useless to search for it. In the event of medical advice not being obtainable, it is as well to write to Lord Avebury without delay.

COLD—when overcome by the effects of. In the case of extreme gelidity the application of a red-hot poker to the affected part often causes the patient to recover by leaps and bounds.

NOVEMBER—SAGITTARIUS.

Dandies are born in November, for what would Sagittarius be without his



• SAGITTARIUS •

Punch's Almanack for 1905.

Beaux? In November the infant George Alexander was first put into trousers, and Mr. Bobby Spencer first donned a high collar. Mr. George Wyndham's moustache dates from a November not too long ago, and it was in November that Mr. Max Beerbohm first bought a three-fold mirror and, like Cortes upon a peak in Darien, knew the joy of gazing upon the back of his distinguished head. It was also in November a few years ago that Mr. Tree appeared as the beau of *Ulysses*.

It is a curious fact that more persons are born within sound of Bow Bells in November than in any other month. They have generally a tendency to be bow-legged, their favourite reading is the *Quiver*, varied by Beaumont and Fletcher, and they cannot say Bo! to a goose. All this is due to the malign influence of Sagittarius, who, as everybody knows, is the patron saint of Arrow School.

It may be asked by earnest meteorologists, Why should the month controlled by Sagittarius be so confoundedly foggy? The answer leaps to the pen. "A. was an Archer and shot out a fog," which, as Professor Kuno Meyer, in his famous monograph on cunoforn inscriptions has conclusively established, is the true reading of the old line. When frog crept into the text we can only conjecture, probably with the advent of William the Conqueror.

The greatest of all the Archers, not even excepting the Worldly William, is Cupid. Hence the amatory history of the month. It was in November that Henry the Eighth tottered for the sixth time to the altar. It was in November that Sir Francis Jeune and Brigham Young were born.

MEMORABILIA OF THE MONTH.

Arrowfoot puddings introduced into England. November, 1541.

Motor Arquebuses first used in the 'Arrow Road. November, 1904.

Mr. Alfred Austin first rhymed "quiver" to "river," and "Margate" to "target." November, 1855.

Bulls' Eyes invented by Mr. William Archer. November, 1861.

PROVERBS OF THE MONTH.

It is better to bury the hatchet than to draw the long bow.

Shun Bow Street and you will escape the Broad Arrow.

THE ETIQUETTE OF MOURNING.

A widower should not wear mourning on the occasion of his re-marriage unless he espouses his deceased wife's sister.

DECEMBER—CAPRICORNUS.

It is due to the fact that the year closes beneath the influence of Capricornus that all classes become skittish at Christmas. Many responsible public men date their first deviations from decorum to the perturbing influence of Christmas capers. It was in the fourth week of December some sixty years ago that Dr. Clifford ate his first mince pie. At the same season Mr. Frederic Harrison determined some day to become a novelist, and to plunge into the verti-

seen on Christmas Eve on the summit of Cleopatra's Needle. Under the inebriating influence of Yule Tide, Mr. Hall Caine on December 25, 1888, sent Miss Corelli the present of a Manx kitten, with the inscription on the label, "From her first Reader."

MEMORABILIA OF THE MONTH.

Captain Kidd began to subscribe to the Almanach de Gotha. December, 1684.

Death of the Piccadilly Goat. December, 1893.



•CAPRICORNUS.

THE CAPERY-CORNUS, OR GIDDY GOAT.

ginous revels of the Byzantine smart set. December was also too much for the ordinarily cool head of the Leader of the Opposition. In a moment of expansion he added the suffix Bannerman to his name, and has never been the same man since. It is only in December that Mr. Alfred Austin ever indulges in two helpings of turkey, and it was in that month in 1904 that Mr. Stead visited his first circus.

In fact the history of December is the history of desipience. Mr. Watts-Dunton, for the rest of the year a prisoner at his desk, visits the Wandsworth Swimming Bath every Boxing-Day. Mr. James Bryce, always a fearless climber, may be

Caper sauce invented by Mr. Benjamin Kidd. December, 1880.

Mr. Chamberlain visits Capri and grows a goatee. December, 1904.

PROVERBS OF THE MONTH.

It would be awful if Christmas came twice a year.

Rich living and high-jinking.

SOME WINTER DRINKS.

A very pleasing cordial is that known as Liquid Sunburn. To a tablespoonful of boiling strawberry jam add a claret-glass of methylated spirits. Light the mixture with a fusee, and sip it through a penny whistle.

Punch's Almanack for 1905.

SOME EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF A NERVOUS INVALID—(UNDATED)—PRESUMABLY WINTER AND SPRING 20TH CENTURY.



1. Am ill, consult my medical man. Verdict—"Nerves, my dear Sir, nerves." Sentence—"Go abroad, rest, quiet, change, cheerful society, and in four or say five years or so you will probably be better; above all don't worry." Appeal to Specialist. Verdict and sentence confirmed. So we have packed and gone to Sunny South—my wife Dorothea and I—Dorothea as nurse, banker and courier in charge.



2. Horrified to find sentence supplemented by order, "*Fresh egg to be taken raw at intervals.*" Eggs in any form my pet aversion; find Dorothea has brought a dozen or two to begin with—and proffers sample in mid Channel. Decline with thanks. Forlorn hope that Customs at Calais will detain remainder.



3. Arrived Paris; also, I regret to say, eggs. Calm of stay disturbed by early advent of postman. Must sign for letter myself. Excellent, but at times embarrassing, regulation.



4. Dreading further disturbance dress hurriedly, when another knock at door—make dash for it, and upset my "little breakfast," also the garçon.



5. Leave Paris by *wagon-lit* for Hyères. Dorothea as courier not perfect yet, hence muddle about berths, and are separated. Rest and quiet *en route*, doubtful; but lots of cheerful society and change. Can't have everything, and safe from raw eggs. So "turn in."



6. Wretched night. Arrived Avignon 6.30 A.M. Still fearful of egg,—so order Dorothea's coffee, and have mine on platform.



7. Arrive Hyères. Rest and quiet at last, but judging by *vis-à-vis* at *table d'hôte*, cheerful society not arrived—or gone on.



8. Hotel *clientèle* know all about me in few hours. I receive much gratuitous advice. Evidently no difficulty in getting well—only difficulty to select cure.

Punch's Almanack for 1905.

SOME EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF A NERVOUS INVALID.



9. Had enough of quiet. Try Nice. Capital Hotel, cheerful society, and as Proprietor has it, "No sick." Induced by cheerful society to try Carnival; dress up and jog about in correct fashion. Meet Dorothea, who objects.



10. Objection upheld, Nice adjudged too exciting. Swallow raw egg in penance—no good. Dorothea asserts authority, so try Cannes. Find happy medium, also old yachting friend. Never tried yachting—do so. Yacht seems a size or so too small. However, endeavour to be useful and fail; also get wet and catch cold.

11. Cash getting low, Dolly getting desperate—leave for Italy. Stay Monte Carlo *en route*—just pop into rooms, risk 5 francs, win and go on; can't lose, win a lot, too exciting. Play again; closing time saves situation. Nerves unstrung, but purse full.



12. Fly over frontier. See plenty of Italian customs. Ditto Swiss and German, and little else for next few weeks.



13. Finally leave for home. Wonder why health much the same? Cash balance, thanks to Monte Carlo, as good as ever, rather better in fact. The idea of anyone wishing to put down gambling at Monte Carlo!! Absurd!



14. In fact rather sorry to be back—only ashamed to say so. So is Dorothea.

P.S.—Regret to find Dorothea has been systematically smuggling. She admits it,—with glow of honest pride at not having been detected.

PROPOSED GRAND INDIAN CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME.

By H. B. JARRELL, Esq., B.A., &c., &c.



N my former capacity of British Resident in Metropolitan areas I of course frequently attended various London Pantomime - performances. And to myself it was a wonderment that all such entertainments should repeat *ad nauseam* a few obsolete nursery fictions that must surely be stale as the hills to every cultivated English Playgoer! "Why," I could not help ejaculating, "do London Managers persevere in Sisyphean struggles to wring fresh changes out of such trite and effete legends as *Whittington and his Booted Puss*, *Jack the Bean-Stalker*, *Goody Glass-shoes* and *the Beast with the Blue Beard*, et hoc genus omne?" Are they then ignorant that there are innumerable stories infinitely fresher and more suitable for Pantomimical purposes in certain notorious Indian literary *hors d'œuvres*? Why not dig for such pearls in the inexhaustible mines of our *Mahā Bhārata*, *Bhagprabandha*, or even our *Ganage-gaja Rāgansāvali*? On this I suddenly recollected a very fine *saga* which, when that I was a tiny little boy, was frequently recited to me by some aunt or other, and which might be plotted out into a rather splendid Pantomime. Being aware of the proclivities of British Public for thoroughly up-to-date treatment, I took the precaution to ascertain from England the titles &c. of the latest popular songs, in order to incorporate same in my text. I have now the honour to submit the result, which I shall entitle:—

SHANG-GASBA;

OR, THE LUCKY HERO WHO BECAME KING'S SON-IN-LAW.

The opening, "A Scenery in Celestial Regions" (this, if at all liberally tinselled, will have the truly imposing effect). Some ballet-dancings by a bevy of *Apsarasas* (or Heavenly Nymphs). While they pirouette and hover on aerial wires, they are to melodiously chant, "All the little ducks go quack-quack-quack! And all their little wings go flap-flap-flap!" &c.

To be followed by a lengthy argument between a *Deva* (or Sky-Deity) and a *Rākshasa* (or evil dæmon) as to whether *Shang-gasba* is to experience best of luck or the peck of troubles. This is to

cause audience to split their sides with uncontrollable cachinnations!

Next comes the Scenery of "An Open Space in a Grove of Gambu-Trees."

The Hero, *Shang-gasba*, comes in and has a fine soliloquy. He says his name signifies "Renowned Possessor of Treasure"—instead of which he is as impecunious as a church mouse! His deceased Father had promised him that, if he should only inter his bones in this spot (formerly the site of Rich Ancestor's family residence), he will infallibly become mighty as a King's Son. Bones have been cemetered as per instructions—but unfortunate Son is still tormented by the Pinch of Poverty. He longs for death, and sings, "Give me a ticket to Heaven, For that's where Dad's gone, they say!"

Impromptu there enters a Magnificent Procession of Elephants, Camels, &c. (these can either be genuine or imitation articles), conducting Princess *Girikā*, the beauteous and only brat of *Vasu*, the King of *Magadha*, home from a journey in a gorgeously-gilded palan-



"Yer 'at don't fit yer very well, And yer trousers, ain't they baggy!"

quin. *Shang*, bo-peeping from behind a gambu-trunk, instantly falls a victim to tender passion. Procession goes out: *Shang* resolves that, though he is such a poor beggar, he will go to King and request hand of Princess. Song, "She is my only girl, my only girl!"

Change of Sceneries to "A Hill on which is the huge effigy of a *Garudā Bird*." It is bedecked with costly silks and stuffs in honour of Princess. Here, perhaps, might be a Cake-walking Competition by some *Dakinis* (or ghoulis females). Then joyful populaces enter, dancing and cockahooping for joy at Princess's return. When they depart, *Shang* enters. He is so esurient that he devours greedily the "baling-cakes" offered to said *Garudā Bird*, from which he pulls off the silks, &c., and conceals same in interior recesses of his ragged trouserings.—Next is "A Garish Apartment in King *Vasu's* Palace, in City of *Vidanārājanapura*."

King *Vasu* and his better half *Queen*

Gandha (capital parts for Hon'bles *Henry Randle and Dancers*) are discussing Marriage of Princess. They sing a comical duet, "Three are jolly fine company!" and perform some rather drollish antics. Then the Great Princely Trumpet is heard blowing outside! "This must be some Princely Suitor! Show him in, and send for Princess!" This is done. *Shang* appears, arrayed in shockingly seedy garbages.

Trio by King, Queen, and Princess. "Yer 'at don't fit yer very well, And yer trousers, ain't they baggy!"

Shang demands hand of Princess, who exhibits superciliousness at his cheek. Song by *Shang*, "What is the use of loving a girl, if the girl won't love you?" *Queen Gandha* pleads that he may be decapitated for such presumption. King replies, "Pooh! he is merely a Beggar."

Then Princess *Girikā* says she is only to wed a Prince so rich that he can afford priceless underclothing. At this *Shang* sings, "Well, what's the, what's the, what's the, what's the, what's the matter with Me?" and pulls out of his baggy trousers all the stuffs he has stolen from *Garudā Bird*. King is about to relent—but *Queen* (who is inimical to *Shang*) says, "Not so. First he is to achieve some mighty deed or other!" S., although constitutionally by no means a valorous, consents to perform any moderate heroism. It appears a Prince of Unbelievers is making war on King. *Shang* is to have an Army, a fine warhorse, and bow and arrows. If he drives off Unbelievers, he is to be treated as one of the Royal Family.

So *Shang-gasba*, in severe state of funkiness, gets up on top of horse, and rides off with Army, to fight Unbelievers.

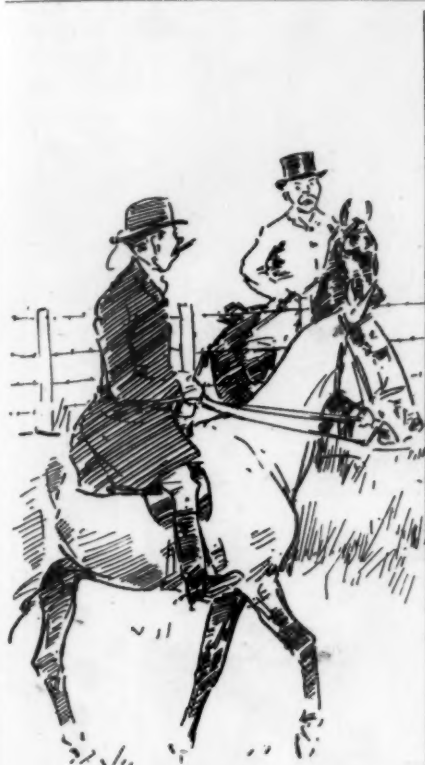
Song by *Queen Gandha*, after his departure, "They'll soon make an angel of him THERE!" and dance. . . .



This is only the beginning—and there are much finer episodes to follow!—but, it seems, I am not to be conceded any more space, though perhaps I may be permitted to conclude my Pantomime in a subsequent issue. Should Hon'ble Sir Harry Irving, or Beerbloom Tree decide, from above sample, to produce such a first-class novelty, I may come over from Calcutta (or rather Korea!) to impersonate the character of *Shang-gasba* in *propria personā*. What offers, Masters? H. B. J.

Punch's Almanack for 1905.

'INTS ON 'UNTING. BY 'ARRY.



IN A COUNTRY WHERE CAPPING IS PRACTISED,
ALWAYS TRY TO KEEP SOME BARBED WIRE BETWEEN
THE SECRETARY AND YOURSELF.



IF THE MASTER USES STRONG LANGUAGE TO YOU FOR NOT BEING ABLE TO MANAGE YOUR HORSE,
AND GETTING AMONG THE HOUNDS, JUST ASK HIM IF HE WOULD LIKE TO CHANGE MOUNTS!

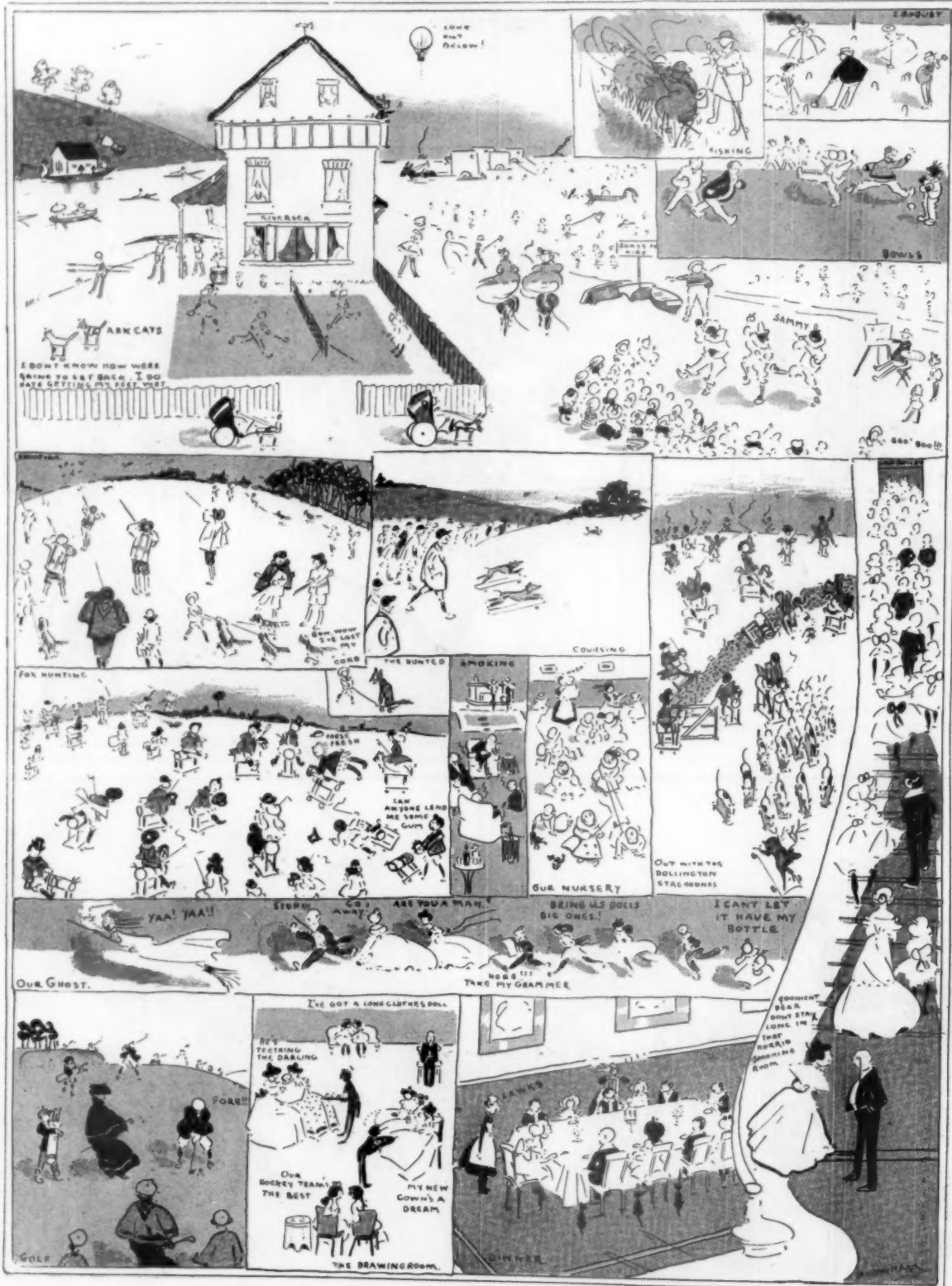


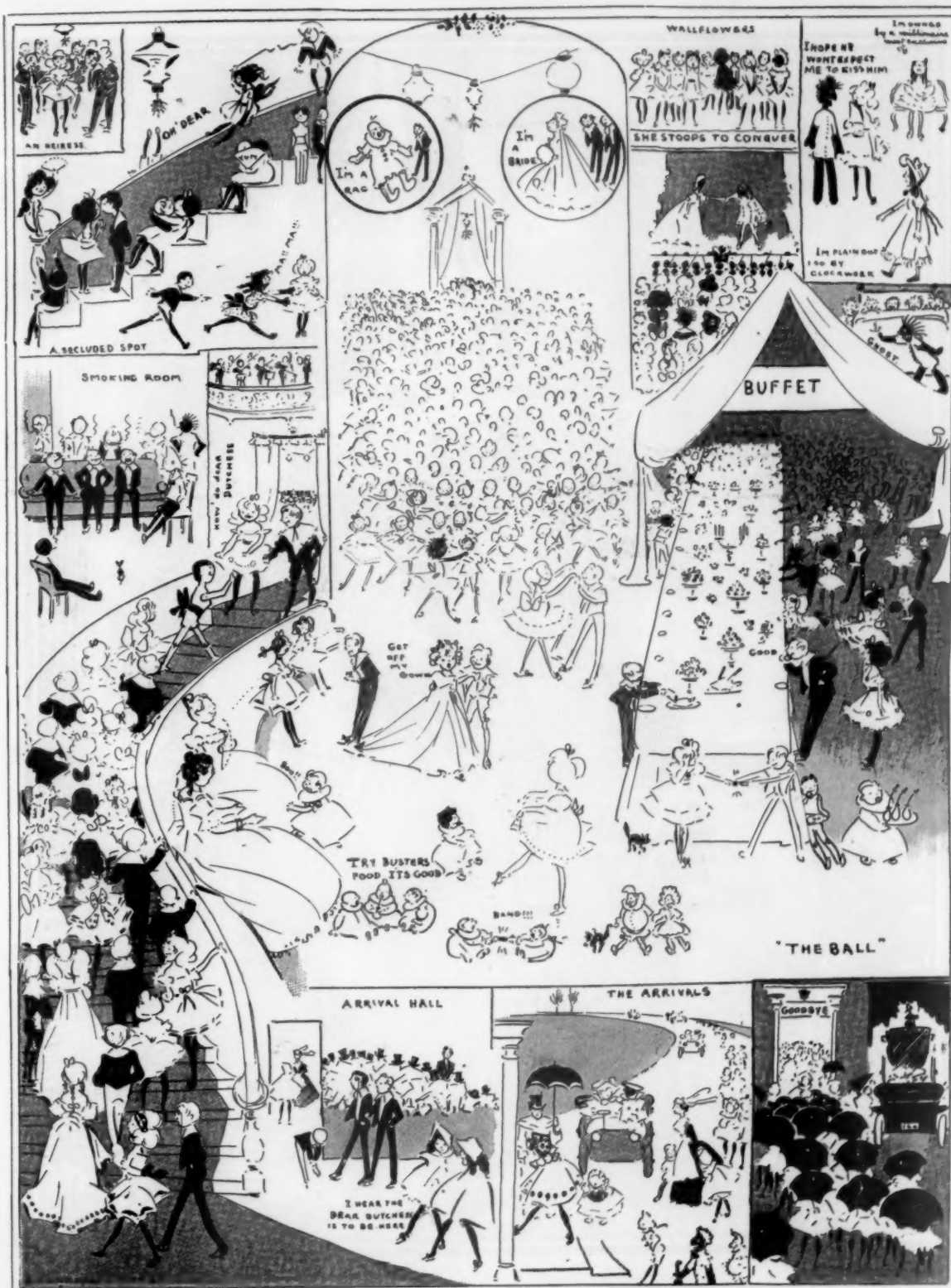
WHEN RIDING A KICKER, ALWAYS TRY TO GET FIRST TO THE GATES,
AND YOU WILL NOT BE TROUBLED BY THE CROWD!



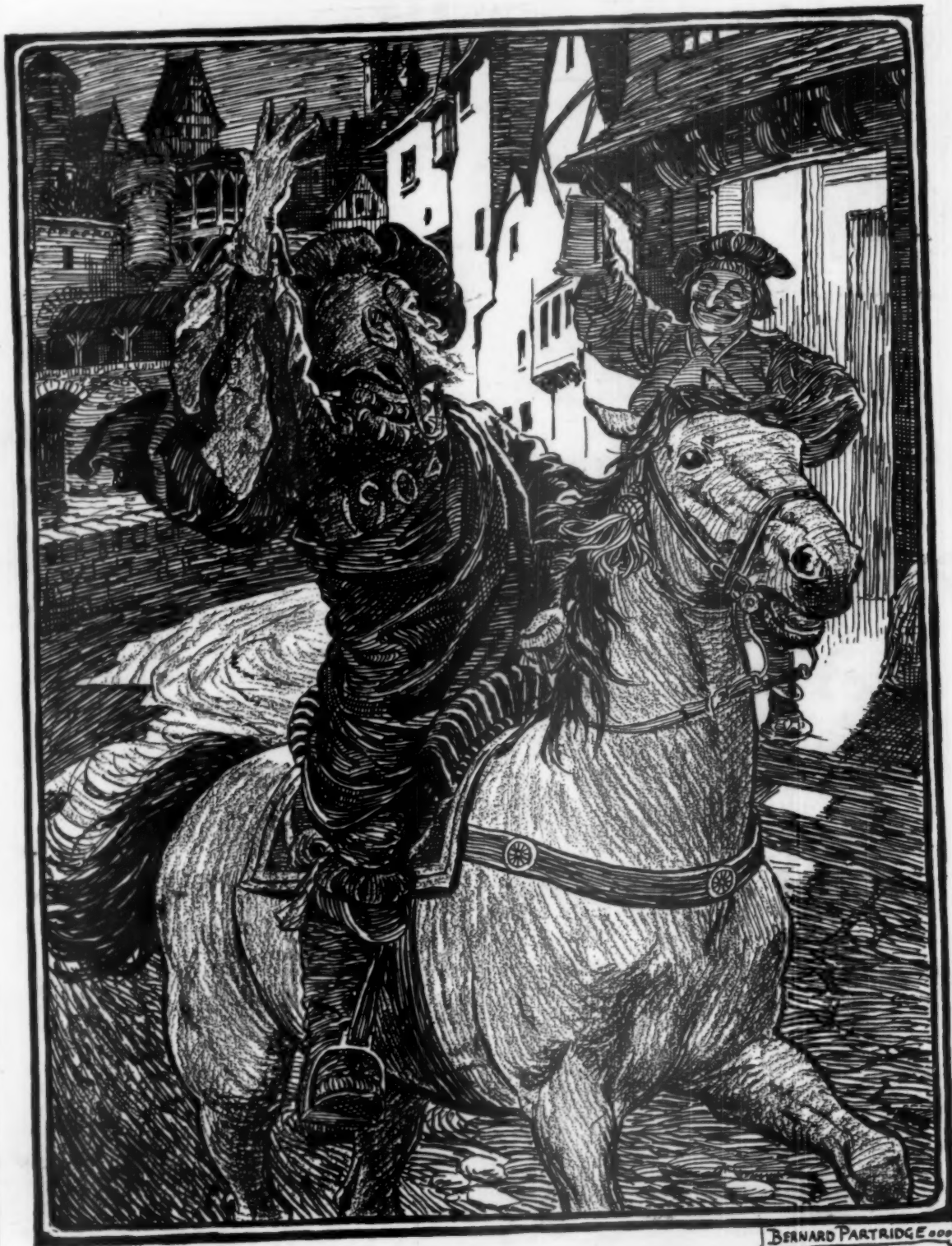
IF A HEAVY-WEIGHT M.F.H. TELLS YOU NOT TO HEAD THE FOX, A VERY
GOOD REPLY IS TO TELL HIM HE DON'T LOOK LIKE DOING IT!

Punch's Almanack for 1905.





THE DOLLS' DANCE AT CHRISTMAS.



BERNARD PARTRIDGE 000

VALE !



Alien Cheap Labour.

Underbidding our Native Clergy.

WE learn from the *Sun* the disquieting news that the Macedonian gipsies recently put in an appearance at West Ham, "taking up a spot near the parish church, which had been hired in the morning by a foreigner speaking some English at 6d. a week."

Taking it Sitting Down.

THE following notice appears at various stations on the District Railway:—

CRYSTAL PALACE.
THE ASPHALTE RINK
SESSIONS DAILY.

CORRECTIVE AFTER A QUICK LUNCH.—
Take Sloe Gin.

Greek at the Universities.

THE division of opinion on this question has already had a far-reaching and disastrous effect. At Athens, the Government has resigned.

THE ORIGIN OF RURAL DECADENCE.—
Through communications corrupt good manners.

IN PRAISE OF FOG.

MYSTERIOUS instrument of urban woe,
O Fog,

Weighing on palsied London like a log,
There must be something good in you, I know,
Or why does everyone abuse you so?

You veil the cheeks of beauty, that is true,
But then

You also veil some very ugly men,
And these are legion while the fair are few,
And therefore I am much obliged to you.

Wrapt in your cloak of comfortable dark
Ninefold,

The Albert Effigy, all spruce with gold,
And poor Achilles, shivering in the Park,
Even at ten A.M. escape remark.

'Tis yours to pluck the mighty from his seat.
Yon god,

Whose car is wont to treat me like a clod,
Alights on earth to trace his bus's beat,
Not knowing Charing Cross from Regent Street.

Over the motor-fiend you cast your grim
Grey spell,

Claiming your equal right of raising hell,
Till on his own account there dawns on him
A sense of sanctity in life and limb.

Your trend is democratic. I have seen
A lord,

Driven (by you) to courses he abhorred,
Stand on the Underground, first class, between
Two seated segments of the Great Unclean.

Your vogue revives our Strephons' drooping lyres;
The skies

Ring loud to RIDER HAGGARD's happy cries;
You come to town, and lo! the race retires
"Back to the land" that reared its rustic sires.

At Christmas-tide I could not wish you hence,
Not I,

Who gave, in lieu of gifts I failed to buy,
This fair excuse, "The Fog was too, too dense!"
Thank you for that. It saved me much expense.

And, eating more than I could well digest,
I pled

Good cause for spending Boxing Day in bed,
Saying, "My constitution needs a rest;
That fetid Fog has choked me in the chest!"

Ergo, I cannot let my feelings chime,
O Fog,

With theirs who paint you black as Golliwog;
But I shall be most pleased at any time
(When matter fails) to mention you in rhyme.

O. S.

"Two Japanese men-of-war, apparently converted cruisers, are cruising off Singapore."—*Lloyd's*. We are asked to state that these "converted cruisers" have nothing to do with Mr. HALL CAINE'S *Prodigal Son*.

QUEEN SYLVIA.

CHAPTER VII.

How Sylvia made a Duke.

It is almost unnecessary that I should tell you the real name and rank of the able-bodied mariner who so unceremoniously forced himself into SYLVIA's Christmas party. You know, of course, that it was HILDEBRAND, SYLVIA's father. Why he could not reveal himself I have already told you. During the weeks that had elapsed since she was proclaimed Queen he had been brooding in retirement over his unfortunate position, and, without having any definite plan, he had made up his mind that he must see her again by hook or by crook. The Christmas party offered him a splendid opportunity, and he had seized it with the lucky result described in the last chapter. The Queen, moreover, without knowing why, had been strangely attracted to him. Before the party finally broke up she had asked him to call again on the following day, and to bring with him any testimonials to good character that he might possess. He had only two, one from the captain of a ship in which he had formerly sailed, the other from the hereditary Grand Butler to the King of the WINDWARD ISLANDS, in whose service a year of his adventurous life had been passed. These were, however, on inspection, judged to be sufficient to recommend him for the position of Naval Blue-Stick-in-Waiting, which happened at that moment to be vacant. To this he had promptly been appointed, and, as his office brought him into daily contact with her Majesty, it may be supposed that he became a fairly happy man. One thing alone troubled him: he foresaw that sooner or later he would have to meet his wife (who was, as I need hardly add, SYLVIA's mother), and, though for many obvious reasons such a meeting could not fail to give him pleasure—indeed, he ardently desired it—yet on the other hand it was evident that if she recognised him, as she was practically certain to do, he would have to confess his identity, and thus open the floodgates of a constitutional crisis the results of which he shuddered to contemplate. At present the Queen's mother was laid up with a severe bronchial attack, but she might recover any day, and then, as he said to himself, farewell to peace and happiness for HILDEBRAND, the rightful but most unwilling King of HINTERLAND. Meanwhile we will leave him enjoying the emoluments of his office and the society of his daughter, but haunted by the terrible possibilities that might at any moment overwhelm him and the kingdom.

Scarcely had the Christmas and New Year festivities been brought to a conclusion when a most severe Ministerial crisis broke out in Hinterland. The party at this time in power had, if we may trust the authorised historians, exhausted their mandate. Their supporters declared them to have conferred absolutely unparalleled benefits on the people; their opponents with equal assurance denounced them as a set of rogues and impostors who had dragged the honour of the country in the dirt and had reduced its former prosperity to the verge of bankruptcy. Be that as it may, they had been defeated on a vote of confidence, and the Prime Minister, having with his colleagues resigned office, was compelled to advise the Queen to send for the leader of the Opposition, and to entrust to him the formation of a new Ministry.

"Your Majesty will believe me," he said at the interview which had been granted to him for this purpose, "when I say that I shall always consider it my proudest privilege to have held office when your Majesty graciously came to the throne."

"Oh," said SYLVIA, "I couldn't help coming to it, could I? At any rate you were very kind about it, and I shall never forget it. I've wanted to know for some time what it



THE SANDS RUNNING OUT.

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THINGS WE CAN HARDLY HOPE TO SEE IN THE NEW YEAR.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN PRESENTING THE FREEDOM OF BIRMINGHAM TO SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN ON BEHALF OF AN ADMIRING POPULATION.

["And may I, Sir, in presenting to you this handsome casket on behalf of MY PEOPLE, venture to reiterate the hope that, inspired by this token of our esteem, you may succeed in approximating more nearly to the Birmingham standard of gentlemanly behaviour—one which is as exacting as it is peculiar."—*Extract from Improbable Report.*]

felt like to make somebody a Duke, and I'm going to do it now. One, two, three—are you ready?"

"Your Majesty is too good," murmured the statesman in some natural confusion.

"Not a bit of it," said the Queen. "I like doing it awfully. Bang! Now you're a Duke," and she laughed very heartily.

"Your Majesty will no doubt give directions to the officials to make out the patent," said the ex-Minister, who was not sure that this playfully conferred Dukedom might not, after all, escape him through some informality.

"It shall be done," said the Queen. "And what have I got to do now?"

The new Duke informed her that in accordance with constitutional usage she would do well to send for the leader of the Opposition.

"But," said SYLVIA, "I don't like him."

"I own," said the Duke with a smile, "that I am not myself passionately attached to him; but may I ask, with all deference, what are the reasons of your Majesty's dislike?"

"I'll tell you," said SYLVIA. "He has bandy legs and a very large wart right in the middle of his nose. His legs I could forgive, but the wart simply drives me mad. I always think," she added, settling herself comfortably in her throne, "that a man with a wart on his nose might do anything. How do you know he doesn't flog his dog or his wife, or pull wings off flies? That would never do in a Prime Minister, you know."

"The books of the Constitution," replied the Duke, not without embarrassment, "are silent on the subject of warts. It is true that the leader of the Opposition is afflicted with a

large one, but, bitterly as I am opposed to his political principles, I am forced to own that in his private life he behaves not otherwise than becomes a gentleman. I fear, Madam, I cannot give you any advice except to send for him and direct him to form a Ministry."

"Oh dear, oh dear," sighed the Queen, "is there no way out of it?"

"None, your Majesty," said the Duke impressively.

"Oh, very well then," said the Queen, "if I must I must. But it's no good thinking I shall get any pleasure from it, because I shan't."

"Your Majesty is much to be pitied," said the Duke, as he bowed himself to the door.

"Now I wonder if he meant to be sarcastic," thought SYLVIA when she was left alone. "If he did it wasn't nice of him directly after he got made a Duke."

However, she resigned herself to the wart, and shortly afterwards sent for the gentleman who owned it.

A Ducal Atavism.

IN Part III. of Mr. PERCY MACQUOID'S *History of English Furniture* is an illustration of an old "Day Bed, Property of the Duke of DEVONSHIRE." This discovery goes far to explain a certain phase of the present Duke's character; he is undoubtedly a victim of the awful forces of heredity.

RECENT GAME IN NORTHUMBERLAND.—Unlimited loup.

LIFE'S LITTLE DIFFICULTIES.

VIII.—THE WEDDING PRESENT.

I.

From the Rev. Wilson Large to several of his parishioners, including Lady Fern, Mrs. Harrison Root, Miss Callow, Mrs. Pollard, Sir Anthony Dix, Mr. Horace Sparrow and Mr. Jack Pyke-Luntin.

DEAR —,—As you no doubt are aware, our friend and neighbour, Lord CLUMBER, after a period of lonely widowerhood is about to enter again into the bonds of wedlock with Miss BIRDIE BANGLE, and it has been thought that, in addition to any little gift which we may individually be sending to him, some general token of our esteem and our desire as a community for his happiness would be timely and welcome. I write to you, as to several others of the leading residents in the neighbourhood, to ask for your co-operation in this little scheme, and for your views as to the shape which the testimonial should take. My own idea is a timepiece, with a suitable inscription on a silver plate beneath the dial. Believe me,

Yours cordially,
WILSON LARGE.

II.

Mr. Jack Pyke-Luntin to the Rev. Wilson Large.

DEAR LARGE,—If by timepiece you mean clock, I'm on. Of course old CLUM has clocks to burn, but wedding presents don't count. It's the thought behind them. Put me down for a sovereign, and if I can help you by buying the clock when I go to town next, I will do so gladly. But you must give me all instructions very clearly.

Yours, J. PYKE-LUNTIN.

III.

Miss Callow to the Rev. Wilson Large.

DEAR MR. LARGE,—Your news has made me a new woman. I have been so ill with rheumatism and general depression for so long, but the thought that dear Lord CLUMBER is again to be made happy has brightened every minute since your letter came. I like the idea of the clock—how very clever of you! Such unsuitable presents are often given on these, to me, sacred occasions, such even as spirit flasks and other unpleasantly material things. But of course you, with your views on temperance, would not have permitted anything like that. I enclose a cheque for two guineas.

Yours sincerely and gratefully,
ELLEN CALLOW.

IV.

Lady Fern to the Rev. Wilson Large.

DEAR MR. LARGE,—I am both pained and shocked by the interest you are

taking in this unfortunate marriage. When English noblemen marry dancing-girls it is the duty of the clergy to weep rather than organise wedding presents. Your scheme will receive no countenance from me, I remember poor Lady CLUMBER far too vividly. Any present that I may feel disposed to make will take an admonitory form, or I may possibly send a copy of Lord AVEBURY'S *Pleasures of Life*.

Yours sincerely,
ANGELA FERN.

V.

The Rev. Wilson Large to Lady Fern.

MY DEAR LADY FERN,—I was greatly distressed to find that your attitude to Lord CLUMBER'S engagement is so hostile. I fear, in your perhaps natural dislike to see a stranger in the late Lady CLUMBER'S place, you have been betrayed into a slight error. You say a "dancing-girl," but I understand that Miss BANGLE spoke quite a number of words in the last play at (I think) the Gaiety Theatre, and was very warmly praised for her imaginative treatment of the part by some of the leading critics. In any case I doubt if we ought to condemn dancing *quâ* dancing. We have all danced a little in our time—I used, I remember, to be singularly happy in Sir Roger—and Miss BANGLE may be a very worthy person in spite of her calling. It is enough for me that Lord CLUMBER has chosen her.

I am, dear Lady FERN,
Yours cordially,
WILSON LARGE.

VI.

Sir Anthony Dix to the Rev. Wilson Large.

DEAR LARGE,—It's a very good notion, but a clock is too dull. BIRDIE won't care for a clock at all; not unless she's very different from what she used to be. A motor coat would be much more in her line, or a tasty fan. I saw some beauties the other day in Bond Street. It's rather a joke for her to catch CLUMBER; and a good deal of a change for him after the late Lady C. I enclose a cheque for two pounds any way.

Yours truly, ANTHONY DIX.

VII.

Mrs. Harrison Root to the Rev. Wilson Large.

DEAR MR. LARGE,—I cannot find that anyone staying in this Pension knows Miss BANGLE'S name, although there are several ladies who seem to be ardent playgoers. But perhaps she has only just appeared in London. Mr. BENSON, whom I know slightly, is always producing wonderful new Shakspearian actresses, and I imagine Miss BANGLE to be one of these. But what an odd name! Yours sincerely, GRACE HARRISON ROOT.

VIII.

Mr. Horace Sparrow to the Rev. Wilson Large.

DEAR LARGE,—I think your idea a good one, and I shall be glad to join. But is not a clock a rather unimaginative present? It always seems to me that insufficient thought is given to such matters. I have put down a few articles which my wife and I consider more suitable and original. Believe me,

Yours sincerely,
HORACE SPARROW.

Reading Lamp.
Revolving Book-case.
Complete set of RUSKIN.
After-dinner Coffee Set.

P.S.—Mrs. SPARROW and myself have derived more comfort from a breakfast heater than any other of our very numerous wedding presents.—H. S.

IX.

Miss Effie Pollard to the Rev. Wilson Large.

DEAR MR. LARGE,—We think it such a charming idea of yours, and shall be delighted to assist. My mother is in favour of a butter-dish, but the clock seems to me an admirable thought. What could be prettier than a reminder such as this that another hour of happiness has passed, and that so many friends have good wishes for the new life! As I tell mother, she can give the butter-dish independently, if you think that our one visit to Clumber Towers, on the occasion of the Missionary Helpers' Union annual fête, a sufficient ground. Meanwhile I enclose a postal order for a pound, and remain yours sincerely, EFFIE POLLARD.

X.

The Rev. Wilson Large to Mrs. Harrison Root.

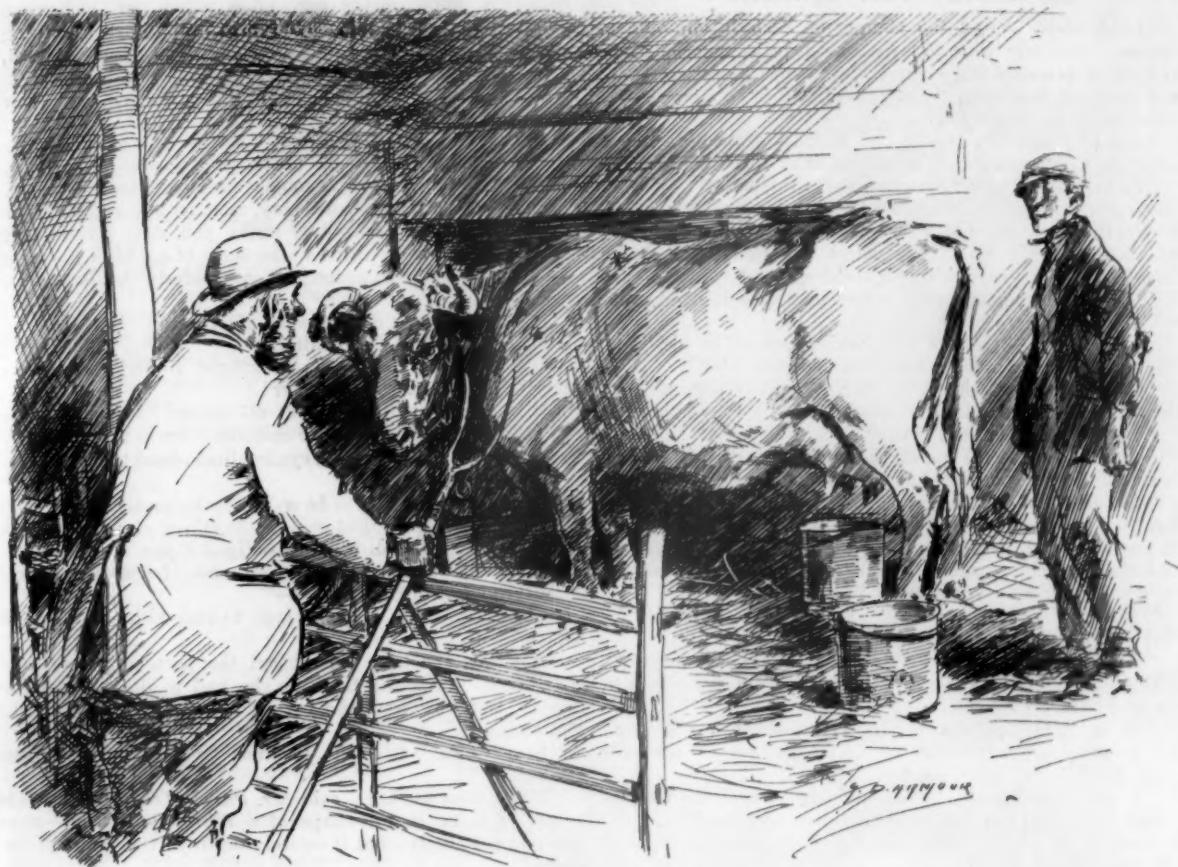
DEAR MRS. ROOT,—I am happy to be able to tell you that everything is in train for the wedding present for Lord CLUMBER. Mr. PYKE-LUNTIN has very kindly arranged to buy the clock in London, in a shop in Bond Street where I saw them, and to arrange for a suitable inscription. The *Tatler* which you send me is very interesting. Miss BANGLE has certainly a very charming face, but it seems to me to border too much on familiarity to call her plain "BIRDIE" underneath. Lord CLUMBER can hardly like that. Still, it is not for me to sit in judgment. Believe me, dear Mrs. Root,

Yours cordially,
WILSON LARGE.

XI.

Mr. Jack Pyke-Luntin to the Rev. Wilson Large.

DEAR LARGE,—I am sorry to say that the fog yesterday was too much for me altogether, and made it impossible to



"BACK TO THE LAND."

Old Farmer Worsell (who is experimenting with unemployed from London). "NOW THEN, YOUNG FELLER, 'OW LONG ARE YOU GOIN' TO BE WITH THAT 'ERE MILK?"

Young Feller. "I CAUNT 'ELP IT, GUV'NOR. I BIN WATCHIN' 'ER 'ARF AN HOUR, AND SHE AIN'T LAID ANY YIT!"

get to Bond Street. But I managed to struggle as far as the Stores, and I think you will be delighted with what I managed to secure—a real bargain. They had no clocks worth anything, and so I hopped on to this—a first-class Tantalus. It is being engraved to-day, and should reach you to-morrow. I know old CLUM will appreciate that, and he's got clocks enough already to tick his head off. Yours sincerely,

J. PYKE-LUNTIN.

THE PINCH OF GENTILITY.

[Dedicated to Mrs. PRAGA, who has written a book showing how to keep an elegant house on £200 a year.]

ONCE upon a time my MABEL

Cooked me plain and homely fare;
Simple beef adorned my table,
Simple cabbage too was there;
Here was salt and here was mustard,
Here a glass or two of custard

Round the roasted apples clustered—
Otherwise the board was bare.

But the ancient order ended
When by melancholy chance
On a little tome descended
Mistress MABEL's eager glance.
Straightway dawned another æon:
MABEL vowed that she would see an
End of everything plebeian—
Now we aim at elegance.

Knives and forks and glasses glitter
Round a centre of sateen,
And, instead of vulgar bitter,
Claret (name unknown) is seen.

LIZZIE then, the porter's daughter,
Brings the *purée*—MABEL's taught her
So to call the cabbage-water
Ladled from the soup-tureen.

After this, in silver dishes,
Enter bits of skin and bone,
Mixed with heads and tails of fishes
With a flavour all their own.

Patent jellies, round and hollow,
Filled with custard powder, follow—
Jellies which are hard to swallow,
Though they lend the feast a tone.

Finger-bowls then LIZZIE places
On their doilies fringed with dirt,
Manufactured out of laces
Which were once an evening skirt.
Coffee essence—so the label
Calls the mixture—decks the table;
Thus does providential MABEL
Strive to give us our dessert.

When the pinch of hunger wakes me
Just as I begin to snore,
When a longing overtakes me
For the vulgar meals of yore;
When I lie there, faint and dizzy,
Still I hear the luckless LIZZIE
Toiling in the kitchen, busy
Washing up for evermore.

"EXPRESSLY FOR CHILDREN."

"Look here!" cried the Genius of Modern Pantomime, bursting excitedly into *Mr. Punch's* private sanctum, and looking, if possible, bigger and longer and more glittering and gorgeous than ever, "you're supposed to be an authority about children, aren't you?"

"Am I?" said *Mr. Punch*. "I'm fond of them, if that's anything to do with it. Why do you ask?"

"Because I want your opinion," said the Genius. "A most unfounded and unfair attack has been made upon Me! What do you think the critic of a certain London morning journal has been writing about the latest production at Drury Lane? Calls it 'unsuitable for children' and 'vulgar,' Sir! Vulgar!—with the amount of money that's been lavished on it!"

"After all," said *Mr. Punch*, taking refuge in platitudes, "vulgarity is very much a matter of taste, isn't it?"

"He's quite alone in his opinions, Sir," said the Genius. "All the other papers have been unanimous in a chorus of praises."

"They invariably are," said *Mr. Punch*. "You see, Pantomime has become one of those fine old British institutions which it is considered almost impious to criticise."

"Almost? It's quite impious, Sir! Why, *The White Cat* has been written expressly for children, is in every particular fit for them, and there's nothing whatever in it—especially now that all the passages objected to have been cut out—to injure them, mentally or morally!"

"That," said *Mr. Punch*, "in a piece written expressly for children, may surely be taken for granted."

"Perhaps you've seen it for yourself?" the Genius inquired. "You have? Then I'll just ask you this question—is it fit for children, or is it not?"

"In my opinion," was the judicial answer, "it is every bit as suitable for them as any of its predecessors for some years past, if that's any comfort to you."

"I knew you would be on my side!" said the Genius. "And I suppose you had some children with you? . . . I thought as much. Well, did any of them see anything at all objectionable in it?"

"I've never yet met the child who *did* see anything objectionable in a Pantomime," said *Mr. Punch*, "and I'm not at all sure that I want to. Still,—I gather that you wish me to be quite candid?"

"Of course, of course!" said the Genius.

"Well," *Mr. Punch* continued, "it's a mere detail, I know, but I don't altogether see why—in a piece written expressly for children, you know—it should be essential to represent the Good Fairy as not only elderly, but partially bald."

"Partial baldness in female characters is always considered a highly humorous make-up, in the Halls," said the Genius. "And, as the part of a Female Fairy is naturally allotted to a leading music-hall comedian—"

"That accounts for it, of course," said *Mr. Punch*. "But why reduce the Fairy to earn her living as a Barmaid, or a lodging-house keeper? Not a particularly brilliant flight of fancy, is it?"

"You must give a Pro a chance to work in his usual wheezes somehow," said the Genius, "or how are you going to get in any humour?"

"I see," said *Mr. Punch*. "And your theory is that the sort of humour that most appeals to the average child mind consists in allusions to fish-stalls, having the brokers in, tripe puddings, and quarters of gin?"

"There's no real harm in it, anyhow," said the Genius; "and whether the kiddies understand it or not they laugh just the same as the grown-ups do. We've always had that sort of jokes in Pantomimes, and no one's ever called them unsuitable for children before. Why begin making a fuss at this time o' day?"

"It may be a little late now, certainly," agreed *Mr. Punch*. "Still, you know, songs and jokes which are inoffensive enough in a music-hall mayn't always be just the thing for the nursery, eh? But, to come to another subject, you've brought in a good many characters that aren't in the original story, haven't you? *The Missing Link*, for example?"

"Of course," said the Genius, "you've got to do that in every Pantomime. And the character of *Simeon* is not only comic but instructive—there you have him, gradually evolving, according to the Darwinian theory, from an ape right up to a man of the world. Didn't it strike you as a screamingly funny scene where he'd got to the stage of an idiot just able to stutter out his passion for his elderly landlady, the ex-Fairy?"

"I can't say that it did," replied *Mr. Punch*; "but of course, so long as it amuses the children—"

"Well, there's *Cupid*—he's brought in too. You can't deny that he's a pretty character!"

"It is very prettily played, at all events. But perhaps—in a piece expressly written for children—it was not absolutely necessary to give *Cupid* such cynical lines about the durability of love after marriage."

"Oh, if you're going to be so particular as all that!" said the Genius huffily. "But go on. Anything *else* that struck you as amiss? I shall be really obliged if you'll mention it."

"Well, as to the *Princess Aurora*, now," began *Mr. Punch*, "the *White Cat* of the story—"

"Come, you can't have any fault to find with her, I should hope!" said the Genius.

"Not with the lady who played the part, certainly," said *Mr. Punch*. "She did the little she had to do most charmingly. But why isn't she turned into a *White Cat* in the Pantomime?"

"She is, Sir," said the Genius; "you can't have been attending!"

"I beg your pardon," said *Mr. Punch*, "she merely wears a sort of *toque* in the shape of a *White Cat's* head—most becoming, I admit—but it entirely destroys the point of the story."

"What does that matter—in a Pantomime?" said the Genius. "You can't ask a principal lady to go through a whole scene with her face hidden under a great mask, just for the sake of sticking to the story, can you now?"

"I should have thought you might—in a piece written expressly for children," said *Mr. Punch*, "because, you see, the great scene in the original story is where the *Prince* has to cut off the *White Cat's* head before she can become a *Princess* again. But, of course, all that had to be left out."

"You must leave out a good deal of the story," said the Genius, "or how would you find time for all the magnificent spectacles and processions and ballets? Why, the piece plays well over four hours as it is!"

"Perhaps the children mightn't mind a little less magnificence if they were given a little more of the story," suggested *Mr. Punch*.

"They mightn't," said the Genius, "but the grown-ups would!"

And that, as *Mr. Punch* recognised at once, would have been quite fatal to the fortunes of any piece written expressly for the children.

F. A.

More Commercial Candour.

FROM a trade prospectus:—

"—, being a Practical Cutler, invites Customers to have the benefit of his experience, and they will find that the prices charged will bear favourable comparison with those usually charged for Worthless Rubbish."

OF VIOLET, PLAYING.

DAINTY and light the touch of VIOLET
 On the familiar keys,
 The keys, responsive to her every
 mood,
 Elated, when she feels that life is
 good,
 And yet depressed—for notice, if you
 please,
 Until depressed, no music shall you get.
 So light, so light the touch, her fingers
 thrill
 The deep, still pool of sound,
 As 'twere the fleeting breath of
 summer breeze;
 Yet firm as some prehensile chim-
 panzee's
 Grasp of the branch on which his tail
 is wound,
 And pliant, too, like Mr. B-L-F-R's will.
 Often by crescential chords she
 climbs,
 Or makes the spinet sing
 Of bygone youth, dead hopes, and
 last year's rose;
 Tears dim the spectacles upon my
 nose,
 For, when *she* plays, "A Little Bit of
 String"
 Sounds sweetly solemn as cathedral
 chimes.
 Methinks, if he were sitting by my side—
 The elephant, who gave
 These tusks that sing and laugh, or
 moan and wail,
 As she commands—that his expres-
 sive tail
 And vocal trunk would warrant him
 her slave,
 Thrice happy for her service to have died.

LAY HELPERS.

[The Bishop of London has just published his balance sheet, and Mr. Punch has great pleasure in publishing a little correspondence on the subject.]

SIR,—I have been much interested by the dear Bishop's balance sheet, and cannot help thinking that he may like a few hints from an old housekeeper.

I see that more than £1,000 a year is spent on food, fruit, &c. Now this seems a great deal. If the Bishop were to do his marketing *himself* and carry home his purchases, he would, I am sure, reduce his expenditure by more than half. *I know this to be so.* Also, he should not have books at any of the shops. Let everything be paid for when it is ordered. If his Lordship will take care of the pence in this way the pounds will take care of themselves.

I should be very pleased to show the Bishop my housekeeping system any afternoon. I am generally in at tea-time.

Yours, &c.,

MOTHER OF A FAMILY.



WANT OF CONFIDENCE.

Little Girl (to Curate, who is waiting for his hostess). "DON'T TOUCH ANYTHING WHILE I'M GONE, WILL YOU, MR. JONES?"

SIR,—After reading through the Bishop's balance sheet it struck me that much more might be done to make Fulham Palace and London House centres of the home life of Londoners.

It seems a pity that more is not done in the way of entertaining by the Bishop. For instance, the busiest man has a spare hour sometimes, when a chat with his Bishop or a game of skittles with him would be a great pleasure and something to look forward to in business hours. Again, our wives and daughters would find it very useful to have some quiet place where they might rest after their shopping expeditions, and leave parcels, umbrellas, &c., to be picked up on the way home. In this way the Bishop would learn infinitely more of the personal tastes and

views of the people in his charge than is possible under the present system.

I am quite sure that if these suggestions were adopted we should hear no more of Disestablishment.

Yours, &c., PRACTICAL.

SIR,—I noticed with deep pain one item in the balance sheet recently published by the Bishop of London.

The eighteenth entry is as follows:

"Hire of four horses in constant use £210."

Will his Lordship tell us when these poor dumb creatures have any rest? I am sending a copy of this letter to the R.S.P.C.A., who will, I know, take the matter up immediately.

Yours, &c.,

LOVER OF ANIMALS.



A LITTLE HORTICULTURE IS A DANGEROUS THING.

Squire's Daughter (to Gardener's Wife, who suffers from chronic rheumatism). "HAVE YOU EVER TRIED SWEDISH MASSAGE, MRS. BROWN?"
Mrs. Brown. "I HAVE HEARD SAY IT BE VERY GOOD FOR THE RHEUMATICS, MISS; BUT WE DON'T GROW IT IN THESE PARTS."

THE SWEETS OF FAME!

[After reading Mr. HERBERT VIVIAN'S "study" of Mr. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN in a popular Magazine.]

WHEN WOLSEY, in a celebrated speech,
 Bade THOMAS CROMWELL "fling away ambition,"
 I take it his intention was to teach
 The disadvantages of high position:
 And that in fact we tend to overrate
 The splendours of a Minister of State.

My own impression is, in WOLSEY'S day,
 In spite of block and headsman and the rest of it,
 Exalted personages had a way
 Of somehow managing to get the best of it,
 While the poor scribe who dealt with men of note
 Had to be very careful what he wrote.

But now that pleasant state of things is changed,
 The "insolence of office" veils its face,
 And things are very differently arranged
 For statesmen in the present year of grace—
 A thing which public men should not forget
 When offered places in the Cabinet.

Soon as your risen star has left behind
 The cold obscurity which masked it lately,
 DICK, TOM and HARRY promptly call to mind
 That in your youth they knew you intimately.

This touching fact they hasten to confess
 In a communication to the Press.

JONES in a playful paragraph retails
 The likeness that his infant features bore to you,
 BROWN says he met you years ago in Wales,
 TOMPKINS declares his uncle lived next door to you,
 SMITH tells how once he asked you so and so,
 And how you answered that you didn't know.

Each chance acquaintance rises like a ghoul
 Determined to exploit this kind of knowledge;
 The duffer whom you used to kick at school,
 The bore you resolutely cut at college,
 A hundred people whom you never knew
 Proclaim that they have not forgotten you!

Such are the dire concomitants of Fame
 At this depressing period of our history,
 But why we print such trash or read the same
 (If we do read it) is to me a mystery.
 Meantime, if this is what the Great endure,
 I shall contentedly remain obscure.

The Tariff Reformer's Catechism.

Q. HEWINS?—A. HE-WINS.



A NEW CUSTOMER:

PROFESSOR CHAMBERLAIN. "WHAT YOU WANT, SIR, IS SOME OF OUR PROTECTION STIMULANT!"
OLD 1904. "SAME OLD STORY! THAT'S WHAT HE'S BEEN RUBBING INTO MY HEAD,—AND
LOOK AT ME!"



Attest
[Illegible text]

CHARIVARIA.

THE CZAR has issued a Decree insisting on autocracy, and consenting to only a few minor reforms. He is said to be acting on the advice of his infant son.

The Russian Government is so often accused of lacking a sense of justice, that it is only fair to point out that, as soon as proof of the escape of M. DE PLEHVE's murderer was satisfactorily established, the sentences on the two men found guilty of the crime were reduced to 14 and 10 years' imprisonment respectively.

For a wager of £2 a Lambeth labourer ate twenty mince-pies in ten minutes in a local public-house. This is likely to lead to trouble, as it is quicker work than the Trades Union regulations allow.

A gentleman has written to the *Daily Mail* to complain that two letters which he posted on the Saturday before Christmas, and which "obviously contained Christmas cards," were not delivered at Streatham till after the event. It is rumoured that the Postmaster-General has apologised, explaining that, owing to the rush of work at that time, he mistook the letters for business communications.

After appearing as Santa Claus to 2,000 children in Zion City, Dr. DOWIE removed his disguise, and pointed out that there was no such person as Santa Claus. A more welcome announcement would have been that there is no such person as Dr. DOWIE.

It is credibly reported from the Carmelite Quarter that owing to the distractions of Christmas no newspapers changed hands during the last week of December.

An interesting letter, written almost entirely in unintelligible slang by one prisoner to another, has been published. Is this the beginning of the much-talked-of revival of Gaelic?

In an interesting, eulogistic article on the work of Mr. ARTHUR COLLINS (from the pen of Mr. ARTHUR COLLINS) published in the *Express* last week, there is a paragraph which confirms a suspicion we had long entertained. "Next to the spectacular portion of the pantomime," says the writer, "comes the all-important one of fun, and, if anything, this is more difficult to provide than the story."

The recent fogs are said to have cost London shippers and merchants £10,000,000. Many people question whether they were worth the money.



"WELCOME, LITTLE STRANGER!"

(First of January.)

"LOOK AT THIS LOVELY PRESENT YOU HAVE HAD SENT YOU. ISN'T IT JUST A DARLING, JACKY, EH?"

"WELL—I MUST SAY I DON'T THINK MUCH OF IT, AUNTIE. CAN'T YOU PUT IT AWAY IN A PARCEL TILL NEXT NEW YEAR, AND THEN MAKE A PRESENT OF IT TO SOMEBODY ELSE?"

The chief War news of any importance is that the Japanese have determined to help Admiral ROJDESTVENSKY in his search for their ships.

Professor SEWARD, of Stanford University, questions the value to Americans of the Rhodes scholarships. His countrymen, he declares, have nothing to learn from England. Four hundred undergraduates of Columbia University, in a hunt after a Freshman last week, broke innumerable windows in New York, and destroyed the railings of a subway station.

India is described by an enthusiastic road-hog as "A Paradise for Motorists." Nothing is said about the natives, but it is understood that, if need arise, no difficulty will be put in the way of their translation to a Paradise of their own.

The great "h" difficulty which has for so long troubled civic orators has apparently been solved. At a recent City dinner the experiment of printed speeches was tried with success.

A gentleman has written to the Press to say that the question in algebra set at a recent examination for cavalry officers and quoted as absurdly difficult is in no way unreasonable, for it has been solved at the first attempt by a six-year-old schoolgirl. But our recollection is that all that was said was that it was absurdly difficult for cavalry candidates.

War against Waistcoats having been declared by the headmaster of Kingston Grammar School, a strong committee of defence is to be formed at once, with the Marquis of ANGLESEY at its head.

POLICE INTELLIGENCE.

[A London policeman, in a letter to the *Express*, says that "one of the reasons why the police cannot be found when they are wanted, particularly during the night, is that a large number of men are allowed time off duty to play football matches."—*St. James's Gazette*.]

DARING BURGLARY.—No. 21, Parsifal Avenue, West Kensington, was last night the scene of a burglary of a peculiarly impudent nature. Every article of any value was appropriated by the thieves, who had apparently made themselves quite at home, as was evidenced by the remains of a sumptuous repast on the kitchen table. A piece of paper was found protruding from the neck of an empty whisky bottle bearing the words, "Play up, Wanderers! Here's luck." This, no doubt, has reference to the fact that the members of the Z Division (in whose district the burglary took place) were at the time playing their return match against the Willesden Wanderers at the Wormwood Scrubs Athletic Ground. The police believe they have a clue, but are very reticent about the matter. The result of the match was a draw in favour of the Wanderers—2 goals all.

SMART CAPTURE.—JOSEPH SPINK and JOSHUA BROWNRIGG have reason to regret this morning that they did not consult an up-to-date "Fixture Card" before they decided to enter the premises of Messrs. GILLING AND WAROW last night. As it turned out, the X Division had no match on Thursday this week, and P.C.s ADAMS and CLARKE (the latter perhaps the finest centre-forward in the Metropolitan Police) were enabled to effect an easy capture. BROWNRIGG, we believe, used to play in goal for Barry Dock United, and it is hoped at Scotland Yard that when he has served his sentence he will join the Force, to which he should be a great acquisition.

HOXTON SHOOTING AFFRAY.—At a late hour last night, as JAMES WILSON, a railway porter, was returning home, he heard six revolver shots in rapid succession, followed by a woman's despairing cry of "Murder! Police!" With admirable presence of mind, WILSON, after consulting a *Football Star* (which fortunately he was carrying), ran to the Hoxton Casuals' Football Ground, where the First and the "A" teams of the Y Division were engaged in a friendly match. In less than an hour's time two men from each team had changed into uniform, and with commendable promptitude proceeded at once to the scene of the outrage. No signs of the murderer or his unhappy victim could be discovered, but fuller details and a sketch of the plucky porter will be found in our late edition.

MUSICAL HONORIFICS.

A CORRESPONDENT of a morning paper complains that he never heard the next line of "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow," and asks if there is a second. "Under what circumstances," comments a contemporary, "may a dean, a headmaster, an undertaker or an archbishop be termed a jolly good fellow? What we really want is a slight tempering of our national habit of familiarity with some slight education in the Japanese system of honorifics." We subjoin a list of variations of our national personal-anthem to be selected in accordance with the standing and antecedents of the subject of this musical compliment.

A Peer or County Magnate (at a Tenants' Dinner)—"For He's a middlin' good Landlord."

The Heir of Ditto (non-committal, on his coming of age)—"For He's the Son of his Father" (or, more friendly)—"For He's a Chip of the Old Block."

A Lord Chancellor or Legal Luminary (at a Benchers' Dinner)—"For He's a Bit of a Bigwig."

A Company Promoter or Director (at a Meeting of Shareholders, with exceptions)—"For He's an Eye to the Main Chance."

A Headmaster (at a Breaking-up Supper)—"For He's a Beast, but a Just Beast."

A Member of Parliament or Cabinet Minister (on accepting the Chiltern Hundreds)—"For He's a Jolly Good Riddance."

A Popular Novelist (at a Literary Gathering)—"For We are as Clever as He is."

A Lady (at a New Vagabonds' Banquet)—"For She's as Good (Smart, Bright, Neat—or any other appropriate monosyllable) as they Make 'em."

An Undertaker (at a Local Wayzgoose)—"For He's a Cheerful Reminder."

We have to confess that the rest of the encomium, before the finale "Which nobody can deny," remains yet to be written.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

(With acknowledgments to that entertaining volume, "The Housewife's What's What.")

SWEET ladies, when life with its worry appears
To be but a valley of trouble and tears,
When the sun is a shadow and day is as night,
When everything's wrong and when nothing is right—
Don't sit down and weep at your pitiful lot,
But send off at once for *The Housewife's What's What!*
And thus may you end, just as soon as you care to,
The infinite natural shocks flesh is heir to,
For here you will find all the woes that exist,
With their cures, in a long alphabetical list—
Deep wrinkles, which hasten—*mirabile dictu*—
To smooth from your brow all those lines which afflict you.

If an Accident happens, as happen it may,
You have nothing to do but to look under A;
Is Butterscotch wanted or Black-currant tea?
For excellent recipes look under B;
Under C you will find in this wonderful book
How to blow out a Candle or blow up a Cook;
Under D there are hints for the feminine sex
On the checking of Draughts and the Drafting of cheques,
While Eating one scarce is astonished to see
Included with Everything Else under E.
Next follow remarks about Feathers and Fares,
And how to behave when a Gentleman Glares,
With much information on Halibut, Hams,
Ionian Islands, Jute, Jellies and Jams,
Kale, Ketchup and Kidneys, Kid-gloves, Keys and Knives,
Lamps, Lollipops, Lard and insurance of Lives.
Under Medicine you'll find mythological lore
You probably never have heard of before,
For though it would doubtless occur to most men
That Nerves and Neuralgia should come under N,
I think it unlikely that many will know
That the Father of Medicine, who lived long ago,
Was called "Ossenlapius"—(see under O).

Next we learn about Painters, Pots, Parrots and Pails,
Quinine, Quinquagesima Sunday and Quails,
What to do when a Runaway train leaves the Rails,
How to brander a Steak, cut a Skirt, Shop at Sales,
Make a Tart, wear a Train, or concoct little Tales,
How to hang up the kitchen Utensils on nails,
The nature of Vinegar, Vermin and Veils,
Warts, Waterproofs, Whisky, Welsh-rabbits and Whales.

Domestic economists, don't let it trouble you
If you find that the list ends abruptly at W,
For really but little remains to be said
By the time you are landed at X, Y and Z.



OUR ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY.

The Rector, "Oh, Piano, Mr. Brown! Pi-AN-o!"
Mr. Brown, "Piano BE BLOWED! I'VE COME HERE TO ENJOY MYSELF!"

OLD RHYMES & M^ODERN INSTANCES.



HUMPTY DUMPTY SAT ON A WALL.



HUMPTY DUMPTY HAD A GREAT FALL.



ALL THE KINGS HORSES & ALL THE KINGS MEN COULDN'T SET HUMPTY DUMPTY UP AGAIN.



A PROPHETIC NOVEL.

[It has been announced that the *Times* will shortly publish the fragment of an unpublished novel by the late Earl of BEACONSFIELD. Thanks to the exercise of that intelligent anticipation for which he has long been famed, *Mr. Punch* is able to present his readers with some characteristic extracts from this intensely interesting work, entitled *The Great Cham*, which fully bear out Lord BEACONSFIELD'S reputation for political prescience.]

"Sr. JOSEPH, though still young and naturally of a gay and joyous temperament, had a high sense of duty and strong domestic feelings. Every day when he looked into the glass and gave the last touch to his consummate toilette, he offered his grateful thanks to Pro-

vidence that his family was not unworthy of him."

"It was an hour past dawn when WINCHURCH strolled home. London is often beautiful in summer at that hour, the architectural outlines clear and defined in the smokeless atmosphere, and ever and anon a fragrant gale from garden balconies is wafted through the blue air. Nothing is stirring except wagons of strawberries and asparagus. Eve has its spell of calmness and consolation, but Dawn brings hope and joy. But not to WINCHURCH. Young, sanguine and susceptible, he had for the moment yielded to the spell of the recent scene; but with his senses stilled by the morn-

ing air and free from the influence of HUGO HATFIELD'S exhilarating sophistries and all the wild and amusing caprice and daring wilfulness and grand affectation that distinguish and inspire a circle of patrician youth, there came over him the consciousness of frustrated hopes and baffled ambitions. It was the dawn of his birthday; he was twenty-eight years of age and he had not yet been asked to join the Cabinet."

"Motor-cars have elevated and softened the lot of man," said Lady MARGOLIOUTH, "and my husband views them with almost a religious sentiment. But you cannot play Bridge in a motor-car, and the human voice is distressing to me amid the squealing and panting of the loosened megatheria who drag us, so I have no resource but my own thoughts."

"Surely that is sufficient," politely murmured the Duke.

"Not when the past is expelled," replied Lady MARGOLIOUTH, "for every woman has a past nowadays."

"But the future?" said the Duke.

"Yes, that is ever interesting, but so vague that it sometimes induces slumber."

"I shall remember that," remarked the Duke, "when next I am troubled with insomnia."

"Mr. ALKANE was a young man, though more than ten years older than Lord HUGO. His appearance was striking. Somewhat below the middle height, his spare yet sinewy form was crowned by a countenance aquiline but delicate, surmounted by a dome-shaped forehead of extraordinary altitude. A thick but small moustache did not conceal his curved lip or the scornful pride of his distended nostril, and his Vandyke beard did not veil the exquisite tenderness of his mouth. He wore a simple costume of tweed knickerbockers, with a black velvet jacket, a scarlet cummerbund, Byron collar, and a soft sombrero with a peacock's feather daintily stuck into the band."

"I cannot enter into such controversies," said the King. "Every day I feel, more and more, that I am extremely unfamiliar with modern fiction."

"Do not regret it," said Mr. ALKANE. "Nine tenths of existing books and nine hundred and ninety-nine thousandths of modern novels are nonsense."

"What you say I feel very encouraging," said the King, repressing a smile, "for I myself have little leisure for novel reading."

"No doubt every man should combine an intellectual with a physical training," replied Mr. ALKANE, "especially if he happen to be a constitutional



SPORT IN THE OLDEN TIME.

The Boar Hunt. From an Old Print.

sovereign. But the popular conception of the means is radically wrong. Kings should learn to talk: it is a rare accomplishment and extremely healthy. The theatre, entirely remodelled and reformed, and devoted to sacred melodrama, should be an important element of Royal education. I should not object to the recitation of certain sonnets. That is enough. I would not have a book in the house, except a few selected novels published by HEINEMANN.

"Those are the maxims of Manxland?" said the King.

"They are," said Mr. ALKANE; "and of such principles I believe a great revival is at hand. Your Majesty, we shall both live to see another Renaissance."

"It was a balmy day. They sat down by the great trees and the servants opened the luncheon baskets, which were a present from Potsdam. Mr. JESSICO was seldom seen to such advantage as when distributing the viands on such an occasion. Never was such gay and peaceful hospitality. The professor of economics was quite fascinated as Mr. JESSICO thrust a paper of lobster sandwiches into his hand and enjoined Mr. PEARSWORTH to fill his tumbler with Australian champagne."

"If there were anything or any person in the world that Sir HARRY BOSWORTH hated more than another it was the Duke of EASTBOURNE. Why BOSWORTH hated him was not very clear, for the Duke had never answered him in the *Times*, nor were the reasons for his detestation which he occasionally gave to his special crony, Mr. MOLARY BEBB, entirely satisfactory. Sometimes it was because the Duke snored in St. Paul's; sometimes because of the shape of his lower lip; sometimes because he wore a white hat. But whatever might be the cause BOSWORTH generally wound up, 'I tell you what, MOLARY, if that fellow becomes Premier I have made up my mind to go to Nova Zembla and hunt for the remains of the mammoth.'"

"It was a brilliant gathering. All the 'nice' people in London were there out of respect to the high character of Lord ST. JOSEPH. LEO MINIM, his topaz eyes flashing with the lambent effulgence of genius, was seated on a sofa eating a Mandarin orange and conversing with a lady of distinguished mien, and with the countenance of a Roman empress. Hard by stood Mr. MOLARY BEBB, a man of extraordinary beauty, with one of those faces one encounters in Asia Minor, rich, glowing, with dark fringed eyes of tremulous lustre; his

figure was scarcely less striking, and of voluptuous symmetry. Lord VINCENT HOWARD, delighted with himself and everybody else, looked more like a benevolent walrus than ever, and in an ecstasy of urbanity ejaculated "Hear! Hear!" from time to time. Mr. JESSICO sat on a small stool at the foot of Lord ST. JOSEPH, and was practically invisible, like an ortolan smothered in vineleaves, but whenever Lord ST. JOSEPH said anything he broke into a frightful shout, and Sir HENRY CHINLAP tittered immensely."

Episcopal Exercise.

SIR,—As a straightforward, healthily sporting Englishman and thorough-going churchman, few things delight me more than to know that some of our leading Right Reverends take a pleasure in British sports and pastimes. Imagine my joy then, on reading in the *Times* for December 27, under the heading of "Association Rules" (which I believe means a particular sort of Football), how "Bishop Auckland beat Ilford, at Ilford, by two goals to one." Bravo, Bishop! May his episcopal gaiters never be less! Of course he brought his own team, as did Mr. Ilford of Ilford. Honour to victor and vanquished. Let clergymen follow this excellent example, says

Yours ever, A MUSCULAR CHRISTIAN.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"I WANT to see Burma—Burma that I annexed." Over a space of ten years my Baronite remembers the rarely moved tones with which Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL uttered this aspiration. It was in conversation at a farewell dinner he gave to some old friends on the eve of his setting forth on that journey round the world whose closing scene was his death-bed in his mother's house in Grosvenor Square. Burma, annexed and prosperous, finds glowing testimony to its interest, beauty, and fertility in two volumes issued by Messrs. HUTCHINSON. Mr. SCOTT O'CONNOR, Comptroller of Assam, spent two years travelling through the length and breadth of the land, a journey supplemented by a subsequent visit. The result is this sumptuous record of *The Silken East*. As he modestly claims, the true character of a once mystic country was disclosed to him, and he has set it forth in an admirably written narrative. The volumes are illustrated by innumerable photographs taken on the spot, their perfection testifying to the purity of the air. In addition there are twenty coloured plates copied from paintings made by Mr. JAMES MIDDLETON during prolonged residence. Thus nothing is lacking to the rare perfection of a work interesting from first to last. Mr. O'CONNOR significantly discovers a strong resemblance between Burma and Japan, and expresses the hope that "one of the fairest and most attractive provinces of the Empire" may, under happy auspices, follow Japan's lead along the prosperous pathway of civilisation.

The essential fault of *The Tiger of Muscovy*, a cleverly conceived story by FRED WHISHAW (LONGMANS & Co.), is that the author has made the heroine of his story so irritatingly whimsical as to weary the patience of the most hopeful reader who had begun by admiring her light-hearted and somewhat light-headed audacity. Her treatment of her stupidly devoted lover becomes tedious, while her Elizabethan manner of speech only serves to give a kind of imitation Shakespearian tone to her shrewish and witless impertinence. Yet there are some good scenes and strong situations when the heroine is at the Court of IVAN the Terrible, and when hero and heroine are making their escape from it. But their stay at the Russian Court is too prolonged, and the incidents are somewhat monotonous. The accomplished Skipper will find his work cut out for him, but he and his mates, judiciously skipping, will enjoy the story.

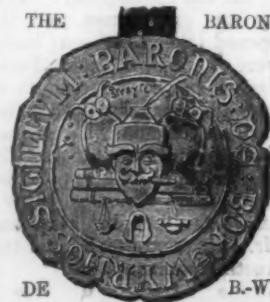
Mrs. EVANS-GORDON, who inherits literary tastes from her mother, Mrs. SARTORIUS (author of *A Week in a French Country House*), has published with Messrs. SIMPKIN, MARSHALL & Co. a leash of stories, of which the first, *Amanda Penfold*, lends its title to the book. Her work is marked by a very engaging naturalness, and both in "The Story of Amanda Penfold" and "Dame Margaret's Chamber" she betrays a gift of imagination which unites the qualities of gentleness and strength. In "Juliet Hepburne" she has handled with perhaps less felicity one of those themes for which the laws of nature provide no issue, and melodrama has to be called in to redress the balance of things. When Mrs. EVANS-GORDON is more instructed in the tricks of the writer's trade, she will easily remedy certain obvious defects of style; but my Nautical Retainer hopes that she will never become professional enough to lose the sincerity and unselfconsciousness which go to make her present charm.

Lady BROOME's gipsy, whom as a child she encountered "on Cannock Chase, long, long ago," in one particular justified her claim to prophetic instinct. She told the child that she would wander up and down the earth. In the range and variety of her travels Lady BROOME excels the record of Ulysses. Born in Jamaica, she crossed the seas before she was two years old. She saw India just after the Mutiny; went out to New Zealand with her second husband to work on his sheep farm;

in course of time accompanied him in his successive governorships of Western Australia, Trinidad and Mauritius. She has written the story of her wanderings in *Colonial Memories* (SMITH, ELDER). Very pleasant reading they make, being imbued with the unaffected art of a traveller's letters home. Perhaps the best, because the earliest impression in least conventional circumstances, tells of roughing it in the wilds of New Zealand forty years ago. Another delightful chapter, through which glimmers the pleasing light of quiet humour, is devoted to "Colonial Servants." Its reading should make ladies, who live at home at ease, more content with their domestic lot. In a couple of chapters on Trinidad the traveller tells some fearsome tales about ants. My Baronite, a couple of years ago a guest at Government House, "the tropical palace" which sometime earlier was graced by Lady BROOME's chatelaineship, can testify to the moderation of her story. He well remembers the busy, interminable procession of gigantic black ants that, never resting, never ending, always on the same track, some going one way some the other, every morning and through the sultry day, patrolled the ceiling of the spacious bathroom.

The contents of the volume entitled *Great Englishmen of the Sixteenth Century* (CONSTABLE) are essays based, as Mr. SIDNEY LEE explains, on a series of eight Lectures delivered by him at the Lowell Institute, Boston. There is in the book no echo of the lecture room. They are literary essays of the purest kind, the most skilful workmanship. His subjects are Sir THOMAS MORE, Sir PHILIP SIDNEY, Sir WALTER RALEGH, EDMUND SPENSER, FRANCIS BACON and SHAKESPEARE—a galaxy sufficing to illuminate a century. The erudition displayed by the Editor of the *Dictionary of National Biography* almost takes my Baronite's breath away. He has read everything written by and about each of his subjects. The result is a rare combination of biography and literary criticism, the latter marked by refreshing absence of servility. Apparently without effort, with no indication of deliberate design, he manages to invest these classical—to most of us, shadowy—persons with flesh and blood. They glow upon his canvas as living men, with some of the infirmities, much of the sublimity, of human nature. In undertaking to introduce these giants of the sixteenth century to their countrymen of the twentieth, Mr. LEE undertook a stupendous task. He has accomplished it in a manner befitting his theme.

The Liberal Year Book, issued from the Liberal Publication Department in anticipation of the New Year, is a marvel of condensation. Published at the price of one shilling, containing over three hundred pages, it will be found an indispensable adjunct to the writing-table of all concerned in Imperial politics. Among its contents is a full list of Members of Lords and Commons; a poll book showing how elections have gone in town and county during the last twenty years; a similar record of Parliamentary Election Petitions; a statement of the political composition of the House of Commons; useful information about Parliamentary procedure and electoral registration, with a chapter devoted to exposition and illustration of the fiscal controversy. For men in both political camps this little volume, entering on its first year, will take the place of the policeman in the dubieties of street life. "When in doubt," says my Baronite, "about anything relating to Parliament or politics, ask *The Liberal Year Book*."



THE TICKET SEASON.

I VENTURE, reader mine, to ask of thee
Thy sympathy to be my soul's solace,
Because I feel a moral certainty
That thou art in the self-same parlous
case;
And I may gather comfort, more or less,
That I am not alone in my distress.

Alack, the ticket season's at its height,
And daily am I now besought to buy.
With some I may have waged successful
fight,

Others, avoided with averted eye;
And yet have they already wrung from
me

The sum of one pound seventeen and
three.

The Rector's daughter captured half-a-
crown

For village teas—which I did not
attend.

I bought a football-concert seat from
Brown—

Henceforth I cannot count him as a
friend.

Our Photographic Club arranged a show,
Admission sixpence—I was bound to go.

Our Workmen's Social Evening—some
one thought

"I'd like to buy a few to give away."
I didn't like—but yes, oh yes, I bought
(That made the extra threepence, I
may say).

An "entertainment" by the C.L.B.
Squeezed a reluctant florin out of me.

Our Amateur Dramatic Club have played
Some antiquated piece, the last few
nights.

For two "reserved-and-numbered" I
had paid,

But did not taste their dubious
delights.

It cost a bob to hear the Curate's views
On Missionary Work among the Jews.

Oh wicked custom! most pernicious
trade!

Oh enmity concealed 'neath friend-
ship's mask!

How many a bitter quarrel hast thou
made!

And—Jove, old chap, I quite forgot to
ask—

Our Smoker's Monday evening, at the
"Boar,"

How many would you like—say three or
four?

THE GREAT WAISTCOAT
QUESTION.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I think it would
be an awfully good idea to do away
with waistcoats. You've no idea how
they check the development of the chest.
I know that after dinner on the 25th
of last month I could hardly breathe



' LANGUAGE QUAINI AND OLDEN.'

SCENE—Wales. TIME—End of a day's hunting.

Brown (who is on a visit to a friend). "GOOD THING OLD JONES JOTTED DOWN A FEW NAMES
OF PLACES, AND DISTANCES, SO THAT I CAN ASK THE WAY HOME."

[What Jones wrote down:—Llanaelhaiarn, 3 miles. Slurymy-mafon-uchaf, 7. Ynyseum-
haiarn, 8. Llanystymear, 5, &c., &c.]

because my waistcoat was so tight.
That cannot be good for a chap, can it?
I often get the same feeling at school on
Sundays, and I wish you would write to
that Kingston chap and get him to
agitate for the removal of the top button
on Sunday trousers as well. It fairly
digs into your chest sometimes, doesn't
it?

Yours expansively,
T. TUCKER, MINOR.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—The headmaster of
Kingston Grammar School has very
rightly pointed out that waistcoats "are
no protection to the back, the most

vulnerable part of the body." They
certainly are not, as they do not come
anything like low enough. I am looking
forward to this term with considerable
apprehension, owing to a rag on
breaking-up day. Couldn't you suggest
in your widely-read organ that "the
most vulnerable part of the body" should
be protected by a leather lining?

Yours gloomily, WILLIE BIRCH.
(Card enclosed.)

"THE CATCH OF THE SEASON."—Influ-
enza.

ROZHDESTVENSKY, LOTUS-EATER.

[The Admiral delivers an address off Madagascar.]

"Courage!" he said, and pointed toward the land;

"Here is our haven after many days!

Let loose the anchor; call upon the band

To tootle forth the lively *Marseillaise*;

And bid our leading bugler, should he know it,

To take the Malagasy Hymn and blow it.

"For we have come, pursuing desperate tracks,

Under the lee of that well-favoured isle

Where our beloved allies instruct the blacks

In French idens and pure Parisian style;

And hence the niggers in this cultured part are

Disposed affectionately toward the Tartar.

"I would we might escape, a few brief weeks,

From Ocean's indefatigable roll,

And kiss the garrison on both their cheeks,

And help ourselves at ease to neutral coal,

And soothe our nerves, just now a little weedy,

Here where the hour is always *après-midi*.

"For what a lotus-land invites the eye!

A land of ripe bananas, very cheap,

Where we might rest our bodies, high and dry,

And disregard the nauseating deep,

And, couched on beds of amaranth and moly,

Keep saying 'Hence!' to horrid Melancholy.

Alas! we must forego this fair delight,

For Duty calls us onward, stern and stark,

And we shall be in places still more tight

Than when we met the trawlers after dark.

Or tentatively stole, with shivering marrows,

Up ancient Elsinore's insidious narrows.

Sunda, Malacca, Torres (see the maps),—

Out of a hundred straits who is to know

Where KAMIMURA means to set his traps?

I do so hate an Archipelago!

The open seas are often very lumpy,

But Archipelagos are much more jumpy.

"Oho! A cable? What is this we read,

What sacred mandate from our Lord, the CZAR?—

Till further notice you will not proceed,

But on the other hand stay where you are;

Meanwhile, awaiting our august decisions,

Lay in some yams and other fresh provisions.*

"Gentlemen, you have heard our Master's voice;

And who are we to doubt that he knows best?

He might have urged us forward, but his choice

Is that we give the sea a well-earned rest;

It feels the constant strain (and little wonder!)

Of keeping all these crocks from going under.

"Then let us pluck the pleasant tropic day

Ere yet our useless toils again begin;

Since, go we back or forward, either way

I fail to see what glory's left to win;

Out with the pinnace, then, my hearties! Heavo-ho!

Who's for a jaunt to Antananarivo?" O. S.

* The report that Admiral ROZHDESTVENSKY'S fleet has been recalled may, for the purposes of this poem, be ignored.

"ASK ME NO MORE!"—According to the *West Surrey Gazette* there has been a curious epidemic at Chiddingfold. The Christmas tree and Sunday School treat has had to be postponed "owing to the prevalence of meals."

"A CHILDREN'S PANTOMIME";

OR, THE WHITE CAT WITHOUT A TALE.

SINCE Boxing Night, when the Drury Lane Pantomime was first presented to the public, much has happened. It has undergone some severe operations, and is now considerably relieved. On the seventh night, which was its thirteenth appearance in public, Mr. Punch's Commissioner, being a credited expert in such matters, went to see *The White Cat*. "Punctually at 7.30" (so he reports) "I was in my place, and heard the capital pantomime overture. And here let me say that Mr. GLOVER'S running accompaniments, his medleys, and his adaptations of all sorts of well-known airs and popular tunes to burlesque and pantomimic purposes, are excellent."

The pantomime is announced as "Written and invented by J. HICKORY WOOD and ARTHUR COLLINS," and it is emphatically described as "A Children's Pantomime." Does it tally with this description? That, at first, some portions of it were decidedly unsatisfactory is evident from the extensive deletion that, as I am informed, has taken place. I have to deal only with what I saw and heard. The spectacle is throughout magnificent, the combinations of colour thoroughly artistic, and the costumes are designed with rare good taste.

Had the story of *The White Cat* been clearly told and well dramatised, had its two collaborating writers given their best attention to rendering intelligible the action of the plot, and to the development of all the fun and humour of which the legitimate situations might be capable, and had they left a margin of time for a genuine old-fashioned harlequinade, then, with such a company of eccentric comedians and pantomimists as "The Lane" now possesses, and with all the accessories at the command of the management, this pantomime, if played between 7.30 and 11 P.M., might indeed have earned for itself the title of "A Children's Pantomime," and might have ranked among the best on the long list of Drury Lane successes.

As a test I selected a small party of bright-looking children, evidently brought out at night for a "grown-up treat." At the gorgeous spectacle they were "in amazement lost"; they did not know what to make of the repulsively prominent *Gorilla* (until he was associated in business with the comic fairy), and the presence of a larrikin coster at Court was as unintelligible to the children as it was to myself. Why the *Gorilla* (most cleverly enacted by Mr. HUGH J. WARD) and the *Coster* (also good, by Mr. TOM WOOTTWELL) were introduced at all, I totally fail to understand. Sincerely do I wish they had been omitted. The first hearty laugh for the children was when clever Mr. JAMES WELCH, quite out of place as *Prince Patter* (he has since been compelled to retire, I regret to say, on account of ill-health), and Mr. FRED EASTMAN, amusing as *Prince Plump*, tried to climb the perpetually rising wall; and this laughter swelled into a roar when the unfortunate *Prince Patter*'s shirt was pulled clean over his head and proved to be about thirty feet long, a most inconvenient length for either a day or night chemise. This was decidedly funny, and scored the first real good laugh.

Then was presented "an interior," a sort of kitchen, or room-of-all-work. Here the old pantomime knock-about drollery of washing the baby-doll, of playing at eating and drinking, of magic glasses, mice running out of the cheese, a giant policeman going up in the air, kept my representative children, and, for the matter of that, every one in the house, in bursts of the heartiest merriment. They laughed too at the curious crockery-ware plate, bottle and jug-gling of Mr. TOM HEARN: but this character, called *Snale*, no more belonged to the story (that is, the story as it ought to have been) than did the *Gorilla* and the *Coster*.

When at last, at 10.40, *Princess Aurora* (Miss JEANNIE MACDONALD) was commanded by the vindictive witch *Hecate*

BANG. GUN MAKER.



PANTOMIME BUSINESS.

CLOWN (RIGHT HON. A. J. B-L-F-R) to PANTALON (SIR H. C-M-P-B-I-L-B-N-X-E-M-N). "OH, I SAY, HERE'S A JOLLY LARK! I'VE BEEN AND ORDERED SUCH A LOT O' THOSE NICE NEW GUNS—AND YOU 'LL HAVE TO PAY FOR 'EM!"

[A General Election is said to be imminent, and the Government expects to go out.]

BANC



WATERLOO BRIDGE

THE BRIDGE WAS BUILT IN 1817 BY THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT AND WAS ONE OF THE FIRST BRIDGES TO BE BUILT IN THE NEW WORLD. IT WAS DESIGNED BY THE BRITISH ARCHITECT JOHN RUTHERFORD AND WAS ONE OF THE FIRST BRIDGES TO BE BUILT IN THE NEW WORLD. IT WAS DESIGNED BY THE BRITISH ARCHITECT JOHN RUTHERFORD AND WAS ONE OF THE FIRST BRIDGES TO BE BUILT IN THE NEW WORLD.

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NEW YEAR'S FÊTE AND GALA.

"WELL, JANE, DID YOU HAVE A GOOD TIME AT HOME? WAS THE VILLAGE VERY GAY?"

"YES, THANK YOU, MUM. BUT WE WAS RATHER DISAPPOINTED, AS THE POLICEMEN'S FEET DIDN'T COME OFF!"

(who, as I think, was Mrs. LANE-JOYNT) to be metamorphosed into the long-expected white cat, I am sure my little friends in front were as disappointed as were all of us on finding that the wicked fairy's spell had not been half effective enough, and that the *Princess*, except for a little white fluff suddenly appearing about her legs, and a cat's mask on the top of her head, leaving her pretty face as open a countenance as ever, remained *in statu quo*, looking very much as she did before these additions were made to her costume.

How the children enjoyed such topical songs as the one by Miss MARIE GEORGE as *Cupid* (*Qu'allait-il faire dans cette galère?*), with a chorus and dance (encored), and the one written in defiance of a certain newspaper, sung by handsome Miss QUEENIE LEIGHTON, a capable artist for this turn, also some others about County Councils and prominent Parliamentary persons, I am unable to decide. I observed that on these occasions they kept their eyes on their elders, and if they saw them applaud, "their little hands," which "were never made," as Dr. WATTS has it, for this sort of exercise, went to work with a will.

I did not stop for the third part, which, presumably, was followed by the condensed *Harlequinade*, as it is quite possible to have too much of a very showy thing. Anyway this is my

report of the amended edition of the Drury Lane Pantomime, which far more appropriately might have been entitled, after the monarch amusingly represented by Mr. JOHNNY DANVERS, *King Ivory and His Three Sons*, or *Harlequin The Golden Net*, and the *Pretty Princess who couldn't become a Cat*.

No pantomime hands need be deprived of their employment were the "Drury Lane Co., Limited," to produce a pantomime of which the opening, as it used to be termed, should play from, say, 7.30 to 10, when the scene of the show, "the transformation scene," should be given, followed by the *Harlequinade*, with Harlequin, Columbine, Pantaloon and Clown as principals, assisted by sprite, policeman, all the supernumeraries, tricks, dances and quick changes, and the old-fashioned bustle of the "spill and pelt" that hasn't been seen for many a year, perhaps not since the VOKES' time, when FRED VOKES was "Mr. Spangles," and ROSINA VOKES the Columbine. I should be inclined to quote *Aladdin*, with the VOKES Family, and *Blue Beard*, with the inimitable Paynes, as model pantomimes. Now, Mr. ARTHUR COLLINS, in your next, let there be a well-known story so deftly dramatised that it could be intelligibly told in "deeds without words," full of laughable "situations," songs set to catchy music, and plenty of graceful and eccentric dancing.



"SOYEZ LE BIENVENU!"

MR. PUNCH WELCOMES "LE FIGARO" ON HIS ARRIVAL IN LONDON. IN THE MATTER OF COSTUME THEY HAVE EXCHANGED COMPLIMENTS LIKE ANY OTHER POTENTATES.

[The Paris Figaro is about to open a London office under the direction of an Englishman.]

HOW TO BEFRIEND THE CILDED BABES.

By Edward H. Cress, the world-famous editor of "Hans Harnsworth's Fairy Maids," and other favourite books for children whose titles we cannot recall.

THE problem "What to do to entertain one's dear young friends at Christmas" is one that recurs every year, and every year has to be answered. Speaking as the accepted judge of what is good for children I say, Take them to the theatre. Spare no pains or expense to make them conversant with all that is going on on the stage. I say expense, but as a matter of fact it is the cheapest form of entertaining. The children's theatre parties, which had a vogue during the Christmas holidays of 1902-3,

and were the height of the nursery fashion last Christmas, owed their popularity chiefly to financial considerations. As every hostess knows who has given a party worth the name to children worth the name, it is a very expensive business. But the theatre? A mere "phleebite," to use the expressive orthography of a little four-year-old maidie of my acquaintance.

Let us look at the matter in a practical manner, as men and women of the world. On the one hand are so many spoiled patrician children lolling in their nursery palaces, surfeited with cake and sweets, half-smothered beneath toys and books; on the other hand are you, dear reader, with but one ambition in life—to add to the artificiality and complexity of

these young *flâneurs* by taking them to this play and that in a series of vast parties.

Very well. You come to me, an old hand, to know how to do it; and I will tell you with as little digression as possible. In the first place it is necessary to know the parents. No one, however thorough a child-lover, has the *entrée* to a nursery without first having secured the *entrée* to the drawing-room. This must be remembered. Many experimentalists in this new game of Toddle-worship, as it has been called, have thought it sufficient to make acquaintance with the nursemaid on the Broadstairs promenade. But no: there is a wide gulf, as the French say, between the *bord de la mer* and the *salon*. There is but one road to the aristocratic nursery, and that is the aristocratic drawing-room. Here I must leave you to find your way for yourself. Such secrets cannot be communicated.

Let us assume that your circle of blue-blooded children (for none other are interesting) is complete. The next question is, What theatre shall be patronised? This is a difficult nut to crack; but let us omit the steps by which the decision is arrived at, and settle, for purposes of argument, upon *The Taming of the Shrew*, since it is so rich in the conditions for an excellent youthful Christmas amusement. What, for example, could be better for children than to see *Petruchio's* behaviour to *Katharina*? Here indeed is a grounding in chivalry that should be of use to every boy and girl. One sees the children in the theatre literally shouting with laughter, and it is unnecessary in any theatre but Drury Lane to inquire whether laughter is rightly based. At any rate the laughter caused by *Petruchio* throwing chairs at his lady is a better thing than the deplorable merriment resulting from the insipid and brainless fun, so-called, in the nauseously popular adaptations of LEWIS CARROLL'S over-rated stories. LEWIS CARROLL had none of the qualities or attributes of a successful playwright, unless some ill-natured critic may like to believe that his inordinate vanity was such an attribute. His books had a certain vogue in days when writers for the young might be counted on the fingers of one hand; though I am, and shall always remain, profoundly sceptical about the children having liked them. There rests always in my mind the inspired answer of that adorably sagacious little maid who was asked by the author which she liked best, *Alice in Wonderland* or *Alice through the Looking Glass*, and who answered, after deep thought: "I think *Alice through the Looking Glass* is stupider than *Alice in Wonderland*." But to suppose that

modern children are so stupid as to bother their heads about *Alice*, is equivalent to believing that modern women have the doings of *Clarissa* at their fingers' ends. And when such songs as the "*Walrus and the Carpenter*" are sung on a stage, where their old-fashioned pointlessness is trebly apparent, nine children out of ten turn to you with sighs of boredom to ask what the deuce it all means.

It is assumed, then, that we go to *The Taming of the Shrew*. The first thing for you to do is to make arrangements to get your guests together. The best means is the electric *coupé*, which costs but a guinea for the afternoon and will hold two children. Fifty *coupés* will thus convey a hundred children, which is a fair number. The nurses can follow in a dray.

At the theatre itself, once the children are seated and have been made acquainted with their host (although for gaining an intimate acquaintance the tea afterwards gives the better opportunity), the duties of entertainer are taken out of your hands by the spirited Mr. OSCAR ASCHE and his companions: except, of course, between the Acts, when it will be your privilege to listen to the comments and hand round chocolate. How delicious these comments are! I recall an Honorable of three and a-half who hushed the whole theatre to startled and inquisitive silence by remarking, after one of *Petruchio's* more brutal sallies—"That's just what daddy does to mummy!"

Another of my young friends, heir to I know not how many thousand square miles of Scottish deer forest, insisted on showing me his natural-wool vest during the whole of one interval. During another interval fifteen or twenty children will be waiting to be greeted; and if you check the speakers abruptly, or show any lack of interest, they will be miserable for an hour and suspect your friendship for a week.

The performance over, and the nurses rescued from the pit and gallery and other low places and carefully disinfected, you then drive in procession to the Carlton, where tea or supper is spread, and indulge in chicken and champagne, dance the cotillion, and exchange that conversation which to the true child-lover is inestimably precious. I remember with rapture a little lady of ten informing me in a confidential undertone, secure of sympathy, that she had just left off baby-stays, and that the new ones hurt: a confession of intimacy which I felt amply recouped me for the money she and her companions had cost me. But the inner friendship of children cannot be computed in pounds, shillings, and pence.

Tea or supper done, the last cracker pulled, the last present distributed, the



"WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS," &c.

He (alarmed by the erratic steering). "ER—AND HAVE YOU DRIVEN MUCH?"

She (quite pleased with herself). "OH, NO—THIS IS ONLY MY SECOND ATTEMPT. BUT THEN, YOU SEE, I HAVE BEEN USED TO A BICYCLE FOR YEARS!"

last *quenelle* eaten, there is nothing left but to summon the nurses from the coal-hole, and send your little guests back to their homes and schools—to Marlborough House and Berkeley Square, Eton and Sandhurst.

I subjoin a good working estimate of the cost of this delightful afternoon or evening:

Printing and postage of invitations, &c.	£	s.	d.
Fifty <i>coupés</i> at a guinea.....	52	10	0
Four drays for nurses.....	4	0	0
Seats in the theatre for guests and host	35	0	6
Seats for nurses	2	10	0
Meal and crackers at the Carlton...	100	0	0
Cotillion presents	50	0	0
Extras	5	0	0
	£250	5	6

For just £2 10s. a head, then, one can give 100 children of the rich yet another

pleasure. Is not this worth doing? On all sides I see foolish busybodies wearing themselves in idle quixotry. How much better to devote one's energies and spare cash to bringing wonder and laughter to the eyes and lips of a little titled che-ild!

We notice that the Russian Admiral to command the Third Baltic Squadron bears the ominous name of NEBOGATOFF. Let us hope, for his sake, that he won't.

From the *Daily Chronicle* :—

IDEAL CONDITIONS FOR SPORT
AT CHATSWORTH

EXCITING GOLF

THE QUEEN'S DRIVE TO WELDECK.

Surely this is a record stroke.

A BOHEMIAN BAG.

IN appearance it is quite an ordinary Gladstone—but either the cow from which it derived its being was exceptionally erratic in her habits, or else the bag is possessed by some inferior order of demon with an elementary sense of humour.

The salesman at the portmanteau shop where I bought it assured me that I should find it a very good little bag indeed—for the price—but I do him the justice of believing that, like myself, he was imposed upon by its extremely inoffensive appearance.

I had not been on many journeys with it before I became indignantly aware of the gross carelessness with which porters on every line I travelled by seemed to treat luggage committed to their charge.

I tried taking it in the carriage with me—but it refused to go under the seat, while it was too bulky to remain long in a rack intended for light articles only, so I entrusted it to a porter, saw it labelled myself, and thought no more about it until I arrived at my destined station—which the bag never by any chance did until hours afterwards.

It is trying at first—especially on a visit to comparative strangers—to enter a country-house drawing-room, and join a large and formal dinner-party in the clothes one has travelled down in—but I became fairly accustomed to it in time. Some of my fellow guests—particularly when I met them again under precisely similar conditions—no doubt concluded that I had some conscientious objection to dress for dinner. Those who knew wondered at my lack of even sufficient intelligence to look after my own luggage like other people. *They didn't lose their bags. Which was all very well—but I would defy them not to lose mine.*

Yet, although I see now of course how blind I was, I went on blaming porters, traffic-superintendents, station-masters, even myself, for months before it ever occurred to me to suspect the bag. How could I imagine that, under its sleek and stolidly respectable surface, it was seething with suppressed revolt, that a passion for liberty and independence had permeated every fibre of its leather?

Perhaps my eyes were not even partly opened till one autumn, when I had been staying with some friends in Ayrshire. My bag had rejoined me there in a day or two, after running up as far as Inverness. So, on my way south from Edinburgh to York, I saw the bag with other luggage into a composite luggage van, and took a compartment immediately adjoining it, expressly to keep an eye upon it.

At York an elderly guard in the van attempted to convince me that my luggage was at the other end of the train, and while I persisted in demanding it the argument was interrupted by the arrival of several huge Saratoga trunks which monopolised his attention. At last I had to get in myself, and identify my property. I got out all but the bag, which I could see, but not reach, behind a pile of other luggage; just then the train began to move, and I had to leap out to avoid being taken on to Peterborough. The bag, of course, went on.

It condescended to return late the same night, but from that instant my confidence in it was shaken. I could not understand such obstinacy and cunning in a mere bag, nor how it had contrived to enlist, not only Saratoga trunks, but a white-bearded Scotch railway-guard, as its accomplices. I only felt that in future, even for week-end visits, I should prefer to take a portmanteau. It might give the impression that I expected to be pressed to stay longer—but at least we should arrive in company. And so the bag was condemned to inglorious idleness till the next summer, when, not without misgivings, I decided to give it another chance by permitting it to accompany me and the portmanteau in my Continental wanderings.

Any ordinary bag would have been touched by this appeal to its better feelings—mine merely regarded it as an oppor-

tunity to work off long arrears of devilry. It broke out as early as Paris, where I had seen my baggage registered for Munich and received the *bulletin* for it at the Gare de l'Est. I was roused from sleep at about 1.30 A.M. to go to the luggage-car and see it examined by the Customs officers. But it had spared them that trouble by inducing somebody to put it into the express for Carlsbad, and, which I minded even more, it had persuaded my hitherto immaculate portmanteau to elope with it. They came back together in a day or two, and, while I thought I could see signs of depression, if not penitence, in the portmanteau, the bag maintained the demure calm of a cat that has taken a retriever out for his first poaching expedition.

The bag, by the way, possessed a key—a long one with a weak profile which could never prevail upon it to open under a quarter of an hour, an embarrassing delay when crossing a frontier. At last it broke short off in the lock, and I had to send for an Italian locksmith to force it open—an indignity which I fear destroyed any lingering remnant of self-respect the bag had still retained. It would roll out on a platform, yawning impudently, and proceed to disgorge articles which a loyal bag would have kept to itself. Italian officials refused at last to register it without the precautions of a stout rope and a leaden seal—which unfortunately was not stamped with the name of Solomon—and every time it was thus corded and sealed I had to pay an extra fee.

Whenever an eye was off it for a single moment it escaped. It saw considerably more of Italy than I did myself, so much of my time was spent in describing its salient features to officials, who drew up innumerable documents concerning it with leisurely thoroughness. It returned from these escapades an absolute wreck; I was obliged to have its back strengthened with an iron brace, while its mouth remained as permanently open as an imbecile's. Still I managed to get it safely home—though it very nearly contrived to return to Calais by the next boat from Dover.

Since then it has been once more in penitential retreat till this very last Christmas. Then—it may have been the influence of the season—I relented. I was spending Christmas a little way out of town, and I thought the bag must be tired of tomfoolery by that time, so I started with it in a hansom on that particularly foggy Wednesday afternoon which no Londoner who was out in it is likely to forget. My hansom, after landing me in a *cul de sac*, declined to take me any further, so I had to get myself and the bag to the District Station at Victoria as well as I could. I was not sorry when a stranger, who—so much as was visible of him in the fog, seemed respectable enough—offered to carry it for me.

I know now that he was quite honest, but I confess that I had my doubts of it when, after dismissing him at the station, I discovered that my confounded bag had vanished during the short time I was taking my ticket. I gave information at the proper quarters, with no real expectation of seeing it again. It was only too easy for a thief to make off with it in such a fog, and, on the whole, I was rather relieved to be rid of it. For once—I chuckled to think—it had over-reached itself in its artfulness.

But I was mistaken. The bag turned up in the last place I expected to find it in—the Left Luggage Office. Somehow, at the moment I had put it down by the Booking Office, it had managed to suggest to a man (who must have been a bit of an idiot) that it had been left behind by a friend of his. So he had rushed down below after him—only to find out his mistake, and hand the bag to a porter, who took it up to the Superintendent as soon as he had time. Still the bag got out of coming with me, which was evidently its intention from the first. I cannot help thinking there must be something morbid and depraved about a bag which can prefer to spend its Christmas in a Left Luggage Office instead of in a cheerful family circle.

After this last mortification I feel that all further attempts



UNNECESSARY QUESTIONS.

Fondly foolish Mother (to Son, who has had a few little friends to spend the afternoon with him). "WELL, DARLING, HAVE YOU ENJOYED YOURSELF?"

on my part to civilise a bag like that must be abandoned. And yet—and I justified in letting it loose on Society? I doubt it. If I presented it to a gipsy caravan, it might settle down with its fellow nomads. Or it might, out of sheer perversity, insist on tracking its way back to me. Is there any kind reader with a talent for reclaiming abandoned baggage who would care to adopt it? If so, I shall be pleased to hand it over to anyone who will undertake to provide it with a comfortable home.

It mayn't be such a bad bag, if only it finds someone who really understands it.

F. A.

ARMY REFORM.

[The following advice has reference to an Order, which is understood to have been recently promulgated by the Army Council, prohibiting the use of improper language by subordinate officers.]

Let the ribald British Subaltern take warning,

Let the autocratic Captain have a care,

Let the Major with a headache in the morning

Give expression to his feelings if he dare!

O you wicked, hear the news!

You must mind your P's and Q's,

For the Army Council says you're not to swear.

If you're anxious to remain in your profession

You must learn to keep your conversation free

From the charm of apostrophic indiscretion,

From the helpful and exhilarating D.

Be content with "Oh, my Aunt!"

(If you can)—and if you can't,

You can take it out in "Goodness Gracious Me!"

For the THOMAS, though recruited from the peasantry,
Was taught, before he donned the blue or red,
To consider even slang a vulgar pleasantry,
And swearing as excessively ill-bred;
And the way in which you speak
Brings the crimson to his cheek,
And it elevates the helmet on his head.

In the future, if an N.C.O. deceives you,
If your men are being naughty in the ranks,
Make it clear to them how terribly it grieves you
To administer correction for their pranks;
They must pay the price of Sin,
But you're not to rub it in
With a volley of illuminative blanks.

If you're gravelled for some flowers of invective
That are free from the reproach of being coarse,
"By my halidom!" is far from ineffective,
And "Beshrew me!" has a certain quiet force,
While the properties of "Zooks!"
As a counterblast *de luxe*
Have a merit I can thoroughly endorse.

Then put off your evil courses with the old year,
And remember, oh, remember while you can,
That the treatment of the modern British soldier
Is conducted on the modern British plan
Of *toujours la politesse*—
And a lady-like address
Is the making of a military man.

DUM-DUM.



FROM AN AGRICULTURAL DISTRICT.

Jarge. "FROM WHAT I 'EAR, AN' FROM WHAT I'VE 'EARD TELL, IF WE SHOULD GET THIS 'ERE OLD FISCAL, 'TWILL BE MUCH AS 'TWERE IN GRAN'FEYTHER'S TIME, WHEN THEY LIVED ON FRIED TURNUPS AN' WENT TO THE PUMP FOR THE FAT!"

CHARIVARIA.

THE Baltic Fleet has reached Madagascar in safety, but Japanese anxiety will not be at an end until the vessels are safe in Far Eastern waters.

The *Express* has been pointing out how little attention is bestowed on foreign languages in our Navy. This neglect is deplorable in view of the fact that a foreign language, as spoken by a British naval officer, would, we imagine, be one of the most deadly weapons ever used.

It is untrue that Mrs. ORADIAH KENT-WHITE, the leader of the Denver Pentecostal Cake Walkers, is being treated for St. Vitus's Dance.

At one of the revivalist meetings at Bangor, a girl of fourteen prayed that her cousin might be prevented from reading *Tit-Bits* and *Pluck*. Prospectuses of *The Times* and *National Review* were, we understand, sent off immediately the news reached London.

The young lady who recently plunged a hat-pin into the body of her sweetheart has now married him. Hat-pins are so easily mislaid that the convenience of having a husband who does not object to being utilised as a pin-cushion must be enormous.

In the stomach of a terrier which died recently at Bournemouth were found nearly 2lb. of coarse gravel, a wire nail, and the key of a clock. We understand

that the ambitious animal was endeavouring to qualify for the post of the deceased rhinoceros *James*.

The poodle to whom an annuity of £12 was bequeathed by a St. John's Wood lady has been so pestered by other dogs for small loans, &c., that he would like it to be known that the sum barely suffices for his own needs, and all those in actual want are referred to the excellent Home at Battersea.

"Messrs. THOMAS WALL AND SONS, the well-known sausage manufacturers, desire it to be known that Mr. GEORGE WALL, who is playing at the Monte Carlo tables with a gambling machine, is not a relation or acquaintance of either of the two members of the firm," says a disclaimer in the *Daily Mail*. This is the first time we have heard it hinted that the machine used is a sausage machine.

An hotel intended exclusively for the use of children is being built in New York. One of the regulations is to be that no child will be taken in without a nurse. We fear this will keep away many up-to-date infants.

A letter addressed to "TOMMAS SMITH, 135, George St., Marybone," has been safely delivered by the Post Office, in spite of the queer spelling, which would have baffled ninety-nine persons out of one hundred. Still, it must be remembered that the General Post Office has special practice in this kind of work.

In an article in the *Daily Mail*, on "A Great Memorial to SHAKESPEARE," Miss MARIE CORELLI speaks most kindly of the dramatist.

On her reappearance at Chicago a talented actress, feeling indisposed, drank undiluted brandy instead of her medicine. Her maid was responsible for the mistake, which was not discovered, we are told, till half a tumbler had been consumed.

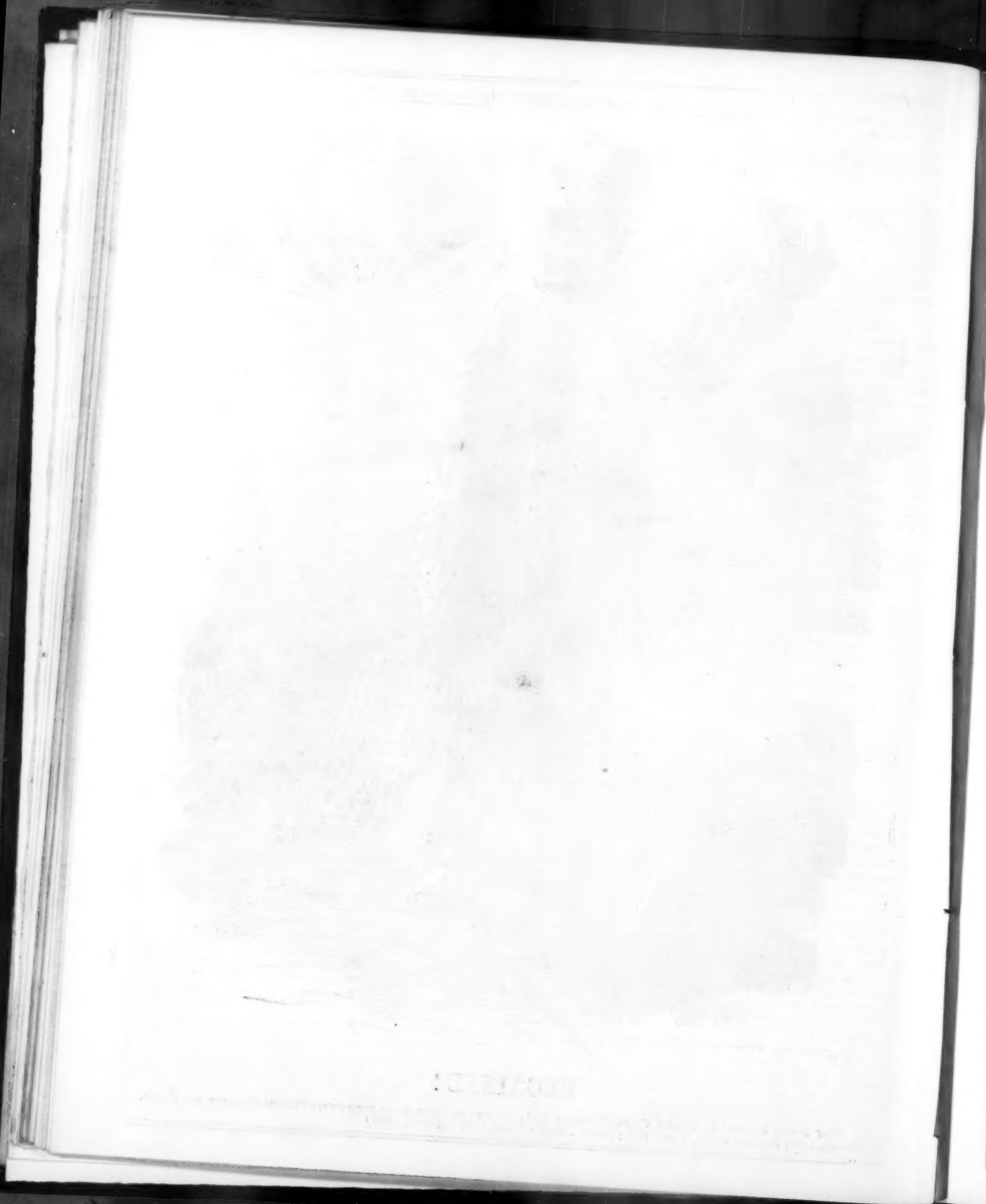
The statement that 500 copies of a certain Radical organ had been stolen has turned out, after all, not to have been a piece of mere *braggadocio* on the part of the proprietors. The matter came into the Police Court last week, and evidence was given by the fishmonger who had purchased the papers from the purloiners.

Striking proof of the value of our alliance with Japan has just come to hand. The Somaliland Mullah has now undertaken not to resume hostilities against us.



REGAINED!

[Port Arthur captured by Marshal OYAMA, November, 1894; restored to China under pressure from Russia, Germany, and France, January, 1896; leased to Russia, March, 1898; surrendered to General Noot, January 1, 1905.]



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THE MUTE ADMIRER.

(An Unfinished Romance.)

SOMETHING like the following series of advertisements in the Agony columns of the *Mayfair Post* has been going on at intervals for many months past, and things seem no nearer solution.

SHY BEAUTY.—Though you have not looked, and will not look, at me, I feel that you have forbidden me to speak. I can therefore only worship in silence and remain your DUMB ADORER.

DUMB ADORER.—Though I may not look at you, and you must not speak to me, I feel that you are the person who stood by the pillar-box on the opposite side of the road last Wednesday.—SHY BEAUTY.

SHY BEAUTY.—Your last sweet message gives me hope. I shall stand by the pillar-box in all weathers all day long for the future in case you may see my reflection when you look the other way.—DUMB ADORER.

DUMB ADORER.—You can have no reflection or you would not do anything so foolish. I have given up looking at anything or anybody now.—SHY BEAUTY.

SHY BEAUTY.—Yet you have a mirror, and it must tell you what you are. Why so heartless? You are the only woman in the world. I shall never speak until you deign to cast a glance at me.—DUMB ADORER.

DUMB ADORER.—You misunderstand me. I did not want you to be getting into difficulties with the police. They will suspect you of having designs on the contents of the pillar-box.—SHY BEAUTY.

SHY BEAUTY.—Then you do care for me? I am taking a house in your street so as to be nearer my divinity, on the strength of this last dear intimation. Perhaps in time you will lift one eye-lash in my direction.—DUMB ADORER.

DUMB ADORER.—It is useless. I have forgotten what I felt you were like, and I do not now know whom to avoid. Please give up the house and leave the neighbourhood. Otherwise I shall be avoiding all the wrong persons.—SHY BEAUTY.

SHY BEAUTY.—Joy! I shall obtain some recognition at last, if it is only that of avoidance. Did you really cut me in the Park yesterday? Say it is true, that I may feel that I am not utterly forgotten!—DUMB ADORER.

DUMB ADORER.—No, I did not mean to cut you, because I did not see you. Perhaps fortune will favour you next time.—SHY BEAUTY.

SHY BEAUTY.—Your kind and gracious reply has sent me into the seventh heaven of delight. Were you not at Chg. X



"THE MISSIONER OF EMPIRE" AND THE "ROTTEN COTTON" TRADE.

"OH, MY DE-AR FRIENDS, LET ME INDUCE YOU TO SEE THE ERROR OF YOUR WAYS! LET ME EXHORT YOU, MY DE-AR B-RETHREN, TO LEAD A MORE PROFITABLE LIFE."

[Mr. Chamberlain addresses a mass meeting at Preston on January 11. For men only.]

this morning, when you caught a fleeting glimpse at me, and then rushed off to catch your train?—DUMB ADORER.

DUMB ADORER.—I thought you were somebody else, otherwise should not have risked even that fleeting glimpse. Do not break confidence, but keep this unfortunate incident a sacred secret.—SHY BEAUTY.

SHY BEAUTY.—At last! we share a secret! It shall be ever sacred. You have, for one beatific second, flashed those glorious orbs upon my countenance. I wait, even for twenty years, for its recurrence, and am meanwhile, until you bid me speak, your DUMB ADORER.

DUMB ADORER.—Take courage. In 1925, if all is well, I hope to be rushing to catch a train at Chg. X. again. Be

there once more, and a second time I may pass you by. Farewell till then.—SHY BEAUTY.

SHY BEAUTY.—May every blessing attend you through the New Year, and until that happy, fateful day, when you have plighted me your troth to shed a passing glance. I'll win it yet, I swear it, while waiting years my love enhance—I've ventured to declare it. You'll know me then, I'm sure you will. And while I live, I shall be still your DUMB ADORER.

At this interesting stage of the correspondence we have to leave them. He is obviously sincere, but an awful thought suggests itself—can the SHY BEAUTY's communications be, after all, the concoction of some wicked Fleet Street wag?

QUEEN SYLVIA.

CHAPTER VIII.

Peace or War.

SYLVIA had great fun after the events narrated in the last chapter. The new Ministers were appointed and kissed hands, and almost immediately afterwards there was a general election which resulted in their return to power by a thumping majority. Then she had to open the Legislative Assembly in state and deliver a speech which had a great many long words in it and meant very little. The proceedings were rendered memorable by *Rollo*, who forced his way into the House (nobody daring to stop the Queen's own St. Bernard dog) and took his seat beside the throne. He showed a sagacious interest in all that went on, only barked once when the cheering became very loud, and was fed upon biscuits which the Chamberlain had, in contravention of the rules, brought in for his own lunch. *Rollo*, however, nosed them out and gave the Chamberlain no peace until the biscuits were produced and offered to him. There was a very sarcastic article on the subject in a Society paper conducted by a lady who had failed to obtain from the Chamberlain an admission to the Royal enclosure at a recent race-meeting. Shortly after this things began to go on pretty much as they had been going before. The only difference appeared to be that those who had formerly been dissatisfied now professed themselves highly pleased, while those who before had been entirely contented now began to declare that patriotism had disappeared, and that the country could not possibly be saved from the dogs to which it was inevitably going.

One passage in the Queen's speech had, however, given rise to some uneasiness. She had been made to say that her relations with all foreign Powers continued to be friendly. "A slight difference of opinion," she had continued, "which has arisen between my Government and the Government of H.M. the King of EISENBLUT with regard to the time-tables of the train service between our respective countries is in process of amicable adjustment by the usual diplomatic methods."

Now this question was in reality a very simple and silly one, but a considerable amount of diplomatic and journalistic discussion had made it difficult and complicated, not to say dangerous. The reigning sovereign of Eisenblut was at this time, as everyone will remember, OTHO III., a young man of twenty-two, very dreamy, very romantic, highly impractical, and most impulsive. It had recently occurred to him that the orthodox system of fixing the time was too monotonous to be tolerated by an autocratic monarch, and after consulting his Astronomer Royal, a man whose scientific attainments were equalled if not surpassed by his patriotism and his deference, he had decided on a fundamental change.

The result of this was that nobody in Eisenblut knew at any particular moment what was the time of day. Banquets, for instance, which had been arranged to take place at 7 o'clock P.M. (for 7.30), might be seen beginning sometimes at daybreak, sometimes at what would in other countries have been the middle of the day; and even lovers who had agreed to meet for a walk in the evening might find themselves compelled under severe penalties to postpone their little excursion to the less amatory and convenient hour of 6 o'clock A.M.

To the Eisenbluters all this was really a small matter, for they had been trained to unquestioning obedience for many generations, but the effects on the neighbouring country of Hinterland (and Eisenblut had no other neighbours), especially on those of its inhabitants who were engaged in foreign trade and railway transport, were immeasurably inconvenient. Contracts were brought to nothing, and railway trains which had started from Hinterland were often made ridiculous by arriving at their destination in Eisenblut either long before they had begun their journey or so long afterwards as to

show an average speed of half a mile an hour. The railway companies in Hinterland are high-spirited concerns, and this annihilation of their time-tables was more than they could bear with patience. They had protested, and their protests had been made the basis of diplomatic representations by the Foreign Minister of Hinterland.

Now it would not have been thought that such a question as this could have lent itself as fuel to the flames of popular passion. Undoubtedly, however, it had become a most perilous matter. The leading newspaper of Eisenblut had stated that "those who might attempt in defiance of the independent rights of our nation to impose their effete systems on a State which had been bold enough to burst the shackles of an absurd convention would find that the ancient might of the Eisenbluters had lost none of its vigour. We hurl back with contempt," it continued, "the miserable insults to which our beloved King is daily exposed from a hireling Press." To this the *Banner of Hinterland* had very properly replied that, if King OTHO wished to taste the bitterness of defeat, that luxury could be supplied to him by the armies of Hinterland. It then proceeded to hint that the King was a raving lunatic, while his Ministers were merely drivelling idiots, and wound up by declaring that, not for the first time in their history, it might be the duty of Hinterlanders, who never pushed their almost fanatical love of peace to the length of craven compliance with tyranny, to chastise and repress the overweening insolence of the blood-thirsty population of Eisenblut.

In the meantime King OTHO began to review his troops, a proceeding to which SYLVIA made the only possible reply by calling up her reserves. King OTHO next added five hundred men each to forty of his regiments, and SYLVIA retorted by embodying her Militia. Both parties finally issued loans of a very considerable amount, called upon their Archbishops to frame special prayers, and prepared for the worst.

It is not to be supposed that at this crisis in the fortunes of his country the Poet Laureate was silent. Far from it. His poem, "The Time-Snatcher," issued in popular form at the modest and barely remunerative price of one shilling a copy, will remain for all time one of the noblest and most inspiring efforts of a patriot's muse. In an impassioned exordium he described (of course in popular language) how this earth revolved round the sun without ceasing for a moment to revolve methodically on its own axis. Having briefly alluded to GALILEO, TYCHO BRAHE, COPERNICUS, and PROFESSOR SIR NORMAN LOCKYER, he then showed how Hinterland had profited beyond all other nations from the teachings of astronomy, and how it became her people, "free but submissive to divine decree," to bring to naught the dark schemes of one who,

Striving to hurl Jove's thunderbolts, would find
He grasped the idle wind.
Nought can avail to stay the fearful shock
Of myriad legions battling for the right.
Soon shall the foeman's helpless kingdom rock
Under the onset of our armoured might;
And time that he despised shall once again
Make the poor schemer and his schemes vain.

The poem ended with a glowing picture of the return of peace after the armed forces of Hinterland should have laid waste the whole country of Eisenblut and "left no single male To tell in future years the miserable tale." After this had been sung in various theatres it was felt that war hung indeed upon a hair. What actually took place I must reserve for another chapter.

SPORTING CYNICISM.—"The hounds soon got on good terms with their fox" is a phrase constantly used by sporting writers. How disgusted the fox must feel with this hypocritical description.



THE DISTRACTED POET, IN A MODERN COUNTRY VILLAGE.

HE CAME DOWN FOR ABSOLUTE QUIET, "FAR FROM THE MADDEN CROWD," DURING THE FESTIVE SEASON.

BURKE UP TO DATE.

[By the courtesy of Mr. HARRY FREDERICKSON, the genial Comparative Philosopher, we are enabled to present our readers with some of the most striking passages from his article on "Britain's Débâcle," which will appear in the next number of the *Fortnightly Review*.]

... BUT this putrefaction of the national fibre is unhappily not confined to politicians and place-hunters, bosses and "hustlers." The criminal cynicism of the Prime Minister, who slinks away from the post of danger to seek shelter in the unmentionable bunkers of North Berwick, has its counterpart in every walk of life, every stratum of our eviscerated society. Bishops, instead of tending their neglected flocks, spend their days and nights playing unlimited "Bridge," or gadding about in motor-cars, maiming dogs, and mutilating innocent children. The public schools are honeycombed with the fetish-worship of athletics, and, instead of partaking of the simple diet which helped us to win the battle of Waterloo, lads of twelve and thirteen batten nightly on champagne, Devonshire cream and *pâté de foie gras*. And alongside of all this wanton and odious extravagance we find evidences of the most degrading cruelty rampant in our midst. Our sandwichmen, for example, perhaps the finest, the most unselfish, the most picturesque body of citizens that we have, are warned off the foot-walk like so many Kaffirs, and compelled to wear a metal apparatus compared with which the chains of the galley-slave are a mere luxury. Cockfighting is, I am assured on the best authority, extensively if clandestinely patronised in the heart of mid-Mayfair, and it is credibly reported that Mr. BEIT is about to erect a private bull-ring in the gardens of his Park Lane palace. Of the ineffable orgies which attend the periodical meetings of the Tariff Committee I cannot bring myself to speak, beyond bare mention of the fact that they are invariably attended with human sacrifices, victims being usually kidnapped from the Cobden Club. The extraordinary facial resemblance to TIBERIUS that Lord MILNER has developed in the past few years cannot escape the notice of any impartial observer, while, by way of a significant contrast, the approximation of my style to that of EDMUND BURKE cannot fail to impress every true lover of his country.

Nor is any consolation afforded us by the contemplation of the latest developments of the *Erwig Weibliche*. On all sides we are confronted with formidable viragos who in their reckless thirst for notoriety emulate all the worst extrava-

gances of the sterner sex. The language of the modern boudoir would not be tolerated in the fo'c's'le of a whaler. The gentle matrons portrayed by LEECH have been replaced by ferocious Amazons, past mistresses in the art of ornamental oburgation, who devote all the time they can spare from the neglect of their nurseries to the pursuit of brutalising pastimes.

Literature also is ruined by the prevalent craze for vulgarity, ostentation, and "smartness," and even our staidest and most honoured writers have not escaped the infection. Even philosophers have to resort to Billingsgate to gain a hearing and desecrate the talents designed for loftier themes by the composition of

And as with adults so is it with the rising generation. The brutalisation of the Briton begins in the bassinette, and is completed before he is short-coated. A gifted writer in the *Monthly Review* records an instance of infantile depravity which I cannot forbear to quote: "What do you mean to be?" asked a little boy of a little girl not long ago. "When I grow up," was BRIDGET's proud reply, "I mean to be a Bridge-player like mamma." Could anything be more eloquent of our social putrescence—than this deliberate foredooming of an innocent child to a gambler's career by the choice of the name BRIDGET! *Nomen omen*, and it is of sinister augury that more male children are now started in life under the names of GEORGE, NATHANIEL, JOSEPH, and ALFRED than under any other. Wherever we turn we are met by the trail of Tammany, the curse of Khaki, the ban of BET. The Parliamentary system is honeycombed and rotten beyond recovery. The Bar is corrupt to the core. The Bench can always be squared. The City is steeped to the lips in villainy. Art is dead. Music is mummified. All our great men are gone or going. I myself do not feel very well . . .

SLAUGHTER PRICES.

"I WANT a new skirt," said Miss MENTOR, my old governess, poking her bony chin round the door of my self-contained flat one January morning. As she had worn her present garment for the last three years I was somewhat astonished at her sudden discovery. Then I noticed a sale catalogue in her hand.

"This pamphlet," she said, "I have received this morning. Now what," she continued, regarding me sternly, "is meant by 'slaughter prices'? Are they in any way connected with the sweating system?"

"Oh no," I explained, "it only means that everything's very cheap."

"That," she said, a gleam creeping into her scholastic eye, "I should not object to. I notice some garments here quoted as 'Job Lot—usual price 45/6, my price 16/9.' It is possible one of these may answer my purpose. Will you come with me and assist me in the choice?"

I consented willingly, and an hour later we stood on the threshold of WEARING's costume department. The sale was in full swing, and glancing from the struggle round the counter and the knee-deep litter on the floor to the austere face of my companion I sighed hopelessly.

"We can't get anything here," I said.



Mr. Froggie. "Well, this is the first time I've ever been lifted by a crane!"

novels extolling the meretricious splendours of the Byzantine Empire. Poetry is dead, for how can that noble name be applied to the Banjo Byronics of the pseudo-Imperialists? *Belles Lettres* is another ruined industry. History is replaced by the scurrilous gossip of the backstairs. Psychology is paralysed by the sinister miasma which exhales from the Kaffir market. Hundreds, nay, thousands, of homes are destitute of books of any sort whatever. Our very furniture is suffering from the devastating influence of the decadence. The cummerbund threatens to displace the grand old English waistcoat. Sloe gin is habitually drunk at five o'clock tea by persons of all ages. Ping-pong, which bade fair to rescue our youth from the reproach of indolence and brace up the national fibre to its pristine standard, is, alas! relegated to the limbo of the obsolete.

"We'd better try SMARTER AND CHICK'S." But to my surprise I found her sniffing the breeze like an old war-horse.

"Can't!" she exclaimed severely, "how often have I told you there is no such word in the English language." But before she could utter another word we were caught by an ugly rush from behind and swept into the surging mass that swayed to and fro before the skirt counter. I was pinned flat against a large bale of mercerised éoliens, but I could follow my companion's career by various passages of arms that reached my ear through the hubbub.

"Pray get off my train, Madam," screamed a high-pitched resentful voice.

"I am not on your train, Madam," replied Miss MENTOR's voice in its severest tones; "and if I were it would be a lesson to you not to wear one."

"But you *are*—and if you don't take your foot away I'll speak to the shop-walker!"

"Madam, that is not my foot—it is a roll of cloth," replied Miss MENTOR with very proper dignity.

Immediately afterwards another skirmish attracted my attention.

"Do not push me, Madam," exclaimed a wheezy, hysterical voice belonging to a stout lady with a violet toque perched on her golden hair. "You're digging your umbrella handle into the middle of my back. You mustn't do it!"

"Madam, I have no umbrella," replied Miss MENTOR; "you are alluding to my elbow, which is forced into a painfully unnatural position by the person behind, who—"

But I heard no more, for at this moment a general swirl landed me high and dry in an open space, where I presently saw my companion approaching.

"There is a skirt on this side of the counter," she said, "which is the very garment I require—but try as I will I cannot reach it." Her eyes glowed passionately behind her spectacles, and there was a solemn frenzy in her voice.

"You must dive low," I replied, still panting myself; "stretch out your arm—grip the little bit you can see, and pull for all you're worth."

She obeyed, and taking a deep breath once more plunged into the *mêlée*. Presently she reappeared, stooping sideways, evidently dragging the object of her search behind her.

"Put your back into it," I cried, sharing her enthusiasm, and seizing her hand I added my strength to hers, but without avail, till suddenly the resistance

ceased so unexpectedly that we were nearly precipitated on the floor—and there emerged from the crowd, like a cork from a champagne bottle, the skirt certainly, but a lady inside it: the large lady with the violet toque and the golden hair.

"Come away, come away!" I whispered, terror-stricken—and managed to sweep my companion into the Blouse Department before our victim had time to turn round and discover what had dragged her back so mysteriously from her well-won place by the counter.

It was among the ferment of the bargain blouses that Miss MENTOR got entirely beyond my control, burrowing and rummaging among the crumpled heaps, and trampling under foot the delicate finery of the ones she rejected as if she had been at it all her life.

"Where can I try this on?" she cried,

woman calmly. "Here, Miss, make me out a bill for this blouse, please."

Miss MENTOR's face suddenly darkened.

"My good woman," she began—

"What!" cried the other with an indignant snort, "how dare you insult me!" and looking round she whimpered, "People who come to sales might at least use common civility."

Heedless of the murmur of sympathy the remark evoked, Miss MENTOR seized the garment under discussion, the meagre woman in an equally determined attitude retained her hold, and for a few moments as they swayed together the issue was uncertain. Unfortunately for Miss MENTOR, at a moment when victory seemed in her grasp, her hat became inextricably entangled in the meagre woman's hat-pins. Her hands flew up instinctively to guard her headgear—but too late to save it from being twitched

off and carried away like a victor's crown on the top of the chiffon hat of her antagonist as the two combatants were parted by a skirmishing party from the Baby Linen Department. I saw Miss MENTOR's hat being kicked like a crushed football before the feet of the invaders, and I rushed frantically to the rescue.

"Is this *your* string bag?" said a good-natured girl who had picked it up, and I said it was and thanked her, and brought it back in triumph to Miss MENTOR. Her expression terrified me. Her face was purple, the veins were swelling in her temples, and her features worked strangely.

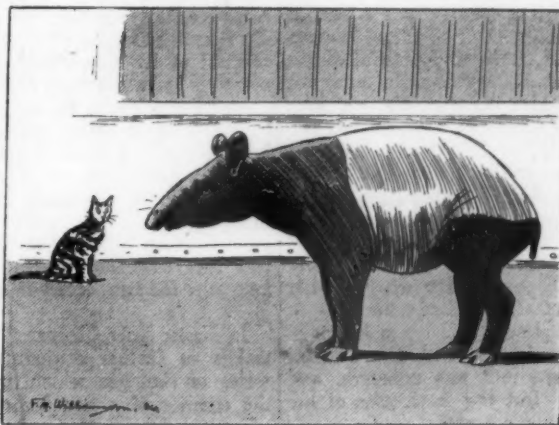
"Where's that woman?" she hissed.

"Here—this way," I replied promptly, and seizing her arm I hurried her through the departments in imaginary pursuit, nor did I stop till I seated her at a marble-topped table of the tea shop next door. To my intense relief her face gradually resumed its natural tint as she sipped her tea with closed eyes.

"After all, dear," I said, "it will be best for them to send you two or three skirts, on appro." And Miss MENTOR buttered her scone in silence—the silence of resignation.

THE MILITARY MAN FOR BIRMINGHAM.—Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S Shakespearian advice to his constituents, after the visit of the Guards, is "List, List, O List!"

Cosmopolitan hospitality is suggested by the name of Lord ZETLAND's place, "Aske Hall."



Puss (who has wandered into the Tapir's cage at the Zoo). "Well, THAT'S THE BIGGEST MOUSE I'VE EVER SEEN."

flourishing a grim-looking black viyella.

"Anywhere, Madam, anywhere," replied an exhausted attendant who hurried by.

"What!" cried Miss MENTOR, turning to me, "have they lost all sense of decency—look, child, there's a *man*!" And indeed a middle-aged gentleman could be seen in the next department, helping his daughter in the choice of a hat.

"All right, Miss MENTOR—he's only her father," I said reassuringly.

"Is he all of our fathers?" she exclaimed wrathfully; but at that moment a rush from behind made her lose her hold on the blouse, which was immediately pounced upon by a meagre little woman in a black chiffon hat bristling with hat pins, who had been eying it greedily.

"That is mine, Madam," cried Miss MENTOR.

"Nothing of the sort," said the meagre

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

My Nautical Retainer writes: Such a romance as this of *Edward and Pamela Fitzgerald*, told as GERALD CAMPBELL has told it, is apt to dull the piquancy of popular fiction. It is a delightful correspondence, edited by a biographer who knows the art of self-repression, and presented by EDWARD ARNOLD in a setting that has the right air of distinction. To the ingratiating qualities of Lord EDWARD's character, always acknowledged by his political opponents, sufficient justice had already been done long ago by TOM MOORE, and it is rather on PAMELA's so lovable nature that fresh light is here thrown from many unpublished family letters, to which Mr. CAMPBELL, her descendant in the direct line, has had access. On these letters, in which her sweet and innocent nature is everywhere confessed, the author relies for an answer to those unkind reflections by which certain writers, and notably Miss IDA TAYLOR, have contrived to hurt her memory.

Her second marriage, which may explain, without excusing, these reflections, is here shown to have been due to what Lady SARAH NAPIER (her sister-in-law) describes as "the false French idea" of the necessity of an *établissement*. Its failure was its own condemnation; but, at the time, the FITZGERALDS do not seem to have regarded it as an act of disloyalty to Lord EDWARD; and if, in after years, they became alienated from PAMELA herself, while retaining their unalterable devotion to her children, we need not look beyond natural causes for this estrangement. She was always absent; and her charm was of the kind that in friendship, as distinct from the love of husband and child, depends on nearness for its appeal. At the first, when Lord EDWARD brought her home as his wife, she had had to live down an implicit opposition. Whatever her disputed origin, whether English and obscure, or royal and French—and the evidence on both sides, dispassionately advanced by Mr. CAMPBELL, leaves the mystery unsolved, though the fact that Madame GENLIS would seem to have had no adequate reason for denying her motherhood, if she and PHILIP of Orleans had actually been the parents of PAMELA, almost turns the balance in favour of the other theory—her intimate connection with the ORLEANS children gave her an atmosphere that was unnative, and therefore presumably unnatural. But the fascination of her personality, which conquered so many hearts (sometimes also evoking envy and malice, but indifference never) does not appear to have survived separation, except always where the affection of her children was concerned. It is their unswerving love which is her best vindication. And Mr. CAMPBELL, who in these last days has followed them in paying pious honour to her gentle memory, deserves well of all his kinsmen and hers for this labour of love.

The magic of the Oxford India paper is illustrated in three volumes just issued from the University Press. In two, extending to nearly fourteen hundred pages printed on ordinary paper, we have *Boswell's Life of Johnson*, quite a portable possession compared with ordinary library editions. With them comes a single volume of lesser bulk, containing just seven hundred pages, in which, in admirable type, is given the whole of the immortal work. When my Baronite was at an elementary school he learned the axiom "Twos into one won't go." Here it is disproved. Two ordinary volumes are conveniently presented as one. Both editions contain the whole of the text issued more than a century ago under the superintendence of EDMUND MALONE, with BOSWELL's own notes.

The Oxford *Shelley*, issued from the same treasure house, includes materials which the editor, Mr. HUTCHINSON, justly boasts have not hitherto appeared in print. It presents two pages of "Prometheus Unbound" in facsimile of SHELLEY's handwriting, showing the alterations made in the MS. To

his Oxford Edition of the Poets Mr. FROWDE adds two charming volumes on India paper, comprising in marvellously slight bulk the Poems of TENNYSON and the complete works of ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

In *Atoms of Empire* (MACMILLAN) we do not renew acquaintance with the ever-welcome *Captain Kettle*. Mr. CUTCLIFFE HYNE proves his capacity to write interesting stories without the assistance of his most famed familiar. My Baronite does not quite know why the book should bear the title selected for it. That does not matter. Suffice it that the volume contains sixteen chapters, each a masterpiece of that rare art, the telling of short stories.

Sir HENRY SETON-KARR has often heard the chimes at midnight at Westminster, where for full ten years he has sat as Member for St. Helen's. But he has other, even more cheerful, experiences, memory whereof serves to while away the hours whilst Mr. CALDWELL is discoursing, with Mr. WEIR to follow. The *Leather-stocking* of the House of Commons, he has brought down big game in Norway, British Columbia, and Western Australia. While still an Oxford undergraduate he shot his first stag in a Norwegian forest. Since then, over a space of thirty years, he has spent well-earned holidays killing something in either hemisphere. In *My Sporting Holidays* (ARNOLD) he gives a lively, picturesque account of his adventures, the story being elaborated from notes made in his diary at the time. "I hope," he modestly says, "I may claim for my narrative that it is strictly veracious." My Baronite, whilst secretly admiring Sir HENRY's habitual good fortune, hopes so too. There are some blood-curdling adventures, notably one with a big grizzly, happened upon in far-off Wyoming, particulars of which thus conclude in a passage that has a familiar twang: "I pulled up short, put two more bullets behind the shoulder of the bear, and laid him dead at our feet." In other, and parliamentary, language the hon. Member for St. Helen's moved the closure.

In *Doctor Luke* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), Mr. NORMAN DUNCAN makes us further acquainted with *The Way of the Sea*, a series of sketches which, published a year ago, testified to the coming of a new writer worth reading. His last book takes the form of a novel—not altogether successfully, since it lacks the coherence and attraction of a plot. That, however, novel-readers have always with them with persistence equal to the habitude of the poor. What is fresh in *Doctor Luke* is its land and sea, its simple-hearted unlearned heroic men and women, who sparsely people one and dominate the other. The land is the desolate shore of Labrador. The sea the cruel, icy, hungry ocean that snarls at it through the long winter months. "The sweet wild sea," Mr. DUNCAN exclaims; "loveliest in her adorable rage like a woman." This attitude, with which my Baronite is not out of sympathy, depends upon the point of view. It is all very well uttered on land. Aboard the little schooners in which the Labrador fishermen pass half their lives it is a different kind of thing. The story, slight, occasionally disjointed, is full of keen sympathetic touches with humanity. Perhaps the beginning and the end are the best of it, the first introducing the frail mother, the last chronicling the death of that delightful personage, *Skipper Tommy Lovejoy*. Since THACKERAY wrote the last word of *Col. Newcome* nothing finer has been written than the parting scene where the rugged old fisherman answers the last call.



THE REPRODUCTION OF ENVIRONMENT.

AN enterprising publisher announces a new edition of SHAKESPEARE *printed and published at Stratford town*, and actually "set up" in the very house of JULIUS SHAW, SHAKESPEARE's intimate friend and *one of the witnesses to his will!* Fancy that! It is needless to dilate on the excellence of text, typography, &c., assured by these novel precautions. Mr. Punch, however, feels confident that the idea may be carried further, and that we shall soon hear of the following announcements:

A new Standard Library Edition of *Paradise Lost* will shortly appear, which, it is hoped, will rapidly supersede all others. MILTON's noble epic is to be printed by a small portable press temporarily erected on the left bank of the Tigris in the locality identified by expert theologians as a probable site of the Garden of Eden. An extremely short-sighted *littérateur* holding extreme anti-monarchical views has been selected to revise the text, in the hope of recalling as far as possible the mental atmosphere of the author.

The new selection of Lord BYRON's poems should meet with a warm reception from critical readers. The revision of the proofs has been entrusted exclusively to noblemen of somewhat dissipated habits. The Editor has qualified himself for the task of supervision in a "Byronic" spirit by a considerable course of domestic trouble, followed by a few weeks' yachting in the Mediterranean.

A new, popular, and yet accurate and up-to-date Natural History of British Fishes was badly wanted. The sumptuous work now announced presents, to specialist and scientific readers, an entirely novel attraction. A short prefatory note of the publishers informs us that these portly and well-illustrated volumes were—doubtless at considerable expense—actually printed and bound under water.

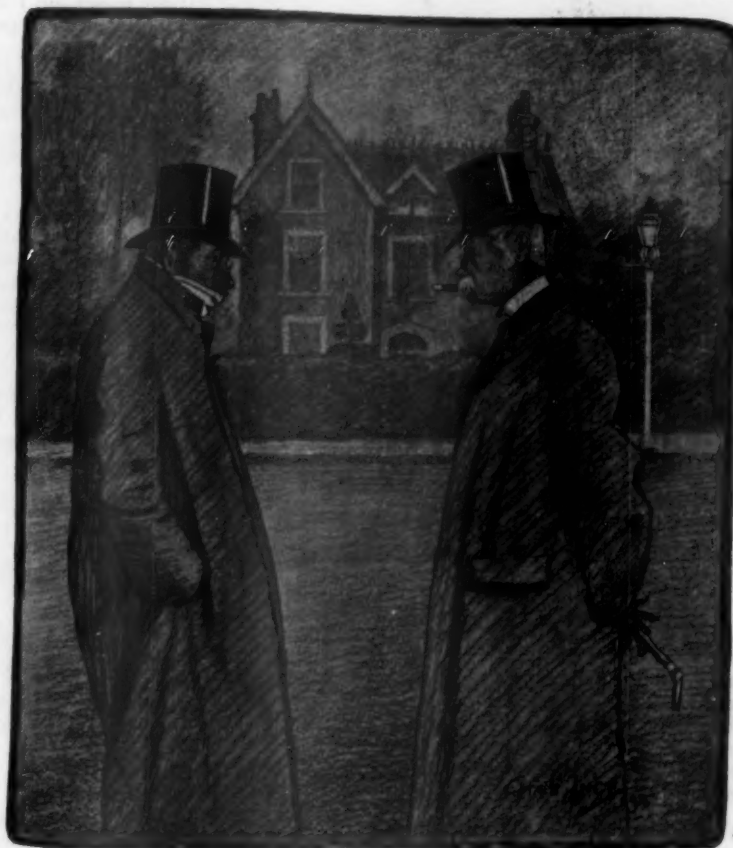
Italian publishers have often been reproached of late for not doing their duty by the greatest of National Epics. The announcement of a new, revised and annotated edition of DANTE's *Inferno*—to be entirely printed and prepared by first-class artificers inside the Crater of Vesuvius—will reassure foreigners that the resources of the Poet's native country are at last being fully utilised.

Time's Revenges.

WANTED, NURSE for one baby, who has been under nurse in good family.

Church Times.

NATURE'S IRONY. — Copper veins in Tintos.



"HULLO, BROWN. HOW'S THE COLD?"—"VERY OBSTINATE."
"HOW'S THE WIFE?"—"ABOUT THE SAME."

ANOTHER RUINED INDUSTRY.

["In New York, according to the police, the 'crook' is about the hardest worker for the smallest wages to be found in the city. The most brilliant and successful Bank burglar cannot ever hope to earn more than £600 a year. As to the lesser lights, they do exceedingly well if they average £2 10s. a week."—*Manchester Guardian*.]

DROP the knuckle-duster, sonny,
Fling the jemmy far away,
For there isn't any money
In the burgling trade to-day.
Though I toil and slave far harder
Than your idle artisan,
Empty oft remains my larder,
Empty oft my inner man.

When your navvies lie a-snoring
Snug and comfy in their beds,
I am in the streets exploring
Windows, areas and leads.
I must bear the nightly burden
Of the rain and frost and snow
For the miserable guerdon
Of a weekly quid or so.

Banks? I too had my ambitions,
Once I dreamed my dreams, like
you—

Pondered on our great traditions—

Fifty thousand at a coup;
But alas! I came a cropper,
I was pitifully sold,
For I only found a copper
Where I hoped for notes and gold.

Even those who have ascended
To the summit of the tree
Get, when all is said and ended,
Little, little £ s. d.
Men whose talents must have made
them
Rich in any other sphere
Find their trade has only paid them
Paltry hundreds every year.

Sonny, do not think me doting!
Burgling as a trade is dead.
Take to company promoting,
Take to honesty instead.
Money there awaits true merit,
And success is yours, my lad,
With the talents you inherit
From your old burglarious dad.

"A CROP EXPERT."—A Professional Hairdresser.

"POUR LE MÉRITE."

THOSE who carelessly asserted that the Age of Anglo-Saxon Heroes is dead are sufficiently rebuked by a recent cable from Pittsburg, Pa. "More than 10,000 applications for medals," we are told, "have been received by the Credentials Committee of Mr. ANDREW CARNEGIE'S Million Sterling Hero Fund." The overwhelming sympathy accorded to this noble scheme could not miss for long the flattery of imitation; and we are privileged to announce the establishment of a similar fund in our very midst. The munificent Donor desires, for the time, to remain anonymous, and we hope we are not committing an indiscretion in stating that he is a Rand magnate, and that the purity of his English descent is only thinly veiled by a name terminating in—SCHEIN.

Application for medals, which are offered to British and Aliens alike, should be made on printed forms, which will be issued to the public to-morrow. The list opens on Monday, January 23, and closes for London at 5 P.M. on Friday, March 31, and for the country and abroad on the morning of Saturday, April 1; but an extension of time up to the first post on Monday the 3rd will be allowed in the case of claims arising out of Saturday's heroic feats in the football field.

Notices inviting applications for medals have already been despatched to certain distinguished persons whose heroism is above question, and we are indebted to the Donor's second footman for the opportunity of reproducing the following communications, alleged by him to have been already forwarded in response to these invitations. The statements here given are supposed to represent the grounds on which the several applicants base their claims for a Hero Medal. One or two, it will be seen, decline to apply; and the gentleman signing himself "Anon." was never asked. He must have heard of the scheme through some breach of confidence in a rural post-office.

For testimonial please find enclosed cutting of German KAISER'S message about me to my august Emperor. I am, however, deferring the honour of accepting your Medal till I know more about its size. If it should assume the dimensions of a chest-protector, it would, of course, come under the category of military equipment, and I could not in that case accept it for my personal use any more than I could accept General STRÖSSLER'S waler.

Nogi, General.

I have just negotiated the appalling perils of the Suez Canal.

BOTROVOSKY, Admiral.

P.S.—Kindly forward Medal to me,
c/o Admiral ROZHDESTVENSKY,
Poste Restante,
Diego Suarez,
Madagascar (near Africa).

Chosen to uphold my country's honour as chief witness of that memorable sea-fight, I may with perfect modesty describe myself as the Hero of the Dogger Bank. I shall therefore be pleased to place your Medal on my breast in close proximity to the one already planted there by an admiring Admiral.

KLADO, Captain.

To accept such rewards as you offer is tantamount to acknowledging the superiority of the donor over the recipient. They ought to issue only from the Fount of World-Honour. We are therefore not applying for your Medal Pour le Mérite.

WILLIAM II., K.K.

Though unfortunately excluded by the exigencies of intervening space from participation in the heroic exploits of my fellow-countrymen, I, too, have not been idle. Scarcely a

day passes but I unsheathe my pen in my nation's cause, and endeavour to disperse the darkness of the Occidental Press.

SUYEMATSU, Baron.

In the very hour of my party's triumph, for which I have worked so hard and faithfully, bearing the burden and heat of the day, I am renouncing the victor's crown. Let the others scramble for it. Is not this Heroism?

R-S-B-RY.

There is a story told of a certain Hero—I forget his name—who assisted at a great national crisis—I forget its nature, but it comes in one of the Encyclopædias. His supporters, flushed with success, burst into his presence to announce that he had been elected Dictator by popular acclamation—and found him peacefully asleep. That is my position.

D-V-NSH-RE.

For the past few days I have been inundated with requests that I would sell *The Morning Post* to a Free Food Syndicate; but I have in each instance rejected Affluence in favour of Honesty.

GL-N-8K.

I have accomplished the heroic task of reading *God's Good Man* from cover to cover.

H-LL C-NE.

By sheer heroism I have struggled through *The Prodigal Son*.

M. C-B-L-LI.

My official position renders the idea of a direct application most indecorous.

ALFR-D A-ST-N.

I have made the heroic resolve that, before the present year is out, *Sherlock Holmes* shall have been annihilated—twice and for all.

A. C. D-YLE.

An appeal has been made to me to allow my name to figure in the *Book of the Plantagenets*. If the Editor of this monumental work chooses to insert my genealogy where it has a perfect right to be, I cannot prevent him. But, shunning publicity as I do, I will be no party to this colossal act of snobbery.

ALG-RN-N ASHT-N.

P.S.—If you award me your Medal I will make due provision in my will for its upkeep.

Altruism is the highest test of the Hero. I propose to limit myself in future to the production of fourteen masterpieces per annum.

G-Y B-TBHY.

Have refrained from making the joke, "Togo or not Togo."

ANON. (card enclosed).

I am returning home.

WILLIAM BAILEY.

It has been necessary for the Donor of this new Hero Fund to form a rough estimate of the probable number of Medal claims which he may expect. He has based his anticipations largely upon the prominence of people's names in the Press. With the assistance of Mr. H-LL SCH-L-NG he has arrived at the following figures: 750 football forwards, 450 half-backs, 300 backs, 150 goal-keepers, 200 expert football-journalists, 50 expert authorities on the results of the next season's Test matches, 8 War Correspondents (at the front), 80 ditto (elsewhere), 45 Colonels of Volunteers (exclusive of Sir HOWARD VINCENT) opposed to reduction of Auxiliary Forces, 25 Publishers, 15 Impresarios, 35 Dramatic Authors, 135 ordinary authors, 10 Leaders of the Liberal Party (exclusive of Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL), five Tariff Leaguers, two Mistaken Identities, one ex-Colonial Secretary, one Mr. HAROLD Cox, one Pantomime Reformer, and one Common Hangman.

O. S.



“GO WHERE GLORY WAITS YOU!”

GOVERNOR OF MADAGASCAR (anxious to speed the lingering guest). “MUST YOU STAY? CAN'T YOU GO?”



THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY



SISTERS!

(Before the Ball.)

Pierrette (changing the subject after a recent tiff in which she has come off victorious). "THIS GLASS IS BETTER, ROSE. I CAN SEE MYSELF HERE BEAUTIFULLY!"

Pompadour (seeing her opportunity). "PLAINLY, I SUPPOSE YOU MEAN."

A PROPHETIC NOVEL.

II.

[Being further extracts from Lord BEACONSFIELD'S unpublished romance, *The Great Cham*, shortly to appear as a feuilleton in a leading daily.]

"My campaigning has not been very fortunate," said MENTMORE; "and I am not so enamoured of the arena as you are, Sir. My mind is rather set on the pursuits of peace, on the cult of the Muses, and twenty-four hours ago I had a dream of settling on the shores of the Bay of Naples."

"Whatever you do," said the KAISER, "renounce indolence. Action may not always be happiness, but there is no happiness without action. If you will not fight the French in Morocco, return home and plunge into affairs. That was a fine castle of yours I visited a few years ago; a man who lives in such a place must be able to find a great deal to do."

"I almost wish I was there with you for my companion," said MENTMORE.

"The wheel may turn," said the KAISER, "but I begin to think I shall not see much of England again. The forces of democracy seem to me to be stronger than ever, and ERNCastle tells me that your War Office are seriously contemplating the abolition of all ornamental uniforms."

"Your great fault," he would sometimes say to BALFORTH, "and the cause of many of your sorrows, is the habit of mental introspection. Man is born to observe, but if he drifts into psychology he observes nothing, and then he is astonished that life has no charms for him, or that, never seizing the occasion, his career is a failure."

"I fear," said BALFORTH, "that I have at length found out the truth, and that I am but a dreaming psychologist."

"You are a dozen years younger than I am, and not irredeemably lost," replied ST. JOSEPH. "Fortunately you have received the admirable though partial education of your class. You have been

to a public school, and to the University—I was at neither. You are a moderately good golfer, you have been summoned for furiously driving your motor-car, you have—I am told—bestridden a Bantam bicycle. That sickly and imperfect secretion of the brain which is called thought has not yet bowed your frame. You have not had time to read everything. Take the advice of a practical man, drop metaphysics, shun the emasculating influence of modern music, and go in for a course of DICKENS. I would not have you give up serious reading altogether, but remember that the droll conversation of a man like CATENBY is worth all the libraries in the world. If it were only for my sake, I should wish to save you, but I wish to do it for your own. Yes, profit by the vast though calamitous experience which you have gained in a short time. We may know a great deal about our bodies, we can know very little about our minds."

"Whether from the bad news from

Stalybridge or the presence of Lord CUTTLEFISH or from some other cause, LEO MINIM was brusque, ungracious and silent, only nodding to Sir ALFRED PEARS-WORTH who benignly saluted him, and refusing every dish that was offered. Nor was his costume correct. All the other gentlemen were habited in a style indicative of the subdued gravity of their feelings. LEO MINIM, however, had on his shooting jacket of brown velvet, a pink shirt, and an Aston Villa tie, while his raven locks were peculiarly dishevelled.

"HUGO HATFIELD, who was not afraid of him, and was a High Churchman as well as an *enragé* Free Trader, kept pressing him to partake of jam and pickles, and asked, 'Well, MINIM, are you going to church in that tie? Are those the colours of the Pentecostal Dancers?' But MINIM would not answer; he gave a snort, and glanced at HUGO with the eye of a gladiator.

"The meal was over. The Bishop was standing near the mantelpiece, talking to the ladies, who were clustered round him; MINIM, after listening grimly for a few moments to their talk, suddenly exclaimed in a loud voice, and with the groan of a rebellious Titan, 'How I hate Sunday!'

"Mr. MINIM!" exclaimed Lady SLIMBORNE, turning pale.

"There was a general shudder.

"I mean in Lancashire," said MINIM, "and the day after a by-election. The whole place reeks of cotton and prosperity. I do not dislike it when alone, or in Birmingham. But Sunday in a Free Trade district is simply infernal."

"I think it is now time for us to go," said the Dean of DURHAM, walking away with dignified reserve, and they all dispersed."

"There it is," said ST. JOSEPH, "Lancashire has always been our stumbling block. We must strike, and strike hard, if the Empire is to be protected. But how am I to strike? We have money and arguments. But we have not the men. CHINLAP and VINNY HOWARD have no magnetism, and I am growing exhausted by fighting the battle single-handed. The gauds and spoils of office no longer appeal to me. Perhaps the vicissitudes of life have made me insensible to what are called reverses of fortune, for when a child I remember sleeping on the moonlit flags of Birmingham, with no pillow except a tam-bourine which I had played in some private theatricals, and I remember it not without delight. Let us sit down. I feel that I am talking in an excited, injudicious, egotistical, rhapsodical strain. I thought I was calm, and I meant to have been clear. But I have had a sleepless night and a day of brooding thought; I meant once to have

asked you to help me," and now I feel that you are the last person to whom I ought to appeal."

"In that you are in error," said Mr. VAN BOODLE, rising and taking his hand with an expression of extreme unction: "I am the right person for you to appeal to, the only person."

"Nay," said ST. JOSEPH, and winked away a tear.

"For I owe you a debt I never can repay," continued Mr. VAN BOODLE. "Had it not been for you I should have remained what I was when we first met—a narrow self-centred millionaire, wasting my energies on frivolity, and utterly insensible to the privilege of living in this wondrous age of change and progress. Why, had it not been for you I should have at this very moment been lavishing my fortune on the endowment of a National Opera House, or the establishment of free toffee caverns for the sick and indignant poor. Pardon me if I wander in my speech, but the hour is late, and I am not altogether myself. There may be, there doubtless are, topics on which we differ; but in our love of truth and justice there is no difference. No, though you must have felt that I am not—that no one could be—insensible to your eloquence and daemonic energy, still it is your consummate character that has justly fascinated my heart, and I have long resolved, were I permitted, to devote to you my fortune and my life."

"The luscious tones of Mr. VAN BOODLE's voice made ST. JOSEPH's heart beat so tumultuously that for a moment he thought he would be overpowered. Then, quickly recovering himself, he led his young friend to a table covered with pyramids of pomegranates interspersed with gentle drinks such as the fancy of America alone could devise.

"Let us drink," said ST. JOSEPH, "to the conversion of Lancashire!"

"You will forgive me," replied Mr. VAN BOODLE, "but I am a teetotaler and a vegetarian, and with these words he raised a pomegranate to his exquisitely chiselled lips."

We venture to extract the following short article from the *Liverpool Post and Mercury*, with its title and sub-title:—

CHEMICAL FACTORY ABLAZE.

FIREMEN'S DIFFICULT TASK.

The Duke of WESTMINSTER and the members of the house party at Eaton Hall shot over the preserves, and in two days accounted for 1,200 pheasants.

For having, in Albert Road, Blackpool, used language described as not fit for a Christian to hear, EDITH RICHARDS was fined 20s. and costs at Blackpool on Friday.

The above is a precious example of the vanity of titles. As BURNS said, "A man's a man for a' that."

LIFE'S LITTLE DIFFICULTIES.

IX.—THE TESTIMONIAL.

I.

Jabez Copley, of Copley's Stores, to the leading residents of Great Burley and neighbourhood,

(CYCLOSTYLE.)

THE MISSENDEN TESTIMONIAL FUND.

DEAR SIR (OR MADAM).—I have the honour to inform you that our worthy Station-master Mr. MISSENDEN, having received promotion, is leaving us very shortly for a higher sphere of activity, and some of his friends met together last night at the "King's Arms" to confer as to a testimonial to be presented to him. Greatly to my surprise I was asked to undertake the duties of hon. secretary and hon. treasurer, and it is in these capacities that I take the liberty of addressing you. The meeting decided to open a subscription list for Mr. MISSENDEN in the town and neighbourhood, and to present him with the proceeds and with an illuminated address.

The following is the address that was drawn up—I may say by myself:—

Presented to

JAMES HENRY MISSENDEN

BY THE GENTRY AND INHABITANTS OF GREAT BURLEY

on the occasion of his departure from that Town, on the completion of nearly Eight Years of honourable service as Station Master, to take up a post of increased responsibility at Clapham Junction—as a mark of their appreciation of his Courtesy and Efficiency during his period of Office at Great Burley Terminus.

This address will be engrossed in several colours and in gold, with appropriate borders and scroll work (as in the illuminated texts in our bedrooms) by Miss MILLIE FEATHERS, at the school, who is very clever and artistic with her hands, and presented to Mr. MISSENDEN, with the purse, at the "King's Arms" on a suitable evening.

Awaiting your reply,

I am, Dear Sir (or Madam),

Yours obediently,

JABEZ COPLEY.

Hon. Sec. and Treasurer of the Missenden Testimonial Fund.

Added, in Mr. Copley's own hand, to a few of the letters.

P.S.—It is not my wish to intrude business, but I feel it would be wrong not to take this opportunity of informing you that I have just received a particularly advantageous line of preserved fruits, which I can do at extraordinarily low terms. No time should be lost in ordering.

II.

Miss Mill to Mr. Jabez Copley.

DEAR MR. COPLEY,—I had no idea that

the Station-master was going. How interesting to find that his name is MISSENDEN! It was the name of my mother's favourite cook. She came, I think, from Esher, or it may have been Exeter. It is odd how long one may live without knowing the name of one's Station-master, although my niece tells me it has to be printed up somewhere, like a licensed victualler's. I think I should like to try a box of the preserved fruit if it is really nice.

Yours truly,
LYDIA MILL.

III.

*Sir Charles Transom's Secretary to
Mr. Jabez Copley.*

DEAR SIR,—SIR CHARLES TRANSON directs me to present his compliments and to express his regret that he must decline to lend his support to the testimonial to the Great Burley Station-master. Sir CHARLES dislikes to see this kind of premium put upon duty, nor can he forget the want of sympathetic zeal and alacrity displayed by the Station-master in the autumn of 1898 in the matter of a lost portmanteau containing the manuscript of Sir CHARLES' monograph on the TRANSON family. Believe me,

Yours faithfully,
VINCENT A. LINCOLN.

IV.

*The Vicar of Great Burley to
Mr. Jabez Copley.*

DEAR MR. COPLEY,—I am afraid I cannot associate myself very cordially with the terms of your testimonial to Mr. MISSENDEN. Eight years are a very short period to signalise in this way, and I do not care for the part played by the "King's Arms." I am sorry to have to take this line; but we must act as we believe. I should be seriously vexed if you got up a testimonial for me after so short a term of work. I am,

Yours sincerely,
REGINALD LOWTHER.

V.

*Mr. Jabez Copley to the Vicar of
Great Burley.*

REVEREND SIR,—I regret that you cannot give your valuable and esteemed support to the testimonial to Mr. MISSENDEN, but I respect your motives. I should like to say in reply to your suggestion about a testimonial to yourself and my connexion with it, that I should never, I hope, so far presume as to take the leading part in a movement of this kind for a gentleman like yourself. My rule in life is that station should keep to station, and I trust I shall never be so foolish as to depart from it. But although I should not presume to take a leading part in your testimonial, as



G. L. STAKER.

INGENUUS PUER.

Mamma. "I THOUGHT THERE WAS AN APPLE ON THE SIDEBOARD, AND I WAS GOING TO GIVE IT YOU, BUT I FIND IT ISN'T THERE!"

Freddy. "WELL, WILL YOU GIVE ME SOMETHING ELSE, MUMMY, 'COS IT WASN'T A VERY GOOD ONE?"

you kindly suggest, I should however contribute to it with a whole heart. Believe me,

Yours obediently,
JABEZ COPLEY.
Hon. Sec. and Treasurer of the
Missenden Testimonial Fund.

VI.

*Mr. Aylmer Penistone to Mr. Jabez
Copley.*

DEAR MR. COPLEY,—I do not quite feel disposed to give anything to MISSENDEN. You should draw up a different testimonial for those of us who travel third-

class, omitting the word "courtesy." I am,

Yours faithfully,

AYLMER PENISTONE.

VII.

*Mrs. Lyon Mounteney to Mr. Jabez
Copley.*

MRS. MOUNTENEY is very pleased to see, from Mr. COPLEY's letter, that a spirit of friendliness and comradeship is abroad in Great Burley. Would that all English towns had the same generous feelings! Not having used the railway for

several years, owing to her poor health, Mrs. MOUNTENEY does not feel that she could with propriety identify herself with so personal a testimonial, but she wishes it every success. Mrs. MOUNTENEY does not care for preserved fruit.

VIII.

Mr. Murray Collier, L.R.C.P., to Mr. Jabez Copley.

DEAR MR. COPLEY,—A difficulty with regard to the boys' boxes, which occurs regularly at the end of each term, and which brings out Mr. MISSENDEN's native churlishness like a rash, makes it impossible for me to support your appeal. After what I have had to say and write to the Station-master it would seem pure pusillanimity to give him money and praise. May I however suggest the emendation of one small oversight in your otherwise tasteful address? By no possible means can our little wayside station be described as a "terminus," which is a Latin word signifying the end, as I fancy your son HAROLD (whom we all find a very promising and attractive boy) would be able to ratify.

I am, Yours sincerely,
MURRAY COLLIER.

IX.

Mr. Jabez Copley to the leading residents of Great Burley and Neighbourhood.

(CYCLOSTYLE.)

THE MISSENDEN TESTIMONIAL FUND.

DEAR SIR (OR MADAM),—I beg to inform you that at an influential and representative meeting held last evening at the "King's Arms" it was decided with much regret not to take any further steps with regard to the testimonial to Mr. MISSENDEN, and to return to the several donors the £4 17s. 6d. which the united efforts of myself and two of my assistants have been able to collect in the past month, minus an amount of one guinea to Miss MILLIE FEATHERS for work already done on the illuminated address, which cannot, we fear, owing to the peculiar nature of the wording and its reference to Clapham Junction, be adapted to suit any other person.

If anything is now done to indicate to Mr. MISSENDEN that Great Burley appreciates his services, which is very doubtful, it will be done by a few personal friends, at the "King's Arms." I may say here that I have decided under no conditions to ever again undertake the duties of Secretary or Treasurer of a Testimonial, whether hon. or even well paid. Believe me, Dear Sir (or Madam), Yours obediently,

JABEZ COPLEY.

P.S.—As I am now laying down for ever the pen of the testimonial promoter, I may return to my true vocation as a purveyor of high-class provisions by saying that I have received this morning a consignment of sardines of a new and reliable brand, which I can do at 6½d. the box.

QUEEN SYLVIA.

CHAPTER IX.

How the Foreign Minister earned favour.

It was while the international crisis described in the last chapter was at its most critical point that SYLVIA one morning paid her mother a visit. The Grand Duchess (for that was the rank conferred upon her by her Queen and dutiful daughter) was living in a pleasant house situated in the great Park about half a mile from the Palace. Her bronchial attack had been a severe one, but she was now almost recovered from it, and promised soon to be about again.

"Mamma, Mamma," said SYLVIA, bursting like a flood of health and sunlight into the morning room, "isn't it perfectly gorgeous?"

"Moderate yourself, my darling," said the Grand Duchess; "I haven't the faintest idea why you are so excited with joy."

"Oh, Mamma!" said SYLVIA reproachfully, "do you really mean to say you haven't heard?"

"Heard what?"

"That we're quite certain to have war with the King of EISENBLUT."

"Oh, is that it?" said her mother. "Yes, I have heard about that, of course."

"And we shall win some glorious victories, and march into his capital, and dictate peace, and impose a tremendous indemnity or even annex the whole country and keep it for ever."

"Of course," said the Grand Duchess pensively, "all that is possible, but, on the other hand——"

"On the other hand, what? You don't mean to say you have any doubt about our winning? Why, we always have won. HINTERLAND for ever, I say, and down with Eisenblut!"

"Amen," said her mother. "But we have had unfortunate campaigns that you have probably never heard of."

"There are none in the history books," said the Queen.

"You would find them," said her mother, "if you cared to read the history books of the other countries. But I don't want to put it on that ground. Tell me," she added, "what we are going to fight about."

"Oh, as to that," said SYLVIA, "I'm really not quite sure. It's got something to do with time-tables and astronomy, and you know, Mamma, I never could learn much about astronomy, could I?"

"Oh, my darling, it's all too silly and too heart-breaking. You are going to cause bloodshed and misery and ruin and despair, and all for what?"

"The Foreign Minister," observed SYLVIA loftily, "assures me that our prestige as a world-power is involved."

"The Foreign Minister," said the Grand Duchess, "sometimes talks nonsense. You are going to send out thousands of sons and husbands and fathers to kill or to be killed by sons and husbands and fathers who speak a different language, and all for the sake of a question that most of them can never understand. Don't do this. Seek a better way. Go yourself and see King ORMO. Appeal to his manliness and his chivalry. If he should then refuse, at any rate your conscience will be clear."

"Do you really think so, Mamma?" said SYLVIA, surprised at her mother's earnestness. "Really," she went on reflectively, "it's not a bad plan. Yes, I'm sure I should enjoy it immensely. I'll give orders about it at once," and the impulsive little lady, having embraced her mother, swept out of the room.

Now it happened that the Foreign Minister, having written an important and desperately warlike despatch, had brought it to the Grand Duchess's house for the approval of the Queen. He had been waiting in an ante-room and, without intending it, he had overheard most of the conversation between the Queen and her mother. He was an ambitious man, and set much store by the favour of his sovereign. When the Queen, therefore, came into the ante-room he had made up his mind as to the course he would pursue, even though it involved the cancellation of a despatch to which, with the assistance of his secretaries, he had devoted much time and labour. He thrust it into his coat-tail pocket, and advanced with a low bow to meet the Queen.

"Good morning, my Lord," said SYLVIA graciously. "Did you wish to see me?"

"Your Majesty," said the Foreign Minister, "I have just arrived here in great haste. I have been thinking deeply about our—hum—hum—what shall I say?—our imbroglio with the King of EISENBLUT, and it has occurred to me that before we plunge into war it might be well to make yet one more effort on behalf of peace. Does your Majesty deign to follow me?"

"I do," said SYLVIA. "Proceed."



UNNECESSARY QUESTION.

Enthusiastic Motorist. "WELL—HOW DO YOU LIKE IT?"

"Your Majesty is of more than full age."

"I had my sixteenth birthday last week," said SYLVIA, not without some haughtiness.

"Might not your Majesty then," resumed the Foreign Minister, "yourself plead the cause of reason and justice with King Orno? Would you not consent to meet him? He is young and impulsive, but some of his impulses are good, and," he added with apparent irrelevancy, "he is strikingly handsome."

"This," said the Queen, "is the most extraordinary thing that ever happened."

"In what respect, your Majesty?" asked the Foreign Minister in a proud voice, for he feared that he was about to be accused of eavesdropping, and his patrician soul took fire at the mere possibility of the affront.

"Yes," continued SYLVIA, "the most extraordinary and marvellous thing. I had this very minute decided on the very plan you have just suggested. Do you know, I think it most wonderful of you, quite the most brilliant thing any Foreign Minister ever did," and she stretched out her hand, over which the courtly old gentleman inclined his head until his lips had touched it.

"Your Majesty is pleased to speak too highly," he protested, "of my humble efforts in the cause of peace and international good-will."

"By no means," said the Queen. "I am lost in admiration of your skill. Let the necessary steps be taken immediately, for I am dying to start as soon as possible. And, by the way," she went on, "I shall bestow upon you the Grand

Cross of the Golden Slipper of Hinterland. It is the highest Order within my gift."

"It will make old Turniptop green with envy," said the Foreign Minister to himself, indicating by this playful title the venerable statesman who had preceded him in his office. Then with sparkling eyes he took his leave to see to the drafting of a new despatch.

CULTURE AND POLISH.

[According to the *Manchester Guardian* there are several bootblacks in Hungary who are doctors of philosophy in the University.]

If vaulting ambition should prompt you to shine
As an artist of skill in the boot-blackening line,
Don't fancy, my friend, that the only thing lacking
Is a polishing brush and a bottle of blacking.

Greek verse is a training which nothing can beat
For one who exists upon polishing feet;
Nor will he who has studied his *Ethics* with care
Ever find that his life is a bootless affair.

Success isn't granted to indolent ease:
Men are only made masters of arts by degrees.
Yes, a college career you will find is your game,
For culture and polish are one and the same.

OLD SONG ADAPTED BY GENERAL STÜSSEL.—"Our dislodger's
such a nice young man!"

CHARIVARIA.

"In vain," says the *Scot*, "do the Japanese, and their friends the English, imagine that the choice of rendezvous for battle belongs solely to Admiral Togo. Admiral ROZHDESTVENSKY may upset all expectations." He certainly did at the Dogger Bank.

The German Emperor has conferred on Generals SRÜSSEL and NOGI the Order "Pour le Mérite." It seems almost a pity that Russia and Japan should be given fresh cause for rivalry.

The notabilities of Sudja have signed and forwarded to General KUROPATKIN particulars of a wonderful sign in the sky which was seen at the mobilisation of troops in that city. Only one more miracle is now required, and that is a victory by the General.

"We should be twice the musical nation we are if music teachers would insist upon their pupils practising music at sight," says Sir FREDERICK BRIDGE. "Not at sight of me, I hope," writes "A Tired Father."

A large piece of Kent fell into the sea last week. Little Englanders are naturally delighted.

Parliament has had its holidays extended to the 14th prox., and will therefore not "go back" till long after Eton and the other academies. But why "go back" at all? The Country is getting on quite nicely, thank you.

Trust an agitator to brag. The anarchist DAVIS, who was bound over at Clerkenwell last week, asserted that he

had a bump on the side of his head which pressed into his brain.

The North-Eastern Railway has begun to abolish its first-class carriages, and an indignation meeting has been held under the chairmanship of the Duke of

The Baltic Fleet is now thirsting for another fight with Japanese torpedo-boats. The provisions taken aboard at Port Said included a quantity of liqueurs and champagne.

According to the *Daily Mail*, the

Peace Party at St. Petersburg advocates an alliance between Russia, Japan, and China, "with Russia as the guide and in control of the Yellow Race." But the Japanese can hardly be so yellow and so green at the same time.

"This fool country pays towards the British Navy £200,000 a year," says the *Sydney Bulletin*, speaking of Australia. But in choosing his epithets the Editor of the *Bulletin* must not judge all his fellow-countrymen by those who subscribe to his anti-English journal.

The charming French actress Mme. LE BARGY is coming to London, and soon we shall all be flocking to see *La Beauté et Le Bary*.

"Peace and quietness are what we especially desire," said Mr. BALFOUR in his great speech at Glasgow. Our new guns will not be ready for two years.

Double Trouble.

Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER has overcome the difficulty of finding a double of himself in the forthcoming play. His exact counterpart (in the *dramatis personæ*) is Mr. THOROLD, Editor of *The Smart Set*. On encountering him the Lessee and Manager (his own double in this instance) of the St. James's uttered the now historical remark, "If I were not ALEXANDER I certainly should be THOROLD."



A PREMIUM ON PROFANITY.

Young Lady (preparing to pay Cabby). "WHAT SHALL I GIVE HIM, AUNTIE?"
Auntie. "JUST GIVE HIM A SHILLING, AND, IF HE SWEARS, GIVE HIM ANOTHER SIXPENCE."

NORTHUMBERLAND. We sympathise with his Grace: if Dukes are not to be allowed to travel first-class, how is anyone to know they are Dukes?

NELSON & Co. have temporarily suspended payment of their Tea Pensions to Widows. Similar Companies would do well to insist on strict proof that the death of the husband was due to the tea.



THE DIVINING ROD.

JOE THE "DOWSER." "VERY AWKWARD! I GUARANTEED A STRONG PROTECTIONIST CURRENT SOMEWHERE OR OTHER; BUT THE SILLY ROD WON'T WORK!"



THE GIFT OF THE
LIBRARY OF THE
MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY
AT THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD
TO THE
LIBRARY OF THE
MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY
AT THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD



THE NORTH SEA COMMISSIONERS MAKE A THOROUGH INVESTIGATION ON THE DOGGER BANK.

["The only circumstantial evidence of the presence of Japanese torpedo boats is at the bottom of the North Sea, whither the Commission of Inquiry cannot transfer its investigation without serious inconvenience."—*Times*, Jan. 10.]

BILL BAILEY TRACED!

BILL BAILEY come home, has he? Uncertain. But what a character he had!—at all events before he left his home. Listen.

"WILLIAM was honest, simple, gentle, kind,
Laborious, studious, and to thrift inclined."

"Constant at church, and there a little proud,
He sang with boldness, and he read aloud."

"The lighter damsels called his manner prim,
And laughed at virtue so arrayed in him."

Is this why BILL BAILEY left home? No, alas! poor WILLIAM'S FANNY threw him over, and

"With a small portion by a sister left
He roved about as one of peace bereft."

And is BILL BAILEY still roving about, or has he come home? For information on this interesting subject the reader has to go backwards a bit with CRABBE, among whose poems will be found BILL, i.e., "WILLIAM BAILEY."

THE *Manchester Evening Chronicle* has a cynic on its Staff. "There have," says he, "been grim and ghastly tragedies enacted in the Tower, but seldom in recent years has a wedding been solemnised within it." "But" was a happy thought.

"MY MOTTO."

Mr. Arthur Collins:—

"An excellent play, well digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning."—*Hamlet*.

The *Daily Mail*:—

"To sour your happiness I must report."—*Cymbeline*.

"Let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them."—*Hamlet*.

Mr. George Alexander (while searching for a double):—

"There is none like him, none."—After TENNYSON, *Maud*.

Revival of the "Buried Treasure" Craze.

GENERAL NOGI seems to have been more fortunate than LORD FITZWILLIAM in his search for hidden treasure. Notwithstanding the report that Port Arthur had been compelled to surrender through the exhaustion of its ammunition, he has discovered over 80,000 shells, and about 30 tons of small-arm cartridges, so well concealed that even the Russians who hid them were apparently ignorant of their whereabouts.

AN unofficial cable from Diego Suarez reports the total destruction of the Baltic Fleet, whose Admiral unfortunately mistook a Japanese torpedo-flotilla for trawlers, and signalled to it to come alongside and supply the fleet with fresh fish.

THE POETS AT BRIDGE.

It is generally supposed that Bridge was first played in England in the year 1894. But there is evidence, in the works of the poets, to show that the game was known many years before that date. Thus LONGFELLOW in one passage says:

"Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee."

This explains itself. He had left it to his partner, warning him that he had *chicane* in hearts, but trusting him to do something pretty decent in one of the other suits; a proceeding to be condemned on moral grounds.

This is only one case. Recently there has come into our hands the record of a game of Bridge played by TENNYSON, WALT WHITMAN, WORDSWORTH, and ROBERT BROWNING—at the house of the last named. Apparently the players proceeded to put down their impressions afterwards; and as each one gives us a snapshot of a different aspect of the game we get a splendid panoramic view of the proceedings.

We start off with:

THE DECLARATION. BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

At ROBERT BROWNING's, on a winter's night,
The dinner done, the women past away,
We others sat around the fire and played,
Four of our circle, and the game was Bridge.
Then WALTER WHITMAN, that almighty man,
He who by stroke of fate¹ had won the deal,
Looked at his cards, and found his hand was weak.
So in all faith he left it, murmuring "Yours,
Brave camarado," and the make was mine.
Then mused I for a little space apart:
"My partner trusteth, leaving it to me,
And trumps may be declared in many ways:²
Diamonds or hearts if one is over-bold,
And spades if there is nothing else to go,
And clubs"—but here I took the cards again,
And fell to counting up the kings and queens—
Guarded in all but hearts, yet not an ace.³
Then I all wrapt in this, "Get on," cried he,
And still again "Get on"; till all at once,
Grasping my courage firmly in my hands,
"No trumps," I called; but BROWNING on my left,
"Double no trumps." And WORDSWORTH led a heart.⁴

Next come WALT WHITMAN's impressions. He devotes himself to describing his own feelings, and does not tell us much of the actual play. TENNYSON has just laid down his hand.

ONE HOUR TO MADNESS. BY WALT WHITMAN.

One hour to madness and wrath. O furious! O confine me not!
O the king of diamonds, the but twice guarded spade, the heart all unguarded and alone!⁵
O I am very sick and sorrowful! O the—(All right, tan-face,⁶ I'm just going to play).
I see the two of clubs hiding in my partner's hand.
Out of the dark confinement, out from behind the queen!
(It is useless to protest; I see it there, and I mean to have it.)⁷
Camarado, I give you my hand. Come and play the darned thing yourself.⁸

BROWNING now describes the first few tricks.

THE PLAY. BY ROBERT BROWNING.

You want to know about this game of ours,
Shuffles and doubles, leads, deals, calls an' th' like,
What card took what, who had the ace of spades?
Well, this or something like it was the way:

WALT leaves it. "None," says ALFRED (*sans about*).
I had the aces, "Double no trumps," says I.
WORDSWORTH brings out a heart, and dummy's hand
Goes down on table. Look at it—look at the heart!
The three, or is't the four? Nay, what's the odds—
Ace, king, knave, ten, nine, eight. I planked 'em down,
Wondered a moment if the queen would fall;
WILL had it: why did the fool not play it at first?⁹
Do thistles grow on bays? You take the point?
(Put case WILL has the queen, with six and five:
Leads five; down comes the king; where's queen—who
knows?)

Ace tries a second time—the six from WILL.

Next round WILL takes. Now is this sense, I ask.¹⁰

Lastly, we have WORDSWORTH's contribution. The scoring was, rather unwisely, entrusted to him, and he appears to have been in difficulties with it.

THE SCORE. BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

[Written at ROBERT BROWNING's on a winter's night under circumstances somewhat remarkable. . . . My friends will not deem it too trifling to relate that I composed the first two lines of the fourth verse first. COLERIDGE wished the second of these lines to be "The ace of spades is black," but I objected to it as being really rather *greyish* in appearance, whereas the club is undoubtedly black. . . .]

I counted up the points we won,

'Twas seventy-two¹¹ in all;

A pleasant sight it was to see

My partner's aces fall.

"Honours?" I said, "dear brother Bob,

How many may we be?"

"A hundred aces," he returned,

And smiling looked at me.

"You say that you a hundred had?

Yet only four took tricks.

Whence came, dear Bob, I pray you tell,

The other ninety-six?"¹²

"The ace of diamonds is red,

The ace of clubs is black,

And looking through the cards I find

Two others in the pack."

"I had," he said, "the ace of hearts,

The diamond, club and spade."

"But that," said I, "is four and not

A hundred, I'm afraid."

I took a dozen different packs,

And showed him all the faces;

'Twas throwing words away, for still

Dear brother Bob would have his will,

"I had a hundred aces!"

Notes by Mr. Punch's Bridge Expert.

¹ A poetical way of saying that they cut for deal.

² Only five.

³ He should never have dreamt of no-trumps in these circumstances.

⁴ The American convention—used, no doubt, out of courtesy to Mr. WHITMAN.

⁵ Mr. TENNYSON's going no trumps becomes all the more surprising.

⁶ A mode of address unknown at the Portland and other Clubs.

⁷ The two of clubs was evidently thrown on the second round of hearts.

⁸ Contrary to the usual etiquette of the game.

⁹ Why indeed!

¹⁰ No. As the hands were, though, there would be no harm in it, since Mr. BROWNING had three certain cards of re-entry; and another lead through dummy might be extremely useful.

¹¹ Six hearts and the other three aces (doubled).

¹² Mr. WORDSWORTH seems to have had a very rudimentary knowledge of the game.



WITH THE BRAMHAM MOOR.

(A Sketch near Harrogate.)

PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN TAKING THE WATERS.

HARLEQUIN AND THE HEROINE;
Or, *How the Maiden of Melodramia fared
in the Regions of Pantomimia.*

PART I.

I AM writing this at the request of nobody in particular, but simply because it is my practice to describe at length the events and emotions—especially the emotions—of my chequered career. My name is ROSE; there has always been a ROSE in our family, except when the heroine happened to be called GRACE instead. The mention of this brings me to an explanation of who I am; I am a heroine—more, I am *the* heroine, since I live in Melodramia, and it is well known that there are no real heroines to be found elsewhere. Our home is called Honeysuckle Cottage, and it stands in the village of Meadowsweet. You will not be able to find it upon the maps, because there are no maps of Melodramia.

Nevertheless you probably know our village quite well. It is the sweetest spot. Every conceivable kind of fruit and flower flourishes there in abundance, many of them on the same tree. Perhaps this is because of the climate. All the snow and winter in Melodramia is confined to the towns, and they certainly get a lot; but in all my experience of Meadowsweet I cannot remember a day when the lime-light was not shining in our garden, generally from two opposite directions.

Ah! the dear old garden! How often during my subsequent Acts have I yearned for its tranquil beauty! From it you can see the Church Tower and a little bit of the village street, up which nobody ever walks. They all come along by the fence and through the little wicket on to our lawn. Long ago, when first I succeeded to the position of heroine (which is hereditary in our family) I used to be astonished at the number and variety of the people who would drop in during the day—soldiers, adventuresses, policemen, not to mention casual strangers with soft hats and bundles, who usually stand at the gate and soliloquise: but I soon grew quite used to it.

It is by no means dull in our garden, as we often disinherit or make wrongful arrests on the lawn, but I am glad to say that we have never yet had a murder here, which is the more remarkable because (for so quiet a spot) the death-rate of Meadowsweet is unusually high. But the lonely pool and dear papa's library are the most popular places. The path through the wood has also, I regret to say, been the scene of many distressing occurrences, while the rocks by the sea-shore are almost invariably a fatal rendezvous.

One morning I was in the garden as usual picking flowers. I had a lovely nosegay of tulips and chrysanthemums with a few red roses to smell at and hold against the bosom of my gown. I remember I was humming a little tune and prattling aloud to the dear flowers in my natural girlish way, when MARY entered with a letter.

"A letter for Miss ROSE!" exclaimed MARY. "How I wish I knew what was in it! My young man," she continued, "don't send me no letters—he's a soldier, is my BILL, and such a beautiful man, seven feet high, and that strong—"

Perceiving that she was about to introduce comic relief, I interrupted her by advancing with a sweet smile. This is only MARY's way, but it becomes a little tiresome at times.

"A letter for me?" I said.



The Maiden of Melodramia and the Prince of Pantomimia.

"Bless your pretty face, Miss ROSE!" cried MARY, "of course it is."

Having observed that the envelope bore the stamp of Pantomimia, I inferred that it came from a distant cousin of mine called FLO—a name that fills me with repulsion!—who occupies the position of heroine, such as it is, at that place. I do not know cousin FLO at all well, therefore I was astonished to find that the note was an invitation to visit her. Anyone of a less ideal character than mine would have called such a proposal impertinent, but as my disposition forces me to do and believe absolutely everything that I am told, I foresaw that I should be obliged to go.

Just as I had finished reading it, dear Papa entered the garden, wearing a soft hat, and the light tweed coat that constitutes his invariable costume out of doors.

"Out among the flowers so early, little one!" he said, drawing me towards him and imprinting a kiss over my left shoulder.

"Father," said I, leading him to a

garden seat, where I sank at his feet, leaning my cheek against his knee, and looking up at him with wide trustful eyes (at least I hope so), "Father, I have a surprise for you."

Thereupon I gave him the letter, which he read aloud to me with much feeling.

At the end he sprang up with a stifled cry, clutching the paper to his waistcoat, and staring vacantly at nothing. Next moment, however, he apologised and sat down again.

"Force of habit, darling," he explained.

I understood. When dear Papa reads a letter he usually clutches it to his breast and says: "At last!" but in the present instance such a proceeding would have been out of place.

Cousin FLO had written:

"DEAREST ROSIE-POSIE,—Come over and look us up. Scenery first-class and some ripping music. Come at once and stay for the run. Yours, FLO."

P.S.—Get some new frocks. That black crape wouldn't be any good here. So long!"

It is impossible to clutch a letter like that. The thing was too trivial, and I said as much.

But dear Papa rebuked me gently.

"Go, my child," said he, "and remember that to one of your house nothing is too trivial for catastrophe."

I wept a little, and then, dashing aside my tears, I kissed Papa with a smile and retired to make my simple preparations. Three minutes later they were completed, and then, wearing my most becoming hat, with a shawl over my shoulders and a small reticule in one hand, I set out through the garden-gate upon my long journey.

Cousin FLO and her parents dwell in a village almost as pretty as beloved Meadowsweet. If I have conveyed the impression that Cousin FLO occupied a social position inferior to my own, I have been wrong. The contrary is indeed the case, as my uncle and aunt, though by no means wealthy, are persons of title, and, I believe, of considerable standing in Pantomimia.

But between poor dear Papa and his elder brother Baron BROKEUP there has never existed any great sympathy, and since the Baron's marriage with a lady whom it would be charitable to call eccentric the two families have drifted widely apart.

I was received by Cousin FLO with the greatest warmth. We met in The Market Place, a picturesque spot where it is evident that the inhabitants are accustomed to hold their frequent revels. There seemed to be more of these inhabitants than with us, and they appeared considerably more lively; this however, I attribute to their comparative freedom from omens and prophecies,

from which we in Meadowsweet suffer terribly at certain seasons.

Cousin Flo's appearance was something of a shock to me, the first of many. I thank Heaven that, in whatever vicissitudes of an eventful career, such has ever been the modesty of my attire that few have so much as detected my boots. Even on the occasions when I have been out of my garret lodging and forced to wander through the streets in a snow-storm, my principles have always obliged me to trail at least three inches. After all, however, Cousin Flo is the best judge of what is proper for herself.

She drew me aside at once with every symptom of eagerness and amusement (alas! nothing will ever amuse me!), and proceeded to unfold an idea that had occurred to her.

"ROSIE-POSIE," she said, "isn't it rather rough on the old boy your leaving him alone like this?"

"My father's hair," I replied, "has grown white from unmerited adversity—"

"Precisely," interrupted Flo, "therefore we oughtn't to bleach him any more. That's why I am going to keep him company."

"You!" I exclaimed, unable to repress a slight shudder.

"I've settled the whole thing," said Flo; "you and I will change places.

The only bother is about a villain—I must take ours with me, and that leaves a vacancy. But I suppose," she added, "you have got a villain of some sort of your own?"

"Sir RUPERT RUTHERFORD," I replied, "persecutes me with his loathsome addresses."

"H'm," said Flo, "that sounds all right. Can he ask riddles?"

"Riddles!" I repeated aghast.

"Why did the fly fly, and all that, you know. Our own villain is awfully good at them. But hullo!" she exclaimed suddenly, "what on earth is this?"

Turning at her words I saw beside me the dreaded figure of Sir RUPERT RUTHERFORD himself. He was in evening dress, and carried a small case for cigarettes which appeared to have constituted his sole luggage. Horror! the unscrupulous aristocrat had followed me to Pantomimia!

"Is it," said Flo, glancing at his attire, "a conjurer?"

"Sir RUPERT," I exclaimed, "cease this unmannerly persecution! Leave me, I entreat you!"

He smiled cynically, and lighting a cigarette flung away the match with an air of insolent opulence.

"Adorable creature!" he hissed, "why seek to avoid me? Why aggravate my passion with delay? Why—"

"Evidently," said Flo, "it can ask riddles! See here," she continued, turning to Sir RUPERT, "you come with me and meet our own villain before he quits; ROSIE had better stay here to greet the Prince on his return from hunting."

The Prince! How my little heart

plea, on the part of the President and others, for the resuscitation of DIODORUS, ATHENÆUS, LONGINUS, ABRILAN, and similar authors hitherto ignored by the average schoolmaster. (We were surprised that the claims of TZETZES and the *Catamyomachia* of THEODORUS PROCHOPRODROMUS were not insisted upon; but let that pass.) From a very full agenda paper, however, the following subjects for discussion were unavoidably omitted:—

1. That the German EMPEROR be encouraged to add to the gaiety of nations with some further Latin telegrams.

2. That sporting reporters and lady novelists who have got as far as to use the terms "J. Pluvius," "Old Sol," "omnibi," "apparati," "vade-meca" and the like, be elected honorary members of the Association, with a view to their further education, or early extinction.

3. That "Howlers" be recognised in future as an important branch of the Academic scheme, ranking side by side with "Wranglers;" the howling examination to be conducted in dog-Latin by the Proctorial bulldogs.

4. That a Professorship of Thieves' Latin be instituted in the new Mile-End Hostel of London University; fees to be paid in kind by diligent students after a hard day's

work in crowded public gatherings.

5. That the so-called "dead" languages (and more especially that of Rome) be repaired, revived, and generally brought up to date, so as to hold their own as an international medium in lieu of Cornish, Irish, Esperanto, or any such desperate resource. The grammars to be simplified, better behaviour to be introduced among the irregular verbs, and BALBUS to be deterred from building walls and to adapt himself to motoring, marconigrams, and aerial navigation.

6. That, if the British pronunciation of Greek and Latin be further continued, similar privileges be extended to the students of French, German, and other barbarian tongues, so that schoolboys should be taught to say "Allezz-vowse-enn," "Jay, itch haybe jenugg," and so on. English will thus become the world-language, and a classic in its turn.



"SHADOW'D COVES ON A SUNNY SHORE."

Tennyson.

bounded at her words! Barons I knew and dreaded; towards elderly Earls I entertained an emotion of almost filial respect; but never hitherto had I encountered an actual Royal Highness. In the tumult caused by her announcement I permitted Flo to depart without comment. She was leading Sir RUPERT, who looked a trifle bewildered, by the hand.

(To be continued.)

A NEW RENAISSANCE.

THE Classical Association of England and Wales, under the presidency of the LORD CHANCELLOR, has just concluded a congress at University College, London, at which the proceedings were enlivened by a magic lantern of the latest patent, a conversazione (in English), several quite cheerful stories, mostly at the expense of the insular classicist, and a

TO THE INFANT BACCHUS.

[A well-known divine announced in one of his addresses that there is a woman in Birmingham who boasts that her ten months' old baby "takes its glass of beer with the rest of them."]

Thou latest of the many glorious types
That witness England's unimpaired virility;
Whose young capacity for shifting swipes
Passes the common bounds of credibility,
Thou art the youngest, most profound exploiter
Of arts that men more properly employ,
Outshining even FLORIZEL VON REUTER,
And quite eclipsing Peckham's ponderous boy.

I see thee, in my fancy, at the tap,
Supported by a proud but anxious mother,
Flooring a hefty stoup of ALLSOPP's pap,
And riotously bawling for another.
I see thee, rosy-cheeked and chubby-fisted,
Meandering home hilariously "full,"
And getting fined, and possibly black-listed,
For an assault upon the Constable.

I see thee, at the ripeish age of two,
Appearing at the Palace or Pavilion,
And "downing" several quarts of potent brow
Before the rapturous plaudits of the Million.
I see thee, after seven well-spent summers,
Engaging in the *Sporting Times's* page
To drink a cask of beer against all comers,
For fifty pounds, at any weight or age.

And thou wilt live a life of liquid ease,
Nor know the thriftless workman's futile scramble
To get his beer washed down by bread and cheese;
(The text is from the Rev. Mr. CAMPBELL.)
But like that vinous veteran Silenus
Thou'lt pass thy days in moist and plenteous cheer,
Till either Time or Temperance shall wean us
From all that is, or appertains to, Beer!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

OF *Letters and Recollections of Sir Walter Scott* (SMITH, ELDER), with few exceptions the latter are the more delectable. The world would not have been the poorer had a batch of the earliest letters been left in the obscurity of the owner's desk. "My dear Mrs. HUGHES, I am extremely sorry to hear you have been so very unwell, and that your indisposition should have interfered with your delightful musical talents is a general loss to your friends." Even from the pen of the author of the *Waverley Novels* my Baronite finds this remark only feebly stirring. There are many akin to it in the opening chapters. The conventionality is fully atoned for in the correspondence subsequent to the CONSTABLE crash. These reveal SCOTT in the true nobility of his nature, plucky though downfallen, intent on reducing expenses arising from the almost barbaric hospitality of Abbotsford, resolved to devote his labour and his life to meeting financial responsibilities overwhelming him through no fault of his own. Certainly not in literature, and rarely in the wider field of humanity, has there been a nobler spectacle than that of WALTER SCOTT, hampered in means, crushed in spirit, failing in health, doggedly writing to pay off liabilities in which he found himself enmeshed. The diaries jotted down by Mrs. HUGHES during two successive visits to Abbotsford are full of good stories told by her host when he was sunning his genial nature in the blaze of prosperity. Most pathetic is her account of her final chat with SCOTT on the eve of his departure for Italy. "Heavy and helpless, he seemed hardly able to drag his limbs along. A sort of imbecility at times

overspread his countenance. A fixed look of sorrow hung upon his brow." Thus was the mighty one fallen.

In the ear of the average Englishman the name of FRANCESCO GUARDI has not the familiarity established by other, not always greater, continental painters. Yet his earliest known patron was an Englishman bearing the truly British name SMITH, and, of the nearly 300 paintings recognised as his, England, in public and private galleries, holds the lion's share. The National Gallery possesses in the *Piazza S. Marco* one of his masterpieces, whilst nine grace the walls of the Wallace treasure house. My Baronite has vivid recollection of two large canvases by GUARDI, seen at Waddesden whilst Baron "FERDY" ROTHSCHILD was still with us in his favourite character of week-end host. Among other private collections, Sir WILLIAM AGNEW has two gems. The fact is, GUARDI was a long time coming into recognition by his countrymen and the world at large. RUSKIN apparently never knew him. Certainly he does not mention his name in *Modern Painters*. It is known that, though of Austrian blood, he was born in Venice in 1712 and died there in 1793. But among its palaces and hovels his home is nameless, his grave unknown. Mr. SIMONSON has collected materials for a life of the painter, founded on original research. The work is excellently done, but the charm of the volume, to the publication of which Mr. METHUEN has done full honour, will be found in engravings of the painter's best works. There are forty-two, marvellously reproduced, carefully mounted, delights to the eye. GUARDI found most of his subjects in Venice, whose stately buildings, whose gleaming water-ways, whose picturesque roofs, whose very atmosphere, are here reproduced. It is tantalising to read the text of a contract signed by the painter in his seventieth year, whereby, in exchange for the sum of £20, he undertakes to paint four pictures illustrating the visit of Pius VI. to Venice.

Mr. GUY BOOTHBY gave himself a first-rate chance of achieving a great success with a sensational novel when he selected Russia, with of course Russian police, and mysterious Siberia as the scenery for the melodramatic action of his plot. Add to this a hidden treasure bequeathed by a dying man to his benefactor who, becoming suddenly an almost hopeless invalid, is compelled to confide his secret to a rather ordinary person, whom he has accepted as his son-in-law, and who is assisted by a kind of "comic relief" uncle. The story is called *In Spite of the Czar*—rather a taking title (as its publisher, JOHN LONG, must have thought)—though as a matter of fact the Czar, to whom allusion is occasionally made, never appears; while the hidden treasure, of which we hear so much, is so uncommonly well concealed that it never turns up at all! In fact, towards the close, when the villains are reaping the just reward of their villainy, when the fair damsel is rescued from the toils, and when the excited reader says to himself, "Now for the treasure," the author suddenly closes the book, and absolutely makes no further mention of the secreted millions. "But the treasure?" expostulates the reader. "Treasure?" repeats Mr. GUY BOOTHBY; "oh, yes, of course. Ah, well, you know, it was a secret treasure, wasn't it? Yes. Very good. Then we will keep it secret and say no more about it. Mum's the word." Now, had either GABORLAU, or DUMAS, got himself into a difficulty of this sort, a clear indication would have been given to the effect that anxious readers, wishing to be satisfied on such an important point, must await the publication of his forthcoming novel, *Dead on Spot*, when their curiosity (in the case of billiard players) would be gratified.

THE BARON



NIGHT-FALL IN THE WOODS.

BY OUR FLEET STREET NATURALIST.

(Who rather fancies himself in the style of the late RICHARD JEFFERIES.)

IN this wooded country night appears to fall slowly. Perhaps it is that in the dead January weather the light in and round the woods is never very clear, and that, as night draws on, some light is held and reflected in the golden sheen of the fallen ash leaves, and so, as it were, prolongs the dusk.

Here, on the north side of the great wood, it is peculiarly still, and, as I wait in an angle between a giant beech and the crumbling wall of the old Roman camp, objects across the fields slowly lose their definition.

Early as it is, the note of the nightingale floats from the coppice above, and the regular swish of the scythe in the meadow below can be distinctly heard.

Presently, from the corner of the great wood, a hen pheasant hops out to her evening meal, followed by her devoted lord, and ere long the whole covey rise and wing their way to their resting-place in the wide stubbles adjoining.

Still and dreary as woods seem in winter, it is only so to those whose ears are untuned to Nature. In the beech above there is a faint rustle, and yonder by the knot-hole appears the lithe red body of a stoat, busy feeding her young on the abundant beech-mast and acorns. The rabbits seem everywhere; country people still maintain that two or three of these faithful little animals inhabit one hole—locally called a "bury."

From below comes the footfall of the keeper—a strong and wholesome man, surely, with his hounds clustering round his feet. The sportsmen, bending under their load of game, have crossed the park to the great house. The sport is over; the game has been counted amid the lusty and well-earned plaudits of the beaters—hare and grouse, partridge and rabbit, and their blood stains the greensward.

A little later, and fresh from his burrow under the old crab-tree comes Red Reynard; with easy springs he crosses the meadow, and woe betide the rat or mouse that crosses his path this night! As I stand, his deep baying voice drifts through the coming darkness.

Another visitor, this time daintily crossing the ride at my back; surely no animal has so beautiful an eye as a hare. Encouraged by the stillness of all things, she stops and gracefully performs her toilet, softly laving first her ears and face, and then her body, in the sedge-grown brook. At the clank of the gate, as the keeper leaves the wood, she is



A QUALIFIED GUIDE.

Befogged Pedestrian. "COULD YOU DIRECT ME TO THE RIVER, PLEASE?"

Hatless and dripping Stranger. "STRAIGHT AHEAD. I'VE JUST COME FROM IT!"

instantly in her burrow. Hares, unlike rabbits, rarely make a bolt-hole.

The gentle wind that has swayed the topmost boughs of the trees is stilled; the mist slowly rises from the brook, veiling the alders as it were in a silvery shroud; the fern-owl chants out his *requiem* to the dying day; and so night comes.

MR. WILL CROOKS, M.P., recently opened a new public library, and is reported by the *Standard* as having said that "two years ago the son of a boiler-

maker in Poplar went from a junior Scholarship to an intermediate, and then a senior, and in his very first year at Cambridge took his blue (*cheers*). Could he have done that if it had not been for the public library?" This is indeed a fine tribute to authors like Mr. EUSTACE MILES. Or was it a chess blue?

A propos of the announcement that H. B. IRVING is to appear as *Hamlet* at the Adelphi Theatre (date unfixed):—

"NOT AMURATH AN AMURATH SUCCEEDS,
BUT HARRY HENRY."—2 *Hen. IV.*, v. 2.

THE SLUMP IN POETS.

[Mr. JONES LANE, Specialist, of the Bodley Head, has recently consented to discuss with an interviewer the depression in the Poetry Market. He is not, however, responsible for the theories advanced in the following lines.]

Lo! where a Century lies still-born,
The Patron's tears come down like sleet,
And barren cries from lips forlorn
Ring on the roofs of Vigo Street;
In vain among the groves to search,
Cheerless and bare and dumb and chilly,
Where vocal fowls were wont to perch
Just at the back of Piccadilly.

Scarce half a score of years have sped
(Who was it wrote that "Art is long?")
Since every hair on Bodley's Head
Harboured a separate bird of song;
Yes, that enchanted spot was then
A very Zoo of *aves raræ*—
The pencilled lark, the Gallic hen,
The yellow rook, the blue canary.

Imbibing Heliconian dew,
Nightjar and jay and turtle-dove
Sang Bacchus and his satyr crew,
Silenus, Liberty and Love;
All day, and loudest after dark,
Their shrill and space-defying chorus
Would reach as far as Bedford Park,
It was so poignant, so sonorous.

But now—poor Hippocrene is dry,
Where once, with heavenly wings unfrayed,
Squadrons of prancing Pegasi
Swept up the Burlington Arcade;
And if you ask, "Where springs the rill
That laves the local Muse's Mountain?"
You will be thought an imbecile,
And told to try the Shaftesbury Fountain.

I have a friend that lately found
A pilgrim, come from oversea,
Pacing, as if on holy ground,
The cloisters of The Albany.
Who said: "Right here, Sir, I opine,
Your British Muse is still located?"
Whereat the other made no sign,
Deeming his man inebriated.

Where lies the cause that facts are thus?
A dearth of topics? Surely no!
Why, what about the Motor-bus,
The Tube and Bridge and L'Art Nouveau?
May not the loftiest poet find
Inspiring stuff in modern movements,
And trace a beauty (undesigned)
Even in things like Strand "improvements?"

Alas! the evil lies within;
It is the lust for higher pay,
The passion (so debased) to win
Fortune by some more facile way;
Greedy to pouch the larger loaf,
Young men who might have made our verses
Prefer to tout, or type, or chauff,
Or ride as mutes on funeral hearses.

And this is why no bards occur.
None ever knows that aching void,
That hunger, prompting like a spur,
Which former genii enjoyed;

For all the poets dead and gone
Whose Muse contrived to melt the nation
Habitually did it on
A regimen of strict starvation.

Yet is the fault not theirs alone
Who love their ease before their Art;
The public's self is somewhat prone
To let its stomach blunt its heart;
For men in these expansive times
(Due, I am told, to fiscal freedom),
Though earth were black with angels' rhymes,
Dine far too well to want to read 'em. O. S.

QUEEN SYLVIA.

CHAPTER X.

A Momentous Interview.

THE news that the Queen had decided by and with the advice of her Ministers to propose to the King of EISENBLUT a personal meeting for the friendly discussion of the difficulty outstanding between their respective countries, was received by the population of Hinterland with extreme astonishment. Nothing in their past history had prepared them for anything but a warlike settlement of a question which had assumed dimensions so great and bristled with complications so serious and so varied. When, however, the great official newspaper declared in a double-leaded leading article that it had foreseen for some time past that events were inevitably moving in this direction; that, as a matter of fact, no other method of adjustment had ever been contemplated or thought possible by Her Majesty's advisers, and that it redounded much to the Queen's credit and would, indeed, reflect indelible glory upon her to have chosen the exact psychological moment for making a proposal which would probably have the effect of saving two great nations from the dreadful horrors of war—why, then it began to be realised by all that the decision was one for applause and not for censure. Thereupon was to be observed the wonderful spectacle of a whole people rushing precipitately from a sanguinary and overmastering desire for battles into a passionate adherence to the sacred cause of peace. To be sure there were one or two trifling exceptions to the chorus of praise. An evening paper, for instance, which combined no reputation for wisdom or good taste with a small circulation and a large measure of insolence, declared solemnly that if such things as these were done in the green tree it shuddered to think what might happen in the dry. For itself, it continued, it would protest to the last against so criminal a surrender. Was it for nothing, then, it asked in indignant tones, that the great Field Marshal, the hero of a hundred victorious battles, had been summoned from his leisured retirement, that the manhood of the country had trooped to the colours, and that all the war-correspondents had been bidden by those who were in the counsels of the War Office to prepare their service uniforms and their official badges?

"There can be but one explanation," it concluded. "The Ministers have sold their country, and made the Queen a laughing-stock. We demand their immediate impeachment."

Nobody, however, took so much notice of this bombast as might be involved in breaking the windows of the editorial office; and when the Poet Laureate, in accents of almost painful sincerity—they were published at one shilling, bound in white and stamped with doves and olive branches in gold on both covers—when, as I say, the Poet Laureate implored

The child who sways the sceptre to proceed,
Heedless of clamour, scornful of intrigue,
Boldly to register a matchless deed
Where in a white-winged league
Mercy and peace and justice are combined—

it was acknowledged that he had once again interpreted with



READY TO OBLIGE.

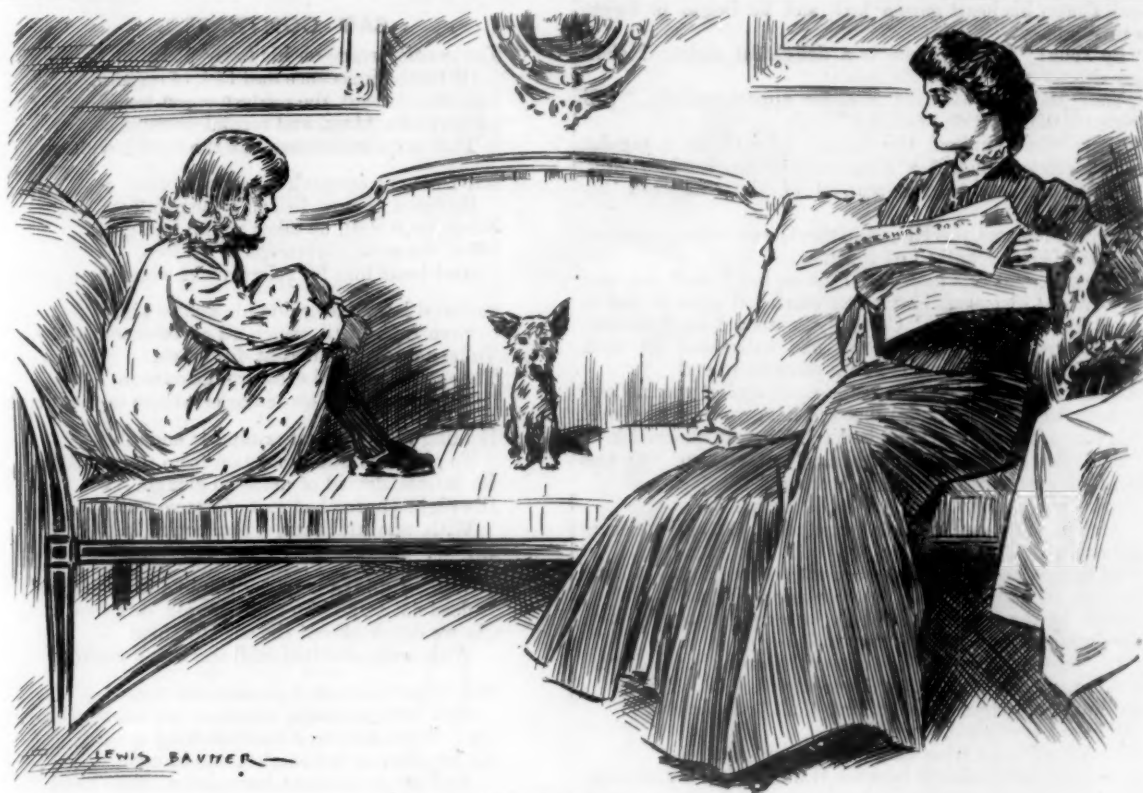
RIGHT HON. ARTHUR J. Balfour (*meditative'y, aloud*). "I WISH I COULD FIND A DOUBLE TO TAKE MY PLACE IN THE HOUSE!"

MR. WESTON CHURCHILL (*aside to himself*).

MR. LLOYD-GEORGE (*aside to himself*).

} "OUGHT NOT TO BE ANY DIFFICULTY ABOUT THAT!"

[John Chilcote, M.P., in Mrs. THURSTON'S novel (about to be dramatised) has a double who acts as his substitute in Parliament.]



A DOUBTFUL CHARACTER.

Mabel (to mother, who has just read announcement of forthcoming local dog show). "Oh, Mother, do let's send 'Scamp'."

Mother. "No, dear. I'm afraid he's not good enough."

Mabel. "Why—what's he done now?"

an inspired exactness the sentiments of the immense majority of the population.

Thus it came about that when SYLVIA set forth on her expedition she was acclaimed by an overwhelming demonstration of national joy. The houses burst out with bunting, arches of imitative masonry sprang up in unexpected thoroughfares, strong men shouted and wept, three old ladies of the working-class broke through the cordon at different points and endeavoured to kiss her hand, and the Lord Mayor, having delivered an address at the railway station, pushed forward his reluctant five-year-old daughter to present the Queen with a gigantic bouquet of lilies and white roses. In fact, everything showed that the great heart of the people had been deeply moved.

The place chosen for the meeting between Queen SYLVIA and King OTHO was the historic town of Acheval, which stands, as it were, astride of the frontier line dividing the two countries, half of it being in Hinterland, while the other half was in Eisenblut. In the midst of it is laid out a noble garden extending along the frontier and adorned with pavilions and trophies of both nations. Here the Sovereigns were to meet and decide. There had been some natural trouble at first in fixing an hour for the interview, for the question of time, as you will remember, was the very origin of the crisis. A spirit of accommodation had, however, prevailed, and, after minor concessions on the subject of hours and minutes had been made (without prejudice) on both sides, this important matter was finally arranged to the satisfaction of everybody.

Punctually at the time appointed SYLVIA arrived in her

portion of the town, while at the same moment King OTHO steamed into his. Ten minutes afterwards King OTHO, in the uniform of the Hinterland Fusiliers (the Die-Hards), of which he was Honorary Colonel, and attended by a numerous Staff, called at SYLVIA's Pavilion and inscribed his name in the visiting book. Half an hour after that Queen SYLVIA, in the uniform of the Eisenblut Lancers (the Ever Triumphant), of which she was Honorary Colonel, returned the King's visit at his Pavilion. Both sides then retired for refreshments, and an hour afterwards to the minute the real business began.

It was, if I may say so, with a beating heart and the Foreign Minister at her side that SYLVIA at last found herself walking to the meeting-place in the centre of the garden, while in the distance might be dimly descried the figures of King OTHO and his Minister advancing with a similar intention.

"Your Majesty," said SYLVIA's attendant earnestly, "will not forget to insist on the importance of the astronomical tables which my department has drawn up. Our whole case hinges on them."

"The astronomical tables?" said SYLVIA vaguely. "Did you give them to me?"

"They are in your Majesty's muff," said the Foreign Minister.

"Yes, yes, so they are. I hope I shall remember everything," said the Queen. "I shall certainly try to. Well, he really is *very* good-looking. Announce me," she added with that dignity which was one of her strongest characteristics.

King OTHO on his side had been not without some anxiety as to the interview, but when he set eyes on the beautiful

young Queen his heart gave a leap and he began to forget his time-tables.

"By Zeus!" he said, "she is a delightful sight. I shall enjoy this interview."

"Your Majesty," said his Minister apprehensively, "will be firm on the question of clocks."

"Trust me," laughed the King. "I will be a regular devil for clocks," and, if a King may be supposed to wink, this King did so to the scandal of the statesman 'his companion.

The next moment the King and the Queen were presented to one another and walked off together.

What passed at this interview I know, but I shall not say. Many learned historians have spent much toil upon it, and to these I refer the curious. Certainly it was a long interview, and the two Foreign Ministers had exhausted all their diplomatic small talk long before it came to an end.

At last the two Sovereigns reappeared, and it was noticed that both were smiling, and that the King wore in the lapel of his coat a white rose which had not formerly adorned it.

"It is the custom amongst Kings," said OTHO, "to kiss when they part, since Kings are brothers."

"It is an honourable custom," said SYLVIA.

"And a Queen and a King," continued OTHO, "are sister and brother."

"Of course," said SYLVIA, "we must not neglect the rules."

So they exchanged kisses in accordance with tradition.

"And, by the way," said SYLVIA in some dismay, "I have quite forgotten to mention the question—"

"Oh, the question of the time-tables and all that," said the King contemptuously. "As to that, I have decided. I withdraw my decrees. Everything shall be as before."

"You are very good," said SYLVIA.

"And you," said King OTHO, "are very beautiful."

Thus was peace assured between Hinterland and Eisenblut.

ARMS AND THE DOG.—Drastic measures have been taken in Hexhamshire for the destruction of the now notorious wolf, if we are to believe the *Newcastle Daily Journal*. "The hounds," it says, "were in the shire on Monday, and about a dozen of those on horseback and two on foot were armed with guns." This is indeed to "Cry havoc! and let loose the dogs of war."

THE loose habit of speech by which we identify animate objects with their surroundings—as in the phrases, "The House rose to its feet," or "The Gallery howled"—may easily lead us into trouble. Thus, from the *Exchange and Mart*:—

MAHOGANY Palace shaped aviary, in good condition, 10s. 6d., very tame; parakeet and cage, says few words, 10s. 6d.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.—The Masters of the Hon. Society of Gray's Inn recently issued a card of invitation to dinner, and two words were emphatically underlined, "*No Speeches.*" Hear! Hear! This is the right festive and seasonable way of dishing up the Bore's Head. Just the loyal and ancient toasts *sans phrase*. *O si sic omnes.*

A Home from Home.

WE have pleasure in publishing an extract from the prospectus of a Kinderhof, or Hostelry for Infants, clearly modelled on the lines of the Children's Hotel in New York.

HOTEL KIDDYMINSTER, BABBACOMBE.

WITHIN a few minutes' toddle of the sands. Rattle-band plays daily in the Great Indiarubber Ballroom. Hotel Pram meets all trains. Stabling for rocking-horses. Mailcart Garage.

SAD CONTRASTS.

THE gentle savage on his lowly plane
Of bestial innocence and lack of culture,
Ignores, 'tis said, the modern social bane
Of boredom, blues, and mental overstrain,
That tears his betters like the mythic vulture.

Far from encouraging his private woes
He has a plan to dissipate them fully;
When he is dull, he takes a club and goes
Off to the most convenient of his foes,
And beats him for refreshment where he's woolly.

Sartorial laws that guide his nobler kin,
Even from birth, which all experience teaches
To be a sweet and decent discipline,
The unembarrassed creature honours in
The breach, and quite neglects them in the breeches.

Holding th' immodest minimum enough
To give him due protection from the weather,
He flaunts, devoid of artificial slough,
His highly burnished suit of native buff,
With, now and then, a ceremonial feather.

When in his easy Prime's inglorious noon
Touched to the heart by Cupid's wanton arrow,
It does not make him sigh, or sulk, or swoon,
(As we do) or affront the solemn Moon
With serenades that chill the lady's marrow.

Our ordered ritual of prayers and vows
And soft persuasive arts does not impress him;
No. When he sees a likely-looking spouse,
He buys her at her market rate in cows,
And never thinks of *her* opinion, bless him!

Nay, more. While you and I must rest content
(Apparently) with one domestic chattel,
The uninstructed pluralist may vent
His natural polygumistic bent
As often and as long as he has cattle.

The labour of the fields—to till the ground,
To reap the fruit, to guard the herds and flocks—is
With us the sterner sex's daily round;
He, by a mastery too rarely found,
Commits the toil to his connubial proxies.

And thus he lives unchastened by the rods
That Fortune pickles for the back of Labour:
The worst (and happiest) of moral clods,
He never knew his duty to his gods,
And wasn't taught his duty to his neighbour.]

O Readers, we are very wise, no doubt:
We know a power of science, art, and letters;
But if you come to think the matter out,
The artless wildling knows his way about
As well as any of his cultured betters.

He never thinks of what he "can't afford";
His tailor's bill approaches the ideal;
He does no work, and yet is never bored;
And has, beyond all doubt or question, scored
In having solved the Problem Hymeneal.

And oft, when sorrow bids me realise
All that he has, and I have lost, for ever,
I feel that I am tired of being wise;
And the vain, hungry, wish begins to rise
That I were less laboriously clever.

DUM-DUM.

THE NEW LAWS OF BRIDGE.

As some doubt prevails, except perhaps in clubs, about the latest rules, we have much pleasure in publishing them. We think they will add to the amenities of the game and greatly increase the enjoyment of the players.

Dummy.—The dealer's partner, after exposing his hand, has no part in the game, yet on no pretence whatever (except as at the end of this law) is he allowed to leave his seat, or to look over his adversaries' hands. He is entitled to say "Having none?" should the dealer renounce, but with this exception he must not speak, move, cough, sneeze, wink, smile, laugh, or make any noise or movement whatever. (If the players are ladies the dealer's partner is allowed to speak, but not more than ten words.) Should he do any of these things the adversaries are entitled to blindfold him with his own handkerchief, to gag him with his own pocket-pencil or penknife, and to tie him to his chair with anti-macassars or with strips of window-curtains. If the players are ladies the adversaries are entitled to call her "a person." He (or she) is, however, allowed to cough or sneeze if he can show a doctor's certificate to prove that he is justified in doing so, and it is usual for the adversaries to raise no objection to his blinking his eyes, if it is natural and simultaneous, and in no way resembles a wink. Moreover, he (or she) is allowed to leave his chair in certain circumstances beyond his control, such as:—Apoplexy, Collapse of the Floor, whether due to jerry building or the weight of the players; Distraint of his Chair for Education Rate, whether he be a Passive Resister or not; Earthquakes; Explosions; Fire, in the same building; "Pins and Needles" in his foot—in this case only with the consent of the adversaries; Revolver Shots, as in mining camps and other unsettled districts; Riots, if immediately outside; Shells, if falling on the house during a bombardment; and Tidal Waves.

Tricks turned.—Once a trick is complete, turned and quitted, it must not be looked at until the end of the hand. If however an ace should, when turned, be found to have a pattern on the back quite different to the other cards, the players shall count their cards, and the one having an extra card shall be forcibly searched and compelled to eat any other aces found up his sleeves. The partner of the dealer is allowed to leave his chair to assist.

Revoke.—If a player revokes more than five times in two consecutive hands the other players are entitled to kick him on the shins, without undue violence, or, if



FILLING THE BREACH.

Miss Smythe (organising a subscription dance). "I'M IN DESPAIR ABOUT OUR DANCE, MR. BROWN. SO MANY PEOPLE HAVE FAILED ME. YOU'LL COME, WON'T YOU?"

Mr. Brown. "REALLY, MISS SMYTHE, I'M NOT A DANCING MAN. I DON'T DANCE AT ALL!"

Miss S. "OH, THAT WON'T MATTER IN THE LEAST. YOU'D HELP TO FILL UP, YOU KNOW!"

Mr. B. "AH—YES—WITH PLEASURE. I WILL LOOK IN ABOUT SUPPER-TIME."

the players are ladies, to scratch her face gently. If all the players revoke more than five times in one hand it is advisable to stop the game.

An Echo of Mile End.

STRAUS shows
How the wind blows.

N.B.—At the risk of spoiling the grammar of the above poem, our readers

are invited, out of compliment to the nationality which Mr. STRAUS claims, to give a British pronunciation to his name.

A HEAVY SLEEPER.—"To-day's Marseilles boat express from London will be an exceptionally heavy train. The Duke of DEVONSHIRE will be among the passengers."—*Manchester Courier* of Jan. 19.

LIFE'S LITTLE DIFFICULTIES.

X.—THE SMITHSONS, THE PARKINSONS,
AND COL. HOME-HOPKINS.

I.

Miss Daisy Hopping to a life-long school friend. (Extract.)

THE news is that mother is going to give another No. 1 dinner party, the first for three years. We are to have waiters from London instead of poor old SMART, the greengrocer, who breathes down your back, and two special *entrées*, and the champagne that grandpapa left us instead of what DICK always calls the Tête Montée brand for local consumption. And the county people are asked this time—no SMITHSONS and PARKINSONS and Col. HOME-HOPKINS, and the other regular old stodgers who go to all the parties within a radius of six miles. It is all because Uncle and Aunt MORDAUNT are coming from India, and he has just got a C.S.I.

II.

Messrs. Patti and Casserole to Mrs. Montgomery Hopping.

MADAM,—In reply to your esteemed favour of the 22nd we would suggest *quenelles de volaille aux champignons* as one *entrée* and *ris de veau à l'Armandine* as the other. The two waiters will come to you by the 3.5 from Euston. We are, Madam, Yours faithfully,

PATTI AND CASSEROLE.

III.

Miss Daisy Hopping to the same life-long school friend. (Extract.)

Mother is in her best temper, as all the guests she has asked have accepted. LENA and I are not to come down to dinner, because there won't be room, but we are to go in afterwards, and Mother is giving us new dresses. Mine is [thirty lines omitted]. So you see it's an ill wind that blows nobody any good. Uncle MORDAUNT will talk about Stonehenge all the time, but they all say they are so charmed to be going to meet him.

IV.

Mrs. Leonard Hatt to Mrs. Montgomery Hopping.

DEAR MRS. HOPPING,—I am so very sorry to have to tell you that we shall not be able to dine with you on the 5th after all, as my husband is ill with a chill. You will, I know, be glad to hear that his temperature is now nearly normal, after a very anxious time, but the doctor forbids all thought of going out of doors for at least ten days. I am exceedingly sorry, as we were so looking forward to the evening at your pretty house and to seeing dear Sir MORDAUNT again. I am,

Yours sincerely,

MILDRED HATT.

V.

Lady Durdham to the Hon. Mrs. Willie Ross.

DEAR NANNY,—We reached town yesterday, after a delightful cruise, and now we want to see you and WILLIE more than anything, so come up on the 5th, Thursday, and we will go somewhere, and have supper, and talk it all over. If you have an engagement, break it.

Yours, BEE.

VI.

The Hon. Mrs. Willie Ross to Mrs. Montgomery Hopping.

DEAR MRS. HOPPING,—It is very distressing to me to have to decline an invitation after accepting it, but I have just discovered that we have an engagement for the 5th which cannot be put off. I am so very sorry, and I promise I will never be so careless again—if you ever give me another chance! Believe me, dear Mrs. HOPPING,

Yours very truly,

ANNETTE ROSS.

VII.

Canon Bath to Mrs. Montgomery Hopping.

MY DEAR MRS. HOPPING,—I very deeply regret to have to write as I must; but we are all servants and at the mercy of our masters, and the Bishop has just signified his intention of visiting Widdesdon on the day of your charming party, and has asked me to be his host.

To so good a churchwoman as yourself I need not say more, except that I am deeply concerned to have to break faith with you and to miss a colonial antiquarian gossip with Sir MORDAUNT. Believe me, dear Mrs. HOPPING,

Yours sincerely,

OLIVER BATH.

VIII.

Mrs. Vansittart to Mrs. Montgomery Hopping.

DEAR MRS. HOPPING,—I have put off writing till the last moment, hoping that the necessity might pass, but I am now forced to say that I shall not be able to dine with you on the 5th. Poor ARTHUR was brought home on Saturday, from mixed hockey, so badly bruised and injured that he has been in bed ever since and requires constant attention. I am sure that you (who also are a mother) will understand that I should not like to leave him in this state even for an evening; and so I hasten to let you know. Yours sincerely,

KATE VANSITTART.

P.S.—You will please tell Sir MORDAUNT and Lady HOPPING that I am deeply grieved not to meet them.

IX.

Mrs. Montgomery Hopping to Messrs. Patti and Casserole. (Telegram.)

Mrs. MONTGOMERY HOPPING will not

require either the *entrées* or the waiters for the 5th.

X.

Miss Daisy Hopping to the same life-long school friend. (Extract.)

This house isn't fit to live in. Everyone who was invited has backed out, except old General STORES, who says he put off going to the South of France on purpose. Mother never thought he would come at all. If it weren't for him, mother (who is more like a whirlwind than anything I ever experienced) says she would have no party at all; but now she must go on with it, especially as she told Uncle MORDAUNT. And so it means the SMITHSONS and the PARKINSONS and Col. HOME-HOPKINS after all. The worst of it is we are not to have new dresses.

XI.

Mrs. Parkinson to Mrs. Montgomery Hopping.

DEAR MRS. MONTGOMERY HOPPING,—It will give Mr. PARKINSON and myself such very great pleasure to dine with you on the 5th to meet your distinguished brother-in-law. A dinner party at your house is always such an event, and in our remote neighbourhood, where excitements are so few, short notice perhaps adds to the delight. Believe me,

Yours sincerely,

MILDRED PARKINSON.

XII.

Col. Home-Hopkins to Mrs. Montgomery Hopping.

MY DEAR LADY,—Your word is always law, and you may count on me to be on your hospitable doorstep at the stroke of eight. Would that you had said seven, that an hour of happiness were added! I beg you not to apologise for what you call short notice. No notice should be too short to a soldier. I am, dear Lady, yours to command,

EDGAR HOME-HOPKINS.

XIII.

Mrs. Smithson to Mrs. Montgomery Hopping.

MY DEAR MRS. HOPPING,—It would give Mr. SMITHSON and myself much pleasure to accept your kind invitation were it not that we are a little in bondage to a visitor, a niece of my husband's, such a very nice girl, who is staying with us before taking up a position at Cannes as a companion to a very interesting old lady, the widow of Commander MUXCASTER, who, you may remember, died a few weeks ago. As we do not quite like to leave her alone all the evening I wondered if I might bring MADELINE with me. She is a very nice girl, and quite the best pupil at the Guildhall School of Music last year. Perhaps you would like her to bring some music with

her. I know it is often a help. But of course, dear Mrs. HOPPING, you will say at once if it is inconvenient or likely to put your table out, and then we can perhaps get Miss MOBERLY to come in for the evening and bring her knitting, as I should not like to refuse your very kind invitation. The Doctor was saying only the other day how long it was since we had the pleasure of dining with you. As for short notice, I hope you won't mention it. It is so difficult often to give long notice, as I know only too well.

Yours very truly,

MARTHA SMITHSON.

P.S.—I find I have not said how glad we shall be to see Sir MORDAUNT and Lady HOPPING.

XIV.

Mrs. Montgomery Hopping to Mrs. Smart.

To Mrs. SMART.

I am glad your husband can come for Thursday evening. I am counting on him to be here at five to help with the silver, and I shall want some mushrooms if you can get them, some French beans, and two heads of celery.

E. MONTGOMERY HOPPING.

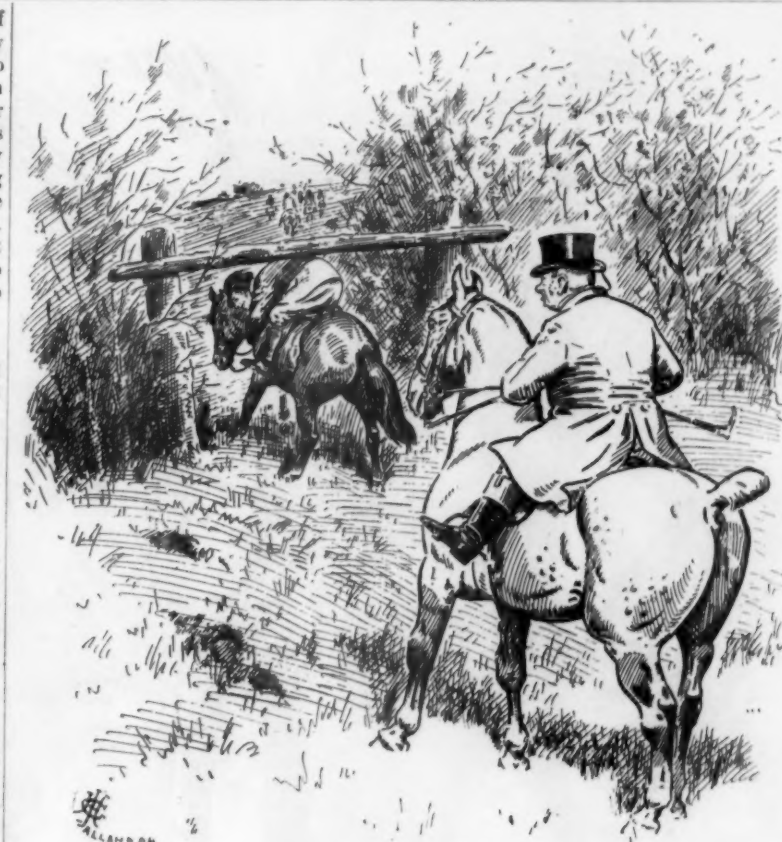
DON QUIXOTE TO MR. PUNCH.

(Translation.)

VERY MISTER MY,—I hear that in this manner one now begins a letter in Spain. *Ay de mi!* How unlike the stately politeness and elegant phrases of my time! But then we are so far from the days of AMADIS DE GAULA, and are even now three hundred years from my first appearance, which your contemporaries, *Señor Punch*, have lately celebrated.

I hear sometimes of your country and its possessions, larger, though not more illustrious, than in the time of your glorious Queen, who defeated even the Invincible Armada of Spain. What a woman! And I hear also of you, *Señor Punch*, and that you desire to right the wrong and to succour the oppressed, as all brave men should do. No doubt there are still wrongs to right, though you have an assembly of representatives of the people who talk for six months of every year in order to do this, and have talked in like manner for centuries, and yet there are men in your country who clamour for work and children who cry for food. *Válame Dios!* why do they talk so much and achieve so little?

I hear there is in your country an ingenious gentleman, named, I think, DON JOSÉ DE LA TARIFA, who loves, as I loved, to tilt at giants—or at windmills, as my squire SANCIO PANZA called them. I never could quite understand which they were. I know not if DON JOSÉ be



A TIGHT FIT.

"COME ON, GRANDPA, THERE'S JUST ROOM UNDER HERE, I THINK!"

WHEN?

It is not when the green Venetian blind Flaps at the wayward prompting of the wind,
That thoughts of thee come crowding to the mind.

When with adroitly modulated brush My few remaining hairs I coax and crush,
No words of thine into my memory rush.

Nor, when with nimble hands that work apace,
Low bending, I begin my boots to lace,
Do I look up and seem to see thy face.

If haply now and then when things go wrong,
In moments weak I use a word too strong,
It brings no music from Love's old sweet song.

Roses may bloom and strawberries grow red,
Yet dreams of days with thee forever fled
Refuse to come, but keep away instead.

Ah sad! from such a height so soon to fall!
Those halcyon days, those days beyond recall,
I fear I never think of them at all.

one of your friends, but I hear that his brave arm offers protection to the oppressed, and AMADIS DE GAULA himself could have done no more. Yet in former days he offered each citizen a cow, which was indeed a strange gift for a knight errant. And you have other ingenious gentlemen, who run their swords into wine-skins, or beer-barrels, and themselves drink only water, or a decoction of the strange Eastern herb called tea. *Gran merced!* There are still followers of AMADIS DE GAULA. I hope you have also brave knights who fight for oppressed damsels, as I fought for Doña DULCINEA DEL TOSO. But it has been said to me that the damsels in your country are now so large of stature and so powerful of limb that they need no one to fight for them.

My squire, SANCIO PANZA, presents his humble respects. I kiss the hands of your Excellency, and I am your servant,
QUIJOTE DE LA MANCHA.

Timid Little Man (apologetically, to large and terrifying female Dummy).
I leave it you, partner.

Dummy. Coward!



AFTER A SHOOT IN COUNTY CLARE.

Master. "WELL, PADDY, WHAT SORT OF A BAG?"

Paddy. "WELL, YER HONOUR, COUNTIN' THE RABBITS, THERE IS NINE DISTINCT SPAYCIES O' BIRDS!"

OPEN LETTER.

TO A PAIR OF FOOTBALL BOOTS.

(With acknowledgments to Mr. C. B. Fry in the "Daily Express.")

DEAR OLD PALS,—I want to speak to you seriously and as man to man, because you're not mere dead hide, are you? No, no, you are intelligent, sentient soles, and to be treated as such by every player.

Ah! booties, booties, you little beauties, what a lot you mean to us, don't you? and how hardly we use you.

I've known men to take you off after a game, hurl you—as Jove hurled his thunderbolts—into a corner of the pav. and there leave you till you are next required.

Ah! old men, that's not right, is it? How would we great machines of bone, muscle, and nerve-centre (ah! those nerve-centres, what tricky things they

are!), how would we be for the next match if we were treated like that? Pretty stiff and stale, eh, old booties?

Now, look here, when we come in after a hard, slogging game, our bodies and the grey matter in our brains thoroughly exhausted, immediately we've had our bath, our rub-down, and our cup of steaming hot Hercubos (I find Hercubos the finest thing to keep fit on during a hard season) we must turn our attention to you, booties.

First, out from our little bag must come our piece of clean, sweet selvyt. With it all that nasty black slime that gets into your pores and makes you crack must be wiped off. Now, before a good blazing fire of coal—not coke, mind, the fumes of a coke fire pale and de-oxygenate the red corpuscles of our blood, you know—we must carefully warm you till you are ripe to receive a real good dousing of our Porpo (I find

Porpo the finest thing for keeping boots soft and pliable).

Finally, with a white silk handkerchief we must give you a soft polishing, and there you are, sweet and trim against our next match. Every morning you may be sure we will, like Boreas, drive away the clouds of dust that collect on you.

And then there are the laces to attend to. Oh, yes, your laces are like our nerve-fibres, the little threads that keep the whole big body taut and sound. They, too, must have a good rubbing of Porpo and a rest if they need it.

Ah! and won't you repay our trouble, booties, when next we slip you on! How tightly you will clasp us just above the tubercles of our tibiae, how firmly you will grip our pliant toes, how you will help us to send the ball swishing—low and swift—into the well-tarred net!

Good-night, booties.



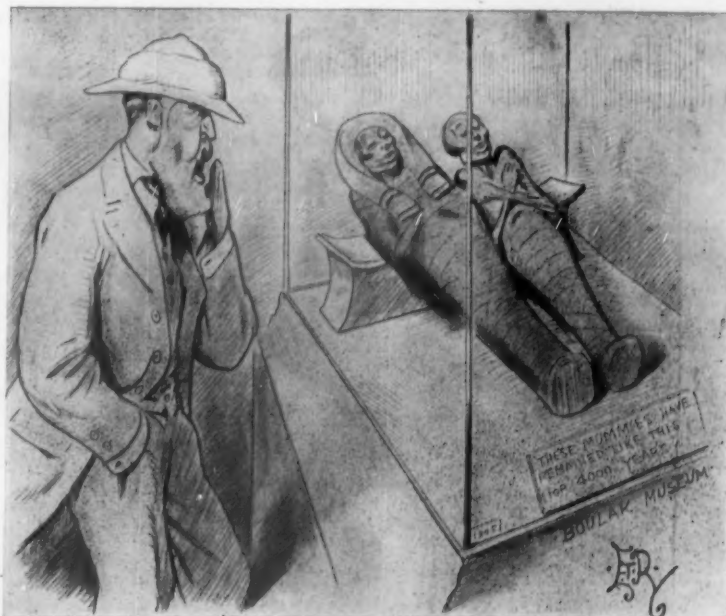
AN EMERGENCY EXIT.

RUSSIAN BEAR. "I'M CUTTING RATHER A POOR FIGURE IN THIS COMPETITION. I THINK I SHALL GET OUTSIDE ON TO THE DANGEROUS PART, AND THEN THEY'LL HAVE TO RESCUE ME. . . . I SHOULD RATHER LIKE TO BE RESCUED."

THE LEADING ARTICLE OF THE FUTURE.

[The following article was written by a member of the Editorial staff of *Mr. Punch* in collaboration with a member of the Advertising staff who independently investigated and tasted all the products here described.]

STRANGE and paradoxical as it may appear, the War has drawn yellow and white together for the first time by a feeling of human equality. But while a prolonged study of the humane arts may refine and soften the mind—"emollit mores" as OVID has it, neither all the colours of the rainbow nor all the perfumes of silken Samarcand can conjure a badly-fatted soap into a fit and beneficent emollient for the human skin. But to resume our study of the psychological results of the great conflict in the Far East. The generous conduct of the municipality of Nagasaki towards the Russian captives cannot but exert a powerful influence in assuaging international animosities. One consequence may be that inter-marriage between the Japanese and Western nations will gradually become frequent, with results to the future of civilisation as a whole that the intelligent anticipation of the most highly-trained publicist can hardly hope to fathom. On the other hand a detergent intended for use in the "balneum matutinum" or "morning tub" must possess greater tenacity of fibre and in consequence requires a higher percentage of tallow. The bearing of this on the production of New Zealand mutton and the entire preferential system will not escape the most superficial observer. In the meantime the Japanese Press, not without considerable provocation, is beginning to protest against the laxity with which the French authorities in Madagascar have construed their obligations as neutrals, while simultaneously Russian journals of all shades of opinion are denouncing their "dear allies" for the inadequacy of their benevolence. The French are no longer in good odour in St. Petersburg. And this reminds us that the scenting of tablets is an art in which few soapboilers attain perfection. All the perfumes of Araby, the blossoms of Cashmere, and the recondite aromas of the by-products of Baku are blended by the modern alchemist in one superb and engrossing totality. Success in this process is the work of a lifetime, nay, of many lifetimes. For it is, alas! only too true that an odour which would be admirable in a detergent would be positively disgusting on a mouchoir. It is the old, old story. What is one man's



THE D-KE OF D-V-NSH-RE IN EGYPT.

His Grace (yawning). "LUCKY BEGGARS!!"

meat is another man's poison, and we must never forget that one of the greatest British prelates of the nineteenth century was distinguished by a sobriquet emphasising his saponaceous excellence. But on the chessboard of life as on that of pastime the moves of bishops or kings do not always decide the greatest issues. In the opinion of the most acute observers the ultimate arbiter of Russia's fate is neither CZAR nor MIKADO, KUROPATKIN nor OYAMA. If Russia is overthrown it will be not from without but from within. The moujik as an individual may be a negligible quantity, but multiplied by ninety millions he becomes a portent. Hitherto he has never shown any capacity for united action, but within the last few weeks the possibility of a jacquerie infinitely transcending the most formidable peasant outbreaks of France has advanced rapidly to the stage of imminent menace. The consumption of soap by the moujik is extremely limited. Indeed, he cannot even be said to emulate the historic vaunt of a former King of SAXONY, who once observed, "I wash myself every fortnight, whether I require it or not." Yet a good toilet soap, whose virtues as an emollient are admitted by every dermic expert, can now be produced by GRICE AND COMPANY'S magical process at a price which brings it within the reach of the most im-

pecunious moujik in the entire dominions of the great WHITE CZAR. In this context it is impossible to over-estimate the significance of the recent strike among the workmen employed at the Neva Shipbuilding yards. Russian Ministers have declared that the reconstruction of their fleet is an indispensable preliminary to the successful prosecution of the campaign in the Far East. But ships cannot build themselves. When TOPSY said, "Spect I grouched," she overlooked one prime essential in the normal development of the human frame, the habitual use in ablution of a sound, pure, and properly-fatted soap. It is true that some temerarious reactionaries, intoxicated with the exuberance of their own eccentricity, have not scrupled to assert that all the ills which flesh is heir to have their origin in the use of soap. Such persons are best left to welter in the noisome obscurity to which their anarchical sentiments condemn them. Have they forgotten, we should like to know, what was the fate of the great unwashed when the Coldstream Guards were summoned to disperse the rioters in Coldbath Fields? Have they forgotten the tragic and terrible results of that appalling "cri du cœur," "What, no soap?" which heralded the Armageddon in which the Great Panjandrum fell, "ruining through the illimitable



Lofty Candidate. "AID, GENTLEMEN, I—AR—MAY CONFESS, WITH—AR—COME PARDONABLE PRIDE, THAT MY ANCESTARS CAME OVAH WITH THE CONQUERAH."
Voice from the Crowd. "YAH! GARN! ALIEN HIMMIGRANT!"

inane"? We may not all be able to lunch every day at the Savoy Restaurant, or to keep a 60-h.p. Mercédès, but there is one thing that no self-respecting citizen can dispense with—a cake of pure, true, honest, properly-fatted soap, which forms the leading article of Messrs. GRICE's output—and our own.

CHARIVARIA.

THE CZAR, it is stated, is contributing £10,000,000 towards the expenses of equipping a third Baltic Fleet for the Far East. This present to the Japanese is said to be in return for the chivalrous treatment of the defenders of Port Arthur.

It is stated that General KUROPATKIN is only waiting for a fine day to commence another battle. But if the strikes in Russia continue it may become necessary for his next "advance" to be made in a direct line for St. Petersburg.

PIERRE LOTI, in his *Escales au Japon*, expresses the view that the manners of the Japanese have been deteriorating, and, in the expressions of a crowd in Nagasaki who mobbed two Frenchmen for kicking a dog, he fancied he could detect a hatred of all Europeans.

Germany's wish to be friends with England having been received with

some scepticism in this country, a proof of the earnestness of her intentions was asked for, and a coal strike has been organised in Westphalia to England's great advantage.

According to the *Daily Chronicle*, the news that an Anglo-German Club is to be formed in London has created an excellent effect in Berlin. Some such association with similar objects is now contemplated there, and "its members," says our contemporary, "would embrace leading men in public life." This is, perhaps, needlessly effusive.

Some idea of the rigour of the winter in Germany may be gathered from the fact that one man in Munich has stolen forty-four overcoats.

The leading Boers in the Transvaal are starting a fierce opposition to the Imperial proposals for a new Constitution, being apprehensive that these may not result in Boer supremacy. It seems a pity to go out of our way to alienate our friends.

We like to see a paper up to date. The *Express* published, last week, an article entitled "The Finest Falls in the World" on what was certainly the most slippery morning we have had this year.

According to the *Sporting and Dramatic News* a number of wolf cubs have

in recent years been sold to hunts in this country as young foxes. Words fail us to express our indignation that persons can be found so vile as to take advantage of innocent country folk like this. Someone will be palming off young elephants on them next.

Shortly after leaving Jamaica on the steamer *Atrato*, a second-class passenger was attacked by a snake measuring 5 ft. 8 in. The brute is supposed to have come on board with a consignment of rum.

Recent statistics show that London is becoming increasingly healthy, and it is regrettable that so many Englishmen should continue to patronise foreign health resorts. The exodus to the Riviera shows no signs of decreasing, and can only be explained by the pressure resulting from alien immigration.

Meanwhile, according to the Birth-rate returns, Londoners, who are rightly accused of taking no pride in their city, are showing an increased aversion to being born.

It will shortly be possible to book seats in the Gallery at the St. James's Theatre. This will obviate the present inconvenient necessity of hurrying away from a dinner at the Carlton.

A number of persons have written letters to the Manager of Drury Lane Theatre to say that *The White Cat*, as altered, is not so futile and improper as the *Daily Mail* said it was before it was altered.

The Artillery, it is announced, will shortly be supplied with a new dress cap, having a peak and red band, which will make all the men look like officers. This clever device will, we suspect, attract to that branch of the Service more men than officers.

We think that the high state of civilisation reached by *Coco*, the marvellous monkey, has been exaggerated. It is true that when he attends a theatre, and is pleased, he claps his paws, but the beast cannot boo.

The first number of the *Grand Magazine*, we see from an advertisement, contains an article by Sir A. CONAN DOYLE, entitled "My Best Story, and why I think so." Everyone, we imagine, will be anxious to hear more about SHERLOCK HOLMES's first death.

Are we becoming less gallant? When Miss CORELLI declared, in her address at Northampton, "We have to-day no SCOTT, THACKERAY, or DICKENS," there was not a single cry of "But we've got you, Miss."



PRIMUM VIVERE, DEINDE PHILOSOPHARI.

"Is Florrie's engagement really off, then?"

"Oh, yes. Jack wanted her to give up gambling and smoking, and goodness knows what else."

(Thomas.) "How absurd!"

HARLEQUIN AND THE HEROINE;
*Or, How the Maiden of Melodramia fared
in the Regions of Pantomimia.*

PART II.

BUT I was not allowed time for soliloquy, for already the distant strains of a band proclaimed the advent of the Royal party, and in an access of maidenly confusion I drew aside to observe the entrance of my princely lover.

Then, as the music grew louder, there entered the Market Place a procession of sportsmen, some with bugles, some with spears, others bearing animals of every known and almost every unknown variety, the trophies of their skill, already rigid in death.

These gentlemen grouped themselves naturally into two lines, and it was through the lane thus formed that I beheld for the first time H.R.H. Prince PRETTYMAN of Pantomimia.

How noble he looked, as with delicate and haughty step headvanced to meet me! He was clad, as were his comrades, in a costume which, while of suitably rich and even resplendent material, was yet designed to permit of that freedom of limb which is so essential to the pursuit of the chase. His demeanour was at once arch and engaging, and I immediately felt that I was in the presence of no ordinary being.

"Well, boys," said the Prince, addressing his followers in a voice whose singular quality would alone have commanded attention, even apart from his practice of speaking, as is, I understand, the habit of royalty, entirely in rhymed couplets—"Well, boys, once more we're here at last, With all our dangers and our perils past; Once more we gaze upon our homes and see Each well-known cottage and each family tree. But who comes here, what vision meets my eyes? The Baron's daughter! what a sweet surprise!"

His words were indeed gratifying, though I was at first a little at a loss for the proper method of receiving such lyrical blandishments. Remembering, however, that a safe rule for heroines under any circumstances says, "When in doubt, droop," I drooped accordingly. False blushed.

But I will not recall our conversation *verbatim*; indeed, my memory has retained rather the Prince's reasons than his rhymes. Enough that we plighted our troth in the midst of a chorus, several choruses, of approval; a certain publicity of the emotions is one of the penalties of exalted station. That His Royal Highness had mistaken me for my cousin was a detail with which I hesitated at such a moment to embarrass him.

So soon as I was alone I sought out Sir RUPERT, whom I discovered in The

Baron's Kitchen. I could not but notice that his manner seemed to lack something of its wonted assurance.

"I don't understand the ways of these people," he said, giving a dejected twirl to his moustache. "They don't appear to have the remotest idea of plot."

"While," I returned, "your whole existence is one of deception and intrigue. Go, Sir RUPERT, your presence here is hateful to me, but doubtless there are those by whom such a gentleman as you would be appreciated!"

I emphasised the word "gentleman" sarcastically, and we both waited for the customary response. As none came, I was forced to add, "I mean the villain of whom my cousin spoke. Surely he—"

Sir RUPERT closed his eyes with a shudder. "If you had seen him," he said, "you would understand that the subject is a painful one. He was dressed



Hurling vegetables at Sir Rupert.

like a pirate—I am endeavouring to forget his boots."

It was impossible not to pity the miscreant. He looked so forlorn and lonely.

"I'm engaged to the Prince," I said, thinking to cheer him with the prospect of action.

"Of course you are," said Sir RUPERT, "and I'm waiting here to kill your Uncle and then say that the Prince did it. I at least can do my duty, although," he added bitterly, "there isn't a pistol or an ounce of poison in the house; and they call that management!"

"Cowardly traitor!" I exclaimed, "your treachery shall avail you nothing. I at least will always believe him innocent."

"Miow-wow," said a voice.

"Confound that Cat," muttered Sir RUPERT, "it's all over the place;" and as he spoke I perceived the creature, of an unusual size, regarding us with an expression of almost human intelligence.

"Old comrade," I said, employing my

habitual address to domestic pets, "you are my only friend now. You alone have not forsaken me, you alone can pity and understand my sorrow."

Evidently comprehending my words, the faithful animal dried its eyes with its tail, and danced round the room hurling vegetables at Sir RUPERT; it was not exactly what I had expected, but I was nevertheless touched by this exhibition of dumb sympathy.

At this moment the kitchen door opened and my Uncle entered the room backwards, tripping over the Cat as he did so. Considering the circumstances of his arrival I thought its method showed some lack of delicacy. In a murder scene dear papa would never have dreamed of entering without slow music.

Arguing from the analogy of those members of the aristocracy whom I already knew, I had perhaps formed a conception of Lord BROKEUP somewhat alien from the actual figure which I now beheld. The Baron is a little gentleman, dressed in a costume of an old-fashioned style; he still, for instance, retains a curled wig of the period of WILLIAM THE THIRD. His garments also betray some signs of an honourable poverty, and are worn, moreover, with a certain air of the eccentric not unbecoming in one of his years and position. It is to this also that I attribute his habit of blowing upon a football whistle and exclaiming "Half-time," in circumstances which do not appear to call for such an observation. On the whole, his should be, I fancy, a most lovable nature.

Before, however, I had time for more than an expression of horror, Sir RUPERT drew forth an enormous sword, and with a muttered malediction aimed a blow at the old gentleman's heart. The weapon crumpled uselessly in his hand.

"Half-time!" said my Uncle pleasantly, as he brushed the dust from his coat. "It always does that, you know, because of the joke about the War Office and Government Contracts."

I confess that I felt sorry for Sir RUPERT. He scowled bravely, but it was evident that the failure had unnerved him. Turning on his heel he was about to quit the apartment, when he was prevented by the sudden entrance of my Aunt, who, clasping him round the waist, constrained him to the execution of what is, I believe, known as a double shuffle.

Uncle BROKEUP and the Cat then commenced to fling the kitchen furniture in every direction, an occupation in which my Aunt, having released Sir RUPERT, joined heartily. I hasten to draw a veil over the conclusion of the scene. Both Sir RUPERT and I did our best, but it is indeed difficult to be emotional in an atmosphere opaque with crockery. Even

my own dignified and heart-broken reserve must have suffered from the frequent necessity of bending before the storm of hardware.

When it had abated, and the air was again clear, I ventured to reproach my Uncle very gently for its introduction, but without effect.

"My dear," he answered, arranging the mat for his habitual and most indecorous mode of exit, "you must get used to that sort of thing before we go to the Halls," and ere I could inquire the meaning of this expression, he disappeared, head, as usual, foremost.

It was in scenes like these that I first learnt to doubt the wisdom of my choice and to pine for the simpler and less chaotic atmosphere of home. Nevertheless, a Prince, however unworthy, is still a Prince, and I was determined to go through with it. Even after the hideous moment when I beheld him in a straw hat, garments (which I will not particularise) of blue and white cotton, with a banjo in his hand and castanets upon his heels, repeating some scurrilous libel in which I was addressed as an Ethiopian, even then, when my idol of heroic dignity was shattered, I had yet one source of courage. I looked forward to an existence of stately and even tragic splendour as a Queen Consort. It was for this that I endured the abandoned levity of my suitor, the vulgarity of my relations, and the thousand agonies that can be suffered by a soul like mine from surroundings so uncongenial. How was I destined to be undeceived!

IMPERIAL CHIT-CHAT.

DEAR Mamma does get such unfortunate crazes for things, and they do so often lead to unpleasantnesses between the people here. Her very latest was the result of the Earl of JERSEY saying that the English-speaking people ought not only to think imperially but to gossip imperially.

Mamma laid down the *Daily Mail* when she read that, and said she thought it a most valuable idea, and

that she would encourage it in Slumberleigh with all her heart.

"Of course," Mamma said to all the friends we met in the village that day, "of course we don't gossip in Slumberleigh, but what Lord JERSEY means is obvious, and we will do it."

"Now," she said to me, "I've got a brilliant idea: next Wednesday we'll give an Imperial At Home for Imperial Gossip, just to give the idea a good start."

That is Mamma all over. So enthusiastic!

We went at once to the stationer's, where Mamma bought some invitation cards and the *Daily Mail Year Book*.

Wednesday arrived. I felt I should

had a nephew there who wrote her long letters, so she told us lots about the country, the life there, its products, and all that. Everybody listened eagerly, and several threw in very intelligent remarks. Mamma, for example, said: "Of course they desire reciprocity?" and Mrs. TOWERS replied that they were longing for it.

Then she paused for a minute to take a sip of tea, and Miss SNAPPE joined in. She leaned forward, smiling, and said:

"How very interesting; but I thought this was to be an Imperial gossip?"

"Yes," Mrs. TOWERS replied in her most vinegary tones, "yes, that is why we are talking about the Colonies."

Miss SNAPPE positively shone with excitement.

"Unfortunately," she said, "—would you kindly hand me the cake; thank you so much—unfortunately the Argentine is not a Colony of ours."

Mrs. TOWERS went crimson.

"Then perhaps you will tell me, Miss SNAPPE," she snorted, "why in my atlas the Argentine is coloured red?"

Then it was poor dear Mamma's turn.

"Yes," she said, "I think you must be wrong, Miss SNAPPE; you know what the great Imperialist said: 'All red,—all British, you know.'"

Miss SNAPPE was too venomous for

words. She threw an apologetic note into her voice and said: "Oh, was he referring to Africa?"

I saw the trap and shuddered; but Mamma and Mrs. TOWERS simply plunged in.

"Certainly!" cried poor Mamma.

"Of course!" cried Mrs. TOWERS.

"Because," Miss SNAPPE said, rising, "the Argentine, according to my map, is in South America." Then she said good-bye and went.

Nothing more has ever been heard of Imperial Gossip in Slumberleigh.

Nobody wants to curtail the well-earned recreations of the L.C.C., but their designs, lately published, for a "Bridge" Hall, seem to the poor ratepayers a little extravagant. Would not a "Pit" Parlour serve their purpose?



The Grey Lady of Moatville Grange. "PORTER, IS THERE A 'BOGIE' CARRIAGE ATTACHED TO THE MIDNIGHT EXPRESS?"

[According to an evening paper, a ghost train has been seen on one of the London railways, with ghostly passengers alighting at a spectral siding.]

be fearfully out of the conversation. One thing puzzled me very much, so I asked Mamma in as off-hand a manner as I could:

"Oh, by the way, Mamma," I said, "what does 'to think imperially' mean exactly?"

Mamma replied that what they taught me at Miss PASSER's goodness only knew, and then she picked up the *Year Book* and I could hardly get another word out of her.

Almost immediately unpleasantness arose between Mrs. TOWERS and Miss SNAPPE. Miss SNAPPE hates Mrs. TOWERS because Mrs. TOWERS took her cook after she left Miss SNAPPE.

It was like this. The conversation had flagged from the very first until suddenly Mrs. TOWERS began talking about the Argentine. It appeared she

BACK TO THE LISTS.

["The motor-car is reviving the old class-feeling."—*Vide Papers.*]

WHEN tilting knights on grassy tract
Measured their prowess—and their length;
When life was hard for those who lacked
The simple *savoir faire* of strength;
When Justices left jokes to Dagonet,
And no one kept an autowagonette;—

Your villain seldom suffered loss,
But lived at peace, the while his lord
Would very likely run across
Some errant blade of ARTHUR's board,
Who loved upon the turf to chance a lot—
GAWAINE, OF LAMORAK, OR LANCELOT.

And surely it were fairer now
For visor'd cranks, who armour-clad
Fordo the ruminating cow,

Make stolid roosters leap like mad,
(And more they do, that I in mercy veil,
Unknightly deeds unknown to PERCIVALE)—

If these should in some forest lorn,
Holding a Tournament of Cars,
Feuter and foil from break of morn
Till all beheld amazing stars,
While to and fro with oil to plenish all
Shunted Sir K.O2 the Seneschal,

Then might we sing, like bards of yore,
How well Sir PANHARD fought his whack,
And battered with a buffet sore
Sir TÊTE DE MOTOMANIAQUE;
And shelled his brains, like peas that stocked a pod,
Around his 20 h.-p. Octopod!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IN *Cross River Natives* (HUTCHINSON), MR. CHARLES PARTRIDGE throws vivid light on a little-known territory. As Assistant District Commissioner in Southern Nigeria he made the most of opportunities of studying and describing the country and the natives. The former my Baronite cannot honestly recommend to the jaded Londoner for a holiday trip. A country in which it is necessary for the European to begin the day with a five-grain tabloid of quinine has its ominous aspect. This is at six in the morning. "At seven P.M.," says the ever-cheery PARTRIDGE, "you get into coat, pyjamas and mosquito boots, the dinner dress at bush stations." Mosquito curtains we know. When we hear of necessity for mosquito boots we think tenderly of London, even in a fog. There are all kinds of casual callers. "Sitting reading under the verandah one day," Mr. PARTRIDGE pleasantly mentions, "something from the roof fell with a thud at my feet." It was merely a snake with a full-grown lizard half-way down its throat. Item—there are centipedes, huge spiders, and ants which move in columns four inches broad and half an inch thick. Occasionally, your bedroom being in the line of march, they cross it, incidentally storming the bed. "Fire or hot ashes," says the imperturbable PARTRIDGE, "are the best means for expelling them." Doubtless: but this contingency for the use of one's bedroom fire is not usually contemplated on retiring to rest. Then there is the hippopotamus, who "thrusts his ugly brown head out of the water and gazes around with great goggle eyes, and snorts with defiant contempt." This may be well meant, but it is disturbing. Apart from these graphic touches of daily life, the volume, illustrated by many photographs, is full of



information. Owing to official training and associations, much of it is written in the literary style consecrated to blue books. When he lets himself go, the Assistant District Commissioner writes admirably.

Mrs. Maybrick's Own Story (FUNK AND WAGNALLS) will, my Baronite believes, bring many waverers to the conclusion that she was a wronged woman. Legal questions arising out of the trial, which form the second half of the volume, are dealt with by another hand. Mrs. MAYBRICK's task is confined to a narrative of her life in prison. Its accomplishment is marked by an absence of bitter feeling remarkable in the circumstances, calculated to extend and deepen sympathy in the public mind. The story is a powerful plea for establishment of a Criminal Court of Appeal. Incidentally Mrs. MAYBRICK offers suggestions for the improvement of the system ruling Women's Prisons that are well worth the attention of the authorities.

A dainty book is *Gwen* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), truly described as "an idyll of the Cañon." It is the first work by Mr. RALPH CONNOR my Baronite has come across. But the sale record of his earlier efforts, apparently in the same line of country, has run over the score of thousands. The locality where the scene is laid is vaguely described as "Old Latours, far up among the hills near the Devil's Lake." Anyhow, it is the Wild West of beautiful America, as yet untamed by railway track, untarnished by town life. An added pleasure to the simple story is found in the illustrations, done with swift, light, but sure touch.

The Baron welcomes *The Georgics of Virgil* (MURRAY), translated into English by Lord BURGHCLERE. Who could more appropriately have been selected for such a task than Lord BURGHCLERE, once Gladstonian Minister of Agriculture, who had himself commenced life as a GARDNER?

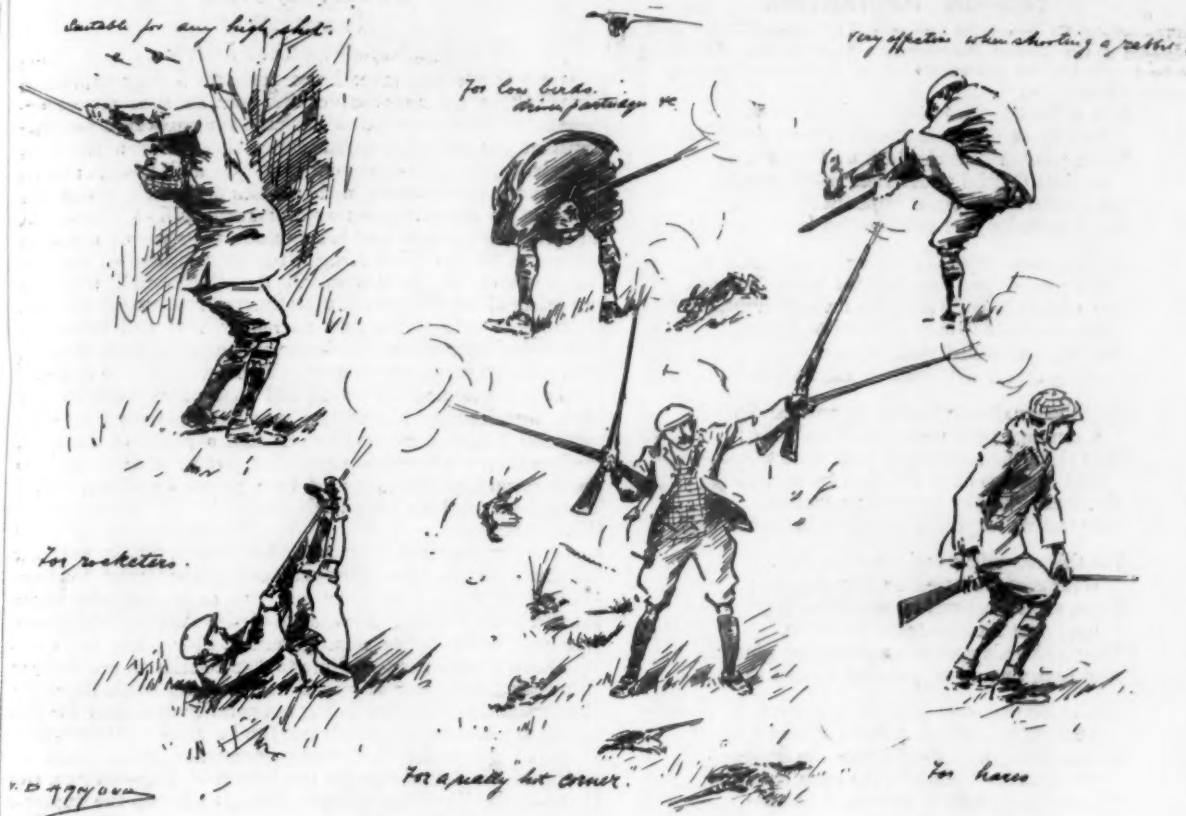
FLORENCE WARDEN has given us a sensational story which, if not quite on a par with her very best work in this line, runs it very close. Her new romance, *The Face in the Flashlight* (JOHN LONG), takes hold of the reader at once, nor is the interest ever allowed to drop. The mystification is well-contrived and skilfully sustained. Where the authoress has taken so much trouble, it is a pity that she did not repress her sense of humour when depicting the actions of the lover, Mr. Hugo Drede, who, as an amateur detective, disguises himself in an "Italian hat and cloak" and "policeman's boots." Thus, a smile is raised just when we ought to be on the tenter-hooks of suspense, breathlessly watching the course of a tragic drama. The *dénouement*, too, is somewhat commonplace. But in spite of these two mistakes, lovers of sensation will not find any recent novel, with which the Baron is acquainted, more to their taste than is *The Face in the Flashlight*.

"In that fierce light which beats upon a throne" the sporting propensities of H.R.H. Princess HENRY of Battenberg have hitherto escaped notice. But, according to the *Chronicle*,

"A woman who brought an action in Leeds County Court gave as her Christian names Princess Beatrice . . . and it was explained that the father, a publican and a sporting enthusiast, had named all his children after prominent sportsmen."

THE SECRET OF PERPETUAL YOUTH.—The Everlasting Children's Bib, 1s.—Advt. in "Daily Graphic."





SHOOTING UP TO DATE.

(A Suggestion for Next Season.)

THE KING OF PORTUGAL HAVING SET THE FASHION FOR "TRICK" SHOOTING WITH ONE HAND, MR. PUNCH HOPES THE ABOVE SUGGESTIONS MAY BE USEFUL IN THE FURTHER DEVELOPMENT OF THE IDEA, WHICH MIGHT TEND GREATLY TO ENLIVEN THE MONOTONY OF THE ORDINARY DAY'S SPORT.

THE RIPOSTE.

[The following letter, somewhat delayed in transmission, is generally supposed to be—in substance—the answer to a now notorious challenge, issued to Mr. W-NST-N CH-RCH-LL.]

SIR,—I herewith, by him I humbly serve, am
Directed to reply that yours to hand
Reminds him of the saying *Sus Minervam*,
In other words, he does not understand

Your folly; he believes that no such instance
Of braggadocio has yet occurred,
So far as memory serves him, since his (W-NST-N's)
Inspired career became a household word.

Do you suppose that one who lends to Culture
His practised pen, who on the lonely veld
Met unafraid the predatory Vulture,
Will stoop to punch *your* miserable pelt?

Has he then dragged the name of CH-RCH-LL into
The path of Fame, to fight with common roughs?
Was it for this he won renown akin to
A liver pill's, by memorable puffs?

Became the costliest gem at once adorning
The Government and Opposition ranks,

The Star of Freedom, erstwhile of the *Morning Post*?—to be brief, Sir, he declines with thanks

Your challenge; not because, presumptuous stranger,
He fears you, or anticipates defeat,
But honour calls him to preserve from danger
His Dignity, his Country, and his Seat.

The Tariff Question in Russia.

FROM a Provincial paper's summary of Mr. ARNOLD-FORSTER's speech at Croydon:—"He was sure the people of England desired that the peasants of Russia should enter into the heritage of liberty and freedom which we all enjoyed, and had obtained through the sacrifices of our forefathers. He expressed a belief in the ultimate success of those who favoured Tariff reform."

Certainly, if Mr. ARNOLD-FORSTER is right in his reading of the mental attitude assumed by the populace at St. Petersburg, they should have an excellent chance of realising their ambition. Judged by the number of troops told off to block the way to Tsarskoe Selo, the CZAR is as keen as anybody for Protection.

DARE PONDUS FUMO.—To give way to smoking.

TEUTON TO TARTAR.

[The official German Press approves the "tranquilising" methods employed by the Russian Bureaucracy. At a meeting of students in Berlin a collection for the wounded in St. Petersburg was stopped by a police official.]

Now is the time to test the links of steel,
And prove the brotherhood of caste and kind,
When wanton Anarchy lifts up her heel
Against Official Order Heaven-designed;
Let Eagles of the right Imperial feather
Stand beak by jowl and claw by spur together.

We will not fail you in the unequal fight,
If Prussia's pen may hearten Russia's sword,
You who so bravely held the bridges tight,—
HORATI, bold to face a countless horde,
And kept unsullied that majestic halo
Circling the sacred Head at Tsarskoe Selo.

Neighbours already bound by natural ties
A common peril makes us doubly kin!
That riot which deranged your wintry skies—
Had it occurred at Potsdam (near Berlin),
Had local Anarchy her lips protruded,
We trust we should have served her much as you did!

For this our officers rehearse, in play,
With such materials as they can get;
Thus, should a lower-class civilian pay
Imperfect homage to an épaulette,
They make his gore incarnadine the gutter,
And have the corpse removed upon a shutter.

One spirit animates us both, you see,
Though *here* Sedition lurks in covert lairs;
It does not spread itself across the Spree,
Or flout our Uhlans in the open squares;
We get no chance, so secretly it hatches,
To take and mow it down in solid batches.

Here, where the Socialist who speaks his mind
Is merely clapped in quad, and nothing more,
Your splendid Cossack Chivalry would find
Our life beneath the lindens such a bore;
Nor, frankly, could we hope, suppose we had him here,
To occupy an active type like VLADIMIR.

Yet we are with you. Can the same be said
Of those your "dear allies" (the empty phrase!)
Whose sign is Revolution's cap of red,
Whose solemn anthem is the *Marseillaise*?
You know the air? Your Sunday rabble sang it
Until the rifles' loyal roar outrang it!

'Tis music made to rouse the savage breast,
And nerve the arm to menace tottering thrones,
Yet, by an irony too long confessed
In Europe's laughter melting all her bones,
Your hands perform it *militari tubā*
When NICHOLAS embraces brother LOUBET!

You flattered France, just then in lonely need,
And took her bullion: that was in the bond;
But now you crave a twin Imperial creed,
Tastes like your own, ideals which respond;
Well, Teuton sympathy (and coal) each minute is
Giving fresh proof of our profound affinities.

O. S.

FROM the *Dublin Evening Mail*:

LAWYERS CEASE WORK.

NO FURTHER TROUBLES IN MOSCOW.

QUEEN SYLVIA.

CHAPTER XI.

The Lord Chancellor's Lecture.

WHEN the Queen came home from the foreign expedition described in the last chapter she was, as it is almost unnecessary to say, received with what I can only call a perfectly exultant display of popular enthusiasm. For a few days everybody seemed to go mad with joy and loyalty, and all the newspapers teemed with articles in which praise was lavished on the extraordinary diplomatic skill of a lady who, in spite of her youth, had been able in the space of one short afternoon to win from King OTHO so complete an acknowledgment of the justice of all the claims that the most experienced of Hinterland's statesmen had urged in vain. It is quite safe to say that no monarch so well beloved as SYLVIA had ever sat on the throne and given a tone to social life. King OTHO also was very well spoken of by the generous press of Hinterland. That he had done a handsome thing in thus withdrawing his decrees was admitted even by those who felt it their duty to point out that a policy of discretion no less than a temperate regard for justice must in any case have compelled him to yield to a power so strong in her armaments and so manifestly right in her arguments as Hinterland.

One morning, not long after her return, SYLVIA paid her mother a visit at the house assigned to the Grand Duchess. This visit was no ordinary one. In order that she might have a good working knowledge of the laws by which both she and her subjects were governed, SYLVIA had requested the Lord Chancellor to deliver to her a series of six lectures illustrated, wherever it might be necessary, with lime-light lantern slides, the room being temporarily darkened for this purpose when the lecture chanced to be given in the daytime. The old gentleman had readily consented to lay open the stores of his knowledge for the benefit of his sovereign, and to allow the Vice-Chancellor to take his place in the Supreme Court for the time being. The introductory lecture had already been given, and this morning was appointed for the delivery of the second. The Grand Duchess having expressed a desire to hear what the Lord Chancellor had to say, SYLVIA had arranged that this lecture should be given in the house of her mother, who was still confined by the doctor's orders to her own apartments. Hither then came the Lord Chancellor, accompanied by the Attorney-General, who had consented to manage the lantern for him; and hither, too, came SYLVIA, attended (reluctantly) by her Naval Blue-Stick-in-Waiting (who, as you and I know, was none other than HILDEBRAND, her father), and by her Lady of the Bedchamber, who in less fortunate days had been known as SARAH, the general servant. The party being thus complete, the Lord Chancellor began his lecture:—

"Your Majesty," he said, "will remember that in my first discourse I was privileged to lay before you a general *conspectus*, if I may so term it, of the origin and growth of law in this country."

"And very interesting it was," put in SYLVIA in an encouraging voice. "I shall ask you to let me see the manuscript again, for I regret to say that I have lost my notes."

"The manuscript," said the Lord Chancellor stiffly, "is at your Majesty's service. Before I proceed," he resumed, "to speak of the wider departments of our laws as they affect property, the liberty of the subject, the processes of our criminal courts, and other matters related to these, I judge it convenient to lay before your Lordships—"

"We are not Lordships," said SYLVIA, smiling.

"Your Majesty's pardon is begged," said the Lord Chancellor. "My long habit of addressing the Supreme Court has led me astray. I judge it convenient to lay before your Majesty, with such slight comments as the subject warrants,



THE POLITICAL ANCIENT MARINER.

"GOD SAVE THEE, ANCIENT MARINER,
FROM THE FIENDS THAT PLAGUE THEE THUS!
WHY LOOK'ST THOU SO?'—WITH MY CROSS-BOW
I SHOT THE ALBATROSS!"—Coleridge's "Rime of the Ancient Mariner."



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MOST UNFORTUNATE.

Mother (who wants to be very nice to bachelor uncle, understood to have made his pile in Australia). "Now, CHARLIE, YOU'VE NEVER SEEN UNCLE BEFORE. GO AND SHAKE HANDS."

Charlie. "OH YES, MOTHER, I HAVE SEEN HIM BEFORE, I'M SURE—AT LAST YEAR'S PANTOMIME!"

the fundamental laws, as they are called, which affect members of the Royal House itself more particularly."

"Fundamental laws?" said SYLVIA. "Why are they called that? It sounds very tremendous and alarming, doesn't it, Mamma?"

"Hush, my dear," said her mother. "Let us attend closely to what the Chancellor has to say."

"They are called fundamental," continued the Lord Chancellor, "because they are unalterable. All other laws are subject to the power of abrogation or amendment constitutionally inherent in the estates of the realm. The fundamental laws of the Royal House, however, are exempt from this."

"You make me shudder," said SYLVIA.

"I will begin with the Marriage Law. Mr. Attorney, will you be good enough to throw on the screen the picture of the great King HILDEBRAND promulgating the Marriage Law."

Instantly, with a deftness born of long practice in the bosom of his own numerous family, the Attorney-General drew the curtains before the windows and projected from the magic lantern the required picture.

"Splendid!" cried SYLVIA. "And, oh do look, King HILDEBRAND is the very image, beard and all, of my Naval Blue-Stick-in-Waiting, isn't he?"

The resemblance was certainly striking, but, the room

being in darkness, it was not possible at the moment for the other spectators to make a comparison. The heart of the Naval Blue-Stick was beating fast and his breath came short, but he uttered no word.

"Thank you, Mr. Attorney," said the Chancellor; "that will do."

The picture vanished; the curtains were pulled back, and the room became light once more.

"Strange," said the Grand Duchess, gazing at the Naval Blue-Stick, who had withdrawn into a dark corner of the room. "Strange. The likeness is distinct. I wonder who that man is."

But the voice of the Lord Chancellor had begun again:—

"The chief provisions of the law are these"—he opened a heavy volume and began reading from it—"It shall be lawful for every male of the blood royal to contract a marriage, subject in all cases to the limitations—hum—hum—I need not read all that—at the age of eighteen years. It shall be lawful for females of the blood royal, subject as aforesaid, to contract a marriage at the age of seventeen years."

"I've got nearly a year to wait," cried SYLVIA.

"Hush, my darling," said her mother reproachfully.

"But," continued the Lord Chancellor, still reading, "no female whatsoever of the blood royal shall in any case or at any age be permitted to contract a marriage unless she shall have

beforehand obtained the consent in writing of both her parents, but such consent shall not be unreasonably withheld."

"Great Heavens," said the Grand Duchess in a voice of alarm. "What 's that you 're saying?"

The Lord Chancellor read the passage again.

"But, man alive," cried the Grand Duchess, all but forgetting her politeness in her agitation, "how can such an absurdity exist? What if one parent or both should die before a child grows up? Is she never to marry? Is my daughter to remain unmarried all her life since her father is dead?"

"I had not thought of that," said the Lord Chancellor in dignified accents, "but it would have made no difference. It has been the universal custom," he went on, "for members of the Royal House on their marriage to sign forms of permission in blank, and to store them with the Bank of Hinterland in case of eventualities. The law has winked at this; indeed it is lawful on the authority of decided cases. Did your Highness omit to do this?"

"Alas, I forgot," wailed the Grand Duchess. "How shall I ever gain forgiveness from my Queen and daughter? We were young and thoughtless, HILDEBRAND and I, and we lived away from the Court and our relations."

During this scene the agitation of the Naval Blue-Stick had been painful. His breast heaved, his hands were twitching convulsively, and more than once he seemed to be on the point of speaking, but each time he mastered himself and remained silent. He had only to say, "I am the Queen's father, I am ready to give my consent to her marriage whenever it may be necessary," and the difficulty would vanish at once, but by so doing he would rob her of the sovereignty and step into her place. No, he could not bring himself to do it.

"Oh, Mamma," said SYLVIA at last, "what does it matter? Nobody wants to marry me yet, so why trouble?"

At this moment the door opened, and the Grand Duchess's butler in a ceremonial voice announced:—

"A Special Emissary from King OTHO of Eisenblut craves an immediate audience of her Majesty."

MUCH ADO.

As the accredited Representative of Mr. Punch at the Play, I have always held that for audience, critics, and performers, the first night of any piece, be it what it may, is almost sure to be its worst night. Therefore I prefer seeing any piece after it has been running for a short time. What the success of *Much Ado about Nothing*, produced at His Majesty's, Tuesday the 24th, will be, when the piece, written by that ever youthful author WILLIE SHAKESPEARE, plays more closely, and when the actors shall have reconsidered certain important points of their impersonations, may be fairly prophesied from its first performance before the highly appreciative audience that witnessed its *première*.

Great praise is due to Mr. SYDNEY BROUGH for his admirable make-up as *Don Pedro, Prince of Arragon*, and no doubt by the time this article appears he will have meditated on his present elevation in rank, and will have refined his manners and have dropped such actions as are scarcely compatible with princely dignity at that period. His bilious brother *Don John* is played by Mr. LAURENCE IRVING in the true melodramatic spirit of deepest-dyed villainy, and, occasionally, of absolutely impish mischief. Mr. BASIL GILL bears himself soberly as the lover, the rather colourless *Claudio*.

Mr. HENRY NEVILLE must be heartily congratulated on his masterly, his quite old-masterly, portrait of *Leonato*, whom he, correctly as I think, represents not as a Duke, Prince, or Grandee, but as a type of the honest mediæval bourgeois, a millionaire, who, having made his pile in trade (perhaps as a cloth-and-carpet-maker), and being personally

immensely popular (for who could resist so effusive a geniality?), has been unanimously elected *Governor of Messina*, a dignity equivalent, let us say, to that of my Lord Mayor of London, to which Governorship he brings all the overpoweringly demonstrative courtesy that is the distinctive mark of the civic dignitary, be he Mercer, Haberdasher, Pewterer, Grocer, Loriner, or Tallow-chandler. Now to the stolid, cautiously-working, commercial brain of *Leonato*, the preposterously farcical idea of presenting to *Claudio* the real *Hero* (supposed to be dead and buried) as *Hero's* cousin, whom *Claudio* is to espouse, could never have occurred; but to his brother, elder or junior it matters not, the excitable and irascible old gentleman *Antonio* (capitally played by Mr. FISHER WHITE), this absurd notion might have suggested itself (is he not the parent of the eccentric *Beatrice*?), and then what more natural than that the chuckling old *Antonio*, without a second thought, should have imparted, whisperingly, this brilliantly original notion to his brother *Leonato*, while the Prince and *Claudio* (on in the same scene) are engaged in conversation? This is a point Mr. TREE has overlooked. I commend its consideration to the next Shakspearian revivalist. It relieves *Antonio* from being regarded as a merely irascible old pantaloon, and fairly adjusts the balance of character.

Little boy *Balthazar*, Master THOMAS SAMPSON, was exceptionally good, and his singing deserved the encore which was decorously nipped in the bud. Mr. LOUIS CALVERT is as stolid an idiot as *Dogberry* ought to be, and Mr. LIONEL BROUGH keeps himself within the picture as *Verges*. The scenic arrangement that makes them appear at their bedroom windows is, to my mind, quite ineffective, and deprives the two low comedians of such excellent legitimate business as used to illustrate the action of the scene when these familiar characters were played by the imperturbably humorous KEELEY and the inimitably droll BUCKSTONE.

As the suffering *Hero* Miss MIRIAM CLEMENTS was sympathetic, but on this occasion, it seemed to me, the arrangement of her hair did not set her off to the greatest advantage. As her wrongs are redressed so should her hair be. It would be unjust to deliver a final verdict on the *Beatrice* of Miss WINIFRED EMERY after this first night's performance. She was evidently nervous, and at first her voice seemed scarcely strong enough to give sufficient point to sharp sayings that require the accompaniment of a bright good-humoured smile and the merry twinkle of laughing eyes. When the sense of the responsibility she has undertaken shall have become less overpowering, then I doubt her smile will be beaming and never in the slightest degree cynical, and with increase of physical energy her delivery of the command "*Kill Claudio!*" will electrify the house. It is principally for this great effect that *Beatrice*, as a dramatic part, exists.

As *Benedick*, Mr. TREE, after a few nights, will, as the ballad has it, "smile as he was wont to smile before this weight of care" in getting up and superintending the Shakspearian drama had sadly depressed him. He was at his best in his earliest scene with *Beatrice*, and at his very best when, becoming intensely serious, he breaks off all acquaintance with his companion *Don Pedro*, and with quiet dignity challenges his dear friend *Claudio* to mortal combat. Everything that could be done for the success of the play has been done; although the scene in the side chapel of some grand church is not so effective a "set" as it might have been, nor can the stage management be here pronounced faultless. This side-chapel scene, however, is notable for the admirable performance and clear enunciation of Mr. WILLIAM HAVILAND as the kindly, dignified, and most paternal *Friar Francis*, the officiating priest. His performance is quite one of the gems of a memorable revival that will assuredly attract all playgoers to His Majesty's for some time to come.

AUTHORS AND ATHLETICS.

By LEVESON TILES, B.A.

THE recent and almost simultaneous announcements that Mr. HALL CAINE had taken to tobogganing in the Engadine and that GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO had been struck in the eye by a snowball, have naturally created a painful impression, absorbing public attention to the eclipse of all other topics, and revived the oft-debated question whether men of letters should or should not descend into the arena of athletics.

Speaking *ex cathedra* as the apostle of physical culture, I assert that there can be only one answer to this question. Logic, theosophy, and mental science alike insist that the brain should not be cultivated at the expense of the body. Life is a rhythm, and though the pen is mightier than the sword, a man whose brain-measurement exceeds that of his chest is seldom able to cope successfully with all the emergencies of life's handicap. Though strong men lived before AGAMEMNON, stronger men have lived since. But here, as in every other department of human activity, there is need of discretion and discrimination, and, at the risk of being charged with inconsistency, I lift my voice in poignant protest against the incursion of our leading men of letters into the domain of violent athletics, perilous pastime and dangerous sport. Our novelists, as the statistics of our free libraries convincingly prove, are one of our greatest national assets. In sheer popularity they dispute the palm of precedence with our leading jockeys and billiard-players. They minister more liberally to the needs of our great and enterprising newspaper proprietors than any other class in the community. Their noble and expressive lineaments, stimulating the ingenuous youth to emulate their splendid efforts, shine forth at us like beacon fires from picture post-cards and illustrated journals. They are household words in all strata of our social system, "from the sovereign sitting on his throne to the labourer sitting on his cottage"—I make no excuse for quoting the famous phrase of an illustrious peer of my acquaintance. They have superseded the pulpit and relegated the playwright to obscurity.

To allow such men—the idols of the populace, the arch-benefactors of their species—to expose themselves unnecessarily to loss of life or limb is a slur alike on the good sense and gratitude of the nation. It is an attitude that I for one can never bring myself to accept, and if this appeal of mine be fruitless I would ask all who are interested in the matter to co-operate with me in bringing pressure upon Parliament to introduce legislation rendering it a penal offence for any novelist with a circulation of



"AT ONE FELL SWOOP."

Wife. "WELL, DID YE FIND TH' PUDDIN' I LEFT FOR YOU IN THE SAUCEPAN?"
Collier (*whose favourite dish is boiled puddings*). "Oh, AY; I FOUND IT RIGHT ENOUGH. IT WERE A STUNNER!"
Wife. "DID YOU TAKE THE CLOTH OFF?"
Collier (*after a pause*). "WERE THERE A CLOTH ON?"

more than twenty thousand to take part, except as a spectator, in football, cricket, polo, hunting, lion or other big-game shooting, hockey, and tip-cat.

But, it will be objected, how, if thus restricted, can the writers of adventurous romance, novels of strong incident, and detective stories gain the necessary groundwork of experience on which to rear the towering superstructures of imagination? The argument is plausible, but it betrays a strange and reprehensible misconception of the workings of genius. The man who only writes of what he has seen or experienced condemns himself to the category of the photographer. On the other hand, the less he relies on experience the more is he compelled to cultivate

the nobler qualities of invention and intuition. Lord BEACONSFIELD had never conversed with a coronetted wearer of strawberry leaves when he wrote *The Young Duke*.

Apart from this invigorating exercise of the imaginative faculties, which is promoted by the absence of experience, there can be no doubt whatever that far more entertainment is provided by writers whose descriptions are emancipated from the trammels of expert knowledge than by those who merely record what they have seen and heard. The essential element in recreation, as a great writer has put it, is surprise, and the surest guarantee for its presence is to be found in a blissful ignorance of actuality. Personally

I no longer wish to read of the delights of tobogganing as described by Mr. HALL CAINE, because such a narrative is sure to be vitiated by some correspondence with fact. But should he dilate on the joys of a journey in a flying machine, the fearful delights of the pearl diver, the emotions of the captain of a submarine, or of a Duke's daughter at her first ball, I should come to the perusal of his narrative with unabated zest, with unimpaired anticipation of something rich and strange.

So far I have merely dwelt on the literary and æsthetic reasons in favour of removing romantic genius from the arena of action. There remains, however, the still more potent and irresistible argument that dangerous pastimes are not conducive to longevity. We cannot afford to allow our really great men—those whose writings are richest in the divine properties of unction, sentimentality, and overslop—to run any unnecessary risks. They must be forced to husband their priceless energies and not exhaust them in ill-timed efforts to emulate the short-lived fame of a HERCULES, a SAMSON, or a MILO. It is not as if they were cut off by the exigencies of their professional career from indulging in adequate exercise. Dictating for several hours daily to a phonograph, a typewriter, or a shorthand-writer; posing to photographers; conversing with interviewers—these and other exercises of the larynx and the facial muscles germane to their noble calling surely suffice their natural desire to lead the strenuous life. I conclude therefore with an earnest and prayerful entreaty to Mr. HALL CAINE and his *confrères* to refrain from further efforts to assert in the domain of physical culture the *maestria* they have already displayed in the sphere of literary achievement.

THE RULING PASSION.

Ask me no more; others may seek the tee;
Caddies may stoop for sand, and mould,
as bid,

A pointed or a truncate pyramid,
For BROWN, and JONES, and you—but not
for me.

Ask me no more.

Ask me no more: my answer is the same.
I loathe my cleek and mashie, now
that I

(As witness every single stroke I try)
Have gone irrevocably off my game.

Ask me no more.

Ask me no more; my final doom is
sealed—

To "see a Specialist" were wholly vain;
No, I shall never touch a club again. . .
"You'll give a third—for half-a-crown"—
I yield!

I ask no more.

THE ALBUM.

I SUPPOSE I had better make full confession about the beastly thing. Perhaps somebody will be able to find excuses for me. In my own eyes I acted throughout as an honourable man should do, but Miss MIFFIN has called me a story-teller. . .

The thing started in the Miffin drawing-room, where ELEANORA was giving me tea. Without any warning she said: "Oh, now you're here you must write in my album."

"Certainly," I said. I thought it was a matter of a signature and a date.

"How good of you!"

"Not at all. Where's a pen? I'll do it now."

"Oh, you clever person!" said Miss MIFFIN. "How can you think of these difficult things straight off? Will it be verse or prose?" She landed me the album and a pen.

"Oh! I thought you only wanted my signature."

"Oh no, I want something original and clever. But then if you write it it's sure to be that."

I agreed with her.

"Perhaps you had better take the book home," she went on, "and you can send it back to me to-night."

We talked about other things, and then I rose to go. I had got safely down the steps when she came rushing after me.

"You were forgetting about the book," she said, and placed it tenderly in my hands.

Well, I got the thing home, put it in a corner, and there one might have thought was the end of the business. But no. Three days later I got a card: "How's the album going on? E. M." I replied, "Album maintains its *status quo*." The next morning I had a long letter from ELEANORA saying that she didn't understand my card. Had I written in her album yet? If not, would I please do so at once, and return it to her? I replied that I was at that moment engaged upon a set of verses for it; and that they seemed to me, though perhaps I was prejudiced, to be both winsome and pathetic. I felt sure she would like them. Having posted this letter, I opened the album and wrote upon a rich coffee-coloured page which was vacant:

"The darkling sun rose in the west."

That line is obviously the beginning of a set of verses, and has a pathos all its own. So far at any rate Miss MIFFIN was not justified in calling me a story-teller.

A week afterwards ELEANORA wrote from the country to say that she was returning to town that day, and expected to find the album waiting for her. I

immediately wrote to her country address to ask if she would not after all prefer prose. The letter went down to Gloucestershire and back, thus giving me an extra day in peace.

Miss MIFFIN's reply was that it could be anything I liked so long as I came to lunch on Sunday and brought her book with me. This was serious, and I decided that the thing could no longer be delayed. I got the book out and read through it. Most of the contributions were pitiable.

Miss ELEANORA MIFFIN has called me a story-teller, but none the less I give you my word of honour that from ten till four that day I slaved at her poem. I can bring forward five other Government clerks as witnesses. The result was a rondeau, "To the Owner of the Book"—and as soon as I got home I copied it out on to a pale pink page. This done, I went out in my pride and telegraphed "Poem finished."

When I came back I read the poem again, and it seemed amazingly good. It showed up the badness of the other poems (particularly one by Mrs. MIFFIN) in a perfectly cruel way. I am a man of gentle heart, and I did not wish to hurt Mrs. MIFFIN's feelings. Furthermore I felt that there were people, other than ELEANORA's friends, who might care to read my verses. So, after much thought, I tore the page carefully out, and sent it to my cousin GEORGE, who edits one of the monthlies. I altered one line, and called it "To a Flirt." GEORGE gave me thirty shillings for it, and it was illustrated with a picture of a Greek maiden in what I can only hope wasn't really the entire Greek costume.

But the illustration and the thirty shillings of course came later. In the meantime I had to devise another poem. I turned to the work of Mrs. MIFFIN again, as a guide to what would pass in ELEANORA's album. And then I made the horrible discovery that in tearing out my poem I had loosened her page and lost it.

In what followed my conduct is, I think, described better as that of a man of resource than as that of a story-teller. I may claim to have acted with that spirit and coolness which has made us Englishmen what we are.

I drove up on the Sunday in a hansom. ELEANORA welcomed me with enthusiasm and asked for her album.

"I'm simply longing to read your poem," she assured me.

I fell into a chair with what I took to be a horror-struck expression.

"Great Scott!" I gasped.

"You don't mean to say—"

"I must have left it in the cab!"

Well, I'm—

I dashed out of the room and opened the front door. Luckily the cab had gone.

"It's gone!" I said.

"Oh, how *could* you be so careless! How could you— Did you take the number of the cab?"

"I'm afraid not," I explained. "You see, I didn't know I should want it."

"How like a man!"

"Wait a bit. It was something like 4731."

"4731? Good! Then——"

"It wasn't 4731," I said hastily; "but something of that style. That was the idea."

Lunch was a strained meal. I left under vows to recover the album or die.

"Ask at Scotland Yard first thing to-morrow," were ELEANORA's parting words.

A month rolled by very pleasantly after this, and I hoped that I had heard the last of the matter. At the beginning Miss MIFFIN had written daily to ask how the search was getting on. After the fourth letter I replied stiffly that the matter was now in the hands of the police, who would brook no interference from outsiders; that unless we gave them a perfectly free hand we should never recover the album. This stopped her inquiries, and peace settled down upon my life.

But at the end of the month I found that I was not yet out of my trouble. I heard from a friend that ELEANORA MIFFIN was telling all her acquaintances of my extreme carelessness, and, as she said, rudeness. The MIFFINS and I have many common friends, and I did not wish to have my character dissected before them. So, on an ever-memorable day, I wired, "Album found. Am bringing it round this afternoon." Then I hunted about my rooms, and at last discovered the thing in a heap of rubbish in an old cupboard.

The album and I arrived at four o'clock. I told a graphic story of a dying cabman smitten with remorse, but I could see that ELEANORA was the least bit suspicious of me. Still she was extremely pleased to have the album again, and watched me eagerly as I turned over the pages to find my own poem.

After a five minutes' search for it, I said:

"It was on a pink page, and corresponded with one of your mother's. If you remember where she wrote——"

"Mother was near the beginning, next to Father's."

We found Father's, and then—! Once again that horror-struck expression passed over my face.

"It's gone!" I said hoarsely.

Miss MIFFIN looked coldly at me. I sat up.

"I can see what's happened," I said. "What a clever blackguard that cabman was!"



SO UNSELFISH!

"OH YES, I GAVE MY HUSBAND A MOTOR-CAR ON HIS BIRTHDAY."

"BUT I THOUGHT HE DIDN'T LIKE MOTOR-CARS?"

"HE DOESN'T. BUT I DO!"

"What do you mean?"

"Why, he looked through the album, and read that extraordinarily clever poem of your mother's. He saw at once what a valuable 'find' had fallen into his hands, and he tore out the page, and probably sold it to some Magazine as his own. I daresay he'd get a fiver for it. Of course, my poem got loose in consequence and fell out."

I beamed at her. It was really a brilliant explanation, and so flattering to her mother.

"I don't quite understand," said

ELEANORA. "I suppose you saw that that poem was by ELIZA COOK. You didn't really think that mother wrote it? It's a well-known one of ELIZA COOK'S."

"Impossible," I said. "The handwriting was much too good. Besides, I've always heard you call her MARY. Or was this the one before MARY came?"

"ELIZA COOK is a well-known poetess."

"Oh heavens!" I said. "Well, how could a cabman be expected to know, if I didn't? How——"

It was then that Miss MIFFIN called me a story-teller.



A VILLAGE FIASCO.

Gifted Amateur (concluding pet card trick). "Now, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, YOU HAVE SEEN THE PACK OF CARDS BURN'T BEFORE YOUR EYES, AND THE ASHES PLACED INSIDE THE BOX, WHICH MYSTERIOUSLY TRANSFORMED ITSELF INTO A RABBIT, WHICH, IN TURN, DISAPPEARED INTO SPACE. I WILL NOW ASK THIS GENTLEMAN TO NAME THE CARD HE SELECTED, WHEN IT WILL AT ONCE APPEAR IN MY HAND. NOW, SIR, WHAT CARD DID YOU SELECT FROM THE PACK?"

Giles (who has been following the trick most intently). "BLESSED IF I RECOLLECT!"

AN INTERCEPTED LETTER.

TRÈS CHER COUSIN, — Mais c'est superbe ! Vous êtes absolument au premier rang. Pour moi, qui suis vieux, souffrant, fatigué de tout, ces plaisirs-là deviennent de plus en plus impossibles. Et pourtant j'ai arrangé pas mal de luttes sanguinaires. Les Arméniens, par exemple. Mais pour moi c'est fini. Quant à vous ça commence, et d'une façon épatante.

Jusqu'ici vous avez fait comme moi. Toujours des gens plus ou moins étrangers ; à Blagovestshenk des Chinois, à Kishineff des Juifs. C'était à peu près comme mes Arméniens, et en effet pas extraordinaire. Mais l'autre jour ces centaines d'hommes, de femmes et d'enfants, de la même race et de la même foi que vous, c'est éblouissant ! C'est à n'y pas croire ! Je reste ébahi, ahuri ; je me sens vaincu ; je n'ai plus droit au titre que ces drôles d'Anglais

ont inventé ; je vous le cède, et je me retire.

Vraiment, je dois l'avouer, j'ai éprouvé pendant quelques instants une certaine malaise, une sensation inaccoutumée de dégoût et de pitié, car, voyez-vous, je n'aurais jamais fait disperser comme ça des gens de ma race et de ma religion. Vous n'avez pas hésité. Vous êtes plus fort que moi, le "Grand Assassin" en retraite, et vous avez montré à l'Occident les mœurs inflexibles et impitoyables de l'Orient.

Je ne sais pas précisément votre adresse. Chez nous on a toujours eu l'habitude de se cacher pendant de tels événements. C'est une bonne occasion de faire une petite excursion, même en mer. Si vous quittez votre pays, venez me voir. On n'est pas mal ici, et la vue est renommée. Nous passerons quelques bonnes journées ensemble à causer de nos affaires.

Rappelez-moi au bon souvenir de vos

braves parents, les Grands Ducs. J'aurai le plaisir de leur faire cadeau d'une quantité de champagne des meilleurs crus, qui m'est inutile à présent, car je ne reçois plus personne qui en boit. On l'aime bien, à ce qu'il paraît, chez les Giaours et surtout chez vous.

J'avais l'idée de vous offrir un ancien cimetière, que l'on dit avoir été celui de SALADIN. Mais c'était un guerrier qui se jetait témérairement au milieu des combats. Vous n'êtes pas précisément de ce genre-là. Vous vous tenez à l'écart, même à l'abri, des luttes. Je vous envoie donc, en signe de profonde admiration et de sincère amitié, un bouclier, orné de quelques bijoux, qui appartenait à SÉLIM I^{er}. On y voit encore des taches de sang.

Votre tout dévoué ABDUL HAMID.

CONCILIATORY. — "Wanted, plain family's WASH." — *Advt. in "Southport Visitor."*



THE CZAR OF ALL THE RUSSIAS.

WEDDING PRESENTS.

(By a Victim.)

As soon as MAY had named the day
She issued invitations
To all the crew our mothers knew
(Including poor relations).
We were aware they all would swear
In language far from pleasant,
"Confound it! I shall have to buy
The blessed pair a present."

Then boy and man in cart and van
And motor-car came driving,
With gifts galore, and more and more,
And still they kept arriving;
And housemaids flew, and postmen too,
Till all the terrace wondered,
And night and day they rang away—
Lord! how the knocker thundered!

We worked in shifts upon the gifts;
And when we had unstrung them,
We'd twenty score of forks and more,
But not a knife among them;
And as we two had scarce a sou,
There seemed to be a caret
When silly mugs gave claret jugs,
But not a drop of claret.

We'd endless gongs, and sugar-tongs
Of every shape and fashion,
As if sweet tea was bound to be
Henceforth our ruling passion;
We'd sachets, too, of pink and blue,
With sickly perfumes scented,
And oh! the show of *art nouveau*
With which we were presented!

And, now we've got the little lot,
We're under obligation
To every guest we most detest,
And every poor relation;
And by the time the church bells chime,
And Hymen ties the true knot,
We find—too late—we've all we hate,
And nothing that we do not.

FIRST AID FOR HEROES AND VILLAINS.

No author need now have the faintest compunction in brutally killing off the central character of his novel. Judging from the resurrection of *She* after having been consumed by fire; of *Sherlock Holmes* and the villain of *The Motor Pirate*, resuscitated like the late *Sherlock Holmes* after having disappeared over a cliff, any author possessed of sufficient ingenuity may bring back to life his "creation" from however final a fate. This is the kind of thing:—

EXAMPLE I.

Chapter XXX.—"*Dulce et decorum est*—" . . . And with a half sob "SLOGGER" LOVELACE sank to the earth riddled by a hundred bullets. As evening fell the shouts of battle drew further away, and the vultures came swooping down on the young hero's shattered body.



"A PORTRAIT—AFTER GAINSBOROUGH."

(Mr. Chamberlain addresses a great meeting at Gainsborough on February 1.)

Sequel.—Chapter I.—The marvellous recuperative powers of the air of South Africa are well known. Never, perhaps, did they bring about a more remarkable recovery than in the case of Lord EDWARD LOVELACE, better known as "SLOGGER." Seated in a Kaffir hut one glorious day in June, &c., &c.

EXAMPLE II.

Chapter LX. . . . For a moment JASPAR QUICK stood paralysed. Then, with a cry of horror he ran swiftly towards his horse. But it was too late. The earth trembled violently, all creation seemed agitatedly to move, a roar as of a million cannon shook the air, the ground opened, and JASPAR QUICK disappeared. The earthquake at which he had scoffed not an hour before had over- (we may almost say, under-) taken him!

Sequel.—Chapter I. . . . Melbourne! The pitiless sun beating down on that city of &c., &c. In the coffee-room of a comfortable private hotel JASPAR QUICK sat at breakfast. Save for a slight

whiteness of the hair about the temples there was nothing in the appearance of the famous criminal to indicate that he had been passed completely through the earth some six months previously in that appalling catastrophe of '15. . . .

A Mixed Bag.

We extract the following from the catalogue of a sale recently held at the Army and Navy Auxiliary Stores:—

239 A leather hand-bag, containing brass curtain pole fittings, a floor polishing brush, a trivet, a large iron saucepan, a brass coffee machine, a saucepan lid stand, a poker, a Windsor chair, a toast fork, a decanter drainer, a japanned coal vase, a coal scuttle, a slop pail, a water can, and a hand basket.

BLESSING AND CURSING.—It is reported that just about the time when the Czar was blessing the Neva, the Japs at Port Arthur were considering whether they should dam the harbour.

LIFE'S LITTLE DIFFICULTIES.

XI.—THE BOX.

I.

Mrs. Smythe-Smith to Mrs. Clisby.

DEAR MRS. CLISBY,—I wonder if you would care to use the enclosed box for the Mausoleum Theatre on Thursday week. We intended to go ourselves, but my husband finds that he will have to travel North that day in connection with an important case. With kind regards, I am,

Yours truly,

RUTH SMYTHE-SMITH.

II.

Mrs. Clisby to Mrs. Henderson.

MY DEAR MRS. HENDERSON,—Would you and Mr. HENDERSON care to join us at the Mausoleum on Thursday week? We have a box for that night, and should be so glad if you would look in. Just ask for Mrs. CLISBY'S box. With kind regards, I am,

Yours sincerely, MABEL CLISBY.

III.

Mrs. Clisby to her sister Mrs. Thoms.

MY DEAR SOPHY,—Our friends the SMYTHE-SMITHS (he is the barrister) have sent us a box, which they are unfortunately prevented from using, for the Mausoleum on Thursday week. Will you and HENRY join us? We are also asking some nice people we met at Matlock in the summer—the HENDERSONS. Mr. HENDERSON is in an important position at Lloyd's, and his wife, who is very charming, is a cousin of Sir WILSON ARKSTONE, who built the Severn Bridge.

Your loving M.

IV.

Mrs. Thoms to Mrs. Clisby.

DEAR MABEL,—We shall love to come to the theatre with you. But AGGIE insists on coming too, and bringing BERTIE RAWLER with her. I am sure you won't mind, she has so few pleasures, and BERTIE, who is always so considerate, can stand at the back if we are at all crowded. He is quite like one of ourselves already, and I have no compunction in asking him to do all kinds of little things like this. If only he could get some permanent and lucrative employment, we should be so happy. At present he is an agent for a new kind of combined fountain pen and office ruler, which he is trying very hard to introduce into the city, but without much success, I am afraid.

Your loving S.

V.

Mrs. Clisby to Mrs. Thoms.

MY DEAR SOPHY,—I am very sorry to

have to disappoint you, but really I don't see how we can manage Mr. RAWLER on Thursday night. I am sure that eight will be plenty, and FRANK, who is so impetuous, entirely without my knowledge has asked a Mr. FLACK, an American over here on business, to whom he wishes to show some kindness, to join us. So that if AGGIE comes, and I am so sorry to have forgotten to mention the dear girl when I wrote first, we shall be eight—four couples—without Mr. RAWLER.

Your loving M.

VI.

Mrs. Thoms to Mrs. Clisby.

DEAR MABEL,—It does not matter about BERTIE. We have arranged that he shall go to the Upper Circle and come and see us between the acts. Do tell me a little more about Mr. FLACK. What is his business? Some Americans can be very attractive. I suppose he has left his wife and family in America?

Your loving S.

VII.

Mrs. Clisby to Mrs. Thoms.

MY DEAR SOPHY,—If Mr. RAWLER is coming to see us between the acts I think he ought to dress. Couldn't he get a seat in the Dress Circle?

Your loving M.

VIII.

Mrs. Thoms to Mrs. Clisby.

DEAR MABEL,—Of course BERTIE will dress. Going to the theatre is no novelty for him. He was at school with two of WILSON BARRETT'S sons. You do not answer my question about Mr. FLACK. I always like to know in advance something about the people I am going to meet.

Your loving S.

IX.

Mrs. Clisby to Mrs. Thoms.

(By hand.)

MY VERY DEAR SOPHY,—A most unfortunate thing has happened. Chancing to be in the neighbourhood this morning, FRANK looked in at the theatre just to see in the plan where our box was, and perhaps mention to one of the officials that you and the HENDERSONS would be asking for it in the evening. To his horror he found that it was a top box, capable of holding four persons at the most, two of whom could not see the stage except by leaning over very uncomfortably. It is unpardonable of Mrs. SMYTHE-SMITH not to have told me. The question now is, What shall we do? After thinking it over very carefully I wonder if you would mind postponing your visit to the theatre for a while until there is a better play—the papers seem to think very little of the thing now on—and bringing Mr. RAWLER to

dinner on Sunday at half-past one. It is so very difficult for me to put off the HENDERSONS. I am so sorry to have to ask you to be so unselfish, but blood is thicker than water, isn't it?

Your loving M.

P.S.—Mr. FLACK seems to be a man of means. He is connected with a new patent, and we are very glad to be able to do something to make his time in London less lonely. FRANK in putting him off will make some other arrangement.

X.

Mrs. Thoms to Mrs. Clisby.

(By hand.)

DEAR MABEL,—What a pity you did not find out how many the box would hold. I had a feeling, as I mentioned to HENRY quite at the first, that you were asking too many. Of course we should like to come to dinner on Sunday, and will do so with pleasure; but I can't help thinking that the best thing to do now is for you to telegraph to the HENDERSONS that you are ill and have given the box away, and then to take just AGGIE and Mr. FLACK. The poor girl badly needs a little excitement, and it would be very unfortunate if FRANK had to be discourteous to this young American.

Your loving S.

XI.

Mrs. Clisby to Mrs. Thoms.

(By hand.)

DEAR SOPHY,—Before your reply came I had written to the HENDERSONS putting them off, but a telegram came from them almost immediately after to say that they would not be able to come, as Mrs. H. has influenza. I am so vexed that I wrote. By all means let AGGIE come and meet Mr. FLACK. Did I tell you he is quite elderly? His wife came to England with him, but has gone to Stratford-on-Avon and Salisbury for a few days.

Your loving M.

XII.

Mrs. Thoms to Mrs. Clisby.

(By hand.)

DEAR MABEL,—AGGIE cannot come after all, as BERTIE'S brother is taking them to the Hippodrome. We will be punctual on Sunday, and very likely shall bring BERTIE'S brother with us. I am sure you won't mind. Your loving S.

FROM the Manchester Evening News:

"French Taught by Parian Gentleman; terms moderate."

As nothing was said of marbles during hours of vacation the suspicions of the Advertisement Editor seemed to have been roused: and in the next issue a corrected version appeared:

"French Taught by Parsian Gentleman."



EASIER SAID THAN DONE.

Sixteen-stone Sportsman (who has been nearly put down over a "rotten" landing, to *Little Binka*, Sec. 2). "Do you mind putting me back in the saddle, Sir?"

HARLEQUIN AND THE HEROINE;
Or, *How the Maiden of Melodramia fared
in the Regions of Pantomimia.*

PART III.

PREPARATIONS for the nuptials were well advanced, and it wanted little of the appointed time, when, finding myself alone with the Baron in the narrow trysting-place known locally as *Near the Castle*, I entreated an explanation of the words that had perplexed me at our last interview.

"Tell me," said I, speaking rather loudly to drown the noise of hammering which was distinctly audible behind us, "tell me, I beg of you, what did you mean by going to the Halls?"

"Don't you know?" replied the Baron; "the Halls are where we live when it isn't Christmas-time. Turns, you know, and all that."

"Turns?" I repeated vaguely.

"Yes, of course," said my Uncle.

"What else? We all do 'em. Your Aunt and I are refined knock-about, and the Prince does patriotism and cake-walks."

"But," I stammered, a suspicion of the awful truth breaking upon me, "surely I—?"

"Of course, now you are one of us, you'll do the same," said the Baron. "I fancy your line will be something in the serio-comic. You wear short skirts and a sun-bonnet. It's quite easy."

To say that I was aghast would be to understate the truth.

"Alas!" I exclaimed. "You know not what you are saying. You forget that I am the one figure in dramatic literature that never changes, whose misfortunes and whose sorrows are invariably the same. Uncle," I pleaded, "I am almost a formula; do not, pray do not, ask me to become a marionette!"

"I'm afraid," said he, "that it cannot be helped now, and really I think the change would be an improvement. Anyhow," he added, "it will be a beautiful wedding."

I made no response.

"You shall wear three large ostrich plumes and a necklace of electric lights," continued the kind old gentleman. "Afterwards, there will be a ballet entitled *The Triumph of Cupid*, also acrobats, a tramp cyclist, and a man who does lightning cartoons. No one shall say that we denied you these simple comforts. I have also," he added, smiling, "a little personal surprise in store; you shall see what it is at the ceremony. Half-time!"

Inwardly I reflected that to see myself there would be all the surprise I should need, but, unwilling to pain him, I said nothing more, and soon afterwards he bustled away upon his preparations.

What a position was I now in!—Fated (unless I could even yet escape) to an existence of silk stockings and a perpetual smile, the prospect caused the very blood to freeze in my veins. Lacking strength even to swoon, I looked round wildly for Sir RUPERT. I longed for one of his familiar curses to prove to me that I was not utterly alone. How bitterly I regretted having left dear Papa and my old lover JACK, whose lofty sentiments and simple attire I contrasted mentally with the masquerade of yonder Princely buffoon. But alas! even Sir RUPERT had vanished since the failure in the banqueting hall, and I had perforce to wait till the actual moment of the wedding at which (being in the concluding Act) he would be bound to be present.

The ceremony was arranged to take place in the Hall of Dazzling Light, as



Their entrance in line.

my Uncle had, somewhat ostentatiously, named his principal reception room. Concealed behind a pillar in this apartment, I watched the magnificent crowd of guests as it trooped glittering down the marble staircase to appropriate music.

Very unwillingly I had permitted myself to be attired in a costume consisting principally of spangles and incandescent lamps, quite unsuitable to my severe and classic type of beauty.

So habited, it had been arranged by my Uncle (whose conception of a beautiful wedding was somewhat transatlantic) that I should conclude the procession by appearing hand in hand with the Prince beneath a floral canopy upheld by members of the flying ballet.

But how different were my emotions from those which I had anticipated! Terror had now taken the place of pride, the shadow of some half-comprehended doom seemed to brood over the festive scene. Dimly I wondered what was happening at dear old Meadowsweet,

and what would be my parent's anguish could he but behold the position of his only daughter.

Suddenly, even as I thought thus, I saw something which caused the very blood to freeze within my veins. (It will be noticed that I am liable to this species of chill.) Close to me, mingling with the crowd, I perceived Cousin FLO, Papa, the pantomime villain, and my old lover JACK. But with what unspeakable shame did I behold them? What horrid enchantment had so altered the familiar reverence of my relative's demeanour? In a flash I understood. The pantomime atmosphere imported by Cousin FLO and her companion had proved too strong for the purer air of Melodramia, and the fusion of the two elements had produced that hybrid known as Musical Comedy.

There could be no doubt about it. My father and my ex-lover, once so serenely calm, were now pronounced specimens of this unspeakable type. It needed not poor Papa's Trilby hat, his curly whiskers, or his loud check suit to convince me; their entrance in line, each with a hand upon his neighbour's shoulder, and one leg held out at right angles, would alone have betrayed the shameful truth.

This then was the surprise which my Uncle had predicted; it was one indeed!

Pale with horror I turned to behold Sir RUPERT RUTHERFORD standing beside me. He looked older and more careworn than when I had last seen him, and his face wore the haggard expression of one engaged in a hopeless struggle with fate. In his hands was a cigarette-case—empty.

"Aha!" he hissed, making. I could observe, a violent effort to keep his teeth clenched. "Aha, my dainty Rose!" Then a spasm appeared to seize him. "Why," he asked suddenly, "is Lord KITCHENER like a potato?"

From these awful words I realised that the fatal influence of the place had spread even to him. "I don't know what made me say that," he added despondently. "I've been trying not to for days."

In a moment I had made up my mind. There was little time to lose, for already reminiscences of WAGNER were heralding the appearance of the bridal pair. I could see the Prince, in a garment of glittering silver with white ostrich plumes in his hat, searching distractedly for me. Obviously the end was close at hand.

"RUPE," I whispered hastily (and the contraction was significant), "RUPE, let us fly from here ere it be too late! Let us join hands and seek some distant spot to which this curse of Humour cannot penetrate. You have still your dress clothes, and I have my moral influence; with these let us give

Shakspearian recitals at local Temperance Halls—there at least there will be no amusement!"

Silently I held out my hands, he clasped them, and without a word we stole from the spot, while behind us the music swelled to a climax.

What happened when our flight was discovered, whether the wedding was stopped, or whether Cousin FLO resumed her old place, and in due course entered those mysterious Halls for which she was so obviously suited, I may never know. Sir RUPERT and I dwell in a world far removed from such frivolity.

Lately, however, strange rumours have reached us of "incidents" and "sketches," which by their extension may yet render these places fit even for a lady of such unblemished boredom as my own. In that case—Dear RUPERT has been looking over my shoulder, so I will end with his own words, words that he is never weary of repeating:

"Mark me, a time will come——"

CHARIVARIA.

RECENT events in St. Petersburg tend to show that, given favourable conditions, the Russian Army, no less than the Baltic Fleet, can gain victories.

Meanwhile the outlook generally in Russia is so threatening that it is not at all impossible that the Czar may have to go to Manchuria for safety.

Two French newspapers have so far forgotten the traditions of Gallic politeness as to open subscription lists for the benefit of the relatives of those slaughtered in St. Petersburg.

The Czar's Address has now been published. A few days ago there were many versions of it. We know now that it was Tsarskoe Selo.

Three little lions have been born at Haslemere Park, in Buckinghamshire. In these days of physical deterioration it is good to know that this country can still breed them.

Admiral FREMANTLE has stated that, as some persons seemed to be holding back from participation in the forth-

coming Naval Exhibition at Earl's Court from fear of wounding the feelings of other nations, he could assure them that there would be no display of arrogance. Indeed, we understand that some of our defective gun-sights will be on view.

It is hoped, by the by, that it will be possible to secure, as an exhibit, a British Merchant Sailor.

Mr. ARNOLD-FORSTER having declared that he was not satisfied with what the public schools were doing for the Army, the Headmaster of Eton has written a spirited letter in defence of the WARRE-training of that College.

Mr. HANBURY AGGS, according to a newspaper paragraph, has been adopted as Liberal candidate for the Everton

This explains why the surviving relatives are always in black.

A play entitled *Much Ado about Nothing* has been produced at His Majesty's Theatre. It is founded on a play of the same name by SHAKESPEARE.

"New Bill at the Lyceum!" runs an announcement. We were certainly getting a bit tired of BAILEY.

The weakness of the Drury Lane management in excising those parts of the pantomime to which the *Daily Mail* in its "outrageous attack" took exception continues to excite comment.

"Frenchmen's latest amusement," says the *Royal Magazine*, "is to fly inflated figures of grotesque appearance, which, with a slight push, soar upward into the air, and come slowly to the ground." Poor M. COMBES!

Some surprise is being expressed that the *Magazine of Short Stories* should be unrepresented at the Dogger Bank Inquiry.

It is a pity that the opponents of Alien Immigration are not more careful as to their facts. Last week's issue of the *Family Doctor* contained the following

statement:—"Out of 100 new patients treated at one of the London eye hospitals, no fewer than 102 were aliens." We need scarcely point out that this is a gross exaggeration.

A propos of Aliens, we notice that the Postmaster-General received, last week, a deputation protesting against the disfigurement of the country by ugly telegraph Poles.

Coco, the wonderful monkey, promises to bring so much gold to the Palace Theatre that that place of entertainment is regarded as a veritable Cocos Island.

The Ameer of AFGHANISTAN has asked for a seaport, and it is rumoured that Margate will be given to him.

NEW TITLE FOR THE Czar.—The Little White Feather.



LADIES AT HOCKEY.

(From an old Print.)

division of Liverpool, and many ignorant persons are asking, Who is he? AGGS, of course, is AGGS.

One of the latest additions to the "Carmelite Music" is *Resignation*. A good deal of it is in the air.

It is thought possible that, when the Dissolution takes place, Mr. BALFOUR may finish Lord BEACONSFIELD's uncompleted novel.

The Metropolitan Water Board has decided to issue more stock. Will this be what is known as Watered Stock?

We are sorry to hear that there has been a considerable number of ice disasters at Juvenile parties lately.

According to Professor MEEK the death-rate among lobsters is tremendous, only one in 40,000 reaching maturity.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

My Nautical Retainer writes: One is apt to despair of English criticism when a novel like MAY SINCLAIR'S *The Divine Fire* (CONSTABLE) goes almost unregarded. Possibly our conductors are themselves guided by established reputations: and Miss SINCLAIR'S was yet to make. She was not Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD, for instance, and she was not Mr. HENRY JAMES. Yet the one might well envy the delightful humour that here tempers a very perfect sincerity, and the other might admire how an analytic subtlety as delicate as his own could avoid obscurity and a too laboured finesse. Miss SINCLAIR'S intuition—for experience would never have embraced such a diversity of types—is something more than feminine. With an astonishing certainty of touch she realises her bold conception of *Rickman*, the poet with the "divine fire," and the chilling heritage of dropped aspirates; the man whose instinct for the best in art and in honour delivers him unhurt from the banality of his environment, and yet leaves him human and no prig. With equal certainty she presents *Horace Jeuducine*, the finished product of Oxford dondom, with his lofty generalisations on the Absolute, and his ultimate lapse into the corruption of popular journalism. More easily imagined, yet not less admirably executed, are her women portraits, covering a wide range, from *Lucia Harden*, of the fine intelligence and noble sympathies, to *Flossie Walker*, of the Bloomsbury boarding-house ideals, each (and *Poppy*, too, of the Halls) making her appeal to some quality, higher or lower, or something between, in the same man's nature.

Miss SINCLAIR is always quietly sure of herself. That is why she will not be hurried, but moves through her gradual scheme with so leisured a serenity; why her style, fluent and facile, never forces its natural eloquence; why her humour plays with a diffused light over all her work and seldom needs the advertisement of scintillating epigrams. Judged by almost every standard to which a comedy like this should be referred, I find her book the most remarkable that I have read for many years.

Fortunately in America, which has a vastly wider reading public, and, at times, a keener flair for genius, *The Divine Fire* has been received with instant enthusiasm. This must be Miss SINCLAIR'S consolation when she finds herself in the noble army of prophets and sibyls who have missed honour in their own countries.

Lady Penelope, by MORLEY ROBERTS (F. V. WHITE & Co.), is, reports one of my Assistant Readers, a high-spirited Society novel of the irresponsible type. With its bright dialogue and bustling incident it suggests possibilities of stage adaptation in the form of a rattling farcical comedy, though there are certain difficulties in the plot which a dramatist might find insuperable. The heroine, *Lady Penelope Brading*, has eight devoted suitors, a fanatical dislike of the vulgar publicity of smart weddings, and no sense of humour whatever. She subjects her unhappy suitors to a period of probation on the Ruskinian system, pairing them off in uncongenial couples with instructions to learn to tolerate one another, in the hope that she will eventually reward one of them with her hand, but on the distinct understanding that she will never let anyone know who her husband is, while he, whoever he may be, will also be expected to conceal the fact. Later, she invites her suitors, friends, and relations to a party, and informs them all that she has married one of them, but declines to say which. And when in due course an announcement appears in the Births column of the *Times*, it gives *Lady Penelope*'s unmarried surname only, which naturally not only intensifies the mystery, but causes a scandal. Whereupon each suitor, from mistaken motives of chivalry, attempts to save his

lady's name by proclaiming himself as the husband. Hence more bewilderment, misunderstandings, assaults and batteries, wild pursuits and flights in motor-cars, and a general atmosphere of confusion and mystery that goes on thickening till the last page but one, when it is satisfactorily cleared by the arrival of the genuine husband. The mid-Victorian *Duchess of Goring*, the *Bishop of Spilsborough*, and *Bob*, the boy who has been taken away from three great public schools for fighting, are well-drawn and amusing characters, and altogether *Lady Penelope* may be recommended with some confidence to those in search of entertainment.

By all students of English literature, and by all admirers of the varied work of WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY, a book entitled *The Thackeray Country*, written by LEWIS MELVILLE, and recently published by Messrs. BLACK, will be most heartily welcomed. THACKERAY'S country, the land of his choice, was Bohemia; Upper, not Lower, Bohemia, rich in Johnsonian tradition, where men like Warrington and the once dandified *Pen* resided, in such chambers and amid such queer surroundings as caused *Major Pendennis*, from West-End Clubland, to shudder on the occasion of his first visit to this unfashionable quarter, when, being mistaken for the expected pot-boy, he was peremptorily bidden to "come in!" Not a few of the illustrations, those of the Temple, for example, seem somewhat unnecessary.

The Baron limits himself to three corrections, which he makes of his own personal knowledge. It was not DOUGLAS JERROLD but ANDREW ARCEDECKNE who, by way of congratulating THACKERAY on the reading in public of his first lecture on the *Four Georges*, said to him in his squeaky voice, with specially assumed, and peculiarly irritating, cockney manner, "Bravo! THACK, my boy! Uncommon good show. But it'll never go without a pianner." As nearly as the Baron can remember, this is how ARCEDECKNE himself told it to him, thereby corroborating THACKERAY'S own version of the story, which the Baron heard from THACKERAY himself, on an exceptional occasion, when it was the Baron's privilege to be seated with him, PERCIVAL LEIGH, and MARK LEMON at the *Punch* dinner table after most of the company had left. Then it was that, as THACKERAY was recounting "the DICKENS and YATES affair" at the Garrick Club, he brought down his fist with such an emphatic thump on the arm of his chair that he considerably startled the youngest of the party. It was little ANDREW ARCEDECKNE, too, whose unexpected entrance into the Garrick smoking-room so disconcerted THACKERAY—who at the moment was in the middle of some humorous story, with which he was entertaining a circle of admirers—that he suddenly dried up, just as though he were an inexperienced and nervous young actor who had forgotten his part. Whereupon ARCEDECKNE, quietly lighting a cigar, addressed the great man, in a cheerfully patronising manner, with these delightfully inappropriate words, "Proceed, sweet warbler, your story interests me much." THACKERAY made no retort, but hastily left the room. This the Baron long, long ago had from the aforesaid ANDREW, whose society he much cultivated, and also from that inimitable raconteur SHIRLEY BROOKS. The third error is misspelling the Baron's family name both in the book and its index. Well—there's the danger of running into reminiscences—so the Baron pulls up short, and again recommends Mr. LEWIS MELVILLE'S book to all and sundry.



MAIL-CART DIALOGUE.

II.

"CAN you see anything of her?" said the infant, whose range of vision was limited to smoking chimneys and electric tram standards, owing to its supine position in the mail-cart.

"Yes, I can see her right enough," replied Twoyears, craning round the hood and peering through the glass door into the dim interior of the draper's shop, where Nurse sat absorbed at the ribbon counter.

"How much longer is she going to be?" inquired the infant, peevishly squirming about under the strap.

"Oh, give her time," said Twoyears; "she's only had seven boxes down yet. The postman winked at her this morning, you know, so she's buying a new ribbon for her cap on the strength of it. —Oh don't start crying, for goodness sake; I get enough of that in the nursery. Do draw it mild in the mail-cart."

"But I'm teething," whimpered the other.

"Well, if you are you'd better keep it to yourself, or they'll start vaccinating you at once."

"What!" ejaculated the baby, "don't I suffer enough as it is with my gums but they must go and dig holes in my arm, and then grumble if I cry."

"Ah, that's where they have you! They vaccinate you when you're teething, so that one cry does for both. Being the eldest of the family I fell into the trap—but you take my tip, cry *now* for your gums and in six months' time for your arm, even though it's quite better."

"But they'll think me such a disagreeable baby if I cry for nothing."

"I daresay they'll do that anyhow."

Uncertain how to take this the baby pulled down its lip as the easiest way out of the dilemma, when the other hastily interposed—

"Come—cheer up, Chummie—you're not in your bath anyhow—and if you were you'd have a better time than I did at your age. That was before we made our money. We only kept a general. I shan't forget Mother's first attempt at bathing me."

"Did you cry?" said the infant with interest.

"Yes, to a certain extent, but not so much as she did—and oh, how hot she got! She was frightened of drowning me, so as soon as I saw an opening I slipped into the deep water of the basin, and she nipped me out in no time. It was a dodge worth repeating. Not that pretending to drown in soapy water is all jam. But you're young yet for that sort of thing—and anyhow you'll find people won't worry you as long as you'll keep asleep."



G. L. SAMPSON.

WHERE THERE'S A WILL AND NO WAY.

Stout Party. "NOW THEN, YOUNG LADY, DON'T SIT ON ME, PLEASE!"
Young Lady (sweetly). "I'LL TRY NOT TO."

"Oh, won't they?" said the baby. "I don't believe there's a single person of my acquaintance, from Nurse's aunt to the Kitchenmaid's grandmother, but runs her finger round my gums every time we meet."

"Oh—women! Perhaps so—you're one of them; but you won't find men noticing a kid of your sex and age."

"But they do. Nearly every man in the street speaks to me as he passes."

"Well, it's very unusual, then," cried Twoyears. "What do they say?"

"They say, 'Hallo, Baby! how's Nurse?'"

"Well, of course," said Twoyears

after a pause, "I don't want to doubt your word, but it's unusual. You *are* a girl, aren't you?"

"I believe so," said the infant doubtfully. "I fancy I heard Nurse say so."

"Oh, you must be, from the bonnet. If you were a boy, like me, you'd wear a fluffy white mortarboard thing two sizes too large for you, with a tendency to tilt over one eye. You're a girl right enough, though what they want more girls for beats me. There's a baby girl next door, two opposite, and hundreds of them in the Park. What's the good of them?—that's what I want to know."

"You wait a bit," said the infant.

LATEST IMPERIAL POLICY.

In these days, when farcical comedies, musical comedies, and such-like theatrical absurdities, constitute the most popular form of theatrical entertainment, that a play so scant of plot, so bare of strong situations, and with exceptionally long soliloquies, as SHAKESPEARE'S *Henry the Fifth*, should arouse audience after audience, representative of all sorts and conditions of Englishmen and Englishwomen, to such a pitch of honest enthusiasm as seldom greets even an exceptionally sensational melodrama, is a remarkable fact, constituting a genuine and thoroughly well-merited tribute to the discernment of Mr. LEWIS WALLER as a Manager, to the excellence of his own impersonation of the warrior King, pious as he is chivalrous, and to the intelligent acting of a first-rate working company.

Unfortunately on the occasion of the visit of Mr. Punch's Representative to the Imperial Theatre, Miss MARY RORKE, who should have played the part of *Chorus*, one of the many exceptional charms of this revival, was suffering from loss of voice, and unable to appear. The entire audience sincerely sympathised with her, as they also suffered from loss of voice, and that voice, hers.

The cast is too full—there are some thirty-eight speaking parts—for this Representative to give adequate praise to each and every one, where all are so exceptionally good. He would like to see Mr. FRANK DYALL, as the *Dauphin*, more lively, gay, and light-hearted, than he is; for is he not the practical humourist who has sent that box of tennis-balls to the English King? The *Dauphin* should be in strong contrast to HENRY, reminding one rather of what the latter had been when he was HARRY MONMOUTH.

Mr. THOMAS KINGSTON, as *Corporal Nym*, overdoes the make-up and the business of this part, notably where his by-play detracts from the pathetic interest aroused by the *Hostess's* (Miss M. GRIFFIN) touchingly natural description of the death of *Sir John Falstaff*. Mr. WILLIAM CALVERT'S *Bardolph* is good.

The rendering by Mr. JOHN BEAUCHAMP of two characters so distinct as the determined but courtly *Archbishop of Canterbury* and the vacillating French King *Charles the Sixth*, is admirable. Full of humour is the Welsh Captain *Gower* of Mr. EDMUND FERRIS, though, if he will cudgel the unfortunate *Pistol* so severely, it seems to me that Mr. WILLIAM MOLLISON, the artistic representative of this cowardly, bombastic, amusing knave, the last of poor *Falstaff's* followers, takes the chastisement far too stolidly, rarely uttering a cry, hardly writhing, and never once attempting to escape.

Than Miss KATE RUSKIN as the *Boy, Falstaff's* page, no better representative could be found. Her French conversation and her acting as the interpreter between swaggering bully *Pistol* and the unfortunate French nobleman (who surely ought not to be represented by Mr. CHARLES MEYER as so utterly abject a victim), is thoroughly natural, and adds greatly to the humour of this absurdly burlesque scene. By the way, how has it come about that this sharp-witted, decently educated youth should have been in the confidential service of the Fat Knight and his company of blackguards? Much might be written on this page.

Miss SARAH BROOKE is charming as *Katharine*, and the light courtship duologue between the French Princess, speaking her own language fluently, and *King Henry*, whose education has been so neglected that he cannot, as a linguist, be clasped with *Falstaff's* page, attempting to express himself in the same tongue, is, as a detached scene, a delightful bit of comedy, recalling for a moment, as does the practical joke of the leek, the days when the King, a gay young man about town, larked with *Doll*, being quite unrestrained by the etiquette that now fetters him as the reformed rake, the manly, pious and bluff soldier-King.

Most heartily does Mr. Punch's Representative congratulate Mr. WALLER on his rendering of this fine declamatory part, and on the entire representation. Great praise is due to Messrs. HELMSLEY and BANKS for their effective scenery, and to Mr. RAYMOND ROZE for his music, though one can have a little too much of even this good thing. SHAKESPEARE'S historic play is not a *ballet d'action*.

THE GROWING IMPOTENCE OF THE PRESS.

[If we are to believe the statement that a vast majority in the country is opposed to fiscal reform, we have the remarkable phenomenon of an overwhelming proportion of the London Press diametrically opposed to public opinion on the most vital question of the hour.]

As Thought acquires an ampler sway
I've watched the old illusions die,
And felt it only right to lay
The facts before the common eye;
I've admitted a gradual breach
In the faiths that we used to confess,
But to one I have clung like a leech—
I allude to the Power of the Press.

When sceptics thus assailed my creed:
"These writers by the day or week—
Are they a supernatural breed
Of genius, giant, god or freak?"
I replied, "They are human, of course,
But the might that they wield with the pen
Is a very mysterious force
As employed in the moulding of men!"

Some say it was the breakfast hour,
When intellects are passing cheap,
Which gave the Press its plastic power
Over a public dazed with sleep;
For myself not a rap do I care
How it came to impose on the brain;
It has burst like a bubble in air,
It has soared to the sightless inane!

Vainly, to judge by truant votes,
Some 85 per cent. or so
Of London's journalistic throats
Urge the reforms of Fiscal JOE;
For the louder they din in her ears
That her commerce is going askew,
The more firmly the country adheres
To precisely the opposite view.

Yet readers love the patriot page;
No Little Englanders are these;
For joy of Empire they'll engage
To go and maffick all you please;
They have dreamt an Imperial dream
Of the Fowl and her Filial Pood,
But they couldn't consent to a scheme
That affected the bulk of their Food.

It seems, at sight, a trivial phrase—
"Your Loaf—he means to make it less!"
Yet none who knows our little ways
Will wonder how it hurt the Press;
For your Briton's a person of sense
When you get at his innermost core;
His regard for the Mail is immense,
But the love of his tummy is more! O. S.

We learn from the *St. James's Gazette* that at Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S meeting at Gainsborough all the 600 guinea seats on the platform were taken. Surely a record price!



MOST EMBARRASSING !

MISS TRANSVAAL. "HENRY DEAR, YOU WON'T FORGET YOUR PROMISE WHEN YOUR SHIP COMES HOME?"

["The Boers, we are told, regard General BOTHA's declaration as nailing Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN to his speech at South Queensferry, so that, whenever his party comes into office, he may remember his pledge to grant autonomy to the new Colonies."—"Times," January 31.]



A LESSON IN POLITENESS.

Bobbie (taking the second apple—to Mabel). "If Auntie had passed them to me first, I'd have taken the littlest one."
Mabel. "Well, what's the matter? You've got the littlest one!"

TO A SEMI-DETACHED
NEIGHBOUR.

AGAIN the firelight shadows mix
 Their mazy dance, and on mine ear
 Soft steals through intervening bricks
 The strain that once I held so dear.

'Tis but a simple-sounding thing,
 Yet ere an hour or so hath sped
 I feel a hopeless longing spring
 Within my breast to know you dead.

Oh count me not a Philistine,
 One of that rude, untutored throng,
 Which only designates divine
 The music of a dinner-gong.

Go, ask my relatives and those
 Who know me best, and they'll agree
 That 'neath this cold exterior glows
 A heart attuned to harmony.

Oft, oft will organ-grinders pause
 To gaze upon me in their play,
 Incredulous that they should cause
 A rapture such as I betray.

And many a wandering minstrel's eye
 Hath shed a soft Teutonic tear

Within a generous mug of my
 Imported Munich lager beer.

And yet your music stirs in me
 No subtly-sweet responsive thrill.
 Its one achievement seems to be
 To make me most supremely ill.

Is it, perchance, because your fond
 And faithful fancy scorns to roam
 To melodies that lie beyond
 The narrow range of "Home, Sweet
 Home?"

Or does this lonely, brooding heart,
 That craves a silent hour, condemn
 The way in which you always start
 At nine and play till two A.M.?

I know not, friend; I only know
 That if you do not shortly cease
 I mean to summon you to go
 Before a Justice of the Peace.

"FOUR men who robbed a shop at
 Shipley were traced by a trail of patent
 food." In fact the Force (headed possibly
 by P.-C. SUNNY JIM) was on their track.

THE LITTLE FATHER.

NICHOL, NICHOL, little CZAR,
 How I wonder where you are!
 You who thought it best to fly,
 Being so afraid to die.
 Now the sullen crowds are gone,
 Now there's nought to fire upon;
 Sweet your sleigh bells ring afar,
 Tinkle, tinkle, little CZAR.

Little CZAR, with soul so small,
 How are you a CZAR at all?
 Yours had been a happier lot
 In some peasant's humble cot.
 Yet to you was given a day
 With a noble part to play,
 As an Emperor and a Man;
 When it came—"then NICKY ran."

Little CZAR, beware the hour
 When the people strikes at Power;
 Soul and body held in thrall,
 They are human after all.
 Thrones that reek of blood and tears
 Fall before the avenging years.
 While you watch your sinking star,
 Tremble, tremble, little CZAR!

LIFE'S LITTLE DIFFICULTIES.

XII.—THE CHAUFFEUR.

I.

*Mrs. Adrian Armyne to her sister.**(Extract.)*

WE have found a most delightful chauffeur, a Frenchman named ACHILLE LE BOIS, who speaks English perfectly, although with a fascinating accent, and is altogether most friendly and useful. He is continually doing little things for me, and it is nice too to have someone to talk French with. ADRIAN'S conversational French has always been very rusty. You remember how in that little shop at Avignon in 1880 he said "*Quel dommage?*" for "*What is the price?*"

II.

Mr. Adrian Armyne to the Conservative Agent at Wilchester.

MR. ADRIAN ARMYNE presents his compliments to Mr. BASHFORD, and greatly regrets what must look very like a slight in his absence from the chair at last night's meeting, but circumstances over which he had no control caused him to miss the way in his motor-car and afterwards to break down at a spot where it was impossible to get any other vehicle. MR. ARMYNE cannot too emphatically express his regret at the occurrence, and his hope that trust in his good faith as a worker in the cause of Fiscal Reform may not be permanently shattered.

III.

Sir Vernon Boyce to Mr. Armyne.

DEAR ARMYNE,—I think you ought to know that I came across your Frenchman with a gun in the Lower Spinney this morning, evidently intending to get what he could. He explained to me that he distinctly understood you to say that he was at liberty to shoot there. How such a misunderstanding can have arisen I cannot guess, but he is now clearly informed as to divisions of land and other matters which apparently are different in France. It is all right, but I think you ought to keep an eye on him.

Yours sincerely,

VERNON BOYCE.

IV.

*Mrs. Armyne to her sister.**(Extract.)*

ACHILLE is certainly very useful, although his mercurial French nature makes him a little too careless about time, and once or twice he has been nowhere to be found at important junctures. For instance, we completely missed Lord TANCASTER'S wedding the other day. Not that that mattered very much, especially as we had sent a silver inkstand, but ADRIAN is rather annoyed. ACHILLE plays the mandoline charmingly

(we hear him at night in the servants' hall), and he has been teaching me *repoussé* work.

V.

Mrs. Armyne to Mrs. Jack Lyon.

DEAR MRS. LYON,—My husband and myself are deeply distressed to have put out your table last evening, but it was one of those accidents that occur now and then, and which there is no foreseeing or remedying. The fact is that we were all ready to go and had ordered the car, when it transpired that ACHILLE, our chauffeur, had been called to London by telegram, and had left in so great a hurry that he had no time to warn us. By the time we could have sent to the village and got a carriage your dinner would have been over, and so we decided not to go at all. ACHILLE has not yet returned, which makes us fear that the poor fellow, who has relatives in Soho, may have found real trouble.

Yours sincerely,

EMILY ARMYNE.

VI.

Mr. Armyne to Achille Le Bon.

DEAR ACHILLE,—I am very sorry to have to tell you that it has been made necessary for us to ask you to go. This is not on account of any dissatisfaction that we have with you, but merely that Mrs. ARMYNE has heard of the son of an old housekeeper of her father's who wishes for a post as chauffeur, and she feels it only right that he should be given a trial. You will, I am sure, see how the case stands. Perhaps we had better say that a month's notice begins from to-day, but you may leave as much earlier as you like. I shall, of course, be only too pleased to do all I can to find you another situation. I should have told you this in person, but had to go to town, and now write because I think it would be wrong not to let you have as early an intimation of Mrs. ARMYNE'S decision as possible. I am,

Yours faithfully,

ADRIAN ARMYNE.

VII.

*Mr. Armyne to Achille Le Bon.**(By hand.)*

DEAR ACHILLE,—I am afraid that a letter which was posted to you from London when I was last there, a month ago, cannot have reached you. Letters are sometimes lost, and this must be one of them. In it I had to inform you that Mrs. ARMYNE, having made arrangements for an English chauffeur who has claims on her consideration (being the son of an old housekeeper of her father's, who was in his service for many years, and quite one of the family), it was made necessary for us, much against our will, for we esteem you very highly, to ask you to go. As that letter

miscarried I must now repeat the month's notice that I then was forced to give, and the permission for you to leave at any time within the month if you like. I am, yours faithfully,

ADRIAN ARMYNE.

VIII.

Mr. Armyne to his nephew Sidney Burnet. (Extract.)

There seems to be nothing for it but to sell our car. This is a great blow to us, but we cannot go on as we are, apparently owning a car but in reality being owned by a chauffeur.

IX.

Sidney Burnet to Mr. Armyne.

DEAR UNCLE,—Don't sell the car. The thing to do is to pretend to sell it, get rid of your NAPOLEON, and then have it back. Why not say I have bought it? I will come over one day soon and drive it home. Say Thursday morning.

Your affectionate nephew,

SIDNEY.

X.

Mr. Armyne to Mr. Sidney Burnet.

MY DEAR SIDNEY,—Your plan seems to me to be ingenious, but your aunt is opposed to it. She says that ACHILLE might find it out. Suppose, for example, he came back for something he had forgotten and saw the car in the coach-house again! What should we do? Another objection is that poor JOE is ill, and ACHILLE remarked to me the other day that before he took to engineering he was a gardener. From what I know of him this means that, unless JOE gets better, ACHILLE—if your plan is carried through—will ask to be retained in JOE'S place, and this will mean that we shall never see asparagus or strawberries again. Don't you think that we might go to town, and you could ride over to "Highercroft" and give ACHILLE notice yourself for me? We will go to town to-morrow, and you might see ACHILLE on Monday.

Your affectionate uncle.

XI.

Sidney Burnet to Mr. Armyne.

DEAR UNCLE,—I went over and sacked ACHILLE to-day as arranged, but he replied that he could take notice only from you; and that from what Aunt EMILY had said to him just before you went away he is sure there has been some mistake. As to notice from you I'm afraid the beggar's right. He seems to have taken advantage of your absence to build a really rather clever pergola leading from Aunt EMILY'S sitting-room to the rose walk, as a surprise for Mrs. ARMYNE, he said. He has also re-painted all your bookshelves and mended that pair of library steps. With the dispatch

of this bulletin I retire from the position of discharger of Frenchmen.

Your affectionate nephew,
SIDNEY.

XII.

Mrs. Jack Lyon to a friend a few months later. (Extract.)

You remember the ARMYNES? In despair at ever getting rid of their chauffeur, who certainly led them a fearful dance, although he was rather a dear creature, the poor things let their house for a year and decided to travel. I have just heard from BELLA, from Florence, that she met them toiling up the hill to Fiesole the other day, and behind them, carrying Mrs. ARMYNE'S easel, was—who do you think? The chauffeur!

THE FORCE OF EXAMPLE.

["How do you like North Dorset?" asked a working man of Mr. BALFOUR in Manchester. "I have no objection to North Dorset; we must take these things as they come," replied the PREMIER, who then shook hands with his interlocutor and stepped into his carriage."—*Daily Paper.*]

As Mr. ALFRED LYTTELTON was returning the other day from an amateur theatrical performance of *A Chinese Honeymoon*, he was accosted by a sandwichman, who asked him, "What price Chinese wives and families in the Transvaal?" "My good man," replied Mr. LYTTELTON, "I have no objection to Chinese wives and families. We must take these things as they come,—or don't come," and, politely handing the man a choice Borneo cigar, the Colonial Secretary adroitly turned into an "A B C," where he ordered birds'-nest soup and roast puppy.

"What do you think of the Board of Trade Returns?" asked an Aston Villa Forward of the ex-Colonial Secretary, as Mr. CHAMBERLAIN was recently making some purchases in Birmingham. "What do I think of the Board of Trade Returns?" echoed Mr. CHAMBERLAIN in his most genial tones. "Why, I think they're perfectly lovely! Of course I'm not going to take them lying down, but that's no reason why they should make me sit up." With these words Mr. CHAMBERLAIN presented his questioner with a choice orchid, patted him on the back, and took a flying leap into a passing hansom.

As Mr. BRODRICK was leaving the India Office a few days ago, he was hailed by an omnibus-driver with the trenchant query, "How do you like Lord CURZON?" Mr. BRODRICK, with that sunny smile and ready tact which have endeared him to all classes in the community, immediately rejoined: "What's the matter with Lord CURZON? He's all right!" The



IMITATION THE SINCEREST FORM OF FLATTERY.

Lady Grabington (to very distinguished artist, whom she has just met for the first time). "DO YOU KNOW I AM SO VERY PLEASSED TO MEET YOU, AND I MUST TELL YOU, MY LITTLE SISTER HAS MADE SOME REALLY QUITE TOO WONDERFUL COPIES FROM SOME OF YOUR ILLUSTRATIONS, AND WE ALL THINK SHE OUGHT TO MAKE QUITE A LOT OF MONEY OUT OF THEM. OH! AND COULD YOU TELL ME WHERE SHE COULD SELL THEM, AND ALL THAT SORT OF THING, IT WOULD BE SO AWFULLY JOLLY FOR HER, DON'T YOU KNOW!" [Distinguished artist thinks it would, and feels very highly flattered.]

'bus-driver shook his head, but Mr. BRODRICK, determined not to miss an opportunity of conciliating public opinion, mounted the top of the omnibus, and taking a front seat drove off in such absorbing conversation with the Jehu that the 'bus ran into one of the lions in Trafalgar Square.

As Mr. GEORGE WYNDHAM was on his way to read a paper on SHAKESPEARE'S sonnets in relation to the Irish Bacon trade at Mr. SIDNEY LEE'S superb mansion in Kensington, he was suddenly stopped by an infuriated Orangeman from Belfast, who shouted at him, "What do you think of Ulster now?" "Oh, I suppose I mustn't complain of Ulster," replied the Irish Secretary. "It is all

in the day's work." With this he pressed a fine cabinet photograph of Sir ANTHONY MACDONNELL on his interrogator, twirled his moustaches to their best Rodin sleekness, and hurried off to Lexham Gardens.

"Where's your WILLIE SHAKESPEARE now?" asked a member of the Stage Society of Mr. BEERBOHM TREE, as the great Actor-Manager stood on the steps of the Garrick Club, thoughtfully perusing a telegram from a contortionist who wanted a leading part in the next revival of *King Lear*. "Anywhere but in my theatre," replied the Friend of the Footlights, turning lightly on his heel and disappearing through the historic swing doors.

QUEEN SYLVIA.

CHAPTER XII.

How the Queen found her father, retained her crown, and became engaged to be married.

THE butler, having made the startling announcement of the arrival of King OTHO's emissary, stood still and expressionless in the attitude customary to well-trained domestics. For a time nobody spoke, for everyone felt that the incident was in some mysterious way big with fate. SYLVIA was the first to recover herself:—

"Show the emissary in at once," she said in a tone of ceremony. "It is not fitting that one who brings a message from King OTHO should be kept waiting. We desire all who are present to stay, for thus there will be an appearance of state about our reception."

The next moment the emissary was introduced. He was an aged nobleman of Eisenblut, and his uniform glittered with decorations that bespoke a long career devoted to the service of his country. It was for this reason that his sovereign had selected him for the mission—for this reason, and also because he spoke the language of Hinterland fluently and without a trace of foreign accent. When he came before the Queen he made a low obeisance, and then, drawing himself up to his full height, he produced a letter and spoke:—

"Your Majesty," he said, "my august master King OTHO has confided to my care this precious document for presentation to your Majesty. Deign to read it and honour me by permitting me to take your gracious commands as to the answer I am to convey to my King."

With this he bowed again and handed the letter to SYLVIA, who broke the seal and read it. Then she looked up with a flushed face, and her eyes met the anxious eyes of her mother.

"Yes, Mamma," she said, "the letter is indeed from King OTHO. He declares his unalterable affection for me, and asks me to marry him when I shall have reached the age of seventeen. Oh, Mamma, I am so happy!" And she sought her mother's side and flung her arms about her neck.

"I trust," said her mother, "he may be worthy of you. You may be sure at any rate that you will find no obstacle to your happiness in me."

"Your Highness," interposed the Lord Chancellor, who had by no means taken in good part the enforced interruption of his lecture, "your Highness forgets the fundamental law which makes the consent of both parents essential."

"But I had not forgotten it," said SYLVIA with dignity. "My mind is irrevocably made up. As Queen I could not break a law. As subject I can, and I mean to, be the consequences what they may. On my seventeenth birthday I shall abdicate, and shall then marry OTHO."

At this terrible declaration a shudder of horror seemed to go through those who heard it. The emissary started back, and placed his hand before his eyes as though to shut out some dreadful spectacle; the Grand Duchess fell into a chair and gave way to tears; and the Naval Blue-Stick, having darted forward, was clutched by SARAH, who, in the midst of her own distracted feelings, was yet able to counsel him to preserve that self-restraint which his office and the presence of the monarch rendered necessary. The Lord Chancellor too was moved, but he soon regained his composure and cleared his throat and spoke:—

"It is my duty," he said, "to point out to your Majesty that another fundamental law forbids the course you propose to take—"

"I am tired of your fundamental laws," observed SYLVIA, not without petulance—"thoroughly tired."

"Your Majesty," continued the Lord Chancellor, "has my full sympathy. The law, however, for which I am in no way

responsible, declares,"—here he opened his book and read from it—"that it shall not be lawful for a King or Queen to abdicate the Crown before the age of sixty—"

"I shall certainly do it at sixty," said SYLVIA.

"and," continued the Lord Chancellor doggedly, "a King or a Queen having once been proclaimed and duly crowned shall be presumed to have an indefeasible title, and such King or Queen shall in no way be disturbed or impaired or impeded in the exercise of his or her royal functions by any person who may assert a superior claim to the Crown. Thus your Majesty will perceive that even if, to suppose an unhappily impossible case, your royal father were to return, he could in no way disturb your Majesty on your throne."

The Lord Chancellor ended and looked round solemnly, but at this point the Naval Blue-Stick could be restrained no longer. He broke from the background and from SARAH's grasp, and rushed to the Queen.

"Avast there, my Lord Chancellor," he shouted, "avast. And as for you, my lass, my pretty little lass, you shall have all you want—ay, and you shall be Queen still, God bless you!"

"And pray, Sir," said SYLVIA icily, "who are you that you should—"

"Who am I?" said the Naval Blue-Stick; "why, bless your sweet face, I'm your father. Oh, no wonder you stare—but I wasn't drowned, and I've come back to make you happy. I've got all my proofs; but this lady"—he turned to the Grand Duchess—"will recognise her monogram tattooed upon my arm"; and he bared his right arm before his wife, who gave one wild look at it and then, in obedience to the violence of her emotions and the traditions of her sex, screamed slightly and fainted away.

In this fashion HILDEBRAND was restored to his family, and the Queen found her father. I need hardly add that the consent of both parents was given to SYLVIA's engagement, and that on her seventeenth birthday she was married to King OTHO of Eisenblut. Both they and their subjects are very happy, and their son, a promising lad, will one day reign over the two Kingdoms united in one.

THE END.

Strenuous Teddy's New Billet.

A *Reuter* cable from Washington states that "the House of Representatives Committee on Inter-State and Foreign Commerce has authorised a favourable report on the Mann Bill, abolishing the Panama Commission, and placing the work of constructing the Canal entirely in the hands of the President of the United States."

Why not call it frankly the One Mann Bill?

WHAT HAMLET SAYS TO IT.—MRS. KENDAL, at the New Vagabonds' dinner, is reported to have concluded her speech with these memorable words, "I am determined to try the part of *Hamlet*." Ahem! SARAH B. did it, so why not MADGE K.? *A propos*, the Queen in *Hamlet* observes, "The lady doth protest too much, methinks." Whereupon *Hamlet* replies, "O, but she'll keep her word." *Qui vivra verra*.

"WHY DRAG IN VELASQUEZ?"—It could not be avoided. Maitre RODIN, interviewed concerning the work of JAMES MCNEILL WHISTLER, fell into the trap, and, within a few minutes, up popped VELASQUEZ! Mr. Dick could no more keep the head of CHARLES THE FIRST out of his Memorial than can anyone, speaking about WHISTLER, omit VELASQUEZ. Poor JAMES! Rest, rest, perturbed spirit. Why can't he be left alone, that is, without VELASQUEZ?



WHAT OUR ARTIST HAS TO ENDURE!

Collager. "DO YOU EVER LARN FOLKS TER PAINT PICTERS LIKE THAT THERE, SIR?"

Artist. "OH, YES—SOMETIMES. WHY DO YOU ASK?"

Collager. "WELL, SIR, THIS 'ERE BOY O' MINE AIN'T FIT FOR NUTHIN'. 'E BE THAT THERE DELICATE 'E CAN'T DO NO 'ARD WORK, AN' NOT 'BEIN' QUITE RIGHT IN 'IS 'EAD, I THOUGHT AS 'OW THIS 'ERE 'UD BE A NICE LIGHT OCCUPATION FOR 'E."

WHY NOT MAKE THE BIRTH-COLUMN INTERESTING?

A WEEKLY paper has the following:—

"January —, at —, to Mr. and Mrs. —, another dear little girl."

No doubt this marks the beginning of a new departure in journalism. The birth-column has long been regarded as monotonous and prosaic. The stereotyped form is now likely to disappear, and in its place we may expect to see the spontaneous and untrammelled expression of parental joys. This is the style we anticipate:—

February 8, at Cradley, to Mr. and Mrs. SMITH, a bouncing-boy this time (the very image of his pa).

February 10, at Kidderminster, to Mr. and Mrs. QUIVERFUL, twins again!

February 12.—Mr. and Mrs. GIRLINGTON have the inexpressible delight of announcing to their numerous friends that they have now fourteen daughters, instead of thirteen, as formerly. Mr. and Mrs. G. are, however, rather sorry it wasn't a boy.

The Bogie Principle applied to Omnibuses.

THE following advertisement for an artiste in the Illusionist line of business appears in the *Stage*:—

WANTED.—Young Girl . . . One used to Ghost Bus.

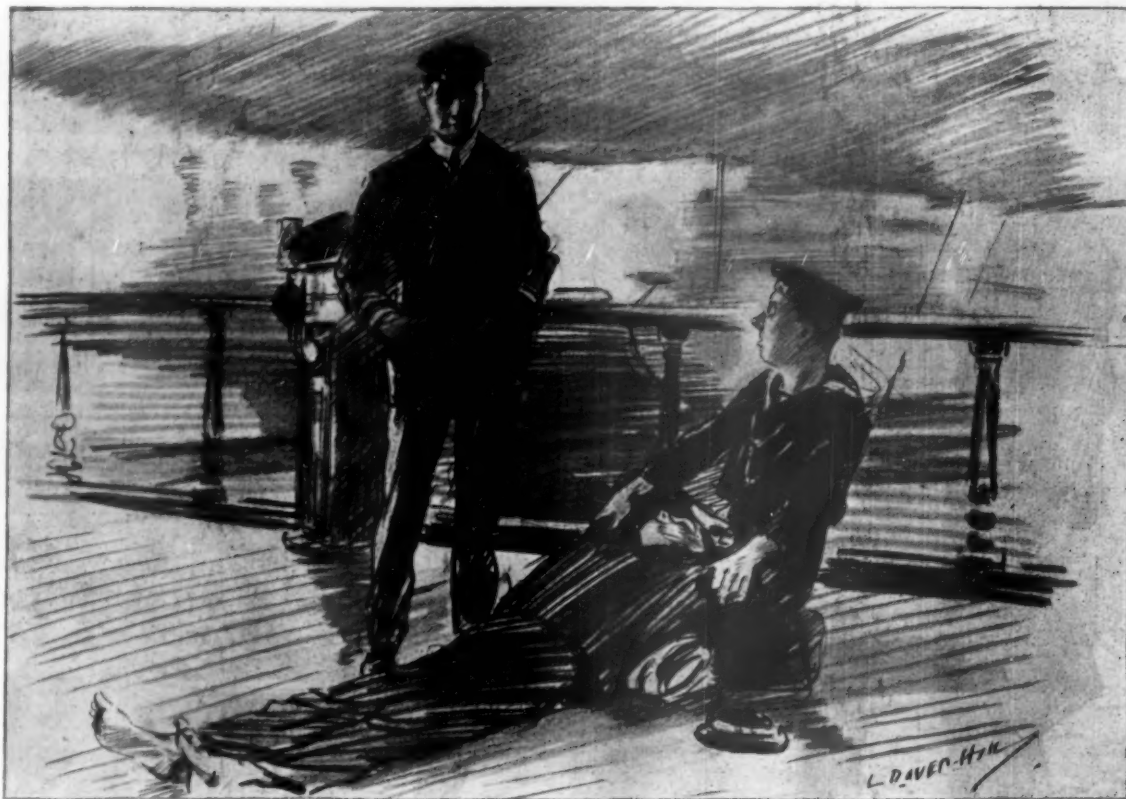
More Commercial Candour.

"—'s Annual Sale is now proceeding. Remnants in all departments this day. New Grill Room has been added."

Daily Dispatch.

PURCHASE a — bicycle and insure your life.—*Catalogue of a Cycle Company.*

WE are glad to learn that that famous Head Master, Dr. THRING of Uppingham, has become an eponymous hero. The *Yorkshire Post*, in an obituary notice of the Rev. THEOPHILUS ROWE, speaks of him as having been at one time Assistant Master at "Uppingham-under-Thring."



Surgeon (examining in the practical methods of reviving the apparently drowned). "Now, how long would you persevere in those motions of the arms?" Blue Jacket (from the Emerald Isle). "UNTIL HE WAS DEAD, SIR!"

CHARIVARIA.

THE Russian failure in the fighting on the Hunho is a painful set-back after the victories at St. Petersburg.

A Court of Inquiry has found that the Winter Palace occurrence, whereby a loaded gun was fired without hitting the Czar, was an accident.

Now that Port Arthur has fallen, Admiral ALEXEIEFF has received the title of Viceroy of Manchuria, in place of his former title of Viceroy of the Far East. But even the new designation is somewhat cumbersome, and we fancy he will soon come to be called simply the Viceroy.

The practice among Russian officers of firing at cattle from the railway carriage windows on their way to the front has been described as inhumane. This seems hypercritical. They might have been shooting their fellow-citizens at home.

The Czar, in receiving a deputation of workmen, told them that their welfare was very near to his heart, but to come to him like a rebel mob was a crime.

Still, that was their only way of learning how near their welfare was to their sovereign's heart.

"General TREPOFF," according to the *Daily Chronicle*, "intends to arrange for a Press bureau." Should it not be spelt *bourreau*?

"We want to go back to Cologne," the Macedonian gipsies have informed an inquirer. We had heard before that our visitors stand badly in need of the waters of that city.

During the Hungarian elections a number of persons had their ears torn off. As one of SHAKESPEARE'S characters remarked, in a less important crisis, "Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears."

The new marine drive at Scarborough, which was to have been inaugurated by the Prince of WALES, was informally opened by the sea the other day.

"If we had not had great Colonial responsibilities," declared Mr. CHAMBERLAIN at Gainsborough, "we should not be the people we are." But are we?

The persons who attend football matches are sometimes reproached with never taking part in a game themselves, but at Dublin the other day a misdirected ball broke a spectator's leg.

Many painful charges have been brought against aliens, and now the Chairman of an important brewery has called upon the Government to prohibit their entrance into England on the ground that they will not drink beer.

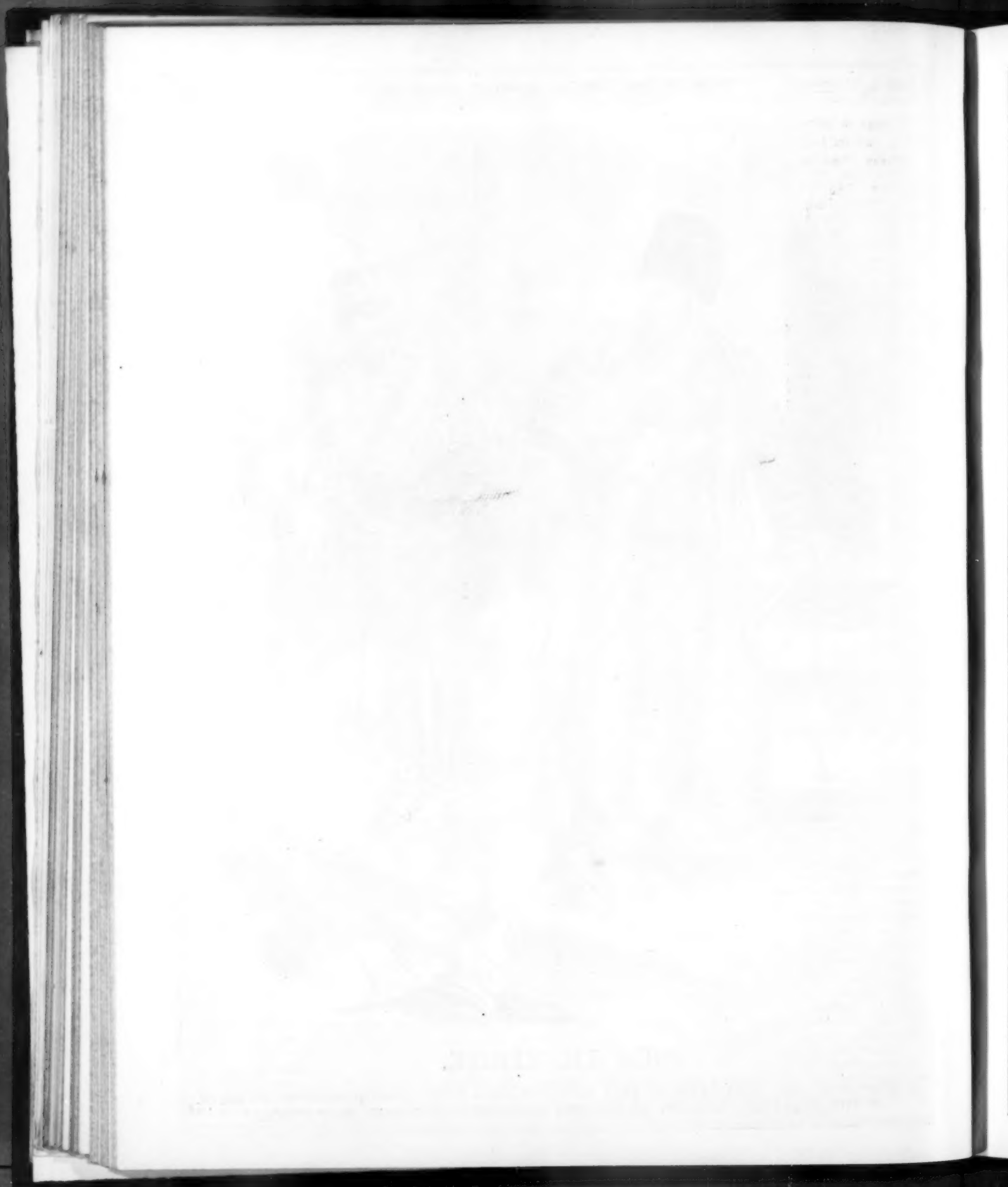
A Carlisle lady accused her husband last week of striking her in the face with the *Christian Herald*. It did not transpire whether she retorted with a *Punch* in the eye.

Dr. CLIFFORD has advised the inhabitants of Wigan never to buy a certain newspaper, and, in the event of their finding it in a railway carriage (when the cost would be nothing), never to believe it. We disapprove of his conduct in mentioning the paper's actual name in connection with so pronounced an innuendo; but at the same time we are free to admit that we ourselves have often noticed newspapers lying on the seats of railway carriages.



POUR LE MÉRITE.

THE MIKADO (to the Czar). "MAY YOUR MAJESTY LONG CONTINUE YOUR 'TRANQUILLISING' METHODS. IN THE MEANTIME, DEIGN TO ACCEPT THIS DECORATION AS JAPAN'S BEST FRIEND."



"ON HALF A SHEET OF NOTE-PAPER."

EXTRACT FROM THE RECESS DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

Monday, February 6.—Much stir of late about discovery of unfinished novel by DIZZY. The MEMBER FOR SARK has had corresponding luck in another direction. Turning over long-preserved contents of waste-paper baskets bought at the Gad's Hill sale, he came upon what was evidently the first draft of Chapter XIV. of *Nicholas Nickleby*. Has generously placed it at my disposal.*

It begins in sequence to the prelude to the interview Mr. Gregsbury, M.P. concedes to his dissatisfied constituents.

"Now, Gentlemen," said Mr. Gregsbury (laying down the proofs of a new pamphlet on which Mr. Pugstyle's quick eye caught the title, "What Matters Anything?"), "you are dissatisfied with my conduct; at least so I'm told by those who read the newspapers."

At this point divagation is made. The great novelist, with almost weird prophetic gift piercing the future hid by a new century, recognises the political situation of to-day. Mr. Gregsbury forecasts PRINCE ARTHUR, Mr. Pugstyle adumbrates C.-B. Only, instead of being spokesman of a disappointed constituency, the latter, heading a deputation, looks in as exponent of the views of an exasperated electorate calling for immediate dissolution of Parliament.

In the conversation that follows, copied textually from the recovered MS., members of the Boz Club and less erudite students of DICKENS will perceive how curiously little this first draft varies from that found in the final version of the chapter.

"Yes, we are," said a plump old gentleman, bursting out of the throng.

"Do my eyes deceive me?" said Mr. Gregsbury, "or is that my old friend Pugstyle, who for long nights through many Sessions has sat opposite me in the House of Commons, enjoying the amity that reigns on the Front Bench?"

"I am sorry to be here, Sir, but your conduct, Mr. Gregsbury, more especially in respect of your dubious relations with Joe, has rendered this deputation necessary."

"My conduct, Pugstyle," said Mr. Gregsbury, looking round upon the deputation with an affable smile, "my conduct has been, and ever will be, regulated by a sincere regard for the real interests of this great and happy country. I think the country understands that. I think that time is on our side, and that the movement of events, in so far as it is given us to forecast it, will more and more show where the country is to place its faith

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"Mr. Gregsbury (Mr. Arthur Balfour) leaned back in his chair till he seemed to sit upon his spine 'My time is yours—and my country's.'"

if it is to have security at home and peace abroad."

"We shall see," said Pugstyle, "and all the sooner if you will at once dissolve Parliament. Meanwhile we can't make out how you stand on this Fiscal question."

Mr. Gregsbury stretched forth his legs and leaned back in his chair till he seemed to sit upon his spine.

"I think, Pugstyle," he said, "I know what constitutes a clear statement as well as any man living. And I say with absolute confidence that you may study my speeches and my writings since this Fiscal controversy first arose—you may examine everything I have said and written, and you will find one consistent train of thought running throughout, perfectly clear, perfectly intelligible, and perfectly self-contained."

Here a voice from the back of the crowd asked, "What is it?"

Mr. Gregsbury affected not to hear.

"We wish, Sir," remarked Mr. Pugstyle, "to ask you a few questions."

"If you please, Gentlemen. Perhaps it would be more convenient if you interrogated Mr. CRAMBERLAIN. But let that pass. My time is yours—and my country's."

Mr. Pugstyle put on his spectacles

and referred to a written paper which he drew from his pocket.

"First of all," he ticked off, "will you resign, and when?"

"So far as I am concerned," said Mr. Gregsbury, with a smile that illumined the deputation, "so long as the party in the House of Commons enables the present Government to carry on their functions with dignity and utility to the public, so long shall we consider ourselves bound to them to give them what help and guidance we can. Go on to the next question, my dear Pugstyle."

(Mr. Pugstyle went on with his catechism very much on the lines of the published version of the novel.)

Mr. Gregsbury always smiling non-assent, a hoarse murmur arose from the deputation. One growled, "Resign!" which growl, being taken up, swelled into a very earnest and general remonstrance.

"I am requested, Sir, to express a hope," said Mr. Pugstyle, "that on receiving a requisition to that effect, framed in the fashion of an Amendment to the Address, you will not object to resign office in favour of some candidate whom the people, as indicated by recent by-elections, show they can better trust."

"I am perfectly ready," said Mr. Gregsbury, "to state, not as a matter of

fact exactly on a sheet, but on half a sheet of note-paper, the essence and outline of my views on the situation."

Here he produced and waved in the face of the deputation a slip of note-paper.

"My dear *Pugstyle*," he read, nodding pleasantly at his morning caller, "next to the welfare of our beloved island, this great, free and happy country, whose powers and resources are, I sincerely believe, illimitable, I value that noble independence which is an Englishman's proudest boast, and which I hope to bequeath to my brother's children untarnished and unsullied. Actuated by no personal motives, moved only by high constitutional considerations, which I will not attempt to explain, for they are really beyond the comprehension of the small



Mr. *Pugstyle* (Sir Henry C.-B.) "First of all, will you resign, and when?"

fry of the Opposition, I would rather keep my place, and intend doing so."

"Then you will not resign under any circumstances?" asked Mr. *Pugstyle*.

Mr. *Greggsbury* smiled again and shook his head.

"Then good morning, Sir," said *Pugstyle* angrily.

"Heaven bless you!" said Mr. *Greggsbury*. And the deputation, with many growls and scowls, filed off as quickly as the narrowness of the staircase would allow of their getting down.

Here the MS. ends. Perhaps the most remarkable thing in connection with it is that the exceedingly few variations from the accepted text seem to have been taken verbally from two speeches delivered by PRINCE ARTHUR during a recent visit to his constituents at Man-

chester. They are in spirit and in phrase so entirely in Mr. *Greggsbury's* vein that they can be detected only by comparing the newly-discovered text with the printed book. As for the coincidence of the slips of note-paper, it is an actuality, for proof of which "overhaul the wollum," as Captain *Cuttle* used to say.

TEACHING THE RUSTICS.

(A Study in Electioneering Morals.)

I.—AT THE BEGINNING OF THE CONTEST.

From Mr. *Redde's* speech . . . I am no embittered partisan. There are matters, indeed, in which every one worthy of the name of Briton must rise far above the level of mere party politics. For example, I admit the foreign policy of the present Government has been framed with considerable wisdom, and has received cordial approval from all sides. . . . Turning to domestic matters, however, the Ministerial record is less satisfactory. . . . The instinct for change, Gentlemen, is a healthy one, and I venture to suggest that a holiday from the cares of office would be good for the present Government and beneficial to the country at large. (Hear, hear.)

From Mr. *Bleue's* speech . . . While admitting—as I do with pleasure—the considerable ability that is to be found on the Opposition benches, I ask you if there is reason in voting against a tried and trusted Ministry, which has led a united people through a period of considerable difficulty? (Hear.)

II.—HALF-WAY THROUGH.

From Mr. *Redde's* speech . . . time to speak out. (Hear, hear.) The language of abuse I will leave to my opponent, who is so great a master of it. (Laughter.) I will only remark that of this miserable, craven, inefficient fraud of a Government the country is sick to death. And by your votes you will serve it with yet another peremptory notice to quit. (Cheers.) Its foreign policy, as I have consistently maintained, is beneath contempt. (Hear.) . . . reduced the unfortunate Chinese to something like slavery . . . bribed by the brewing interest . . . and what of this Tariff reform and its results? No one can anticipate them exactly (Hear, hear), but undoubtedly there would be a great rise in the cost of food, and the results would be disastrous to the agricultural classes (Cheers). Vote, then, for the party of retrenchment, for those great principles of economy blended with progress . . . greatness of the country.

From Mr. *Bleue's* speech . . . plainer speaking seems necessary. What is to be said of a party devoid of intelligence, lacking in common honesty, and possessing only a superfluity of leaders

(Laughter), and an insensate greed for the spoils of office? . . . solid record of sound legislation which the Government can claim . . . and bring nearer the removal of an obsolete system which enriches the foreigner at your expense . . . and so contribute to the future prosperity of our great Empire. (Cheers.)

III.—THE EVE OF THE POLL.

From Mr. *Redde's* speech . . . paint that reptile crew in their true colours. In the Transvaal quite a hundred thousand Chinese are being done to death, flogged as they labour in clanking chains until they drop . . . it is simply a well-known fact that the Licensing Bill was introduced in return for a cheque of £215,000 10s. 6d. presented to the Government by the liquor trade. (Shame!) If you vote for my opponent, the following will be among the results: All your children will be kidnapped by the Ritualists, imprisoned in monasteries—already purchased in anticipation by the Archbishops—and taught repulsive doctrines,—the cost of these monasteries coming out of the rates. (Sensation.) . . . Again, Tariff Reform will be introduced at once, your bread will cost ninepence a loaf, your beer sixpence-halfpenny a glass, your tea five shillings a pound. Beer at sixpence-halfpenny a glass, I repeat—every vote given for the Tory will be a vote for that! Nor is this all. The rent of every cottage and farm will be doubled. Any tenant in arrears, under the new Act which the Government means to introduce, will be sent at once to prison with hard labour . . . Is this unutterable tyranny to be brought about by your votes? (Tremendous shouts of "No!") Then remember these simple, unvarnished facts to-morrow! (Cries of "We will," and cheers.)

From Mr. *Bleue's* speech . . . monstrous fabrications. Every Chinese labourer in South Africa is given two cows, a six-roomed house, and three months' holiday in the summer . . . do not wish to exaggerate the results of Fiscal Reform. This much, however, is certain. Your wages will be more than trebled (Cheers) . . . but let me be careful; even then men over 80 may be paid no more than forty shillings a week. Unlike some people, you see I exaggerate nothing! (Hear, hear.) Rates will be almost abolished. (Cheers.) Your household bills will be halved. (Cheers. A voice, "What about rents?") Everyone will be able to buy his own house, so rents will not have to be paid. Four times your present wages—no rates—no rents—cheap food . . . To gain them, vote to-morrow for me! (Cheers.) To refuse them—vote for the contemptible Radical who, for the sake of catching your votes, has even dared to tamper with the sacredness of truth!



CHANGELINGS.

Master, "Hi, there! What do you mean by riding over those Turnips? Don't you know the damage it does? Can't you see they are Turnips?"
Farmer Jarys. "Be they Turnips now? Well, I be blessed! When I planted 'em, it were Rape!"

MRS. BRASSINGTON-CLAYPOTT'S CHILDREN'S PARTY.

I.

If I had had my way we should not have had a children's party at all this year. As I said to MARMADUKE, "Modern children, especially in such social circles as we move in, expect more and more nowadays, and I really can't undertake to do things on the same scale as the GULDENSCHWEINS, or the McMAMMONS, or the SPLOSCHMEIRS. And when you're always saying things haven't gone so well in the City lately!"

MARMADUKE said he didn't like the idea of our children accepting their young friends' hospitalities without making any return, but, as I told him, our TORQUIL and ERMINGARDE are such popular children people are only too delighted to have them. As for the disappointment to our chicks, they had both expressed their perfect willingness to accept five shillings apiece instead of having a party—which of course would come incalculably cheaper.

But he said things hadn't come to such a pass that he couldn't afford to give a children's party, and do the thing in style, too. He hinted that this was good policy from a business point of view. I represented that it was utterly out of the question for me to do the thing as it should be done on my housekeeping allowance, and he gave me an extra cheque, which he said ought to cover not only a first-class sit-down tea and supper but a really refined and expensive entertainment from HARBOD'S or WHITELEY'S into the bargain.

I might have managed to make it do, I daresay, if only I hadn't had such frightfully bad luck at Bridge about that time that I was positively compelled to economise wherever possible.

So, when my maid MELANIE happened to mention a young man of her acquaintance who was anxious to obtain engagements at parties as a conjurer, and who (according to her) was quite extraordinarily talented, I told her to see if she could arrange with him to come to me and give an hour and a-half's performance for a guinea, this sum to include his cab-fares. I was careful to add this, because most entertainers make an extra charge for cab-fares, and they all seem to live a long way outside the radius. MELANIE was to point out that, as at my house he would have an opportunity of exhibiting before highly influential and wealthy people like the McMAMMONS, the SPLOSCHMEIRS, the GULDENSCHWEINS and others, he might find it to his advantage to make a considerable reduction in his usual terms.

Later MELANIE reported that she had so strongly impressed this upon him that he had declared his willingness to perform for me gratis, just for the sake of the introduction, and MELANIE added that he had offered to conclude by distributing a few small gifts, provided I saw no objection. I said if he liked to go to the expense he was of course at perfect liberty to do so, so long as he remembered that such presents should be of a certain value if they were to give pleasure to children in such a set as ours.

MELANIE assured me he quite understood, and that it would be all right, so I left it entirely to her—rather against my own instincts, for she was a girl I never could take to, somehow—it was always most unpleasant to meet her eyes in the looking-glass while she was brushing my hair of an evening. Still she was clever and useful in many ways, and I quite thought I could depend on her in a matter of this sort.

We had next to no refusals, and MARMADUKE not only came home early from the City himself that evening, but actually persuaded such busy people as Mr. SPLOSCHMEIR, Mr. McMAMMON, and Mr. GULDENSCHWEIN to look in while their respective offspring were still seated at the tea-table.

It was a thrilling thought, as one of our grown-up guests remarked to me at the time, that every one of those tiny tots was a potential little fifty-thousand-pounder at the very least,

always supposing, of course, that their dear parents met with no serious financial reverses before they reached maturity.

The little GULDENSCHWEINS are not what I call prettily-behaved children at table, and I am sure they had enough to eat of one sort and another, even if I did not think fit to provide quite enough hot tea-cake and crumpets to please them.

The other children made no complaints—except that the young SPLOSCHMEIRS declared the crackers were swindles and not worth pulling, as they contained no jewellery; but when, on ERMINGARDE'S announcing proudly that there was going to be a conjurer upstairs after tea, one of the little McMAMMONS declared he was sick of conjurers, and at *their* party they were going to have a Magic Kettle and a Ballet from the Empire, I confess I began to have misgivings about the entertainment I had provided.

For I really knew nothing about the man—not even his name. I had only MELANIE'S word for his being able to conjure at all, and I shuddered when I reflected that he might actually be capable of coming without a dress suit on.

It is not surprising that when at length every child admitted having reached the stage of repletion, and the Butler announced that the conjurer had arrived and was awaiting us in the drawing-room, I led the way upstairs with a sinking heart, and a fervent wish that I had not gone out of my way to do a kindness to this obscure *protégé* of MELANIE'S.

Many a time did I repeat that wish before that awful evening was over!

F. A.

HOTEL SIRIUS, LTD.

[Hotels for dogs have been started in America. These hotels are replete with every luxury and refinement; sumptuously fitted suites, baths, restaurants, gymnasiums and shampooing rooms are provided. Chambermaids and waiters of a superior order are placed at the disposal of dogs unaccompanied by their own valets.]

NOTICE.

LADIES and gentlemen belonging to Residents at this hotel are requested strictly to observe the following rules:—

1. Visitors desirous of being recognised may view Residents from behind the glass panels of the Caniary, whence they may endeavour to attract attention by quiet gesticulation. Tapping, whistling, chirping noises made with the lips, or other sounds likely to disturb Residents are strictly prohibited.
2. Sticks, umbrellas and whips must be handed to the hall-porter.
3. Damp, muddy, or untidy persons will on no account be admitted.
4. Dresses of serge or other rough material are strictly prohibited in the Lap-dog Lounge.
5. Boots must be removed prior to entering the rooms marked "Silence." List slippers may be obtained from the attendants on payment of 2d.
6. Evening-dress must be worn by all visitors invited to dine with the Residents to whom they belong.
7. Considerable offence having been given to Residents by the growing practice of visitors of speaking to them without introduction, the Management are now compelled summarily to expel all persons detected in this breach of good manners.
8. Visitors are on no account to pass comments whilst watching middle-aged or obese Residents exercising in the gymnasium.
9. Approved children, if not suffering from coughs, colds, chapped hands, or similar complaints, may join the recreation of juvenile Residents in the Puppies' Pandemonium between 10 and 11.30 A.M.
10. Visitors may on no account use the brushes or towels provided for Residents in the toilette departments.
11. During Siesta hours—2.0 to 5.0 and 8.30 to 9.30 P.M.—the hotel is closed.

HERR FLEDER MAUS'S NEW SYMPHONY.

(By Our Special Reporter.)

THE new and long-expected *Sinfonia Patologica*, in D minor, of Herr FLEDER MAUS, the eminent surgical composer, was brought to a hearing for the first time at the Operating Theatre of the Langham Hospital on Saturday last in the presence of an unusually large number of students, and evoked an amount of enthusiasm which has rarely, if ever, attended a similar performance.

The symphony, which is in the usual four movements, may best be described as a complete translation into terms of musical sound of the progress of a serious illness. A few bars of introduction, of a sinister and morbid tendency, indicate the presence of disquieting but ill-defined symptoms, a short but dignified phrase for the trombone expressing the arrival of the family doctor. We are then launched, in the first subject, a long and feverishly agitated theme assigned to the oboe, upon a poignant exposition of his sufferings by the patient, the peculiar harmonisation suggesting acute bronchial trouble. The development of this theme suggests successively dialogue, diagnosis, and decision, a strepitous figure in the violins depicting the anxiety of the patient's wife on being informed that his temperature is 104, and that an immediate operation for extirpation of the galliambic paradigm is imperatively necessary. The second subject, heralded by a few short sharp chords on the brass, typifies the entry of the great surgical specialist, and is of an abrupt and incisive character. The presence of an anæsthetist and nurses is clearly adumbrated in the working out and, by the time the *reprise* is reached, the audience is reassured by the conviction that everything that money can procure has been done to relieve the unfortunate patient. His complaint follows a normal course throughout the rest of the movement, a striking coda in which two new themes make their appearance indicating the composer's personal views as to the relative merits of allopathy and homœopathy.

The second movement, in the same key, takes the form of a *Scherzo delirante*, the opening section by its inflammatory and tempestuous diathesis indicating only too plainly that the hero (whom it

is perhaps permissible to identify with the composer himself) is suffering from a severe relapse. Great activity prevails in the highest register of the strings, while the percussion department is reinforced by four side-drums, and the trombones in three-part harmony maintain an obstinate thrombosis which is well-nigh excruciating. An interesting footnote in the full score, however, suggests that if the effect of this section is too overpowering for sensitive tympana the use of cotton-wool is not to be deprecated. A brief trio affords dynamic relief, but its fantastic character makes

its way with unimpaired serenity, dying away in an exquisitely long-drawn cadence—in which due prominence is accorded to the solo piperazine.

The Finale, D major, with the cheerful heading "Convalescence," strikes a reassuring note in the confident opening phrase which leads into the first subject proper, which is positively redolent of beef-tea. Indeed throughout the entire movement a steady dietetic progress is maintained. Fish is clearly suggested in some vigorous scale passages, and a fluttering figure in the clarinets shows that the embargo on chicken or other white meat has at least been temporarily withdrawn. A brief interlude for two *contra-carne Inglesi*, superbly rendered by Dr. HAIG and the Hon. NEVILLE LYTON, introduces a transient element of discord, but their eloquent protest is speedily over-ruled by the triumphant entry of the second subject, a full-blooded fibrous melody which emerges again and again with ever-increasing strenuousness until its final apotheosis in the exultant *Coda di Bore* is thundered out with the full strength of the orchestra.

It only remains to be added that the composer, who conducted his own work with unfaltering nerve, was summoned again and again to the platform at the conclusion of the performance, the applause being loudly renewed on Professor RAY LANKESTER rising in the body of the hall and intoning in a compulsory Greek mode the welcome announcement that Herr FLEDER MAUS had consented to join the staff of the Natural

History Museum as honorary Demonstrator in Polyphonic Anatomy.

WE hope that the character of those who advertise in the *Church Times* is not declining, but the following appeals are perhaps not quite all that is satisfactory:—

LADY wishes to find place for man (36), single, educated, as COMPANION-ATTENDANT . . . capable of anything.

BACHELOR Clergyman will be glad of someone to share his comfortable and bright Home . . . Suit Lady.

(It is a brother of the cloth who kindly forwards us the second of these advertisements.)

MOTTO FOR AN HEREDITARY SWEEP.—
Follow soot.

**FANCY BILLIARD SKETCH.**

A Massé Stroke. From Old Cotton MS.

it only too clear that the hero is in the thralldom of the most acute amentia, and the recurrence of the opening section in an aggravated form prepares us to hear the worst at any moment.

Happily these gloomy forebodings are not fulfilled. The third movement, *Adagio Comatoso* in B flat major, by its opening bars at once indicates that the fever has abated and the patient has fallen into a profound and trypanosomatous slumber. The instruments are muted throughout, from the violin to the triangle, and a deliciously narcotic atmosphere is diffused by a variety of ingenious devices, including the burning of *Papier d'Asie* and other oriental condiments. Elaborate analysis of this simple but extraordinarily poetic movement is quite unnecessary: it is enough to say that it pursues the even tenor of

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE author of *He that Eateth Bread with Me* (METHUEN) conceals sex under the indefinite signature, H. A. MITCHELL KEAYS. My Baronite would wager a ducat (if he had one)



that the writer is not a man. Only a woman could conceive such a character as that of *Clifford Mackemer*, and tell his story without giving him an occasional dig in the ribs, or from time to time punching his head. *Clifford* is tall and handsome, has a soft voice and a charming manner. So he treads the primrose path without reproach or scorn.

To tell the truth, he is a cowardly blackguard who wrecks the life of his first wife. Abandoning her, he finds another, fuller and whiter of flesh, as Mrs. (or Miss) KEAYS puts it, and, when he is satiated, goes back to his first love, who of course receives him with open arms and undimmed affection. Her content falls short of perfection only because she thinks it is really too selfish of her to take her oiled and curled *Clifford* away from the other woman. That lady, suspecting *Clifford's* wantonness, having paid an angry visit to the first wife, is, on her way back, conveniently slaughtered by an express train. Wife number one, miraculously recovering from the very jaws of death, is thus enabled to make *Clifford* happy ever afterwards—or at least as far as the narrative goes. All this seems preposterous. But there are some strong situations in the domestic drama, and the characters of the *spirituelle* wife and her fleshly rival are cunningly contrasted. In a strange book perhaps the most extraordinary thing is the title. For any conceivable connection with the story it might just as well have been labelled *She that Taketh Tea with Me*.

Maga (BLACKWOOD) remains a marvel among monthly Magazines. Oldest of all, it has the energy and vivacity of youth. My Baronite, a diligent reader, does not remember a better number than that proudly numbered MLXXII. issued this month. It opens with a slashing bit of literary criticism that will almost make CHRISTOPHER NORTH glow in his grave with gratification. In castigating the work of the biographer for what he describes as "a piece of jaded and illiterate hack-work," the reviewer is certainly a little hard on the subject of the biography. But when a Scotch Reviewer's blood is up he is, as BYRON knew, prone to hit out all round. *Maga* has, since Peninsular days, been fortunate in obtaining battle-pieces by eye-witnesses. "Linesman's" contributions from the Transvaal, republished, have taken their place in literature. He finds a worthy successor in "O," who to this month's Magazine contributes three marvellous pictures of fighting by sea and land in the Far East.



FROM GRANT RICHARDS comes a tiny book of *London Characters*, so small as to be incased in a cover ingeniously got up to resemble an ordinary match-box, and described as one of *The Safety Series for Children*. The safety seems to the Baron to consist in everybody's being safe to mistake the imitation for the real article. Not wanting to purchase matches, people will neglect this specimen of light literature wherein will be found sparkling verses by Miss JESSIE POPE, illustrated by JOHN HASSALL's well-drawn and brightly-coloured character sketches. This little work of eccentric art is at present unique, as the Baron believes; and one thing is certain, that it is quite impossible to find a match for it.

The *Liberal Magazine*, issued by the Liberal Publication department housed at 42, Parliament Street, purports to be

a periodical for the use of Liberal speakers and canvassers. It is that in fullest measure. But there is no reason why its usefulness should be confined to one political camp. Unionists, Liberals, Free-fooders, Tariff Reformers, Retaliators, whatever we be, we are each all one in desire to have within reach a handy political record of the year. Such a treasure my Baronite discovers in this volume. It is quite true that the Editor, after Dr. JOHNSON's way with the Whigs, sees that the Tariff Reformers, and the Unionist Party generally, do not get the best of it. But facts and figures are what the honest seeker after truth wants, and here they be in abundance.

The plot of *The Doll's Dance*, by CLARENCE FORESTIER-WALKER (DIGBY, LONG & Co.), is boldly devised, the painful story carefully constructed, and the novel so well written that from first to last the reader is kept in suspense as to the ultimate issue. The Baron is of opinion that only a very painstaking and experienced man of the world is likely to comprehend the precise nature of the letters which give their unscrupulous possessor so powerful a hold over the younger brother, in whom, rather than the elder, the interest is centred. "*Tout comprendre*," quotes the author, "*c'est tout pardonner*." The truth of this most charitable motto the Baron admits, but he is puzzled as to its present application. Does it mean that to perfectly understand "the Doll's" movements is to pardon all that the Doll has done? But which is the Doll? Is it the younger brother? Surely, if

THE BARON



this be so, is it not somewhat unfair on the part of the author thus to label his victimised hero, who is anything but a dancing doll? The Baron can see no other mere puppet in the show. If then the Baron cannot "*tout comprendre*," how can he "*tout pardonner*" the author? Whether he does so or not, his opinion on the literary and artistic merits of the work remains as he has placed it on record.

ÆSOP ON TOUR.

A CERTAIN Play had a most thrilling Tableau at the End of the Third Act, which seldom failed to rouse the Audience to the utmost Pitch of Enthusiasm. The Heroine was a Maiden, condemned, after many minor Annoyances, to be thrown to the Lions in the Coliseum (which, in the Play, was supposed to be in Rome), and the Hero had decided to die with her, as the only logical Consequence of repeated Asseverations during the previous Acts that he could not live without her. And when they had embraced a great many times and assured one another between whiles that Lions do not hurt much if you know how to take them, it was their Cue to walk slowly hand in hand to a Massive Door at the back of the Stage, and, amidst the horrid Growls of the rest of the Company behind, to pass away to their Fate and their Supper. But one evening, when the fateful Portal was thrown open to receive them, it discovered the Carpenter's toy Terrier, wagging its Tail, somewhat guiltily indeed, but in an unmistakably friendly manner; and, as the Latin Exercise Book says, there were some who laughed.

Moral.—"The little less, and what worlds away!"

NOTE BY THE WAY.—If the present prospects of Kent coal are happily realised, then the best part of this county will be its seamy side.



TAKING UP A GOOD POSITION;

OR, THE ADVANTAGES OF BEING A THOROUGH SPORTSMAN.

BRAN BATHS.

THE above form of cold weather ablu-
tion, so much in vogue in Parisian
circles, will appeal to the more highly
strung and delicately nurtured among
us who share the Continental prejudice
against soap and water. We guarantee
that if our readers will try the following
directions (borrowed from a lady's paper)
they will not only enjoy a complete
change of complexion, but experience
after-effects which the passage of many
days will fail to wipe off. Boil four
quarts of bran in a gallon of water, pour
the liquid into a bath, massage the flesh
with bags made of cheese cloth (obtain-
able at any American cheese merchant's)
containing a mixture of the bran—well
cooked as above and glutinous—orris
root crushed, castile soap and powdered
borax. The new coat thus formed on
the surface of the skin must be allowed
to harden before adding a second coat
of emollient jelly, composed of gum
tragacanth, glycerine, alcohol, and oil of
violet. The proper smearing consistency

of this mixture is not attained until it is
the thickness of honey or golden syrup.

We must advise our readers at this
point to suppress an overwhelming
desire for moonlight soap and a scrub-
bing brush, as by exercising patience
and self-control the bran bather will
soon become accustomed to a sensation
of stickiness. The treatment must be
continued through the cold weather, as
it has the additional charm of protect-
ing the pores from the rigours of our
spring climate.

We hasten to add that the *bran bath*
must not be confused with the *bran tub*,
one of the many points of difference
being that a dip in the latter creates a
desire to repeat the experiment, which
is rarely the case with the former.

MAXIM GORKY's new drama bears the
name of "*Dachnike*," which, we under-
stand, is pronounced, "Dash Nicky."

BETTER THAN STONES IN BATH BUNS.—
SARAH BERNHARDT in a new rôle.

PSNOBISME?

[It is stated that a gentleman of the name of
SMITH proposes, by way of differentiation, to
adopt the signature of "PSMITH," on the analogy
of the mute *p* in "*psalm*."]

HEAR, all ye countless SMITHS and
SCHMIDTS,

Who long have exercised your wits
In numerous ways to mask or mimic
Your world-pervading patronymic!

Ye SMITHS and SCHMITZES, SMYTHS and
SMYTHES

Or SMIJTHS (whereat my tongue-tip
writhes),

A Mr. PSMITH has added lately
His variant, which arrides me greatly.

It shouts aloud, this silent *P*,
A patent of gentility,
To match, with little extra trouble,
Those small initial *f*'s writ double.

Soon in the Landed Gentry books
We shall be meeting PSNOES and PSNOOKS,
And last, with rival ardour whetted,
PTOMPKINS and PRUBBS will get Debredted!

NO OFFENCE INTENDED.

"DO YOU BITE YOUR THUMB AT US, SIR?"

Romeo and Juliet, Act I., Sc. 1.

[The statement of Mr. LEE, M.P., Civil Lord of the Admiralty, to the effect that the new disposition of our sea forces will enable us to deal with emergencies in the North Sea as well as in the English Channel has provoked expostulation in Berlin, and been severely reprobated in our own Radical Press.]

WHEN I observe our well-known British fleet,
So fine, so large, so palpably effective,
And ask the Liberal Thinker in the Street
What is, if any, its precise objective,
It seems that I, thus groping in the dark,
Have made a most indelicate remark.

Why this is so, I simply fail to see.
We're fit, of course, to cope with all creation,
Yet, pending that combine, there well may be
Some special, some "most highly favoured nation,"
On whose particular attempt to fly
Our Admiralty keeps its weather eye.

Can it be France? And would we, then, unweave
Those fetters soft as silk and warm as flannel,
Or tear our hearts from off our mutual "Sleeve"
(This is a word-play on the French for Channel),
Just at the moment when she means to land
And start a *Palais Chantant* in the Strand?

Or Russia? No, we couldn't spoil the sport
Of that amazing tar, the gallant Togo;
Onward from Madagascar's fruity port
Let her by all means, if she wants to go, go;
We are determined, I can safely say,
To put no difficulty in her way.

Is it America? Ah, dearest bond!
Think of the mother yearning towards her daughter!
Think of the hands across the herring-pond!
Think of the liquid more opaque than water!
Pledges of faith which none who dines may doubt
When Mr. CHOATE (God bless him!) trots 'em out.

Italy loves us on account of CAINE;
Belgium is busy with the Congo tourist;
Portugal isn't quite so strong as Spain,
And Spain's "Invincibles" are of the poorest;
Greece has mislaid the pluck that broke the Persians,
And Norway's modern Viking runs excursions.

I doubt if Denmark really matters much,
Or Austria, on the bottled Adriatic,
Or Holland, though her ancestry was Dutch,
Or Turkey, where the fleet is most erratic;
Or Switzerland, with courage more than most,
But largely hampered by a lack of coast.

Then is it Monaco? She keeps a yacht,
But only one, and insecurely plated;
Or China? No, I rather fancy not,
So recently her arms were dislocated;
Nor may we compass (this is MONROE'S view)
The chastisement of Chili or Peru.

Enfin, there's Germany. But that's absurd.
I grant her navy visibly increases,
But have we not the KAISER'S solemn word,
Who says his purpose coincides with Peace's;
Viz., to protect the claims of Teuton brands
Throughout his world-embracing Hinterlands?

So, after all, our braves who hold the brine,
Acquired at so exorbitant a rental,
Would seem to nurse no definite design,
Their object being mainly ornamental;
And to convey the contrary impression
Is to commit a "blazing indiscretion."

O. S.

ARS ARMOURIS.

Armour virumque cano to the tune, if possible, of the ancient hunting song entitled, "*He's the man for Galway!*" Here, at the Leicester Gallery show, Leicester Square, is the artist to draw a covert, to be in the first flight from start to finish, and to be presented with the brush. Those who have admired this artist's excellent black-and-white art in Mr. *Punch's* pages,—hounds, horses and riders, correctly drawn, full of action, always literally *dans le mouvement*, may have been inclined to say to the artist "*nimum ne crede colori*." But the fortunate youth turns out to be a dab hand as a colourist, and many of the specimens now exhibited show Mr. G. D. ARMOUR taking his place with the best among the Brethren of the Brush who depict purely sporting subjects. The picture representing the immortal *Jorrocks* is rightly labelled "No. 1," for, to our thinking, in the humour of the situation, in its tone, in the attitude of *Jorrocks* and in that of the intelligent hunter he is bestriding, and in the extensive landscape showing the fields below where hounds are running, this composition has not its equal in the entire collection, though the clever No. 42, "*Viewed away*," and 72, "*The Poachers*," are within measurable distance of it. The almost insuperable difficulty that must have presented itself to the artist was that the delineation of *Jorrocks* could not be his own creation, as the type had long ago been created by JOHN LEECH. But this difficulty has been overcome by Mr. ARMOUR, who has very cleverly given us only a back view of the well-known *Jorrocks*, M.F.H.

As we have said above, our unstinted praise is given to the majority of his pictures in colour, not to all. The colouring is unequal; yet in the instance of No. 67 its thinness will escape, at first sight, the criticism of the spectator, who cannot fail to laugh heartily at the humour of the situation. The rider has come to a stylish Lawn Meet, and in full sight of huntsman, whips, and all the ladies and gentlemen of the hunt, the unfortunate visitor has been suddenly bucked off by his horse which, heels in air, is turning its head towards him, evidently enjoying his discomfiture. Besides No. 1, there are two illustrations from *Jorrocks*, one of Pigg (not Pig, as the catalogue hath it), James Pigg, his huntsman, and one of Binjamin; but those who remember LEECH'S illustrations of *Handley Cross* will not care much for these. Note No. 12, showing "the sort of horse that makes his owner unpopular." This is good in every way. There are in all ninety-two sporting pictures, "plain and coloured," thoroughly English in spirit. The collection is unique. But before leaving we return to "No. 1," and insert "A" before the numeral.

The Horoscope Test.

EXPERIENCED BUSINESS WOMAN as manageress, floor-walker, supervisor. Not necessarily experienced in hair-dressing, but must be tactful, reliable, and born about Sept. 22.—Advt. in *Daily Telegraph*.

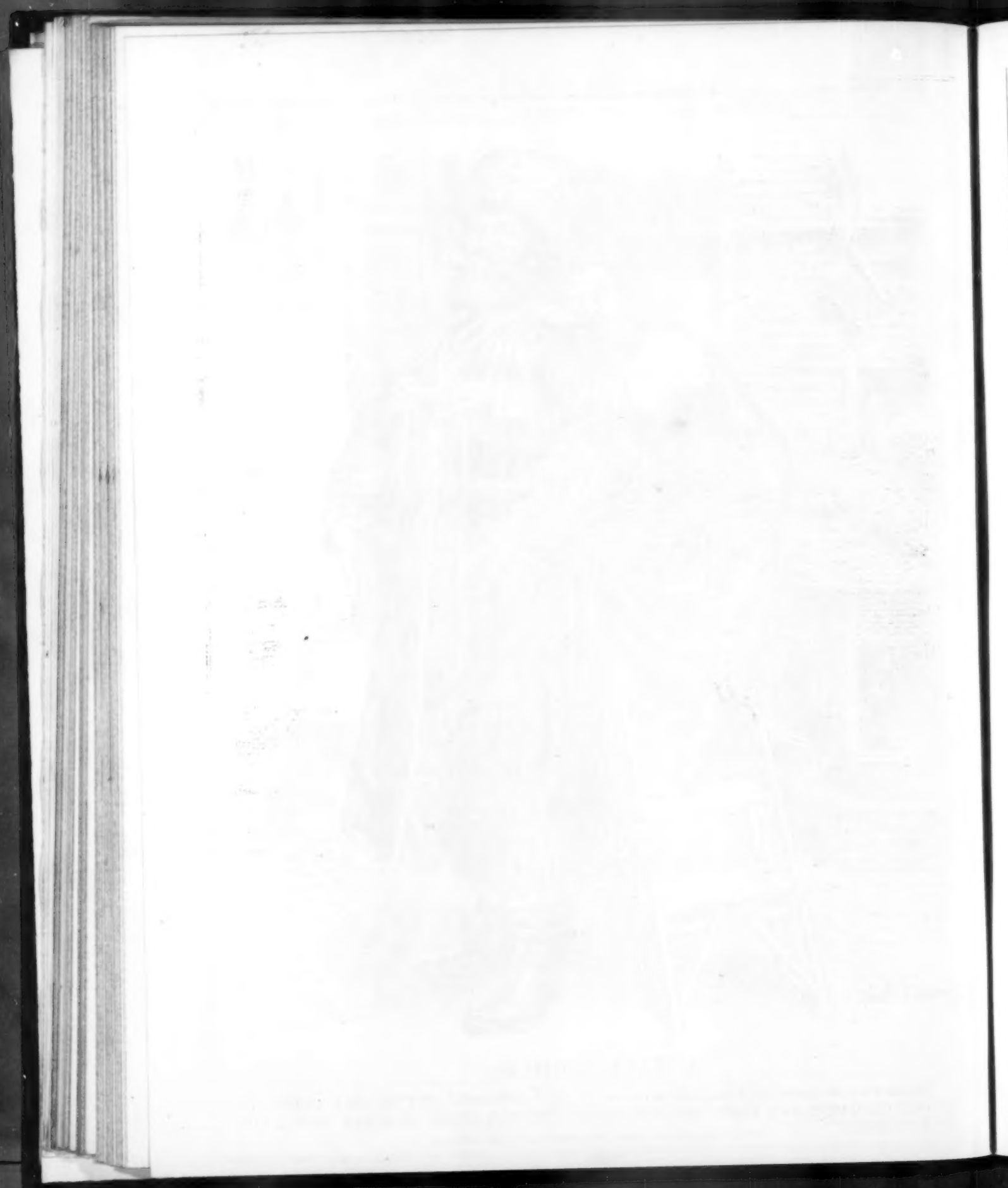
THE INSTINCT OF SELF-PRESERVATION.—It is rumoured that the Government intend to bring in a Bill to prevent Premature Interment. One sympathises strongly with the personal feelings of the Cabinet in regard to the perils of suspended animation.



A TALL ORDER.

FRENCH FINANCIER (*measuring RUSSIAN GIANT for a new suit*). "ALWAYS HAPPY TO GIVE CREDIT TO AN OLD CUSTOMER—BUT FORTY MILLIONS ROUND THE WAR CHEST DOES CUT INTO A LOT OF MATERIAL!"

[Russia is applying to France for a fresh loan of forty millions.]





JUGGERNAUTICAL.

Unfortunate Cyclist (who has been bouled over by motor-car). "DID YOU SEE THE NUMBER?"
 Jarge. "YES, THERE WAS THREE ON 'EM. TWO MEN AND A WOMAN."

A VERY HARD CASE.

[With apologies to *Vanity Fair*, *Hearth and Home*, *Daily Mail*, *Weekly Dispatch*, and any other paper that wants them]

No. XXX. OF SERIES.

A., a gentleman of means, consults his lawyer B. (of the firm "B. and S.") with regard to some property he wishes to settle on his future son-in-law X. B. knows that X. is an adventurer who has been blackballed for each of the seven Clubs to which he (B.) belongs. That evening B. meets at dinner a casual acquaintance C. who says to him: "If six men and two boys can dig a trench thirty feet long by ten feet wide in two days, and I employ one more man and decide to double the depth of the trench, how long will they take digging it?" B., who holds eight spades to the king, leaves it to his partner S., who goes hearts. The S.'s have not been in the neighbourhood long, and it is really the Z.'s turn to call. Mate in three moves.

Answers adjudged correct.

"If the S.'s have already moved three times they are probably not very desir-

able people, and Lady Z. would be quite within her rights in having nothing to do with them."—FLOSSIE.

"If B. has eight spades to the king and seven clubs there was obviously a mis-deal. B. will therefore have to deal again, and must be more careful this time."—CAVENDISH.

"Thirty-seven days."—SENIOR OP.

"If S. really called out of turn, the Z.'s can claim the usual penalty."—EXPERT.

"B. should do nothing. A black-ball does not imply anything against one's character."—BLACKBALLED FOR N.L.C.

"A massé shot off the black ball into the middle pocket."—ROBERTS.

"If Lady Z. does not feel strong enough to call she should leave it."—MADGE (Contributor to several Society Papers).

"K. B. to Q. Kt. 3."—CANTAB.

"If C. is really keen on finishing his trench as quickly as possible he should borrow one of B.'s spades and take a hand himself."—COMMON SENSE.

"B., being a lawyer, will probably do nothing—and charge for it."—DISGUSTED.

"C. must apologise and send in his resignation."—ONE OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

"Lady X. must certainly bow to the Duchess."—SOCIETY GIRL.

"No trumps."—JACQUELINE, SPOTS, and 1001 others. (PIPPIN got the uprights correctly, but his third light was inferior.)

"Write to the Colonel of his regiment and explain."—H. A. C.

"B. should do nothing."—FLUFFLES, PEASHOOTER, POM-POM, and 137 others.

"Nothing."—TODGERS and 13,297 others.

"Anything."—TODGERS and 32,158 others. (TODGERS is informed that he cannot send in two answers to the same problem.)

The following answer failed to score marks.

"A. should buy a box of Blank's Back-ache Pills. Invaluable against Headache, Dizziness, Shooting Pains, and Phlebitis."—(Advt.)

THE STRENUOUS LIFE.

["The handling of husbands by wives in America amounts to an art, a profession, almost a science. Based on the theory that the more one has to do the more one can accomplish, ladies who have hard-working, enterprising spouses simply retire from active life. If he manages his office and business satisfactorily, why not take over the house and servant?"—*Daily Chronicle*.]

THE clerks in the office grew pallid with fright
When WASHINGTON P. TENNESSEE hove in sight;
He came like a blizzard, he raged and he tore,
He stormed and he hustled, he bullied and swore,
Till his trembling employees were bound to agree
Life wasn't worth living with WASHINGTON P.

This feeling by Wall Street was commonly shared,
For few were the people whom WASHINGTON spared.
He cornered tobacco, he cornered home rails,
Wheat, brandy and cattle, tinned salmon and whales,
Wool, cotton and velvet, pig-iron and pork—
In fine, he had cornered most things in New York.

Such, then, in the City was WASHINGTON P.
At home, too, as busy as ever was he;
He rose ere the morning began to grow grey,
And first he considered the meals for the day,
The soups and the *entrées*, the joints and the fish,
And the wines to be served with each separate dish.

Then the footmen came up to his room in a cue,
And he told them precisely what each was to do:
He took most elaborate trouble to teach
The housemaids and tweenies the duties of each;
He scolded and drilled them until they could say
What work should be done at which hour of which day.

He next hurried off for a round of the shops,
Examined the chickens and prodded the chops,
Took a critical glance at the fine fatted quail,
Saw the salmon was fresh and the partridges stale,
Ordered bacon and butter and coffee and tea—
O, terribly busy was WASHINGTON P.

Then he went to the office and laboured away,
Making hundreds and thousands of dollars a day,
And when he came home in the evening to dine,
He took a last glance at the *menu* and wine,
And anxiously hoped to have all things complete
By the time his fair SADIE descended to eat.

As dish after dish was brought round to her place
He furtively studied the look on her face,
And if ever she wore a dissatisfied air
POOR WASHINGTON P. was reduced to despair;
But if a rare smile she allowed him to see,
Life still was worth living to WASHINGTON P.

TO THE OFFICE OF WORKS.

(In the matter of Two Old Ladies and Two Cows.)

GENTLEMEN,—In the exercise of that power which, the ways of Providence being mysterious, has been committed to you, you have some few days since driven from their accustomed place in the Mall two old ladies and their pair of cows. The ladies, as I say, are old. Each has passed her seventieth year. Of the cows, whose names, I am told, are *Nancy* and *Peggy*, I cannot speak with the same certainty; but it seems to be established that for some years they have performed with reasonable promptitude and willingness the simple primary duty of all cows: they have stood patiently over pails and given their milk for the sustenance and refreshment

of such youthful specimens of humanity as might chance to linger under the awful shadow of the Duke of York on the one side and the no less terrifying red brick of the Admiralty on the other. The cows, then, provided milk; the old ladies saw to the wants of *Nancy* and *Peggy*, and, as an additional attraction, kept a little stall, an unpretending structure, from which they dispensed cakes and sweetmeats in return for coppers. The occupation, no doubt, was humble; so are the ladies who pursued it; but humility even in these gilded days is of itself not an offence. Moreover, the spectacle was a pretty and a pleasant one. Hard by are great mansions and monuments of power, memorials of departed splendour, magnificent abodes of official activity. I have seen the old ladies and the cows and the stall many a hundred times, but it has never struck me that their presence could offend the columnar Duke, or the Admiralty, or the back of Carlton House Terrace, or the bold statue of the defiant Marine, or even the proximate and classic glory of the Horse Guards and the adjacent public buildings.

The cows and their guardians, so peaceful and so little distracted, so venerable and placid and so essentially rustic, seemed rather to bring a pleasant waft of simple human feeling to the pomp and parade of their surroundings. But to the cold eye of authority it seems they were an offence, and so one fine morning an official issued his decree and, lo, the two old ladies with their stall and *Peggy* and *Nancy* have been swept away.

I ask you, Gentlemen, was it kind, was it thoughtful—

But scarcely had I finished the second paragraph and had commenced the third of my plaintive appeal, when information reached me to the effect that his Gracious MAJESTY himself has insisted on the ancient dames being re-installed, or, if not exactly that, on having new stalls provided for them not far from their ancient milk walk. The grateful old ladies have written a touching letter of thanks to the KING, by whose kind action my letter to the Board of Works is now rendered unnecessary. The Milk of Human Kindness for ever! *Vive le Roi!*
Yours, URBANUS.

P.S.—Happy Thought. Carry and Emma; or, the Royal Milkmaids—a short drama in two acts (scene laid on Cowes Esplanade) with satisfactory finale.

THE EXEMPLARY DUKE.

I TRUST I shall escape rebuke
If I discourse about a Duke.
He buys his hats at BLANK and Co.'s,
So I am told by one who knows.
He likes to walk about his Park,
He loves the singing of the lark.
He has (it is his Ducal way)
Three satisfying meals a day.
He generally sleeps in bed,
A pillow underneath his head.
Such is his sense of what is meet,
He wears his boots upon his feet;
And sometimes, so I understand,
He wears a glove on either hand.
In many papers you may note
Such anecdotes as these I quote:
The many useful hints they give
Will show us clearly how to live.
It is so nice for you and me
To know what is *le dernier cri*.
I cannot think how people thrived
Before the Paragraph arrived.
(I should have said,—how people thrive
Before the Paragraph arrove.)

THE PATH TO PARNASSUS.

A FEW WRINKLES FOR POETS COMMENCING.

(With acknowledgments to "Smith's Weekly.")

THERE are few maxims more thoroughly discredited than that which pronounces poets to be born and not made. For, while it may apply to bards who write for posterity and ultimately secure the world's applause, many of our most successful rhymesters have attained their influential position simply by patience and perseverance. The Poet Laureate was originally called to the Bar, and did not devote himself to literature until he was twenty-six.

One great advantage of the poet's calling is that it can be practised in spare moments. Sir LEWIS MORRIS has told us that a great deal of *The Epic of Hades* was composed on the Underground—or in bed, while the entire stock-in-trade—pens, ink, paper and a second-hand rhyming dictionary—can be obtained for the outlay of a few shillings. In short, the only serious difficulties about writing poetry are the choice of a theme and the mode of its treatment. Many fine themes have unfortunately been already appropriated, but there are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it, and even an old theme, when furnished up and treated in a bright, crisp and thoroughly up-to-date style, may prove extremely palatable. Fresh ideas are not always easy to find. Besides, though you may bring a poet to the Pierian spring, if he has hydrophobia you cannot make him drink. Hence the great thing for the poet commencing is to acquire a good stock of ideas, and to this end they should be carefully recorded in a notebook kept especially for the purpose.

Happily, ideas have not always to be hunted for. They sometimes present themselves in the most unexpected way. Thus, the present writer once found a saleable one in the pages of a money-lender's circular thrust into his letter-box. On another occasion a contribution which realised 7s. 6d. was evolved through a visit to a dentist. The germ of a third was furnished by the random ejaculation of a sandwichman who had slipped on a piece of orange peel.

The next question that presents itself is that of rhyme. Rhyme is, of course, not absolutely indispensable to poetry, as the case of MILTON'S *Paradise Lost* abundantly proves. But no poetic aspirant, unless possessed of an independent income, can be recommended to devote himself to the composition of blank verse. The plain fact is that anybody can write blank verse—novelists often do without knowing it. Rhymed poetry, on the other hand, can only be written



AN INFANT ROSCIUS.

Stage Manager (interviewing children with the idea of engaging them for a new play). "HAS THIS CHILD BEEN ON THE STAGE?"

Proud Mother. "No; BUT HE'S BEEN ON AN INQUEST, AND HE SPEAKS UP FINE!"

by a conscious effort. Here the test of remuneration is unanswerable. MILTON obtained only £5 for *Paradise Lost*, while *The Absent-Minded Beggar* brought its gifted author at least ten times that amount for his charity.

Next to rhyme the most difficult thing to manage is the metre, though here the best models allow themselves a good deal of latitude, and the insertion of an extra foot or two is an agreeable exorcism which greatly assists the march of the poem.

As regards treatment generally, it is

obvious that the idea must be worked up in as poetic a way as possible. Baldness is to be avoided, but a too luxuriant crop of verbiage is equally to be deprecated. It is difficult to state exactly what constitutes the true poetic quality, but certain broad rules can be laid down for the guidance of Parnassian pilgrims. The poet must always strive to idealise; he must omit commonplace details and emphasize the romantic aspect of his theme. Thus, if the subject be sleep, it is well to make no reference to snoring, while many useful adjuncts of our daily

life, such as hair-brushes, mutton-chops, hot-water bottles, sausages, except when disguised under some delicate *alias*, are not susceptible of poetic treatment. Again, precise accuracy is not expected of the poet. It is the privilege of the poet to exaggerate, to dispense with logic, and to defy statistics. Hence the admirable practice of modern schools of journalism of making the composition of poetry compulsory on all pupils.

It only remains to add a word or two on the subject of remuneration. This of course varies according to the character and status of the periodical in which the poem appears. But few high-class journals pay less than 3d. a line for verse. A fluent versifier can turn out a lyric of 30 or 40 lines every day, giving an average (excluding Sundays) of say 200 lines a week, or 10,400 lines a year. This output, at the minimum tariff mentioned above, will bring in an income of £130 a year, which, though less than the wages of an expert chauffeur, is much above the stipend of the average curate.

LIFE'S LITTLE DIFFICULTIES.

XIII.—THE P. G.

I.

Mrs. Macnay to her Sister-in-law.

(Extract.)

WHEN GEORGE'S affairs are settled I shall have, Mr. GRAHAM thinks, about £80 a year; and Messrs. KERSHAW are to give me £75 for finishing GEORGE'S little history book, and the column I contribute to the *Planet* brings in a guinea a week. I may also get a little more work. Anyway by the time Tom's school is paid for I shall not have much left. I am therefore going to take Mr. GRAHAM'S advice, much as I dislike it, and advertise for a paying guest to take the two unoccupied rooms. Mrs. VINCENT and I (she comes in a good deal and is very bright) had some fun last night drawing up advertisements; but in the end I sent to the *Morning Post* something quite staid and commonplace.

II.

Miss Bayley to A. M.

MISS BAYLEY would be glad to have further particulars as to A. M.'s advertisement for a paying guest in the *Morning Post*. Miss BAYLEY is looking out for a congenial home, and would be prepared to pay what is asked, but certain conditions are imperative. Church of England, perfect drainage, a cook who understands vegetables, and a south aspect.

III.

Mrs. Macnay to Miss Bayley.

Mrs. MACNAY presents her compliments

to Miss BAYLEY and hastens to set her doubts at rest. The rooms which would be at Miss BAYLEY'S disposal have an aspect unquestionably south, the cook understands vegetables thoroughly, the drainage is good, and although Mrs. MACNAY does not herself attend the church the house is free from all taint of dissent.

IV.

Miss Bayley to Mrs. Macnay.

MISS BAYLEY thanks Mrs. MACNAY for her letter, and is proposing to come on Monday to see the house, provided the following eight questions can be satisfactorily answered:—

- (1) Are there any children? (2) Does anyone practise the pianoforte? (3) Are chickens kept by any near neighbour? (4) Is there a good young doctor available? (5) Is the Vicar high or low? (6) Could a pony-trap be obtained easily? (7) Do you object to a dog, a very quiet gentle Pomeranian? (8) Is there any intellectual activity in the vicinity—a Dante Society for example?

V.

Mrs. Macnay to Miss Bayley.

Mrs. MACNAY presents her compliments to Miss BAYLEY, and begs to reply to her questions in order.

1. One little girl, aged 7, is the only child, except in the holidays, when a boy aged 13 will return.
2. There is no piano.
3. And no chickens.
4. The doctor is 43.
5. Low Church.
6. Several pony-traps.
7. Do not mind dog.
8. No Dante Society. A mothers' meeting every first Monday in the month.

Mrs. MACNAY will be pleased to show Miss BAYLEY the house on Monday.

VI.

Mrs. Macnay to her Sister-in-law.

(Extract.)

The only reply that agreed to the terms was from a Miss BAYLEY, but her questions were so fussy that I answered her in a way which Mrs. VINCENT and I felt sure would end the matter. We decided she could not go on with it, but the next post only brought a longer list of questions, eight in all, tabulated like an examination paper. So we have answered these this evening, also like an examination paper, and now feel really free of the inquisition and ready to try again.

VII.

Miss Bayley to a Friend.

(Extract.)

I went down to see the house on Monday, and liked it extremely. Mrs. MACNAY seems to be the widow of a

literary man, and will, I think, do all I want. Her terms are absurdly low, and the neighbourhood seems very charming. I consider myself most fortunate . . .

VIII.

Mrs. Macnay to her Sister-in-law.

(Extract.)

In spite of my letters Miss BAYLEY came as arranged, with the harmless dog, and the first thing that happened was that it bit the knife-and-boot boy in the leg. Miss BAYLEY was very sorry, but explained that it was the green baize apron that did it—*Prinny* (that is the dog's name) once having been ill-treated by a furniture man. [She stayed an hour and looked at everything, and I must say that I dislike her immensely, but her ready acquiescence in the matter of terms makes it almost impossible not to take her. I wish now that I had asked more, as Mrs. VINCENT wanted me to. One is always so wise afterwards. It is agreed that she comes next month.]

IX.

Miss Bayley to Mrs. Macnay.

DEAR Mrs. MACNAY,—I have decided to share your house on the terms we have arranged, but I must ask you first to make two or three slight changes. I was conscious on the landing by my room of a discoloration in the wall which could not, I think, be due to anything but damp. I have such a horror of sciatica that I feel compelled to make a point of having some damp course applied before I take up my residence with you. Another matter is the knife-and-boot boy who so unfortunately placed himself in *Prinny's* way. I am conscious that I am asking a great and perhaps unreasonable favour, but I do so trust you may see your way to getting another boy in the place of this one, or I am convinced that *Prinny* may suffer. If convenient to you I shall move in on Monday, the 2nd of next month.

Yours truly, ADELAIDE BAYLEY.

X.

Mrs. Macnay to Miss Bayley.

DEAR MISS BAYLEY,—I very much regret to have to trouble you, but I have been reminded by my lawyer that it would be very irregular if I did not go through the formality of asking you for references. Will you kindly let me have one or two? I am,

Yours truly,

ANNIE MACNAY.

[Several dull and rather acid letters occur at this point.]

XI.

Miss Bayley to Mrs. Macnay.

DEAR Mrs. MACNAY,—I am at present living in a small flat at Kensington, and

previously to that I was travelling. So I have not very much experience as a paying guest. But I was with a Mrs. CREWD at 5, Wilmington Terrace, Eastbourne, for a few weeks, and she would perhaps answer your purpose, although I must warn you that her nature is, as I found out only too soon, thoroughly cantankerous, and her pen may easily be poisoned against myself. I am,

Yours truly,

ADELAIDE BAYLEY.

XII.

Miss Bayley to Mrs. Crewd.

DEAR MRS. CREWD,—It has often troubled me to think that we have so completely lost sight of each other since I had to give up my pleasant rooms in your house. I write now because I have just received from a friend in Hong-Kong a case of tea, and remembering how fond you were of China tea I am sending you a parcel of it in memory of old times. Yours sincerely,

ADELAIDE BAYLEY.

XIII.

Mrs. Crewd to Mrs. Macnay.

Mrs. CREWD presents her compliments to Mrs. MACNAY and begs to inform her that it is some time since Miss BAYLEY shared her house, and she cannot remember very clearly what happened; but Miss BAYLEY was always prompt with her share of the expenses.

XIV.

Mrs. Macnay to her Sister-in-law.

(Extract.)

I am horribly afraid that Miss BAYLEY has got to come. Mrs. VINCENT (who mimics her to perfection) is for breaking off negotiations, even now, at this last minute, but I don't see how to do it, and the money is, after all, very important.

HEADS AND HEARTS.

[The Psychologist's idea of a suitable Valentine.]

LONG ago, my dear, when Science
Loaned from Fancy what she lacked,
Placing rather more reliance
On Hypothesis than Fact,
People with perverted notions
Laid the body out in lots,
And located our emotions
In the most unlikely spots.

Thus, they prate about our "choler,"
Thus, they babble of our "spleen,"—
Phrases which the finished scholar
Merely understands to mean
That a somewhat wild vagary
Made the old philosopher
Range around his "little Mary"
Passions far removed from her.



WANTED—REDISTRIBUTION.

"I THINK IT SUCH A PITY THAT POOR MEN DON'T KNOW ENOUGH TO REMAIN SINGLE."

"YES—AND THAT RICH ONES DO!"

We of course are not so foolish:
We to-day should scorn to see
Such a "never-went-to-schoolish"
Physical anatomy;
Yet we keep one superstition:
Age to erring age imparts
One deplorable tradition:
'Tis the Shibboleth of Hearts.

So we find the shops again full
Of St. Valentine his Ghost;
Hearts, devoted or disdainful,
Interchange, and by the post
Light-apparelled Loves await us,
Piercing with pictorial darts
That hydraulic apparatus
Of the inter-costal parts.

Well, they're wrong, then, let me tell
'em;
Since the seat where passions reign

Lies beyond the cerebellum,
Somewhere in the upper brain;
Love's a kind of ideo-motor
Action that depends upon
Certain centres in the coat or
Rind of the encephalon.

That is why I send no token
Of a cardiac distress;
Hearts, my darling, are not broken
In the Stream of Consciousness;
To denote the dizzy vortex
Where my love has lately swum,
I have diagrammed the cortex,
Dearest, of my cerebrum.

WE are asked to say that the play which
is about to be "written round" *Coco* will
be entitled *Merely Hairy Man*.



[There is a legend that the practice of leaving the bottom button of the waistcoat unfastened has an Etonian origin.]

Jovial Passenger. "Eton?"

Perfect Stranger. "No. Drinkin'!"

CHARIVARIA.

THE first anniversary of the beginning of the Russo-Japanese War was celebrated very quietly in Russia last week.

Meanwhile any chance of peace between General KUROPATKIN and General GRIPENBERG seems as far off as ever.

It was announced that General KUROPATKIN had resigned, but all that happened was that General KUROPATKIN was resigned to General GRIPENBERG's resignation.

General STOESEL has given an indignant denial to the *Times* allegations against himself as to Port Arthur. If there was a large amount of ammunition left at the time of the surrender, then it was not his fault but the fault of those officers whose duty it was to throw it into the sea.

And M. KOKOSTZOFF, the Russian Minister of Finance, has given, to a newspaper correspondent, a satisfactory explanation of the St. Petersburg slaughter. The crowd in the Winter Palace

Square threatened to be so great as to endanger the lives of those assembling there; so, to relieve the pressure, a number of persons were shot down. It is hoped in official circles that the last has now been heard of the affair.

According to our newspapers, the authorities are exhibiting strange indecision in regard to the fate of MAXIM GORKY. He is released from prison on alternate days.

The Russian Government is of the opinion that it is being unjustly blamed for not stopping the War. It is really the Japanese, they say, who keep it going.

To bring President CASTRO to terms a naval demonstration is to be made by the American Government against the Venezuelan coast towns as soon as arrangements with the leading American cinematograph firms have been completed. Tenders for the erection of grand stands to view the demonstration should be addressed to President CASTRO direct.

"Large numbers of motor-omnibuses

are being built for London," says the *Express*, and "the Metropolitan Asylums Board proposes to organise a system of motor-ambulances." But our opinion is that motor-omnibuses will prove to be no more dangerous than the horsed vehicles at present in use.

The *Car Magazine* suggests that the motor omnibus shall be called the Mobus. And the "pirate," we suppose, the Robus?

Mr. MILTON WELLINGS has been confiding to an interviewer the secrets of the birth of the latest sixpenny song. "It was early morning: the mountain tops were fringed with that pink hue which is so glorious and so tender. Suddenly some invisible presence seemed to sing to me, and the song was 'A Whisper of Love.'" We consider that it shows pretty poor taste in Messrs. PEARSON to sell a song like that for a tanner.

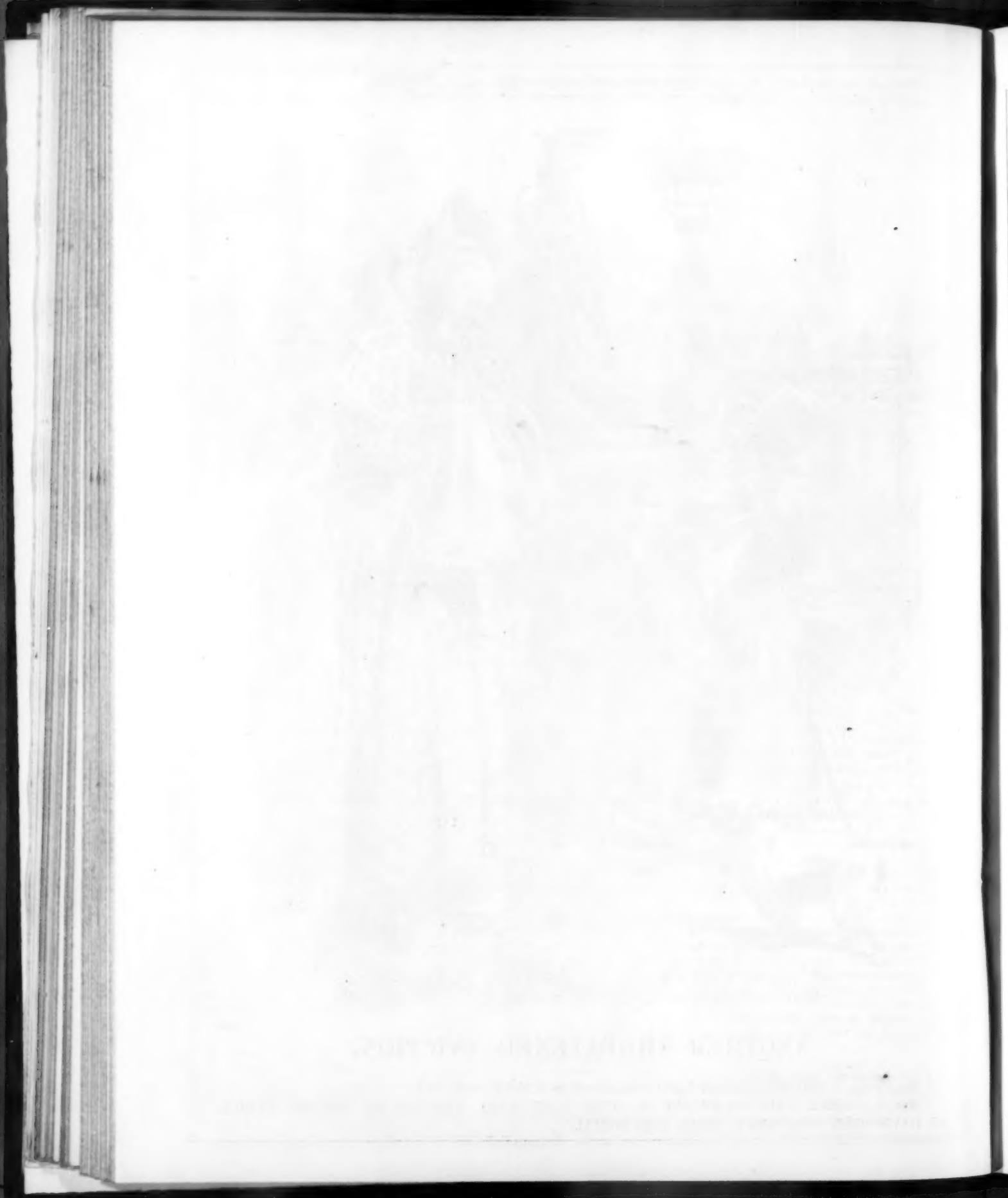
A report having been circulated to the effect that the Greek Royal Yacht had been fired at by the Baltic Fleet, the King of the HELLINES has issued a



ANOTHER THREATENED EVICTION.

MR. PUNCH. "AND SO I HEAR THEY TALK OF TURNING YOU OUT?"

MRS. B. "WELL! ALL I CAN SAY IS, IT'LL COME VERY 'ARD ON ME AND MY FAMILY, AS HAVE BEEN 'ERE SINCE TIMES IMMEMORIAL."





"ENOUGH IS AS GOOD AS A FEAST."

Lady. "THERE'S YOUR HORSE, COUNT! THERE!"

The Count (who has taken several tosses). "MERCI, MADAME. I WISH HIM NOT. IT IS ENOUGH. I FINISH—I GO HOME!"

statement to the effect that "the Royal Yacht never came in sight of the Baltic Fleet at any time or place." That is no answer to the charge.

Almost ready.—*A Guide to the Hundred Best Books on Lhasa the Unknown.*—(Advt.)

The latest official returns show that Revivalism is spreading even to Trade, and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is reported to be seriously alarmed.

Meanwhile, what certain politicians are praying for is not a TORREY but a Tory Revival.

The railway companies have done so badly in the past half year that extraordinary efforts are now being made to retain their customers. The Great Northern Company, for instance, are whitening the edges of their platforms

to prevent persons stepping over in the fog, or in the dark.

Earl SPENCER has at last promulgated a Liberal programme. The chief item is strenuous opposition to the policy of the other side—whatever it may be.

Recent occurrences at Constantinople have caused the SULTAN to wonder whether, after all, there may not be something in the rumour that he is not loved for his own sake alone.

The first of a new series of Saturday to Monday revolutions has just been held in Argentina, the week end being selected as offering greater conveniences to busy men.

The statement made by a medical expert to the effect that lack of mental exercise culminates not infrequently in softening of the brain has caused some-

thing akin to panic in several Government offices.

Our Flat has been revived, and the Marquis of ANGLESEY may be back in town any day.

The Real Heroine of Port Arthur.

THE following passage is from an account, in the *Western Morning News*, of a lecture delivered by Mr. FREDERIC VILLIERS at Exeter.

"In conclusion Mr. VILLIERS quoted General NOOI's opinion that General STOESEL's strategy was very good, and said the defence of Port Arthur was worthy of the unstinted admiration of the whole world.—Mrs. D. SMITH had charge of the local arrangements."

FROM the *Northern Whig*:—"Her father was —, who died some years ago, his widow having died of a broken heart previously."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACT FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Tuesday, Feb. 14.

—Asleep for six months, House and Lobby to-day leap into life; unusual buzz of excitement; hitherto through series of Sessions Opposition been lying low, sayin' nex' to nuffin. To-day quite cock-a-hoop, not to say cock-a-C-B., inclined rather to patronise Ministers; feel towards them impulse of hospitality akin to that which in olden times endowed with nose-gays and brimming tankards of beer condemned criminal on his way to Tyburn.

La vie est brève, let us be tender with it whilst it still flutters. *Et puis bonsoir*.

Hero of the day ARTHUR HAMILTON LEE, Civil Lord of Admiralty. A former predecessor was ELLIS ASHMEAD BARTLETT, Knight. Understood at time of his promotion to Ministerial office agreement entered upon that thereafter he was to shut up. Promise honourably kept. For years the most blatant of politicians, he, whilst at the Admiralty, sat dumb on the Treasury Bench or roamed silent through Sheffield.

And here's LEE suddenly breaking out in submarine threats to a friendly Power perturbing the continent with the shadow and scent of bloudie war!

Impulse doubtless came from warlike associations. A man hasn't been Adjutant of Hong-Kong Volunteers for full twelve months without imbibing martial ideas. When nearly two years ago PRINCE ARTHUR looked upon Member for South Hampshire with friendly eye, a quaint little error crept in, momentarily obfuscating his mind. Every excuse for the little mistake. Don José had just launched his Tariffs barque, warranted to convey the Unionist Party over the shoals, past the rocks of Opposition, triumphantly landing them through the gate of a General Election to the safe and spacious harbour of renewed lease of power.

PRINCE ARTHUR'S mind occupied in trying to think what he thought of the problem; his keen intellect, devoted to the task of finding phrases that would clearly express his meaning, got a little mixed up in geography. Knew very well that LEE had been a man of war at Hong-Kong. Had not the native poet CHIN-CHIN sung his prowess in deathless verse, filling nearly a column in the local paper? It would be in accordance with ordinary nature of things that ex-Adjutant of the Hong-Kong Volunteers, called to the Ministry, should be placed at the War Office. Unfortunately, in hurry of the moment, and not having at hand the ATTORNEY-GENERAL to correct the impression, PRINCE ARTHUR got it into his head that Member for South Hampshire had earned his renown in

the Naval Service. Hong-Kong, if not actually an island, was certainly a port. Probably juttet out into the sea. The ex-Adjutant was, accordingly, made Civil Lord of the Admiralty, with the consequences alluded to.

Coming on the top of other things, this untoward incident might be expected to depress the PREMIER on eve of new Session. On the contrary, never found him more beaming in countenance, more airy in manner, more bubbling with certainty that matters would, somehow, muddle through.

"As I said at Manchester the other day," he cheerily remarked, "we must take things as they come. Of course it was awkward about LEE. But it all comes of inability that hampers some men clearly to express what they mean. On the Friday (always heard it was unlucky day) LEE goes off to the country, and, of course using the phrase in a Parliamentary sense, pulls the Emperor of GERMANY'S leg. Much squealing follows. Then LEE writes to the papers to explain he had not said what he was unanimously reported to have spoken, but something else. Germany regards this something else as rather worse than the utterance first reported. So we have the fat in the fire twice. Let it be a warning to you, TOBY, dear boy. There's nothing like plain speaking, as short as you like, but every word simply and straightforwardly expressing your meaning. If LEE'S escapade enforces that principle on our statesmen—I mean those sitting on the benches opposite—and makes the practice universal in public life, he will not have blundered in vain."

Business done.—Opening of the fifth Session of the First Parliament of King EDWARD THE SEVENTH. General impression that there won't be a sixth.

MR. HENRY JAMES'S NEW NOVEL.

INFORMATION having reached us that MR. HENRY JAMES contemplates writing a novel on the political complications which have arisen since MR. CHAMBERLAIN left the Cabinet, one of our representatives journeyed down to the country residence of the famous cryptogrammatist to obtain confirmation at headquarters of this striking rumour.

"Is it true, MR. JAMES," asked our representative, "that your next novel will deal with Fiscal Policy?"

"What a distinctly rum question!" remarked mine host of the *Golden Boul*. "Politics on me—at least, the actuality of them, in the dust of the arena, unless conceivably handled by an opulent and clairvoyant brush—could never exercise a stimulating influence. But BALFOUR'S great, quite unspeakably great."

Subsequent conversation established the interesting fact that MR. HENRY JAMES, without treating of the details of the fiscal controversy, proposes in his forthcoming novel to elucidate the relations between MR. BALFOUR and those who left the Cabinet, and with his accustomed courtesy he was kind enough to supply us with the following luminous *scenario* on a half-sheet of note-paper:—

"They thus tacitly put it upon him to be disposed of, the whole complexity of their peril, and he promptly saw why: because he was there, and there just as he was, to lift it off them and take it; to charge himself with it as *Sindbad* the soldier had been charged with the burden of the Old Man of the Sea. It wasn't, of course, their design and their interest that he should sink under it; it wouldn't be their feeling that he should do anything but 'hang on,' 'hang on' somehow for their benefit, and even as much as possible in their company, to keep proving to them that they had truly escaped, and that he was still there to simplify. The note of reality, in so much projected light, continued to have for him the charm and the importance of which the maximum had occasionally been reached in his great 'finds'—continued, beyond any other, to keep him alert and attentive. Nothing perhaps might affect us as queerer, had we time to look into it, than this application of the same measure of value to such different pieces of property as old golf putters, say, and new colleagues; all the more indeed that the amiable man was not without an inkling, on his own side, that he was, as a taster of life, economically constructed."

Answers to Correspondents.

"CANNY SCOT."—We do not know your mother-in-law, but from your account of her methods we think you were quite justified in sending her home and replacing her with a Japanese folding screen. As you say, the latter is likely to contribute more to the harmony of your drawing-room; it is less expensive; and it can, at any moment, be shut up.

"MIDGET."—So you answered that advertisement in *C. B. Fry's Magazine*, which undertakes that "the height of either sex can quickly be increased from two to five inches," and have already reached the latter figure? But you must not be discouraged at your people's failure to remark this increase of 150 per cent. in your stature. After all, the advertisement gave you fair warning when it said that "these marvellous results can be accomplished at home without the knowledge of your most intimate friends." You write a very good hand for your size.

PARLIAMENTARY VALENTINES. FEBRUARY 14.



EARL SPENCER TO MISS LIBERAL PARTY.



MISS TARIFFA REFORM TO MR. BALFOUR.



MISS CAMPBELLINA-BANNERMAN TO MR. CHAMBERLAIN.



MR. CHAMBERLAIN TO C.-B.

MRS. BRASSINGTON-CLAYPOTT'S CHILDREN'S PARTY.

II.

WHEN we got upstairs, there was the Conjurer, waiting for us under the arch between the two drawing-rooms. He had put on a dress-suit, and was, for a person in that position, quite gentlemanly-looking, though pale. He commenced his performance with a few simple card-tricks—but either it was too soon after tea, or the children were not impressed by an entertainer who was not in fancy costume and had none of the usual gilded apparatus—for the poor little things made no attempt to conceal their boredom.

And my ERMINGARDE, who is rather a proud child, was naturally offended by his taking such a liberty as to extract eggs and billiard balls from her hair before all her young friends. Though I must say our TORQUIL, who is his dear father's own boy for smartness, made the Conjurer look supremely ridiculous by not only denying that he was really producing the yards and yards of coloured paper which were apparently being reeled out of his little inside, but by informing everybody (and correctly, too!) how the trick was done.

Altogether the entertainment seemed to be falling so flat that I felt obliged to tell Mrs. GILDINGHAM that I could not understand it, as the man had been very highly recommended to me, and that I hoped he would show us something *really* clever and amusing by and by. He must have overheard (as I certainly intended him to do), and it seemed to put him on his mettle, for he said that for his next experiment he should require the assistance of a grown-up, and singled out Mr. GILDINGHAM, who, with a condescension remarkable indeed in a company promoter of his experience, consented to oblige him.

I could see Mr. G.'s dignity was a little ruffled at the mere suggestion that he might be a confederate, and he was as startled as anybody when something alive and kicking was taken out of his double-breasted waistcoat.

The Conjurer called it a rabbit—but it was unlike any breed of rabbits that I am acquainted with, having a much longer tail for one thing, besides being a bright scarlet, and covered all over with little scales. He rubbed the beast into two—a red and a green one—before our eyes, and they shot up the curtains and disappeared behind the gilt cornice.

Nobody made any comment, though I could see several people were considerably impressed. As for Mr. GILDINGHAM, he slipped quietly downstairs, and, so I afterwards heard, asked the butler for a whisky-and-soda before leaving the house. Then the Conjurer suddenly called out little MORITZ ROSENSTEIN, and asked him if he had a headache, which the child denied. But we could all hear his little head ticking away like a tape machine, and presently we saw a stream of tape actually flowing from his left ear. His father, from sheer force of habit, I suppose, rushed to read off the message. What it was I cannot say, as we could not find the tape afterwards, but Mr. ROSENSTEIN, with a smothered exclamation which I only trust the children did not catch, rushed from the room, and presently we heard a hansom clattering off in a frantic hurry. MORITZ told TORQUIL next day that, when he got home that evening, he was severely spanked by his papa, which seems rather unreasonable.

I really forget what trick came next, but I *think* it was the production of an immense glass bowl of water from Mr. SPLOSCHMEIER's coat-tail pocket. When this trick is done with goldfish it is quite pretty, but there was hardly time to notice what was in the water in this case, as Mr. SPLOSCHMEIER in his nervousness upset the bowl, and the thing inside got away. Mrs. McMAMMON declared that it bit her on the ankle, which I do *not* believe. She was always a

fanciful hysterical woman, and if it was a snake at *all* I am convinced it was a perfectly harmless one.

Still, though the man was certainly a cleverer conjurer than had at first appeared, and the juveniles began to look with more approval on his efforts to amuse them, none of the older people seemed to be really enjoying themselves. However, we all applauded, to avoid hurting his feelings, and, even when he gave a ventriloquial exhibition with an excessively rude little wooden puppet out of a bag, which made remarks on every grown-up present that were so personal as to be almost libellous, they managed to laugh good-humouredly, though I could see that I and MARMADUKE were suspected of having furnished the particulars.

There is no doubt that, in persuading Mr. GULDENSCHWEIN, much against his wishes, to be hidden for a second or so under an embroidered piano-cover, and then revealing him as a large and very pink pig, the Conjurer went *much* too far—though I am bound to admit that the children, and especially the little GULDENSCHWEINS, were delighted. For myself, I was most distressed that such a thing should have happened in my house, and to Mr. GULDENSCHWEIN of all people!

At the same time, I *do* think he might have shown a little more of what I call *bonhomie* about it, especially as the effects of the illusion (or transformation, or whatever it was) wore off very soon, and indeed were hardly noticeable by supper-time. But some people are born without the sense of humour!

I should have been thankful myself, as I know a good many people were, when the tiresome man announced the last item on his programme, if only it hadn't been a Distribution of Gifts to all the children from what he called "the Inexhaustible Electrolier." For one thing, I was anxious about the chandelier (which is coloured Venetian glass and fragile), and, for another, I had the gravest doubts as to what he might choose to consider suitable presents for those innocent mites.

How he contrived that a series of white-paper parcels neatly tied up in ribbon—blue for boys, and pink for girls—should appear to drop, one by one, into a hat from the centre of the chandelier is more than I can explain—but it was a relief to find that the contents gave satisfaction not only to the children but to their parents also.

At least, it *was* a relief till I discovered that each of the pink packets contained one of the trinkets which only left my jewel-case on very special occasions, while every boy received an Oriental curio in carved jade or ivory or crystal, from a collection which MARMADUKE had picked up privately for a mere trifle and hoped to dispose of at Christie's some day at an immense profit. And, as the little wretches were quite aware of the value of the objects, it would have been useless to try and reclaim them. Under all the circumstances, the only thing to do was to encourage the parents in their impression that our little surprise had been carefully thought out beforehand. So it really *was* hard to bear when I found out afterwards, from indirect sources, that it was considered to be a piece of vulgar ostentation on our part!

I managed to persuade TORQUIL and ERMINGARDE to leave their own parcels with me unopened—hoping to get back *something* at all events—but there was absolutely nothing inside either packet, though I am afraid both the children still suspect their mother of being a story-teller.

If I had had an opportunity I should certainly have told that conjuring person in very plain terms what I thought of his performance, but by the time I was sufficiently composed to do so the man had gone. I sent for MELANIE, fully intending to discharge her on the spot, but was informed that she had discharged herself some time previously—which shows that she was every bit as bad as the man.

Who *he* was, or why he should have chosen to play such pointless and ungentelemanly pranks on *us* is a perfect

mystery to me, but I cannot for a moment admit that there was anything in the least *supernatural* about the affair. We are hardly, I should hope, the kind of people for a visitation of that description. Whatever we saw (or rather *imagined* we saw) that evening, I am positive can be quite satisfactorily put down to hypnotism, or something of that sort.

All the same the consequences have been most unfortunate. MARMADUKE is not nearly so intimate with Mr. GULDENSCHWEIN, Mr. SPLOSCHMEIER, and Mr. McMAMMON, or indeed any of his rich city friends, as he used to be,—and of course he puts all the blame on *me*! And for some days after the party there were troubles in the nursery too, owing to Nurse's finding such quantities of ivory billiard balls and breakfast eggs in

darling ERMINGARDE'S hair, while poor little TORQUIL would spout streams of coloured shavings by the hour together, which was very troublesome for everybody, though I am thankful to say the doctor prescribed some medicine which effectually prevented any return of the symptoms.

I think I am a little run down myself, and I have had to give up my "At Home" day. I should be sorry to miss Mrs. McMAMMON, Mrs. SPLOSCHMEIER, or Mrs. GULDENSCHWEIN, and all my other friends, if they *should* happen to call—but sitting alone in the drawing-room waiting for them was more than I could endure. It was nothing but nerves, I know—but I simply could not keep my eyes off the comices.

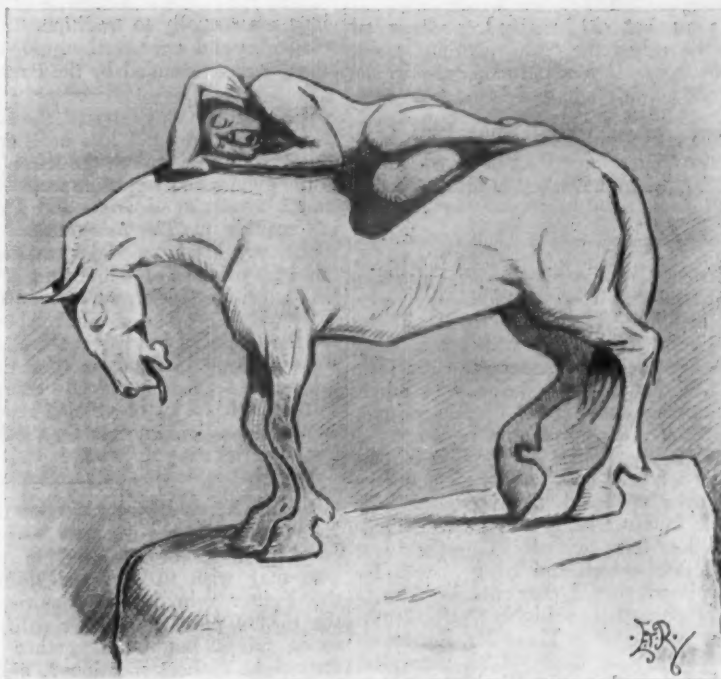
F. A.

THE MUSIC OF BOHEMIA.

SIR ALEXANDER MACKENZIE is giving a series of lectures on Bohemian Music. Very interesting subject were it limited to within only a radius of one mile around Covent Garden taken as the centre. Sir ALEXANDER will probably remember the old Bohemian music of the very Bohemian "Coal Hole," "Cider Cellars," and EVANS'S Supper Rooms, *tempore* THACKERAY. We trust that the learned Musical Doctor will give us the history and origin of such Bohemian choruses as commence with "Tol lol de rol lol," "Rum ti iddity hi gee bo," "with his"—the comicsinger's—"fol de rol lol," showing how these words became gradually part and parcel of English Minstrelsy. Had these atoms of apparently unmeaning syllables any secret political meaning? Was there anything Jacobitish hidden in such a refrain as the one to the ancient song of *Bill Simmons*, which, after every alternate phrase of four bars in one-two-three time, was thus worded, "*Tit fa lara titti fal la?*" Doubtless the derivation of "Tol de rol" and so forth is to be found in the songs of the people long before Shakspearian days. It is to be hoped that Sir ALEXANDER will not allow so rare a chance to escape him, and we trust that he will be able to sing the old songs, exquisitely accompanying himself to "*Sam Hall*," "*Billy Barlow raggedy O*," and others of old Bohemian distinction.

To make the entertainment perfect Sir ALEXANDER would have to "make up" for the parts of "*Sam Hall*" and "*Billy Barlow*," and sing these songs "in character." A great attraction.

PERFECT EXAMPLE OF "FLOATING CAPITAL."—The City of Cork.



"PHYSICAL LETHARGY."

REVERENTLY DESIGNED AS A COMPANION TO WATTS'S GREAT STATUE OF "PHYSICAL ENERGY." (IT HAS BEEN SUGGESTED THAT THIS MIGHT ALSO BE PLACED ON THE MATOPPO HILLS, SOUTH AFRICA, AS A SYMBOL OF THE SOBER AND UNFLAMBOYANT COLONIAL POLICY OF LIBERAL GOVERNMENTS IN THE PAST.)

love and reverence, was not only last and not least, but it was, admittedly on all hands, the speech of the evening. Mr. HENRY DICKENS, K.C., is the very best illustration of the wise child who not only does know his own father, and understands him thoroughly, but has the rare gift of so simply yet eloquently stating his case as to convince those least open to conviction, and to convert all his hearers to his own carefully considered decisions. Such was the unanimous opinion of the Boz Club and its guests, numbering some hundred and fifty *convives*.

The menu, provided by the Savoy caterers, was excellent; wines and waiting good; thorough harmony prevailed, but there was no music to interfere with the conversation. Yet, to have made the banquet ideally perfect, there ought to have been a "redistribution of seats."

THE Hero of the day is now to be seen at any performance of *Much Ado* at His Majesty's Theatre. We welcome Miss VIOLA on her return to health and to the stage.

A BOZ BANQUET.

ALTHOUGH, on the occasion of the celebration of the Birthday of CHARLES DICKENS (Tuesday, Feb. 7), Lord JAMES'S well-reasoned discourse on "Boz as a Social Reformer" was most instructive, containing matter which, being considered by Lord HALSBURY as controversial, roused the Lord Chancellor to comic combativeness, and although Mr. CHOATE was in happiest vein, his speech being followed by a carefully prepared lecture by Mr. PARKINSON, and though Mr. COMYNS CARR devoted his eloquence to a subject which was evidently very dear to his heart, yet the earnest, impassioned speech of Mr. HENRY F. DICKENS, so evidently inspired by true filial

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

To those whose literary and dramatic palate is still so fresh as to be tickled by sensation and mystery let the Baron commend the perusal of J. E. MUDDOCK's romantic novel, entitled *From the Clutch of the Sea* (JOHN LONG). The tragedy is rather intensified than relieved by two delightful characters—the old sea captain, *Peter Blandford*, and his blind daughter. The plot is intricate and cleverly worked out, though in somewhat of a disconnected fashion, for which meandering, towards the end of the book the author, evidently struck by the fact, regretfully apologises. The style of writing adopted by Mr. MUDDOCK is somewhat old-fashioned, perhaps as befitting what used to be called the "transpontine" melodramatic character of the story. A touch of modernity would have been better. No one nowadays in ordinary conversation says, "I know not." But, sighs the Baron, "Melodrama, with all thy faults, I love thee still," and so he recommends this novel to the experienced reader, who will know at what time to call to his aid the Skipper and his boy in order to make all sail and get rapidly into port.

The Secret Woman (METHUEN) is a strong book. Some may take exception to it on the ground that it is even morbidly strong. As SHAKESPEARE divined, mankind likes light mingled with the shade of tragedy. Even in *King Lear*, which Mr. EDEN PHILLIPPS' latest effort equals in sombreness, the *dramatis personæ* include "Fool." My Baronite hastens to admit that Mr. PHILLIPPS is not wholly unmindful of this adjunct to the perfection of art. Mr. *Westaway*, the light-hearted spendthrift flockmaster, whose proudest recollection is that he once signed a cheque for over £50, and whose generous improvidence finally breaks up his home, is delightfully drawn. For the rest, the family friends and acquaintances of the *Secret Woman* are dour folk, doggedly going their own way, dropping husbands down a well and lying in wait for brothers with murderous intent should they offer barriers to progress. The theme is pitched on a highly strained note, to be maintained only by great gifts. These Mr. PHILLIPPS brings to his work, reaching what is as yet his supremest achievement. There is a succession of stirring dramatic scenes, notably that where *Barbara*, sacrificing herself on the altar of filial affection, proposes to marry the amorous but miserly *Arscott*, and another where the *Secret Woman* confronts the widowed murderess and accuses her of her crime. For background the grim story has the hills, the dales, the streams, the skies of Dartmoor, which Mr. PHILLIPPS knows so well.

The level of excellence of the "English Men of Letters" series (MACMILLAN) is maintained, perhaps uplifted, by Mr. STEPHEN GWYNN. Volumes have been written, notably by Lord JOHN RUSSELL, about THOMAS MOORE, who himself has not been backward in letting the public know what manner of man he was. Mr. GWYNN had set for him the more modest, though not less difficult, task of presenting, within limits compelled by the scheme of the series, an epitome of the poet's life and works. It is admirably done, with touch discriminating though sympathetic. We follow MOORE through his butterfly life, and discover it based on a stony pathway of hard work; in later life, when the burden was less easy to carry, of sheer drudgery. Solaced and strengthened by his charming wife, MOORE's closing days were hampered by the reckless extravagance of a worthless son. Laying

down the book my Baronite feels he knows TOM MOORE better, and therefore likes him more.

The Canterbury Pilgrims, by H. S. WARD (A. & C. BLACK), will interest and delight all Kentish men good and true, and moreover will encourage many who may be "strangers yet" to visit and make a sojourn in that sweet county, celebrated, as Mr. Jingle says, "for its apples, cherries, hops, and women." It was not in Mr. Jingle's line to commence his laudation with any allusion to the cathedrals of Rochester and Canterbury, nor to Saint THOMAS à BECKET, of whom Mr. Jingle may never have heard. Mr. WARD's book is replete with delightful old world stories and legends, all well and wisely told, without the slightest indication of a sneer at simple folk who cling reverentially to tradition. As a pleasantly instructive companion and trustworthy guide to Kent, this book can be strongly recommended by the Baron.

If Major ARTHUR GRIFFITHS, the author of *Winnifred's Way* (F. V. WHITE & Co.), like another celebrated Major, be "a tough plant, yet," quoth the Baron, continuing his adaptation of the quotation, I would he were "constant as an evergreen" to his mysteries of Crime and Police, such as have thrilled his readers in *The Rome Express* and in other notable romances. When the Major condescends to a modern Society novel for the sake of delineating a wayward flirt's character, true as is his touch, and interesting as he has made this story, with its capital social sketches of scenes and characters, the Baron cannot but regret the absence of all sensationalism and villainy. At the same time the Major is to be congratulated on not having one bad character in the book. It may be that he has a lot of villains ready to take their places in another sensational novel; for the Major, once again to quote the immortal *Joey Bagstock*, is "sly, devilish sly."

Modern Merry Men, by WILLIAM ANDREWS—surely it should have been "MERRY-ANDREWS"—(published by BROWN AND SONS), will be of considerable use to all and sundry who may wish to learn something about "the authors in the lighter vein in the Victorian Era" without running the risk of purchasing their entire works, as such a speculation might not be altogether satisfactory. There are forty-eight authors mentioned, and the specimens of their merriment are, on the whole, well-selected. The illustrated cover, showing a figure of the Motley Fool with cap and bells, is perhaps scarcely appropriate when we find that ROBERT SOUTHEY, HAYNES BAYLY (not Bill), CHARLES DICKENS, AUSTIN DOBSON, ARTHUR LOCKER, TOM MOORE, MACKWORTH PRAED, are included in the list of "Merry Men," unless we judge of a fool less by his folly than by his exceptional wisdom. It may be that, as THACKERAY is on the list of *The Merry Men*, the artistic designer of the cover was inspired by the great novelist's description of himself as wearing the motley, and he may have been struck by THACKERAY's own portrait of himself, in a Doyle-like vignette, where, having dropped the professional cap and bells, he reveals his own unutterably sad countenance as that of the real man behind the grinning mask he has for the moment laid aside.

The Baron's friends will remark that the last three paragraphs suggest colourable pretexts for review as connecting the names of BLACK, WHITE and BROWN.



EX NIHILO NIHIL FIT.

["Fashions in drama change as frequently as fashions in hats. It has been reserved for our own day to evolve the comedy of nothing-in-particular. Nowadays nothing happens in a play."—*The Outlook*.]

SCENE—*Nowhere in particular.*

CHARACTERS.

HE, a nonentity.

SHE, another.

He. Dear—!

She (*wearily*). Oh please don't.

[*Does nothing.*]

He. Why, what's the matter?

She. Nothing.

[*He does nothing.*]

She. Well, you may as well go on. It will be something, anyhow. (*Yawns.*) Nothing ever seems to happen in this play. I don't know why. It isn't my fault. Oh, go on.

He. All right. Don't suppose it amuses me, though. Darling, I love you—will you marry me?

She (*very wearily*). Oh, I suppose so.

He. Thanks very much. (*Kisses her.*) There!

[*Returns proudly to his seat, and does nothing.*]

She (*with sudden excitement*). Supposing I had said "No," would you have shot yourself?—would you have gone to the front?—would your life have been a blank hereafter? Would anything interesting have happened?

He (*with a great determination in his eyes*). Had you spurned my love—

She (*excitedly*). Yes, yes?

He (*with emotion*).—I should have—I should have—done nothing. [*Does it.*]

She. Oh!

He. Yes. As for shooting or drowning myself, if any little thing of that sort had happened it would have been off the stage. I hope I know my place.

[*She does nothing.*]

He (*politely*). I don't know if you're keen about stopping here? If not, we might—

She. We must wait till somebody else comes on.

He. True. (*Reflects deeply.*) Er—do you mote much?

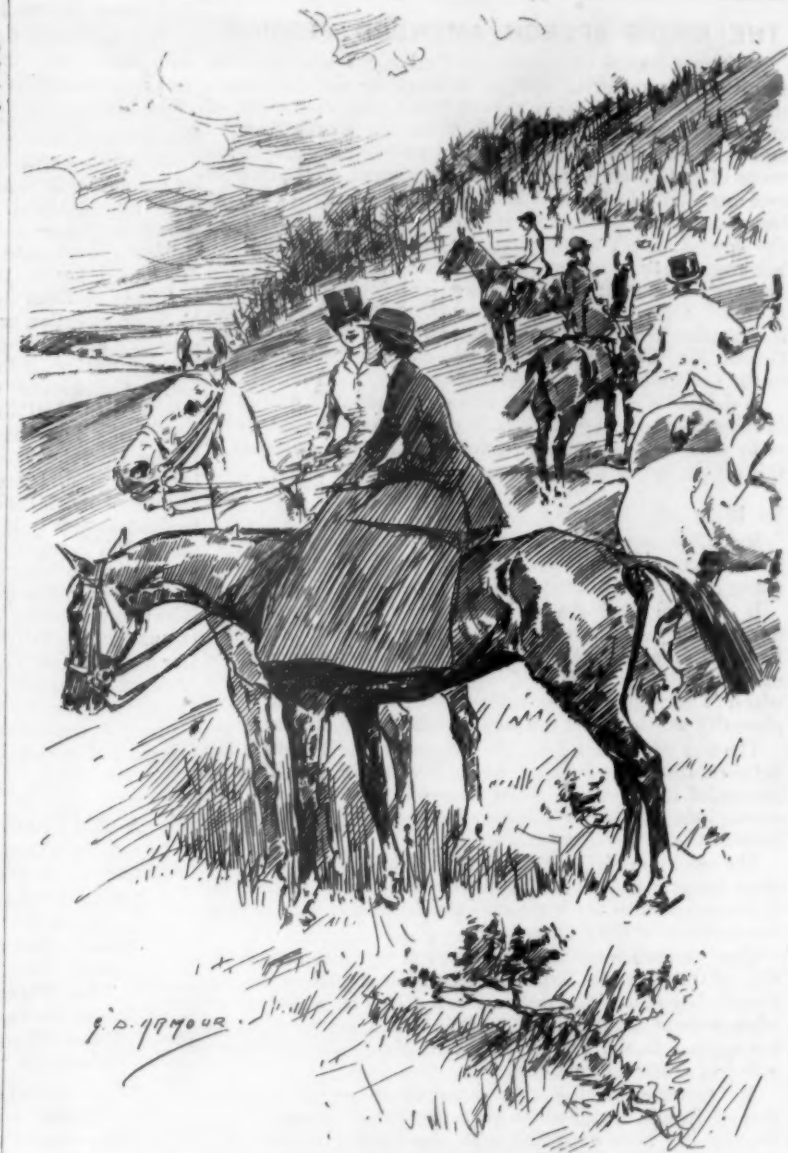
[*She sleeps. The audience follows suit.*]

Curtain—eventually.

WHAT MAY BE IN A NAME.

It has been proposed to christen the new Thames steamers after famous people who have been associated with London. If, as may be supposed, some vestiges of their namesakes' characteristics should animate these boats, we may shortly expect to read paragraphs like the following:—

It was found impossible to get the *John Ruskin* to go under the railway bridge at Charing Cross, and her passengers had to be transferred to the



FEMININE AMENITIES.

Miss Gush. "WHAT DO YOU THINK OF MY NEW HUNTER? ISN'T SHE A DREAM?"

Mrs. Sharp. "QUITE. A PERFECT NIGHT-MARE, I SHOULD SAY!"

Isambard Brunel, a boat which negotiates bridges with the utmost facility.

Owing to the presence on board of an alderman's daughter, the *David Garrick* behaved very unsteadily during her trip past the City yesterday, rolling about in an alarming manner, and refusing to keep her head straight. Her captain, however, says it was only her play.

The *Samuel Johnson* has gone ashore off the Temple. It is supposed that she was endeavouring to tap a lamp-post on the Embankment in passing.

The *Sir Thomas More* has repeatedly

broken loose from her moorings near the Tower steps.

The *J. M. W. Turner* had a slight collision with the *Hogarth* last week, and each has lost several plates.

Delenda est N.T.C.

Inquiring Citizen (to well-informed friend). I say, what does this business between the Post Office and National Telephone Company mean?

Friend (knowingly). It means—a deal.

[*Exit.*]

THE KING'S SPEECH—AMENDED VERSION.

A NOTABLE feature of the present Parliament has been the extravagant number of sittings devoted, at the commencement of each Session, to the proposal and discussion of amendments to the Address in reply to the KING'S SPEECH: and it is generally felt that an enormous and gratuitous waste of public time might have been saved, if the duty of evolving that document had been taken away from the Government and committed to one or more of the Leaders of the Opposition. The following extract is designed to suggest, however faintly, what might have been the nature of His Majesty's Speech if its composition had been in the hands of LORD SPENCER and SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, in consultation with LORD ROSEBERY, MR. ASQUITH, MR. LLOYD-GEORGE, MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL, and other of their colleagues in the Leadership of the Liberal Party.

It should be added that the almost insuperable difficulties in the way of securing the KING'S consent to the recital, direct or by proxy, of this brochure, are here, for the purposes of this article, respectfully taken as overcome.

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

My relations with Foreign Powers continue to be of a friendly description, notwithstanding the infatuated foreign policy of my Government.

It gave me particular satisfaction to receive as my guests during the past autumn the King and Queen of PORTUGAL. I regret, however, that their visit should have been somewhat marred by the prevalence of fogs, an atmospheric condition which I attribute to the malaria of fiscal ambiguity and obscurity which infests the deliberations of my Government.

The war which has been in progress since February last between Russia and Japan unhappily continues. That no successful intervention in the cause of peace has yet been accomplished is due in large measure to the habitual tactlessness of my Government.

The condition of the Balkan Peninsula continues to give cause for anxiety, and is likely so to continue, as long as my Government, with its inveterate pusillanimity, fails to exert due pressure in the right quarters.

The Convention entered into between my Government and that of the French Republic has been approved by the French Legislature and duly ratified. This is not surprising when account is taken of the way in which my Government has applied to the French claims in Morocco its traditional policy of graceful concession.

My Government has also come to an agreement with that of Russia, under which an International Commission of Inquiry has been entrusted with the duty of investigating the circumstances in connection with the disaster to British trawlers which resulted from the action of the Russian Fleet in the North Sea. The absolute futility of an arrangement brought about through the constitutional lack of courage which characterises my Government's diplomacy will, I have no doubt, be made sufficiently apparent as soon as the Commission publishes its report.

The steps to be taken for establishing a Representative Constitution in the Transvaal are receiving the tardy and grudging consideration of my Government; but by an inexplicable oversight the identical claims of the Orange River Colony have been ignored.

An Agreement with the Tibetan Government was concluded at Lhasa on the 7th September. The great difficulties which the Mission encountered were brilliantly surmounted by the civil and military authorities responsible for its conduct. Not tot hem, but solely to my Government, must be assigned the discredit of this shameless and unwarrantable excursion.

GENTLEMEN OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS,

The Estimates for the service of the ensuing year will be laid before you. They have been framed with the utmost recklessness which my Government's precarious tenure of office admits.

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

Legislation will be submitted to you for the establishment of authorities to deal with the question of the unemployed, and the abnormal distress arising directly out of the deplorable Sugar Convention and the total dislocation of industry evidenced by the Board of Trade returns, and accounted for by the country's intolerable suspense on the question of Tariff Reform.

Your attention will be directed to proposals for diminishing the anomalies in the present arrangement of Electoral areas; but no Bill on this subject will be laid before you till a Commission to be appointed for the demarcation of Boundaries shall have reported. By that time almost anything may have happened.

My Government's indecent attachment to the emoluments of office will, I fear, cause the postponement for the time being of much desirable legislation of a highly constructive order; such as: (1) A Bill to repeal the Licensing Act of 1904. (2) A Bill to repeal the Education Act of 1902. (3) A Bill to determine indentured labour in the Transvaal mines.

Further measures which await the resignation of my Government include a Bill for substituting, in the case of future Conservative Administrations (if any), a Bi-monthly for a Septennial Parliament; thus providing facilities for a compulsory appeal to the country as soon as the particular mandate of the previous Election shall have been executed.

In the meantime, may your deliberations be guided by Heaven, of whose assistance you stand in the sorest need.

O. S.

A BALLADE OF MODERN CONVERSATION.

[“Bridge, motors, and our ailments are really about the only three subjects on which we converse nowadays.”—*The World*.]

“NINE to the ace, he had indeed!”

“Really?” “Didn't know *what* to throw”—

“Idiot hadn't a heart to lead;

Swore like anything, don't you know!”—

“Yes, it was rather a beastly blow,

Losing his liver and lungs and such”—

“New two-cylinder car for Clo”—

“Pneumonia”—“doubled”—“forgot the clutch.”

“Over the regulation speed”—

“Abscess hadn't had time to grow”—

“One to get out is all we need”—

“It kept me in for a week or so”—

“Hearts, and made a most hopeless show”—

“JACK doesn't care for the man so much;

He drives, of course, like an angel.” “Oh?”

“Pneumonia”—“doubled”—“forgot the clutch.”

“Something in—*itis*”—“metalled steed”—

“Leaving it, partner”—“laid him low”—

“Bobby in front of him, rather treed”—

“Run it”—“insomnia”—“Mors and Co.”—

“Diamonds”—“had no time to slow”—

“Clubs”—“concussion”—“Mercedes”—“crutch”—

“Panhard”—“appendix”—“PAUL's a pro”—

“Pneumonia”—“doubled”—“forgot the clutch.”

Envoi.

The stream runs on, it will overflow,

Babble on babble—it sounds like Dutch:

Listen again . . . ay! there they go:

“Pneumonia”—“doubled”—“forgot the clutch.”



OUT IN THE COLD.

(Scene from the great Fiscal Melodrama, "The Closed Door.")

LITTLE TARIFFA (the "che-ild"). "YOU REFUSE TO LISTEN TO MY INNOCENT PRATTLE! BUT I TELL YOU A TIME WILL COME WHEN YOUR HARD HEARTS WILL BE SOFTENED, AND YOU WILL LET ME IN!"



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TROUBLE IN THE INTERIOR.

"SOME MEN ARE BORN GREAT; OTHERS HAVE GREATNESS THRUST UPON THEM."

"A WARRIOR TAKING HIS REST."

'Tis not in MARSHALL to command success, but he might do more, Messrs. FROHMAN and CHUDLEIGH, our CHARLES and ARTHUR, he might deserve it; nay, in a general way, our Captain of comical conceits hath, in nearly all his former pieces, well deserved it. Have we not, our dear CHARLES and ARTHUR, rejoiced with the Pet of the Regiment when he rejoiced, as witness our beaming faces and laudatory remarks when we met you in the lobby of the Criterion during the performance of that most amusing *Killierankie*, so now must we condole with you, and with him, upon the sad and sudden loss of that rollicking drollery tempered by quiet humour, so characteristic of his previous work; for these qualities, truth to tell, are conspicuously absent from his latest piece, *The Lady of Leeds*, at Wyndham's Theatre.

The cast is good, the "Farcical Romance," as its author terms it, is not. WEEDON GROSSMITH ought to be funny as a victimised cockney waiter who tries to play the aristocrat, but he only faintly reminds us of his delightfully comic miseries in *The Magistrate*, with (ah!) the inimitable Mrs. JOHN WOOD, and of his conceit and helplessness as the distinguished little amateur, admirably contrasted with the stolidity of BRANDON THOMAS in *The Pantomime Rehearsal*. And, *à propos* of this last mentioned piece, in which everybody is supposed to be an amateur actor, what strikes us about this same *Lady of Leeds* is its amateurishness. It is the sort of entertainment that at a private party would have been pronounced by the polite guests "immensely clever," while the charming hostess, with her accomplished but

modestly simpering dramatist by her side, would have been more than gratified at being assured, over and over again, that "the piece, my dear lady, is quite good enough for the professional boards," and that, "as a matter of fact" (in a complimentary way this would have been added), "far worse pieces and far inferior acting to what we have just witnessed in this Theatre Royal Back Drawing-room to-night have been known to achieve marvellous success on the regular professional stage." And so to supper, with sharpened appetite and drinketite; then home, when of course these dear good honest people will confidentially impart to one another their real opinion of the entertainment.

In this *Lady of Leeds* the actors stroll in and out quite casually and aimlessly, except for the purpose of protracting the piece to a third Act. It seems as if the author were a bit weary of the job, and, not wishing to bother his brains about a trifle, had hit upon the notion of taking the old Bulwer-Lyttonian play of *The Lady of Lyons*, now almost unknown to modern playgoers, and using some of its materials in the concoction of a kind of dramatic ragoût. Why not have revived HENRY BYRON's capital travesty of BULWER'S *Lady of Lyons* with its grand coup, in the last scene, of the two Napoleons? Alas! that particular burlesque could not be revived with the least chance of success, any more than could the Napoleonic uncle and nephew, because at present our most versatile comedians, or rather those who could be most versatile comedians, have neither the experience forced on them, nor have they the same devotion to the deed as those good all-round players in the old Strand Theatre days, when JIMMY ROGERS, JOHNNIE CLARKE, JAMES BLAND, MARIE WILTON

and CHARLOTTE SAUNDERS could, like ROBSON, make us weep in domestic drama, and split our sides with laughter at the irrepressible humour of their eccentricities in burlesque. To-day real burlesque can no more be set on its dancing legs than can be re-popularised BULWER-LYTTON's effective fustian. It is but fair, however, to recall that within the last four years there was one notable exception to this in the case of the burlesque of *Sherlock Holmes*.

Mr. C. M. LOWNE is very good as the heavy retired *Colonel*, as is Mr. VANE TEMPEST in the objectionable part of the impecunious, unscrupulous Irish peer, *Lord O'Gorman*. There are no pleasant characters. The two principal men are more or less unprincipled cads, and the third is a conceited little snob, without the courage of a pretender.

Miss NANCY PRICE as *Miss Chitty*, the vulgar heiress of a fortune made in gingerade, conscientiously represents, as it may be supposed, the author's creation; and as for the acrid, uncongenial, semi-fashionable lady, *Lady Anne Wilnot*, if Miss FORTESCUE, precisely representing the author's intention, as she must be credited with doing, contrives to render this specimen of female snobbishness tolerable to a fairly good-natured audience, it is a great tribute to her art. Perhaps such an actress as the late Miss ROSE LECLERCQ might have extracted some amusement for us out of *Lady Anne*, but even then it could have been no easy task. Miss FORTESCUE labours also under the disadvantage of having been called in to undertake the part at the shortest possible notice.

Mr. McCLEERY's Venetian scenes are most effective. All that could be done for it in the way of stage management by Mr. DION BOUCHICault (who, as to the natural position of furniture, still retains certain eccentric theories, on which, we trust, his own domestics never act *chez lui*), has been effectively done. But cheer up, Messieurs CHARLES and ARTHUR, likewise Cap'en ROBERT, there is another and a better piece where this latest came from, a piece that will wipe *The Lady of Leeda* out of the memory of man, a piece the *éclat* of which, peradventure, nevertheless and all to the contrary notwithstanding, will assist in replacing in a correct artistic position upon our dramatic warrior's brow the well-earned, proudly worn laurels that in this, his latest action, have become somewhat rudely knocked askew. Sound trumpets! beat drums! Marshal your forces, and pen in hand once more unto the breach, brave friend, and take the town by storm!

LITERARY NOTES.

A WELL-KNOWN diner-out has, we learn, collected his reminiscences, and would be glad to hear from some obliging gentleman or gentlemen who would "earnestly request" him to publish them.

We should add that no names would be mentioned, the preface merely opening as follows:—

"Although these stray gleanings of past years are of but ephemeral value, and though they were collected with no thought of publication, the writer at the earnest request of a friend" (or "many friends," if more than one) "has reluctantly consented to give his scattered reminiscences to the world."

The following volumes in "The Biter Bit" series are announced as shortly to appear:—

"The Fighter Fit; or Practical Hints on Pugilistic Training."

"The Lighter Lit: a Treatise on the Illumination of Thames Barges."

"The Slighter Slit: or a New and Economical Method of Cutting out."

"The Tighter Tit: Studies in the Comparative Inebriation of Birds."

THE TRUTH OF IT.

Oh me, the sorry numbers that I sing!

How am I changed since that ingenuous prime
When I began to flap a 'prentice wing,
And probe the deeps of Rhyme!

Had one foretold that I was doomed to sink

From my high pedestal—that I must fall
To be a hired Buffoon—I really think

There would have been a brawl.

For in those days I felt the sacred flame

Burn in my very cockles; then I dreamt
Only of loftiest theme and noblest aim,
And most superb attempt.

I would be sweet, yet lack no whit of strength;

I would conjoin high MILTON's moral tone,
TENNYSON's melody, and BROWNING's length,
With something all my own;

Till proud Opinion hailed me half divine,

And decked me (greatly beaming) with the bays,
And name and fame were synonyms in mine
Imperishable lays.

Friend, it has been to me a deep regret

That after great expense of time and skill
Candour compels the statement that the net
Results are simply nil.

I have not done the things I would have done;

Fame in her temple keeps no honoured niche
For me; my plans were all upset by one
Insurmountable hitch.

Oft in the mind some flower of epic art,

Or lustrous Ode, would gorgeously unroll
The perfect splendour of its every part
Into one perfect Whole.

In the mind's eye I saw each delicate grace;

I knew each word, each impulse of the theme;
Only they always vanished into space
Before I got up steam.

'Tis sweet to give one's passion leave to flow,

Sweet in one's fond imaginings to soar,
But when you get no further, well, you know,
Friend, it becomes a bore.

And so it was with me. My noble pride

Was wounded, and my hopes were put to rout;
"What use," I said, "to have the flame inside,
When you can't get it out?"

And thus I fell, doomed by the iron law

That hampers Genius with opposing wrongs,
To squeeze, "through scannel pipes of wretched straw,"
My "lean and flashy songs."

I am content to seek no lofty flight,

It is enough that I may play the Fool;
Others may scale Olympus' skyey Height,
Or quaff the sacred Pool.

I am not jealous; nay, I wish them well.

And, if they think it worth the wear and tear,
They can attempt the heavens, or go to Hel-
icon, for all I care.

DUM-DUM.

THE TRUE FOOD OF THE GODS.

By F. Psalmanazar.

THE letters which have appeared in the *Times* on Japanese fare are doubtless interesting and even instructive, but nothing has yet been said of the infinitely more seductive and scientific dietary adopted by the natives of the Ruwenzori plateau of Central Africa. I cannot say that I am so venturesome as to try to preach its substitution for the roast beef of Old England or the nut cutlets of latter-day vegetarians. Still, this article may serve to lay before Mr. *Punch's* readers what our diet really is.

The staple articles of food of the Ruwenzoris (or the Rutituwenzoris, as BURCKHARDT calls them) are pulse, beans and eels, with very small and occasional additions of bonzoline forcemeat balls.

The following bill of fare, which attempts to give the three daily meals for a family of moderate circumstances and healthy appetites, will show how they live.

Breakfast (about 7 to 9.30 A.M.).—Halma soup (with vegetables, ponchos, &c.), lava jelly, biled beans, pickled cabbage, tea, Scotch ale, zoedone, ammoniated quinine (sometimes raw eggs with Condy's fluid, or boiled sweet peas or pangofflins, &c.).

Lunch (about 11 to 3.30 P.M.).—Eels boiled in lava jelly, vegetables stewed in lava jelly, pickled ponchos, biled beans, tea (sometimes also a little raw flamingo soaked in salt water, or partially cooked pancakes, &c.).

Supper (5 to 10 P.M.).—Lava soup (with vegetables, fishes, biled beans, &c.), pickled bronchos, vaseline fritters, roast pigmy, raw eels sliced and eaten with halma sauce, broiled (or boiled) sweet peas, early (or late) spring onions, tea and Neapolitan ices.

The Halma or jumping beans are grown all over Uganda and Waganda. They are the staple food of the celebrated pigmies of the Aruwihini, and so far as I know cannot be had here. They are eaten boiled, either young or ripe, and are manufactured into the articles mentioned above, of which moly, guru and shufli are the most important, and I shall try, if your valuable space allows, to give you the shortest possible account of these three.

1. *Moly*.—Steamed Halma beans, hops, pepper, and pulse are mashed and preserved for a period not exceeding fourteen days, during which coagulation takes place, usually producing a brown pasty mess. This mess is diluted to form soup, stickphast, cream for brown boots, &c.

2. *Guru Sauce*.—The ingredients are almost the same as in *Moly*, except that a greater quantity of pulse (at 80° in the



WELCOME.

"OH, UNCLE, I'M SO GLAD YOU'VE CALLED. BABY'S SO GROSS, AND IT ALWAYS AMUSES HIM AND MAKES HIM LAUGH WHEN HE SEES YOU!"

shade) is generally added. After coagulation the diluted mash is strained to obtain a sauce of an almost purple tinge. The name "*Guru*" is said to have been bestowed on it because the original inventor, Ras MONGUSIA, a Uganda potentate, on tasting it for the first time exclaimed in a loud voice, "*O Guru, Guru, Guru.*" Both in *Moly* and *Guru Sauce* those who have not been accustomed to them will detect the aroma of the ju-ju (*magnum bonum*).

3. *Shufli*.—Biled beans (*erambe repetita*) mashed in a mortar with some addition of hot worter (*aqua fortissima*). The thin mash thus resulting is then strained through bombazine bags, and a slight infusion of liquorice is added, when it instantly begins to conjobble, forming a sweetly pretty flake-white macaroon, which is cut into cubes,

sines, co-sines, or scalene triangles, and is eaten as it is, or fried next morning, or given to the poor when other comestibles are handy. The remnant (*okapi*), being a vitrified and voluminous mass called humorously hoki-poki by the aborigines, is compressed into small pellets by the use of a hydraulic ram, and used in blowpipes to bring down cassowaries and other prognathous and deleterious denizens of the air.

I have provided these Uganda meals to some courteous English friends, who have declared that they have never tasted anything like them before, and am forming a syndicate, with Mr. LEVEYSON TILES the famous dietetic reformer as chairman, with a view to erecting a great Shufli restaurant on the vacant site south of Aldwych in case the "*Paris in London*" scheme is not realised.

WHILE THE IRON WAS HOT.

["A strike incident, which might seem incredible unless actually witnessed, occurred here yesterday. The chief girls' school in Warsaw, following the example already set by the university and high schools, struck work. The four hundred pupils chose a representative, who presented a written protest to the director on behalf of her fellow pupils. The director invited this delegate to a private interview, but the girl refused. The director thereupon telephoned to the chief of police, who called upon the military commander to send troops to the school. This was done, and the four hundred girls marched out past a patrol of one hundred armed soldiers and went to their homes."—*The Times*.]

Bottleton High School.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—People may say that Russia is a very horrid country—but don't we, all the girls at Bottleton High School, that is—wish that we lived there! This is what they call a free country, but when we strike it means—well, I'll tell you what it means. FLOESSIE AGGS, who is a day girl and owes me tenpence, brought this bit of the *Times* to school, and of course we all settled at once that we should strike. Just think of it! No lessons, a haughty message to Miss SPINKS refusing to interview her, and then—oh, joy!—a hundred armed soldiers sent for from the barracks—most luckily there are barracks not a mile away—and then us marching out most dignified with our noses in the air and Miss SPINKS fainting with rage and all the soldiers drawn up saluting us in two rows with the handsome young officers in front and—oh, this is what Miss SPINKS calls "slipshod" in my composition exercises, but I can't bother about that. Just think of that picture, Mr. Punch, just think of it! Isn't it glorious! And here are we starving on disgusting bread and water—but that's the end part of the story again.

The beginning was all right. We settled to strike in the second morning hour, which was geography. Miss SPINKS asked DOLLY GREGSON the chief rivers of Italy, and she answered, "Vesuvius, bicycles, and the pluperfect indicative." You should have seen Miss SPINKS's face! Then she asked KATE TORMALIN, who said—all in one breath, because she had learnt it by heart—"Down-with-tyranny-and-respect-the-just-claims-of-humanity!" Miss S. turned ghastly pale, but she managed to ask me the principal exports of Mexico. I said, very loudly, "Ah bah!"—which is the French for "Shut up"—and that was all.

"Are you all quite mad?" gasped Miss SPINKS, "or what—"

At this moment I shoved our written protest into her hand, and she read it.

"The undersigned," it said, "solemnly resolve that they will do no more geo-

graphy, history, mathematics, or other work to have and to hold from this day forward, because their sympathies are aroused and we have tender hearts. We cannot conjugate verbs while Russian tyrants are keeping the EMPEROR safe. The undersigned resolve that they will go on total strike, and we jolly well mean it too. And your petitioners will ever pray."

"And now, Miss SPINKS," I said, "please may I go and fetch the soldiers?"

Mr. Punch, you would not believe the awful way she raved. We were very firm, and silent, and proud. "To ask for an interview is useless," said DOLLY GREGSON, "our purpose is—"

Then Miss SPINKS got up and went out in a rage. Presently we found that she had locked the door behind her. Some of us thought she had gone to the barracks herself. But no soldiers came, nor did the dinner-bell go, even when it was long past dinner-time. Mr. Punch, we became frightfully hungry. At last Miss SPINKS opened the door one inch and told us that the cook, we should be pleased to hear, had gone on strike also, and would not yield until we did. So we had only bread and water all day. And next day—alas, Mr. Punch, how can I confess it?—we said our geography lesson as usual.

Can you tell me how much it costs to go and live in Russia?

Yours affectionately,
DOROTHY JENKINS.

AMONG THE MOTORS.

WITH fixed resolve and purpose set
He paused each car to scan hard,
Uncertain whether he should get
A Mors, Argyll, or Humberette,
A Lanchester or Panhard.

"They all seem good as good can be,"
He said, "or even better,
But special points in each I see:
This one's ignition pleases me,
And that one's carburettor.

"The finish of this make is such
That nothing could be finer;
Nor can I eulogise too much
This other's anti-friction clutch
And its astute designer.

"This is an easy car to steer,
And merits close inspection;
And this one's differential gear
Undoubtedly comes very near
To absolute perfection."

And so with patience, faith and skill
All equally misguided,
He searched Olympia with a will,
And late at night was searching still,
And still was undecided.

CHARIVARIA.

THE Pantomime season is nearing an end, but, on the other hand, Parliament has begun to sit.

Some countries seem to have all the luck. The opening of the Nova Scotia Legislature had to be postponed owing to a terrific snowstorm.

It is said that Earl SPENCER, by letting the policy of the Liberals be known beforehand, has seriously impaired the chances of their success in a General Election.

The Director of the Albany Observatory, New York, bears the title of Principal Boss. It is rumoured that Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN is seriously considering the adoption of this impressive title, with a view to increasing his authority.

Mr. J. REDMOND has received the following message from the United Irish League of America:—"Irish America wishes God-speed to Irish Party in smashing Tory Government. Irish America has smashed Treaty with Britain. Another £1000 follows in a few days to aid in the work. God save Ireland." Ay, ay.

The scheme for the erection of "Paris in London" in Aldwych has been "referred back" by the L. C. C. It is thought, however, that if the promoters will undertake that the buildings shall be ugly enough, and the entertainment sufficiently dull, the project may yet receive the requisite consent.

LORD ROBERTS has been praising the Motor Volunteer Corps. There is no doubt that, if only the cars can be got to explode at the right moment, we have here a weapon of considerable value.

Mr. MACHNOW, the Russian Giant, is said to be in treaty for a disused light-house as a *pied-à-terre* in this country.

Paradoxes will never cease. Mr. HENRI DE VRIES, the Dutch actor, appeared in seven parts in one piece last week at the Royalty Theatre.

The honours paid by the KAISER to the late Professor ADOLF MENZEL show a generous spirit on the part of His Majesty, for it must be remembered that the KAISER himself is also an artist.

Mr. A. HENRY SAVAGE LANDOR, it is said, has not yet got over his shock at the cool way in which Tibet has been appropriated by other writers.

The first of the Czar's concessions to

his people has now taken place. Last week 300 Jews were flogged by peasants at Homel with permission of the police.

A French cruiser and a British cruiser ran aground last week. Later on, the French cruiser sank, but the British cruiser felt that the *Entente* had been carried far enough, and refloated herself.

The sympathies of M. SANTOS-DUMONT during the present struggle in the Far East are, it is said, most pronouncedly in favour of the Russians. This is not unnatural in one who is interested in solving the problem of human flight.

In August last, according to the *Freeman's Journal*, Mr. LABOUCHERE wagered a Unionist Member £100 that the present House of Commons would not meet again, and he has just had to hand over the amount. It is only fair to Mr. BALFOUR, who is nothing if not kind-hearted, to mention that he was in entire ignorance of this bet when he caused Parliament to be summoned.

The Prince and Princess of WALES have just presented three Constables to Ireland, to form the nucleus of a Dublin National Gallery. The gift has been greatly appreciated, and sanguine hopes have been expressed by the Irish Party that the whole of the local Constabulary may eventually find its way into some such museum.

With a view to increasing the number of churchgoers, a Sunday has been set apart for the preaching of sermons which will be especially addressed to those who are not there.

NEW DEPARTURE AT THE HALLS.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

We have it on the worst authority that the proprietors of the *Times*, one of the best of the threepenny dailies, have made arrangements to take over the control of the Coliseum for one week, just to show what can be done by the enterprise and resource of an Editor-Manager.

A programme (subject to alteration) has been drawn up which it is calculated will attract all London—or as much of London as can be accommodated. In order that the greatest possible number of persons may enjoy this unique opportunity, there will be eight performances every day, as follows:—

3 A.M.—First Performance. For Editors, leader-writers, and journalists who have put their papers to bed. Free list entirely suspended.

6 A.M.—Second Performance. For workmen. All seats half-price.



AN APPRECIATION.

(Train entering Venice.)

Fair American. "Waal, I GUESS THIS IS WHERE THE ADRIATIC SLOPS OVER!"

9 A.M.—Third Performance. One hour only. For business men and stock-brokers.

12 NOON.—Fourth Performance. For people who don't want any lunch.

3 P.M.—Fifth Performance. For bankers and Foreign Office clerks.

6 P.M.—Sixth Performance. For people who don't want any dinner.

9 P.M.—Seventh Performance. For people who haven't been able to get into any of the other places of amusement.

12 MIDNIGHT.—Eighth and Last Performance. For politicians, restaurateurs, publicans, barmen, Tube railway-men, and other workers who have been occupied all day.

N.B.—As a further means of extending the seating capacities of the Coliseum a special reduction is offered to all those persons who do not mind other persons sitting on their laps, and also to those who do not mind sitting on other persons' laps.

Not quite the Same.

SCENE—Exhibition of Works of Art.

Dealer (to friend, indicating stout person closely examining a Vandyke). Do you know who that is? I so often see him about.

Friend. I know him. He's a collector.

Dealer (much interested). Indeed! What does he collect? Pictures?

Friend. No. Income tax.

[Ezeunt severally.]



Irate Station-master. "WHAT THE DEVIL ARE YE WAITIN' FOR?"

Engine-driver. "CAN'T YE SEE THE SIGNALS IS AGAINST ME?"

Station-master. "IS IT THE SIGNALS? SURE NOW, YE'RE GETTIN' MIGHTY PARTICULAR!"

DISILLUSION.

(Addressed to a Lady Golfer.)

LADY, I have loved you long and truly,
But my love has languished and has passed,
My forbearance you have tried unduly,
Till at last,
One short word, unmeet for lips of ladies,
Plunged me in a disillusioned Hades.

On the links the links of love were broken
That so long had fastened you and me,
That irrevocable word was spoken
O'er the tee;
Henceforth woman finds in me a scoffer,
More especially the woman golfer.

Straining for a stroke I saw you, nearly
(So it struck me) in a circle curled,
Swiftly swooped the club down, yet you merely
Hit the world;
And the ball you thought would soar off spinning,
Sat serenely, so to put it, grinning.

Just a fad I deemed it when you took a
Half an hour to get your bearings right,
Though your queer contortions made you look a
Perfect fright;
Still I thought your conduct more than faddy
When you hurled your driver at the caddie.

While the irate victim glared and bristled,
And I watched with fascinated stare,
Once again the driver fairly whistled
Through the air;
But you missed the ball, and tottering lost your
Balance, and assumed a sitting posture.

Then, to most unseemly fury goaded,
Lady, there you made me what I am;
From your lips one wrathful word exploded,
It was "——!"
Quickly I perceived that we must sever,
And I have forsworn your sex for ever.

R. I. P.

PERHAPS the most poignantly pathetic word yet uttered upon the decease of St. James's Hall was contained in the title of a paragraph on this moving theme in a Sunday paper. It ran as follows:

AVE ET ATQUE.

This is indeed to wave farewell with both ands. The phrase "Ave et Aque" which occurred in the body of the paragraph had no such *double entente*, but was clearly due to a clerical error.

Reuter reports:—"A certain amount of insubordination prevails among the crews of the Third Pacific Squadron. Yesterday a sailor was shot for stabbing a Lieutenant." But surely this slight irregularity was only a case of high spirits. Tars will be tars.



DAMOCLES THE INDIFFERENT.

ARTHUR B. DAMOCLES. "AH! SAME OLD SWORD!"



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Tuesday, Feb. 14.

—Have often lamented loss to the stage occasioned by PRINCE ARTHUR having given himself up to politics. Might have been managed differently; above and below Gangway are dozens of statesmen; a heaven-born actor is rare.

To-night he gave fine taste of his quality. Ministry meet Parliament in strange circumstances. With a majority of four score still marshalled at his back, everybody (not excepting Ministers) agrees that Government must go; only doubt is as to when and how happy despatch shall be accomplished. Meanwhile here is C.-B. insisting upon knowing all about PRINCE ARTHUR's relations with DON JOSÉ in matter of Fiscal Reform. Are the twain formally engaged? Are PRINCE ARTHUR's intentions strictly honourable? If so, what are they?

DON JOSÉ sits coyly below Gangway, near him HARRY CHAPLIN, beaming with that inexpressible, unmistakable delight that indicates the prospective "best man." On Treasury Bench PRINCE ARTHUR seems to turn cold shoulder to his alleged fiancé; that may, however, be an attitude entirely due to topographical situation. The corner seat below Gangway is to rear of Treasury Bench, and since DON JOSÉ sits there, PRINCE ARTHUR must needs seem to turn his back upon him.

Bluff C.-B. wants an end put to uncertainty and conjecture. "Here in the face of the House of Commons," he said, "I want a plain answer to the question: Is Mr. CHAMBERLAIN correct in saying that



"Why should I symbolise an attitude of mental stability by physical motion?"

(Lord H-g-h C-e-l.)



A PEEP INTO THE FUTURE.

Ancient Veteran. "Why, bless my soul! Is it? No! Yes it is! It's poor old Campbell-Bannerman! Wonder what he wants!"

Aged Being. "I-I-I thought I'd just look in and tell you—Can you hear me? eh?—I-I thought you might like to know your Tariff Reform scheme was carried last night by a majority of two—What?—You don't remember a word about it!—Well, upon my soul!"

("I have come to the conclusion that before the goal is reached and the Empire saved, the youngest man among us will be completely superannuated."—*Sir Henry C.-B.'s Speech.*)

in the matter of Tariff Reform the PRIME MINISTER is in principle agreed with him?"

PRINCE ARTHUR pained beyond expression at this way of putting it. Had he not through the Recess repeatedly seized opportunity to state his position in the plainest language at the disposal of mankind? Nay, had he not once, tender in his solicitude for minds lacking in acuteness, set forth his position with mathematical precision on half a sheet of note-paper? And behold, on this opening day of the new Session, C.-B., *Oliver Twist* of political controversy, positively asking for more!

Through long service to the State PRINCE ARTHUR has seen and suffered much; had thought himself case-hardened. This shock too much. It broke down the panoply of his intellectual pride, undermining the buttress of his physical strength. Ordinarily gay, light-hearted, master of himself though Ministries won't fall, he to-night presented himself at the footlights in a shattered condition that dimmed with tears the eyes of the youngest clerk at the Table. He hesitated in speech in novel fashion that seemed to presage breakdown. Nervously avoiding the one matter in everyone's mind, he seized upon miscellaneous topics of the King's

Speech animadverted upon by C.-B. He maundered through Manchuria; tremblingly tip-toed through Tibet; blubbered on the threshold of the Balkans; chortled lamentation over attacks on Chinese Labour.

The feeling of the House thus wrought upon, sympathies awakened even in the savage breast below the Gangway opposite, he finally approached Fiscal question. For full fifteen minutes he talked around it, cheers and counter-cheers punctuating his sentences. When he sat down bewildered House, comparing notes, found he had not added even a hint in direction of defining his personal position.

Business done.—Session opened.

Wednesday.—House still in flush of excitement of gathering for what promises to be critical Session. This afternoon ASQUITH, representing temporarily united Opposition, delivered first attack. Circumstances not favourable to oratorical triumph. A little after two o'clock when he rose. Something ghastly in grey light of February afternoon. Benches only half full. Notably a gap on Treasury Bench where PREMIER is accustomed to lounge. More desirable local adjuncts for a fighting speech are found at the old-fashioned hour of eleven o'clock P.M., with benches crowded



A Pencil Kodak of the Present and Past Colonial Secretaries.

by gentlemen who have comfortably dined. Then you shall hear the inspiring storm of cheers and counter-cheers, marking successive stroke and parry. To open debate in surroundings of this afternoon is a process chilling to the blood.

The greater ASQUITH'S triumph. Almost at first shot got the range of Treasury Bench, whither PRINCE ARTHUR had now returned, and of the corner seat below the Gangway, where DON JOSÉ sat with the joyous feeling of born fighter with back to the wall, a losing cause in hand, a powerful armed alliance closing in round him.

ASQUITH'S speeches always models of Parliamentary debate. In length they never exceed an hour in delivery; frequently forty minutes serve for flawless effort. This desirable end attained by simple process of repressing surplusage of words. Every sentence tells; each perfectly framed, polished, unerring in aim. Time was when students of English language were bidden to spend their days and nights with ADDISON. The MEMBER FOR SARK, earnest for the success of new Members, and for the uplifting of level of debate, advises them to spend theirs with ASQUITH.

Business done.—ASQUITH, on behalf of fraternally united Opposition, moves Amendment calling for instant dissolution.

Thursday night.—A crowded House looked on at striking episode that may hereafter be recognised as marking new departure in history of politics. Amid cheers, loud but not so enthusiastic as in war time, DON JOSÉ stirred the smouldering embers of debate. House recognised in him arbiter of situation. If it served his purpose he might, by holding up his finger to docile following

of the gentlemen of England, force immediate Dissolution. If he avowed displeasure or discontent with PRINCE ARTHUR'S pirouetting on outside ring of Protection, the Government must go. Discovered in benevolent mood, DON JOSÉ confessed that personally he would prefer early Dissolution. But if other right hon. gentlemen desired to postpone it he, in accordance with nature and habit, was ready to defer. As for PRINCE ARTHUR'S views on fiscal question, expressed whether on half-sheet of note-paper or otherwise, he had nothing to complain of. In principle they were identical with his own.

PRINCE ARTHUR, lounging on Treasury Bench, listened intently; made no sign of assent or dissent. Obviously DON JOSÉ'S assertion that the PREMIER'S views were identical with his own was quite a different thing from the PREMIER declaring that DON JOSÉ'S views were his.

From corner seat below Gangway up gat Cousin HUGH. Striding into arena, he with nervous hands tore up the cobweb fantasy woven by the ingenuity of DON JOSÉ, and the assumed necessity for acquiescence on part of nominal Leader of Unionist Party.

"The future of Conservatism lies with us," said Cousin HUGH, proudly, defiantly.

In the intense excitement of the moment he repeated the phrase, now with a note of pathos in his voice. As the division presently showed, the "us" are few in numbers. But there is only one HUGH CECIL, and he is among them.

The remnant of the old Conservative Party still left in the Commons, uneasily looking on, thought of all that has happened since they were swamped by the events of 1886. Doubtless they had

qualms of conscience, some yearning towards the possibility of this gaunt, ungainly figure, with soul and mind inspired by loftiest principles, with lips glowing with real eloquence, one day, not far distant, uplifting the banner of old Conservatism, re-creating a historic party.

Business done.—ASQUITH'S amendment negatived by 63 votes in House of 559 Members.

GIFTS IN SESSION.

THE present of a tin of toffee to every Member of Parliament on the Opening Day, although the only one mentioned in the papers, was by no means the only one which helped to lighten and remunerate the task of being a legislator. In addition, every member was presented by—

Messrs. TOFFY with a mackintosh against the inclement and stormy weather which the Session is certain to see;

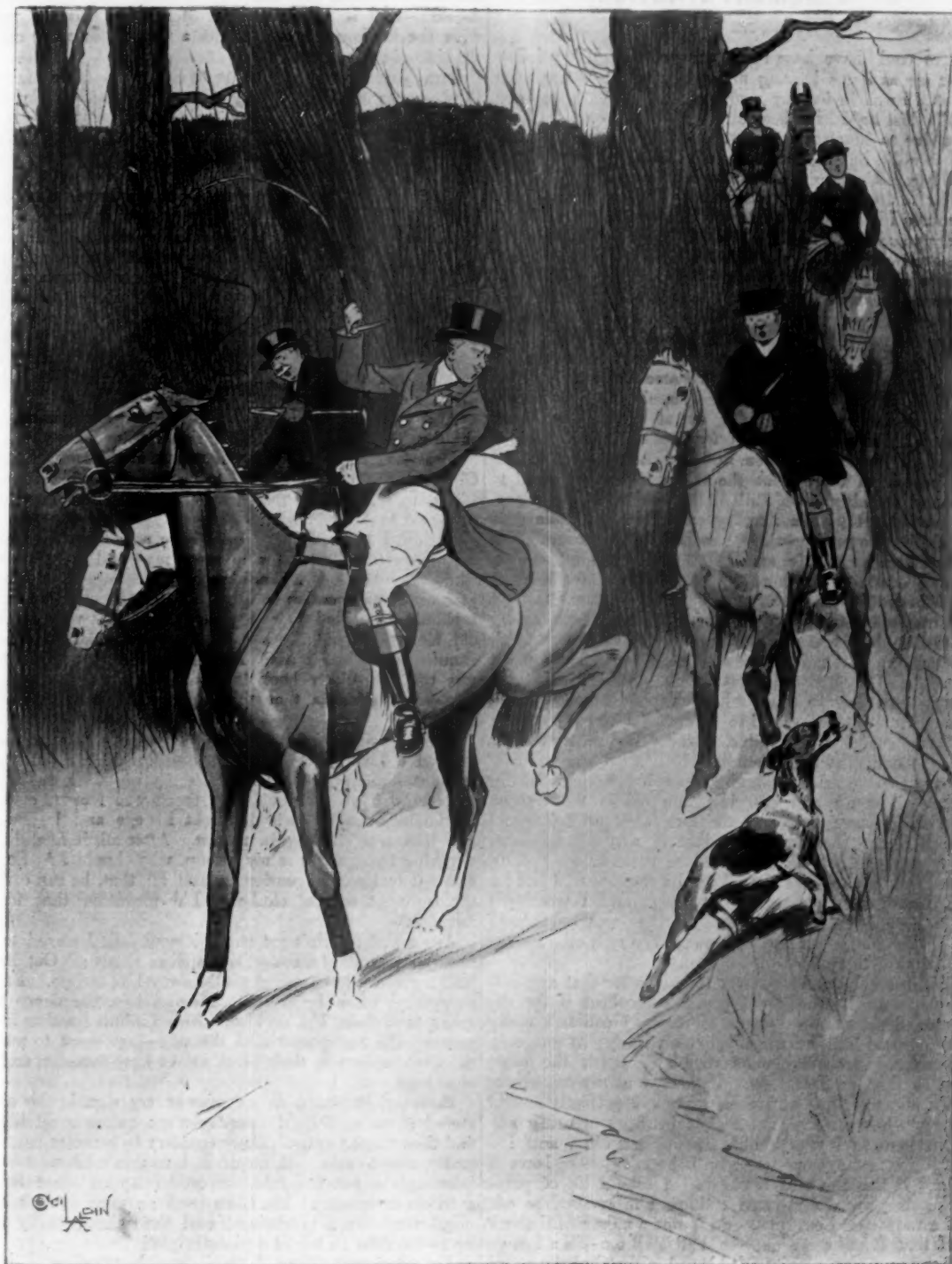
Messrs. OSPREY with a neat tea-basket (with a pound of China tea if supplied to supporters of the Transvaal Ordinance), to enable him to endure the rigours of all-night sittings without leaving his seat in search of provisions;

Messrs. BEDWIN with a pair of noiseless rubber-soled boots, to enable him to leave the House without attracting the attention of the Whips, should the claims of golf or some other public duty summon him elsewhere;

Messrs. BLUNT AND HOSKELL with a scarf-pin capable of being electrically illuminated at will in order to catch the SPEAKER'S eye;

Messrs. CONFETTI AND ALHAMBRA with a microscope to assist in discovering points of agreement or disagreement (as the case may be) between Mr. BALFOUR and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN.

OSCULATORY PRACTICE AND PERFORMERS.—In his evidence as reported last Friday, given in *re Walker v. Walker*, the co-respondent, a member of the theatrical profession, is represented as saying that "It was quite usual for the male and female members of a theatrical company to kiss one another." Is it really? How delightful!—in many instances, at all events. How charming to be a member, not of a Saxe-Meiningen Company, but of such a Kissingen Troupe! Of course kissing and embracing must enter into the *jeu de scène*, when an actor has to make a business of a pleasure. Mr. Punch begs to doubt if the "practice is quite usual." If it be, then the rule on the stage does not hold good that "kissing goes by favour."

**A LITTLE MISUNDERSTANDING.**

Farmer (to Young Snobley, whose horse has just kicked one of the hounds). "I SHOULD GIVE THE BRUTE A GOOD HIDING FOR THAT, SIR."
[Snobley, whose knowledge of hounds and hunting is only at present in embryo, proceeds (as he thinks) to do it!]

AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE.

CHAPTER I.

NOTHING could have been more unexpected. If any fellow had met me as I was leaving my rooms, and told me what sort of day I was in for, my reply to him would have been "Liar!" But he'd have been right all the same.

I was due to lunch with MONTY BLUNDELL at his Club, and started to walk, but when I got into Piccadilly I found I was beastly late. It's funny, but, though I haven't anything in particular to do, I generally *am* beastly late for most things. So of course I had to call a hansom. It struck me, as I told the Johnny across the roof to drive like the very deuce to the Junior Beaufort Club, that he was a trifle glassy in the eye and white about the gills, and he was driving a chestnut that seemed to have got a bit out of hand. But I was in a hurry, and we were off at a canter before I'd time to do more than tumble in anyhow and hope for the best. The canter quickened up into a gallop very soon, and, at the top of St. James's Street, the gallop became an unmistakable bolt. I saw the cabbies on the stand running to their horses' nosebags, and everybody skipping out of our road, and I sat as tight as I knew and prepared for trouble. The gates of Marlborough House were open, and I rather expected to find myself put down there—but the cabman just managed to slew round somehow into Pall Mall. There was a piano-organ just ahead with a monkey on top, and I made sure we should bowl over the entire show in another second. But there had been some rain, and the going was greasy, so, just before we overtook it, there was a slither, a tremendous crash, followed by fireworks * * * and the next thing I knew I was standing looking on from a distance, feeling rather muzzy, but otherwise quite all right.

The usual crowd had sprung up, as if through star-traps in the road. They got the chestnut on his legs, looking as if he was beginning to suspect he had made a fool of himself; the driver, too, appeared to be none the worse, and was being questioned by a constable, who did not seem to show him all the sympathy he expected.

I was rather puzzled, though, when I saw them lifting a young fellow up and carrying him off to the nearest chemist's. He was evidently the fare, and, up to then, I had been under the impression that it was *my* accident. I saw now it couldn't have been, since there I was, looking on. But, from a glimpse I caught of him in passing, I had an idea I'd met him somewhere or other, and I wondered whether I oughtn't to go and see if there was anything I could do for him. I knew the chemist very well, having often looked in there for a pick-me-up.

Still, if I did, I should be later than ever for that appointment—whatever it was, for I couldn't recollect it for the moment. Besides, now I came to think, I couldn't really have recognised him, he was much too muddy; it was only his overcoat, which happened to be of much the same pattern as the one I had on. I glanced at my coat-sleeve to make sure of this—and then I made a perfectly fearful discovery. It wasn't so much that I wasn't wearing any overcoat, because it was a mild spring morning, and I'd hesitated for some time whether I hadn't better leave it at home. It was the suit I was in. I take a lot of pains over choosing my clothes, and I think I'm entitled to call myself a well-turned-out man. So it was a most awful shock to find that I had come out—in Pall Mall too—in a lounge suit of red and blue plaid, with black braid round the cuffs! I couldn't think what had induced me to order such things—or, for that matter, my tailor to make them. I should have expected he'd sooner have died.

While I was wondering, a tambourine was suddenly shoved under my nose. I never encourage street music at

any time, and I was certainly not in the humour for it just then, so I pushed the tambourine away—not over civilly, I daresay—and it fell into the gutter. On this the person with the tambourine caught me a downright nasty clip on the side of my head.

I was just hesitating whether to call a constable and give the boulder in charge, or risk a row by knocking him down—he seemed rather below my height—when I happened to notice what queer gloves I'd got on instead of my ordinary white buckskins. I do occasionally wear grey reindeer—but these were so beastly hairy.

Feeling more upset than ever, I put my hand to my head, and found I was wearing, very much on one side, a small round cap fastened under the chin by elastic. This I took off and examined closely; it had no hatter's name printed inside, and seemed to be of some regimental pattern, perhaps the latest War Office improvement. Now, except that I did once join a Volunteer Corps for a short time (and might have stuck on, if they'd only let me take my poodle into camp with me), I never was what you might call a military man, and even if I had been I shouldn't parade Pall Mall in an undress cavalry cap. It was so utterly unlike me!

And then I suddenly remembered my engagement—and the thought of it made me feel prickly all over.

I was lunching with MONTY BLUNDELL at the Junior Beaufort Club, where he had promised to put me up for election—and I'd actually, for some reason or other which was beyond me, proposed to go there like this!

For all I knew, MONTY might have asked some influential fellows on the Committee to meet me—and what on earth would they think of a candidate who was capable of turning up on such an occasion in dittoes of some beastly loud tartan? I should be pilled to a dead certainty! It wasn't fair on old MONTY either, who's even more particular, if possible, about clothes than I am. Altogether the best thing to do was to slip quietly back to my rooms while I could, and pretend afterwards that the engagement had slipped my memory.

I'd have done it, too—but unfortunately it was just too late. I'd been moving slowly along Pall Mall all this while without noticing, and when I looked up, there was I, right under the Club windows, and there was MONTY, evidently on the look-out for me! I caught his eye, and I thought I saw him nod cheerily in return. After all, if he didn't see anything to object to in my get-up, why should I? So long as a fellow looks a gentleman and all that, he can carry off the rummest sort of clothes. I'd forgotten that for the moment.

Anyhow, I couldn't get out of it now. So I waved to him in an airy kind of manner, so much as to say: "Got here at last, my dear old chap. Awfully sorry I'm so late. Explain everything when I get in." Though how the deuce I was going to explain, I'd no idea. And I admit I rather funked passing the hall-porter and the page-boys—not to mention the Club waiters in their black velvet knee-breeches and silk stockings.

However, BLUNDELL didn't answer my signal; he simply stared at me as if he'd never seen me before in all his life, and then turned away. There couldn't be a neater cut. And really, now I came to think of it, I couldn't blame him. It is enough to put the best-tempered chap off when he asks a fellow to lunch at his Club (and an exclusive Club too, mind you—not a pot-house!) and the fellow actually drives up to the door on top of a piano-organ!

For that was where I *was*—though somehow I hadn't given it a thought before. That explained why I felt taller than usual, and—just here my conveyance gave a lurch, and, as I steadied myself, I caught a glimpse between my legs of something long and greyish and hairy, like a lady's boa which has seen better days—and it flashed upon me

suddenly that there could be only one explanation of my situation. . . .

I daresay I ought to have realised it long before, but when a fellow has just been shot out of a hansom like a clay pigeon out of a trap it's generally some time before he's able to make out exactly *where* he is.

Now I understood. That young fellow I had seen being carried off to the chemist's round the corner was myself after all. But he was far beyond the aid of any pick-me-up. The vital principle, or intelligence, or whatever you choose to call it, which had inhabited the body of REGINALD BALLGONE, had already quitted it, and was now occupying this little beast of a monkey. Perhaps there was nowhere else for it to go to just then—and I remember noticing at the time that the monkey's mouth was ajar—perhaps it was even betting on the cab-horse. I don't know, and I must leave it to the scientific Johnnies to explain exactly how it happened. It *had* happened—and that was enough for me.

And really, you know, to come in at one end of Pall Mall in a hansom cab as a well-groomed young bachelor, and to come out at the other as a shockingly-dressed monkey on a piano-organ, is one of those blows which would knock most men out of their stride, for a time at all events.

F. A.

WANDERING WORDS.

By Caligula Mudd.

DURING a much-needed holiday spent on the Cornish Riviera, at the house of my distinguished friend Mr. SPILLER-GOOCH, I have been reading with deep interest the advertisements of the principal London papers, and have come to the conclusion that the literary standard of these valuable contributions is higher than at any previous time.

The publisher's announcements in the *Palladium*, notably those emanating from the well-known firm of ODDER AND ODDER, are marvels of chaste and expressive diction. The *Speculator* has its usual proportion of high-class "ads."; the *Sentinel*, that superb representative of architectonic Imperialism, is better and brighter than ever; while the report of 'Companies' meetings in the *Latter-day Purview* are written with entrancing *verve* and crispness. The back page of the *University*

is also on the whole exceedingly well done, some of the blocks lending it an extremely *chic* and *recherché* appearance. Specially good, I may note, are the half-column announcements of Professor CORKER's *Sermonettes* and HAMISH MONTROSE's *Tales of the Sea-kale Yard*.

It is reported on what seems to be unimpeachable authority that the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL was recently photographed by the famous firm of SNAPPER AND FRY.

much to be said on both sides, only time can tell on which more will be ultimately said.

The second deals with Mr. CHESTER-TON's capacity for self-suppression:

A phrenological chart, which forms one of the most interesting features in Professor HOOPER's book, clearly establishes the point that the bump of confidence is so abnormally deficient in the subject of his memoir that it was only by an extraordinary effort of will that he was enabled to conquer this fatal deficiency and rise superior to the shortcomings of nature.

This seems to me profoundly true. I may add that Mr. PAUL HEYSEMAN is adding to his *Living Luminaries* series (in which Professor HOOPER's volume appears) monographs on Mr. JAMES DOUGLAS (by Mr. SWINBURNE) and on HARRY RANDALL (by Mr. W. B. YEATS).

Mr. CHAPLIN, I understand, is very busy with the biography of Sir GILBERT PARKER which he is writing for Messrs. WHITELEY. It will form the first of a series to be entitled "Little Books on Great Men," and will include a study of Mr. C. ARTHUR PEARSON by Mr. LEO MAXSE, and one on Mr. LEO MAXSE by Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL.

I am glad to see that Messrs. DELVER promise a collection of poems by the late Professor DIARMID McKECHNIE. Of all the men I remember at Cadwallader College in my student days, no one exercised a more striking or spiritual influence on his class-mates than DIARMID McKECHNIE. I still remember the opening lines of his touching little lyric:

Silently, slowly, sadly

Falleth the autumn leaves.

McKECHNIE spoke nothing but Gaelic till he was sixteen, which will account for the faulty syntax of the second line. The poems will be prefaced by a sympathetic memoir from the pen of the

Rev. ANGUS GAWTHROP, who has recently taken to motor-cycling with the happiest results.

At Dr. Appletwig's Academy.

SCENE—The Punishment Chamber on the Block System.

Classical Headmaster (on recognising a boy sent up for punishment as one who has been before him twice within the last three weeks). En iterum Crispinus!

Nervous Boy (thinking to appease the Master by his scholarship). Et tu, Brute!

[And the Result?]



THE MOTOR-BATH.

Nurse. "OH, BABY, LOOK AT THE DIVER!"

I have not yet been able to read Professor HOOPER's interesting monograph on Mr. G. K. CHESTER-TON, but I see that Professor HADLEY RAWMARSH deals rather severely with it in the literary supplement of *Bell's Life*. From his article I take two admirably judicial passages. The first deals with Mr. CHESTER-TON's versatility:—

Whether we look at him as a ring-leader of revolt or as literary pioneer; as a first-rate fighting man or a fifth-rate farceur; as a survival of the picaroons of the *quattrocento* or as a precursor of the hairless, toothless Overmen of Mr. WELLS's millennium, we are bound in simple justice to admit that, while there is

THE NEW ORDER.

["Last Wednesday the Education Committee at Aberdare decided to deprive all teachers of the right of inflicting corporal punishment."—*Daily Chronicle*.]

"In the case of *Catchpole v. Bolton*, the plaintiff, a schoolboy, brought an action against the defendant, a schoolmaster, for damages for alleged slander, and the jury awarded the plaintiff £15. The alleged slander was that the defendant said to other school-children: 'CATCHPOLE is a bad boy. You are not to speak or play with him.'"—*Westminster Gazette*.]

In the days (how long departed!)
When I diligently started
With my satchel and my shining morning face,
I would look with fear and trembling
While the classes were assembling
To discover if the tawse was in its place.

How old SWISHES used to thunder
If I chanced to make a blunder,
He would call me idiotic little fool,
And upon the least pretences
He would scare me from my senses,
And chastise me as a warning to the school.

All the insults and the caning
I endured without complaining,
For I never dreamt there could be any way
To resist the whims and wishes
Of the tyrannous old SWISHES,
Or to question his indubitable sway.

But, while thus I played the martyr
To this stony-hearted Tartar,
Grew a passion to be even with my race;
Yea, I hungered for a victim,
And I thirsted to afflict him
With the torments I had suffered in that place.

With this laudable ambition
I achieved the proud position
Of a teacher. Ah! to feel the thrill again,
The delight that flooded o'er me
When the brats first stood before me,
And I spotted likely subjects for the cane!

But alas! how vain the pleasures
That Anticipation treasures!
How delusive are the dreams that she enjoys!
Rosy hopes that I had cherished,
In a moment all had perished—
I am nothing but the puppet of the boys.

If the youngsters during class-time
Take a fancy for some pastime—
Tops or marbles—it is useless to cry "Halt!"
How could anyone restrain them?
If I ever try to cane them
I am sure to get a summons for assault.

Nay, if, goaded past endurance
By their impudent assurance,
I but dare to tell an urchin he is bad,
He at once seeks satisfaction,
Injured parents bring an action,
And a sympathetic jury backs the lad.

Promotion in the Russian Services.

OWING to the resignation of Port Arthur, "an Imperial decree orders that, for the duration of the war, Vladivostock is to be reckoned as a first instead of a second-class fortress." For similar reasons we understand that all second-class Russian cruisers will be given brevet rank as first-class battleships.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

WHEN Sir HARRY JOHNSTON was administering affairs in Uganda he had on his staff Mr. J. F. CUNNINGHAM. Projecting his book on the Protectorate Mr. CUNNINGHAM busied himself in the collection of information connected with the manifold tribes that people the country. It was intended that this should be incorporated in a second edition of the chief's book. It turned out so voluminous in quantity, so important in matter, that Sir HARRY advised his subaltern to make a book of his own. This is done under the title *Uganda and its Peoples* (HUTCHINSON). It makes a massive volume, with a map and over two hundred illustrations, which, taken by photograph in the clear light of the African sun, come out splendidly on the glossy page. The narrative has the fragmentary character of notes, but my Baronite does not find it suffers thereby. They are pregnant with amazing matter that needs no amplification of words. Passing from tribe to tribe Mr. CUNNINGHAM observes their social habits relating to birth, marriage, death, clothing, food and work. Customs vary in every tribe. The Bahima, for example, bury their dead in a heap of cow manure; the Baziba pay their deceased chiefs the consideration of leaving their heads above ground, whence they peer forth for two months, at the end of which time a new chief is elected. The Manyema are more frugal in their death customs. They just eat their dead. But the line is nicely drawn in the matter of contiguity. None of the immediate family may partake of the feast, nor may neighbours in the same village. Near relations in a neighbouring village, informed of the melancholy end, call for the body of the late lamented and carry it off on a wooden frame. "Is it eaten raw?" Mr. CUNNINGHAM asked, as if he were alluding to a potato. "No, it is generally roasted." "Never boiled?" he insisted. "It is sometimes boiled with bananas," answered the interrogated native. Uganda seems a nice country. But bananas don't atone for everything.

During seven-eighths of the story, L. T. MEADE's *Little Wife Hester* (JOHN LONG) is a strong sensational novel; but at the last the strain is relaxed, and the finale will be pronounced decidedly disappointing. This novel is notable, however, for the invention and delineation of a curiously composite character in the person of the heroine, a mere doll of a girl as foolish as *Dora Copperfield*, as domestic as *Dot Peerybingle*, as sly as the *Marchioness* and as jealous as *Rosa Dartle*. Such is the strange mixture that the soft-hearted self-sacrificing *Doctor Lorrimer* prescribes for himself and takes to wife. It is a pity that the author should now and again allow the characters to drop into an old-fashioned melodramatic form of speech, as for example when the utter villain of the piece is made to think, not to say, to himself in a style thus expressed: "A criminal condemned to death lies where I can put my hand on him; and if *John Lorrimer* refuses me and ceases to do my bidding, that criminal swings high—the hangman does his work." Evidently this ought to be scowlingly spoken "through music;" then he must either exit moodily, or sink down in an arm-chair, bury his face in his hands, and, lights being quite down, at the prompter's signal, there should be a quick change to a well-contrasted scene representing a pretty rustic exterior all roses and jasmine, season winterly, time about 5 p.m. *Faute de mieux*, when old Caspar's work is done and he wants a companion for a fireside evening, *Little Wife Hester* may be recommended.

THE BARON



DE

B-W.



THE BRITISH NAVY IN DIFFICULTIES.

Sailor. "AHoy THERE! GET OUT YOUR COLLISION MATS! CAN'T YOU SEE HE'S GOING TO RAM?"

HAMLET, PRINCE OF BRUISERS.

[Mr. JAMES J. CORBETT has intimated his intention of appearing as *Hamlet* on an early date. He defines his conception of the part with the statement that he has always felt sure that *Hamlet* "was a man who had a good, straight punch."]

AUTHORITIES may still contest
The pros and cons of *Hamlet's* madness—
Whether grief occupied his breast,
And nothing more than chronic sadness
Produced those antics of the brain
(Discords in music else euphonious)
Which mystified the Chamberlain,
The sage, but flatulent *Polonius*.

But now there swims into the ken
Of critics, in their narrow orbit,
That king of talkee-fightee men
Known to the world as JAMES J. CORBETT,
Raising a more important point,
Than those of scholarship abstruser—
When times were badly out of joint
Was *Hamlet* an accomplished bruiser?

JEM finds the Dane was not a prig,
Nor coward, who invites our stricture;
He made, when peeled to fighting rig,
A pretty pugilistic picture;
He had a most convincing punch;
When trained, he was the best of stayers;
And showed as elegant a bunch
Of fives, as SULLIVAN or SAYERS.

We know he saw—he tells us this—
In language unadorned but fervent—
A Providence that never is
Of falling sparrows unobservant;

It went against the grain to stab
Laertes with a pointed whinger—
He would have much preferred to jab
Upon the "mark" a well-timed stinger.

The end he looked for (see Act V.),
The climax that he longed for dearly,
Was to keep *Claudius* alive,
But maul his relative severely;
To pick him up, and knock him down,
Until he tendered resignation,
And eagerly exchanged his crown
For raw beef-steak and embrocation.

So all whom it revolts to see
So many players stark and bleeding,
When falls the curtain finally,
Will welcome this humaner reading;
When Mr. CORBETT takes the part,
Horrors that now from callous eyes wring
Moisture and melt the toughest heart
Will change to graces of the Prize Ring.

Russia at Sea and Russia at Home.

A CONTRAST.

At Sea.—"The chief feature of the stay of the Baltic Fleet at Nossi Bé has been a rise of no less than 70 per cent. in the price of champagne in Madagascar."

At Home.—"The old Sobor Parliament will probably be summoned early in March."

First Reveller (on the following morning). "I say, is it true you were the only sober man last night?"

Second Reveller. "Of course not!"

First Reveller. "Who was, then?"

"ADMIRALS ALL."

(With acknowledgments to Mr. Henry Newbolt.)

[At the time of writing these lines, their author, like the Government, is without official and detailed information as to the conclusions of the North Sea Court of Inquiry. According to a *Rewer* telegram of the 23rd from St. Petersburg the Report finds that Admiral ROZHDESTVENSKY fired on the *Aurora*, and was "justified" in so doing. The following verses take no account of the British and American Representatives. It is assumed that they had no share in the composition of the more humorous sections of the Report. The chief authorship of that document is attributed to the Austrian Admiral.]

FOURNIER, SPAUX and DUBASSOFF,
Judges of proved *esprit*!
Lift we the wassail-bowl and quaff
Health to the peerless Three!
Laughter loud as the winds that blow
Greets them on Europe's lips,
Good to be heard while men shall go
Down to the sea in ships.

Admirals all, of proved esprit!
Honour and fair renown
Are due to the whole amazing Three,
But specially due to SPAUX.

Never a seaman worth his salt
But could, with a half-shut eye,
Easily fix the damning fault
In the place where it ought to lie;
One thing only was left in doubt—
Whether the crews were drunk,
Or let their moderate wits run out
Owing to abject funk.

Even at night they must have known
The North from the Yellow Sea,
And might have managed to grasp their own
Vessel's identity;
And if the Inquisitors, too discreet,
Said nothing of drink or scare,
At least they could point to Togo's fleet
As being engaged elsewhere.

Well, have they solved the nautical knot
And labelled the phantom bark—
Whence and whither it steered and what
It was doing there in the dark?
Yes, its name is as clear as Day,
But Russia was surely right
In the peculiar circs., they say,
To go for the same at sight.

This they assert, but fail to tell
Who is the man to blame
If the major amount of shot and shell
Went wide of its so-called aim;
Here is a mystery closely hid,
But they find, these men in blue,
That the thing that ROZHDESTVENSKY did
Was a sailorly thing to do.

Admirals all, they have said their say,
And the Babel of tongues is still;
Admirals all, they have gone their way,
Leaving us half the bill;
But they leave us also a gift that atones
(Hail to the humorous Three!)
A gift of laughter to rack the bones
Of our horse-marines to be.

Admirals all, of proved esprit!
Honour and fair renown
Are due to the whole amazing Three,
But specially due to SPAUX.

O. S.

THE NEW ENGLISH.

WE are delighted to be able to state that the excellent example set by the French Government will shortly be followed by our own, and that an exhaustive set of rules for simplifying and beautifying the English language, framed by a specially selected committee of three leading journalists, viz., SIR OLIVER LODGE, MR. HAROLD BEGGIE and the Editor of the *Tailor and Cutter*, will shortly be issued and enforced on all classes of the community.

It had been hoped that universal acquiescence in the new scheme would have rendered compulsion unnecessary. Unfortunately a small band of reactionaries and obscurantists, headed by some incompetent pedagogues, have issued a manifesto of protest, and the measure of support which they have secured has left the Government no other alternative. Full details of the recommendations of the Committee are not yet forthcoming, but it is generally understood that the use of a large number of specified neologisms, free spelling, and split infinitives are cardinal features in this great scheme of emancipation.

From the mass of correspondence which has reached us on the subject we have made the following selection:—

MR. ALFRED AUSTIN writes from Malvoisie Manor:—"I have great confidence in the taste and sagacity of the Committee of Three, and their resolve to encourage free spelling is a convincing proof of their fitness for the task. The principle that spelling is to be modelled on the spoken word is essential to the success of the scheme, and will be welcomed by all true poets with enthusiasm. Free spelling enormously widens the range of rhyme, and since the announcement of the new departure I have found the divine *afflatus* in my own case has immensely increased in volume and velocity. This morning no fewer than three lyrics flew out of my Heliconian fountain pen."

MR. CHARLES HANDS writes from St. Petersburg:—"Let us not palter with pedantry. Hoof out the fly-blown fetish of correctitude. What we want is not an anæmic vocabulary and a crippling syntax, but a full-blooded diction, teeming with splurge and vim. England will never really buck up until she learns to express herself in a crisp but lurid lingo, in which the charming compounds of pigeon-English from the Transvaal, the vivid phrases of the Sydney larrikin, and the argot of Mayfair all find their proper place."

MR. HARRY FREDERICKSON writes:—"The notion of reorganising our language appeals to me strongly as a revolutionary historian. I trust, however, that the claims of Byzantinism will not be overlooked, and that in the new vocabulary room will be found for some of the choicer gems of speech invented and patented by my friend MR. MAURICE HEWLETT."

MR. C. ARTHUR PEARSON writes:—"Language to be efficient should be at once terse and luscious. No long sentences. But plenty of purple patches. It must reproduce all the best qualities of brainy chat, and grip the reader with red-hot similes and juicy adjectives."

SIR HENRY HOWORTH writes:—"If the scheme, as I make no doubt it will, enriches the vocabulary of polemics, it will have my most cordial support. We are sorely in need of new epithets to render adequate justice to the treacherous fatuity of the Free-fooders."

MR. PERCY FITZGERALD writes:—"Allow me to prefer a modest plea on behalf of enlarging the bounds of our speech. Some of the critics of my last work—the nine hundred and seventy-third volume which I have written—have fallen foul of me for alluding to 'a Highland chieftain or catamaran.' They say that the word should be 'cateran.' Surely this is pedantry run mad. The insertion of an extra syllable not only renders the word much more euphonious, but lends it a truly Scotch or at any rate sub-Alpine flavour."



FIRST ADVANCES.

RUSSIAN BEAR (*tentatively*). "AHM!"

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SWEEPING ASSERTION.

"THE OTHER NIGHT, AT THE NOVELTY THEATRE, MRS. VERE-JONES WAS GOWNED SIMPLY IN A CLINGING BLACK VELVET, WITH A CLOAK OF SAME HANDSOMELY TRIMMED WITH ERMINE."—Extract from *Society Journal*.

MORE "WELSH LIGHTS."

DEAR SIR,—Permit me to say, for the benefit of those who are interested in the unaccountable luminous visitations in Wales, that the phenomena are by no means peculiar to that country, but may be seen, under favourable conditions, from any English highway. In proof of my assertion I submit the following remarkable results of my own investigations, which were carried out not fifteen miles from town.

About 10.30 on the night of the twenty-fourth ultimo I started out on foot, armed with my camera, and found the country-side covered with mist. After pursuing my investigations for several hours without result, I was about to seek my couch when there suddenly appeared before me a hundred yards ahead a lambent ball of blood-red light. The apparition was some fifty feet from

the ground, and maintained an almost stationary position above the trees of a small coppice.

Hastening to the spot I found the haze was too thick to allow a successful photograph to be taken, but fortunately I discovered a substantial pole near at hand up which I shinned without loss of time, until I found myself almost in touching distance of the mysterious luminary. Indeed I was just stretching out my hand to do so when it changed to a lambent green colour, and I was conscious of a sharp concussion on the head which necessitated my descending the pole with considerable agility.

I regret to say that on reaching the ground I nearly met with an accident in which a locomotive was involved, but luckily escaped with the loss of my umbrella and hand-camera.

When next evening I started out on

my bicycle I was pleased to find the night was clear, although I hardly hoped to meet with success on two consecutive nights. However, I had not ridden half a mile before I became aware of two globes of white fire about three feet from the surface of the ground at no great distance from me. Hastily extinguishing my lamp I quickened my pace, but far from eluding my pursuit they seemed to court inquiry, increasing in size momentarily until I was only a few yards distant. Suddenly I was conscious of a terrific impact, an unpleasant odour and a loud tumult of sound, and remembered nothing more for a considerable period.

Although at present in the doctor's hands, I intend to continue my investigations next week, when I expect to bring them to a satisfactory conclusion.

Yours truly,

PRACTICAL INQUIRER.

VER!

THERE'S something beating in my breast that tells me it is
spring-time;
My cardiac pulses prophesy the presence of the ring-time;
Now maidens doff their backwardness and all the lads get
bolder.
And everybody's looking young and nobody feels older.
The thrushes and the blackbirds sing; the sparrows chirrup
madly;
The crocuses are popping out, and don't pop out so badly;
And, yielding to the vernal warmth, the angler is reduced to
The catching of a smaller cold than lately he was used to.

Our Parliament has met again—it seems to be unending—
And ARTHUR, that engaging child, is playing at pretending.
JOE CHAMBERLAIN, the firework fiend, is spent like any rocket,
And finds himself, a fiscal stick, secure in ARTHUR'S pocket.
Now WYNDHAM, looking black and blue and turning on his
teaser,
Defends himself from ANTONY and tries to play the CÆSAR;
And every merry Radical, whose nerves grow daily tenser,
Is suffering from hope deferred, and throwing stones at
SPENCER.

Now sixteen Undergraduates of Cam and eke of Isis
Abandon cake and cream and tart and everything that nice is.
They spare their words and spend their winds, and though
their seats are slidey,
Their minds are firm; their oars are spruce, and soon their
pace gets tidy.
Their luxuries might be described as something less than
little;
Their meat is tough, their bites are strong (although their
barks are brittle);
And every day they take their oars and either row or paddle,
While someone scares them into fits a-cursing from the saddle.
The Cantabs change their river now, and off they go to Ely;
And now and then they change their sides (like CHURCHILL,
GUEST and SEELY).
Their Coach is most severe with them: as soon as WAUCHOPE
woke up
The echoes of the sluggish Ouse they went and kept the
stroke up.
Sans peur et sans reproche they are—each one a modern
BAYARD;
And, not yet having got their blues, the cunning beggars try
hard;
And critics who come down to see say, "This will be a fast
year:
Already they are better far, we're sure of it, than last year."

At Oxford, too, they've got an Eight that's always going
better,
And though they've turned her inside out they've never yet
upset her.
Oh, much I should rejoice to watch the very far from still lips
Of one who rides and teaches them, their mentor, Mr. PHILIPS.
He tells them all about the stroke, how finished, how begun
too;
He likes to see a thing well done and gets the men well done
too;
And when they've had their fill of work, and every one
looks thinner,
He lets them down and feeds them up and fills them full of
dinner.

In short, in saying "Spring is here!" I'm sure I shan't be
tripping;
The mint-and-saucy little lambs are practising their skipping;

In dreams I see them waving corn and catch the farmers grum-
bling;
The bumble-bee appears again and starts upon his bumbling.
My soul leaps up like anything; unless my sight grows
dimmer,
I ought to see on every twig a viridescent shimmer.
Come, Ver, declare yourself aloud; no longer be a hinter;
And—what the deuce! A fall of snow? By Jove, we're
back in winter!
Tis.

AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

LUCKY for Mr. SUTRO that his reputation as a dramatist is,
for the present at all events, firmly perched on the *Walls of
Jericho*, for certainly it would never have attained that
elevated position had it depended either on the "curtain
raiser" entitled *A Maker of Men*, or on the "New and Original
Comedy" in three Acts entitled *Mollentrave on Women*, now
being performed at the St. James's Theatre.

In both pieces—the first is only a bit of a piece—the acting
is excellent. Too great praise cannot be given to Miss EDITH
OLIVE in the aforesaid "curtain-raiser" for her rendering of the
loving and plucky wife. Had Mr. SUTRO been well advised he
would have kept this snippet of an Act, a mere memorandum
for a scene in a play, safe in his own desk until such time as he
should see his way either to developing it or to fitting it into
a carefully planned, interesting three-act drama or comedy.
As it is, for the sake of making the female character worth
the attention of a good actress, he has given her soliloquies
written in a theatrical style that might have been acceptable
to audiences that dearly loved their BULWER LYTTON, and
admired their SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

As for *Mollentrave on Women*, described as "a new and
original comedy," it differs but little from a three-act farce.
Its plot turns upon the utter improbability of a sort of superior
Mr. *Micawber*, overpoweringly impressed by his own clever-
ness, absolutely omitting all mention of the name of the young
man whom he wishes a certain young lady to marry, when
talking, impressively, on this very subject, to the girl
herself! Nay, more, Mr. SUTRO places a sharp-witted barrister,
an experienced King's Counsel, in the room, as witness
of this interview, and never allows this clever lawyer to
interfere and say, "My dear *Mollentrave*, excuse me, but you
have omitted to mention your client's name." The whole
thing is too preposterous, but, granted the absurdity of the
root idea, it must be conceded that, except in this crucial
instance, the dialogue is natural, though not particularly
sparkling, and that the characters, especially that of the child-
like and bland *Mollentrave*, are as amusing as those in an
"entertainment."

Mr. ERIC LEWIS, in this eccentric part of *Mollentrave* which
is a compound of *Micawber*, Mr. Dick and Harold Skimpole,
is admirable. The character could not have found a better
representative. His light touch-and-go comedy is deliciously
exhilarating, and it would not surprise the audience were he
suddenly to burst into song. By the way he does, once,
dance; and this the House intensely appreciates. In the
Third Act there is a charming "set" by Mr. WALTER HANN
representing "the garden of Mr. *Mollentrave's* house at Swan-
age," where the stage is carpeted with a heavy, mossy sea-
weedy sort of grass, which, on the night when we had the
good fortune to be present, not having been kept neatly
trimmed, impeded the progress of the actors by almost
tripping up Miss MARION TERRY (the delightful representative
of *Lady Claude Derenham*) and forcing Mr. ERIC LEWIS, as
his feet got entangled in the weeds, to exclaim in a tone of
genuine annoyance, "I really must get this grass cut." No
line in the play so took the fancy of the audience as did this.
It caught on at once, and literally brought down the house.
For quite forty-five seconds Mr. LEWIS and Miss TERRY were

condemned to silence, and, while facing one another, they had to do considerable violence to their feelings in order to preserve their gravity, while boxes, stalls, pit, and gallery, entering thoroughly into the spirit of the thing, applauded enthusiastically. It was the hit of the evening. Not a line of the author's obtained such instant recognition as this impromptu so naturally uttered by Mr. LEWIS.

The excellence of the acting may carry the piece, and indeed it needs carrying, as the chances of its running seem to me somewhat problematical. Mr. NORMAN MCKINNEL gives a clever portrait of the *Sir Joseph Balsted, K.C., M.P.*, as imagined by Mr. SUTRO. Mr. LESLIE FABER is quite the boyish *Everard Suenboys*, and great praise was on this particular night due to Miss HYLDON FRANKLYN, who at short notice took the very responsible part of *Margaret Messilent*, the silly-girlie ward of the victimised King's Counsel.

Mr. SUTRO seems to lack that quality which is recognised as an infinite capacity for taking pains. He hits upon a capital eccentric character, quite Dickensian, and then, having apparently so exhausted himself with this effort as to be quite unable to invent a good comedy plot in which this eccentric character shall find his proper place, he knocks together, "constructs" is not the word, some old farcical materials as the *entourage* for this absurd individual. Pity that Mr. SUTRO should have ventured beyond the *Walls of Jericho*. Let him return to Jericho and await the arrival of another brilliant idea. *En attendant* he may study the art of dramatic construction.

A GOLFER'S TRAGEDY.

PERHAPS a golfing reader, *Mr. Punch*, may like to treat For a set of clubs, all warranted, enclosed in bag complete?

Not long ago I should have scorned as palpably absurd
The thought of the catastrophe which actually occurred;
Not long ago—the very recollection makes me weep!—
I never thought to see my whole equipment going cheap!

I loved the game; I did indeed! I revelled in a match;
My handicap, I grant you, was a good bit over scratch,
Yet now and then my Haskell, hit superlatively clean,
Would fairly fizzle from the tee and land upon the green.

One day—a black, a dreadful day—be calm, O breaking heart!

I chanced to read an article about the golfing art,
With views by a photographer—yes, BELDAM was his name;
I'd like a transposition in the spelling of the same.

The pictures, as I gathered, were intended to display
The perils that beset the mere beginner on his way;
Upon a sort of chess-board stood a golfer, who combined
Each error, great and little, that can overtake mankind.

And, as I gazed, quite suddenly I recognised the fact,
Each picture was a portrait, unmistakably exact!
Here were the modes depicted of how *not* to hit the ball,
Here were the golfer's vices—and I'd simply got them all!

Thereafter I was haunted, as I drove from every tee,
By visions of the awful sins exemplified by me;
My stance was wrong, my swing was wrong, my grip was
wrong also,

And never, never after could I make my Haskell go!

I tried to change my habits, and I hardly need explain
To any golfing reader that the effort was in vain;
Reverting to my former ways, the consciousness of vice
Made every shot a fizzle, or a melancholy slice!

So that's the reason, *Mr. Punch*, I sob aloud and weep,
And that is why I'll sell my clubs, ridiculously cheap!



APPEARANCES ARE SOMETIMES DECEPTIVE.

Inquisitive Boy. "CAUGHT ANYTHING, MISTER?"

Angler. "No."

Inquisitive Boy. "DO YER EXPECT TO?"

Angler. "CAN'T SAY." (*Pause.*)

Inquisitive Boy. "WHAT ARE YER FISHING FOR?"

Angler (becoming annoyed and trying to be sarcastic). "FCS!"

NEW RULES FOR "PIT."

[On the authority of the Athenæum Club.]

(1) The table shall be firmly clamped to the ground, and the cards shall be of metal not less than $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick, with rounded corners.

(2) Any player who speaks in such an audible voice that the position of the roof is altered shall be forced to make the damage good.

(3) No player shall use a megaphone or speaking-trumpet of any kind.

(4) Muffin-bells may only be employed by players who have formed a "corner," and desire to communicate this fact to other players.

(5) If a player has called "corner," and is found to have only eight similar cards in his hand, the game shall be continued without him. His remains may be removed at leisure.

(6) "Progressive Pit" with more than four tables shall only be played in a house which is at least five miles in any direction from other inhabited buildings.

(7) No person who is not a player shall approach while a game is in progress, except in the case when a player faints across the table and so obstructs the play.

MUSICAL FISH.

Being a postscript to an article on "The Sense and Sensibility of Fish," in the "Outlook."

THAT fish can hear has been abundantly proved. The following story, told by MATTHIAS DUNN of Mevagsissey, is in itself testimony of the best. "The crew of one of the pilchard-boats lay becalmed one evening some miles from the coast, and, as time hung heavy on their hands, sang in chorus one of the chapel hymns, of which they know so many since the days when WESLEY preached through the Duchy. The response came in the shape of an almost miraculous draught, for thousands of pilchards, mesmerised, as it were, by the unison of deep voices floating on the waters, gathered round the boat and were taken in the nets at the first cast."

It is probable that fish are now wiser, recognising that what is gospel to man is death to themselves. But the fact remains that fish can hear and appreciate music. On a dark evening it is well known to every constable in the vicinity that the fish leave the Serpentine in great numbers and come flopping across the grass towards the Albert Hall in order to listen to the TORREY-ALEXANDER choir. There are also instances of Thames fish climbing the Terrace of the House of Commons to listen to the harmony of an Irish night debate. But there is no record of their having taken to de bate themselves—thus differing from the unhappy pilchards.

But fish not only can hear music intelligently; they also make it. Deep-sea concerts are very common, and divers bring back wonderful tales of their top notes. Indeed the derivation of the word *dica* is perhaps to be found here by the sufficiently learned. We may add that Professor ROLLICKER, when working at the Naples Aquarium, once provided himself with a diving costume, the helmet of which was fitted with special sound-receivers, and found that, standing at the bottom of the Mediterranean in that lovely bay that mirrors fiery Vesuvius and the low white roofs of Sorrento, he could with a little practice not only distinguish several kinds of fish by their voices, but thoroughly enjoy the artistic programmes of vocal and instrumental music which were kindly performed for his benefit by subaqueous minstrels.

But while certain musical qualities are common to all members of the finny tribe—e.g. brilliancy in their scales—there is a marked divergence in the proficiency and tastes of the various species. The voice of the turtle has for three thousand years at least excited the admiration of all hearers by its soft and

soothing tones. Accuracy of intonation is a remarkably constant feature amongst submarine vocalists, though it has been noticed that flounders are occasionally apt to get rather flat. Bass, as their name implies, have generally low-pitched voices, and Professor RAY LANKESTER in one of his masterly monographs has dwelt on the curious partiality displayed by large eels for congregational singing. The sardine has a voice of a singularly soft and rather oily timbre, which has given rise to the familiar indication *con Sardini*. The dragonet (the *dracunculus* of Rondeletius) gave its name to DRAGONETTI the famous double-bass player, and Sir FREDERICK BRIDGE, the distinguished organist of Westminster Abbey, has left it on record that the command of the pedals enjoyed by a well-trained octopus easily surpasses that possessed by any human performer. MATTHIAS DUNN, himself a fine performer on the concertina, was of opinion that when the ringed seal makes a bee-line for home, bearing a plump cod to her young ones, she hums as she goes. On this point, however, there is a conflict of evidence. Professor ROLLICKER's observations of the seals which haunt the Neapolitan icebergs leading him to a somewhat different conclusion. They are however quite unanimous in holding that no matter how highly developed a fish's taste in concerted vocal music may be you will never find it appreciates a "catch."

EXCUSES AD LIBITUM.

THE *Daily Chronicle* of February 23 and the *Globe* have decided that "Sorry" is the ideal form of apology. We venture to think that it does not meet all possible cases; and the temporarily contrite, therefore, are recommended to refer to the subjoined list.

From Admiral of Fishing Fleet to panic-stricken Russian Commander, on being attacked and sunk by the latter:—"We are simply overwhelmed at the idea of causing you groundless alarm. Pray let us defray all damages you may have inflicted."

From Nationalist M.P., on calling Cabinet Minister a liar:—"Mr. Speaker, Sir, I regret to say that what I implied in connection with the Right Honourable Gentleman was the reverse of the truth."

From Indiscriminate New-Comer, on disturbing the extremities of a bus-load of people:—"It's of no corn-sequence, I assure you!"

From Fickle Swain to Lady-love whom he has jilted:—"Pray don't mention it (to your solicitors)."

From Inadvertent Gentleman, on precipitating contents of tea-cup over front of Lady's dress: "There's many a slip

'twixt the cup and the lap," or, "Excuse my odd little *lapses*!"

From Absent-minded Barber, on gashing the chin of Passive Resister: "My mistake!"

From Over-energetic Partner to Débutante, on tearing her ball-dress: "Dear me, have you 'got the needle?' I haven't."

Other specimens of cheery apology may be easily constructed on similar lines for undefeated offenders at golf, Bridge, dinner parties and mothers' meetings, for whom the ejaculation "Sorry" is too staccato.

THE EUPHEMISTIC AGE.

[Lord HUGH CECIL, by his story of the "gentleman's anatomical belt," designed "to shape the male figure into a superelegant tenuity," has called attention to our "custom of using names because they are polite and pleasing, and not because they are accurate."]

Time was we Britons all displayed
A frank and brutal candour;
We used to call a spade a spade,
But now we're growing blander.
If Truth be nude, we think it rude
To turn our glances on her:
We dare not look till we can hook
Some decent clothes upon her.

When nightly, as we sit at meat
Around the groaning table,
We over-drink and over-eat
As long as we are able,
'Tis not from greed we love to feed,
And swinish inclination—
Alackaday! we are a prey
To "social obligation."

When ladies seek masseuses' skill
To rub away Time's traces,
And sleep (as I am told they will)
With masks upon their faces;
When they repose with peg on nose
To mould it into beauty—
Good friend, refrain! Don't call them
vain!
They are the "slaves of duty."

When City men conspire with Earls
To tempt untutored boobies
By talk of valleys filled with pearls
And diamonds and rubies;
When they invite the widow's mite
To set their ventures floating—
It's swindling? No! by no means so!
It's "company-promoting."

When public gentlemen address
Small cheques to institutions,
And little pats to half the Press
About their contributions—
You hint they're glad to get an "ad."
And easy popularity?
That's not their game! They have one
aim—
"Disinterested charity."

CHARIVARIA.

GENERAL GRIPENBERG declares that KUROPATKIN robbed him of a victory. Never mind: the Japanese have been playing KUROPATKIN the same scurvy trick.

But, speaking seriously, it seems hard that the one success which the Russians would have won (provided, of course, that they had not been defeated) should have miscarried owing to a misunderstanding.

The *Express* raises a scare of "Useless bulkheads on British vessels." We would rather have these than the useless blockheads from which a certain foreign Navy suffers.

A naval volunteer corps is to be started in Cape Colony, and the Admiralty has been asked for the use of an obsolete war ship. We understand that an appeal to the War Office for some obsolete guns was met with the reply that they were all still in use.

COUNT STERNBERG, who served against us in the Boer War, has been fighting his battles over again. Last week, in Vienna, he struck an elderly journalist on the back of the head, and then ran away.

We understand that the King of SPAIN has not yet arrived at a decision in the choice of a bride, and will still be happy to receive suggestions from our half-penny papers.

It is rumoured that the recent case against the "Emperor of the SAHARA" was assigned to Mr. Justice DARLING, at his Lordship's special request, "as it gave him such a chance."

It is also stated that in future, in dealing with minor offences, Mr. FLOWDEN will give his prisoners the option of "Forty shillings or a joke."

MR. JAMES BERRY, the ex-hangman, in speaking of his old occupation, declared, "It injures you: it breaks you. Indeed it seems to do for a man altogether." People on whom he has operated would, we are sure, corroborate this view.

A young girl, while leaning out of a window, last week, in the Avenue de la République, Paris, fell through the awning of the café below on to the heads of the startled customers. "She escaped," the report says, "with a few scratches." Some people would have done more than this to the intruder.

Two silver tea-pots were found, the other day, in the nosebag of a donkey



FORCE OF HABIT.

Lady. "POOR MAN! HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN OUT OF WORK?"

Absent-minded Beggar (usually blind, at present working the "unemployed" business). "I WAS BORN THAT WAY, MUM."

belonging to a Newington coster. The coster, however, was sent to prison for stealing them. The attempt to foist the guilt on the quadruped was as cowardly as it was impotent.

The War Office authorities consider that too much fuss is being made about what is, after all, a very little rifle.

"Dear little rifles for dear little recruits" are what they claim, with some justice, to be supplying.

It is a pleasure at last to find Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN agreeing with another Liberal Leader, anyhow as to one point. Lord SPENCER, in reply

to the expression of a hope that he might be the next Premier, has stated, "I cannot believe I shall be called to such a high post."

To the great annoyance of the officers and men of the Third Baltic Squadron, news of the decision of the Paris Tribunal only reached them after they had passed the Dogger Bank, when it was too late for them to have a few shots at our fishing fleet.

Continuing its scheme for having our national games reported by those who take part in them, the *Daily Mail's* Parliamentary article is now written by an M.P.



LIFE'S LITTLE IRONIES.

Motorist. "CONDUCTOR! HOW CAN I STRIKE THE HARROW ROAD?"

Conductor. "ARRER ROAD? LET'S SEE. SECOND TO RIGHT, THIRD TO—IT'S A GOOD WAY, SIR. I TELL 'EE, SIR. JUST FOLLOW THAT GREEN BUS OVER THERE; THAT'LL TAKE YOU RIGHT TO IT!"

WAKE UP, ENGLAND!

["British lady motor-drivers," says *Motoring Illustrated*, "must look to their laurels. Miss ROSAMUND DIXEY, of Boston, U.S.A., invariably has her sweet, pet, fat, white pig sitting up beside her in the front of her motor-car."]

We are losing our great reputation,
Our women are not up-to-date;
For a younger, more go-a-head nation
Has beaten us badly of late;
Is there nowhere some fair Englishwoman
Who'd think it not too *infra dig*.
To be seen with (and treat it as human)
A sweet—pet—fat—white—pig?

There is no need to copy our Cousins,
A visit or two to the Zoo
Will convince you there must be some dozens
Of animal pets that would do.
With a "grizzly" perched up in your motor,
Just think how the people would stare,
Saying, "Is that a man in a coat or
A big—grey—tame—he—bear?"

Think how *chic* it would look in the paper
(*Society's Doings*, we'll say),
"Mrs. SO-AND-SO drove with her Tapir,
And daughter (the Tapir's) to-day.
Mrs. THINGUMMY too and her sister
Drove out for an hour and a half,
And beside them (the image of Mr.)
A dear—wee—pink—pet—calf!"

AWFUL OUTLOOK FOR THE SMART SET.

["A weary lot is in store for feminine *Falstaffs*, for the fiat has gone forth that hips are to be abolished."—*The Gentleman*.]

DIGITT AND POLLEX, of Cork Street, are now showing two positively sweet lines in suede and kid thumbless gloves, designed to meet the present craze for amputating the first finger.—*The Well-Gowned Woman*.

The Countess of ORRELY was amongst those of the most exclusive set who appeared at the play last night wearing the left ear only. This attractive fashion has caught on in the most wonderful way.—*Round Town*.

Fashionable surgeons will have a busy time during the next few weeks, as we hear that one leg only is to be all the rage this season. In Bond Street yesterday we saw some very modish things in ivory and bonzoline legs at DOTT AND CARRION'S.—*The Up-to-Date*.

The Youngest Living Photographic Artist.

IN the *Tatler* of Feb. 22 appears a portrait of the Czarevitch ALEXIS, and, underneath, the statement: "This is the only portrait that has yet been taken of the infant Prince by himself." "The Czar," it is added, "has sanctioned its publication." Parental pride could do no less.

Another Infant Prodigy.

CARE of elderly FEMALE BABY; near sea.—Add. in "Norwood Press."



THE SPECTRE THAT WASN'T LAID.

ARTHUR B. "WH-WH-AT A H-H-HORRID THING! I SHALL R-R-RUN AWAY!"

C.-B. "I-I-I ONLY W-W-WISH I C-C-COULD!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday night.—
 "Curious thing in Irish politics, not as far as I know noted, is effect it has upon the hair of the Chief Secretary of the day. I remember when FORSTER undertook the post there was something really truculent about his hair. It operated upon unruly Irish Members almost with severity of a Coercion Act. After a year or two it began to droop, thin out, finally assuming a lost lank look suggestive of having been out all night in the rain. GEORGE TREVELYAN went to Dublin Castle with unbrindled hair; he left it grey-headed. And now here's that young thing, GEORGE WYNDHAM, whitening wisely. A most distressful country, not least for those called upon to govern it."

Thus the MEMBER FOR SARK, moralising in interval of to-night's Debate.

REDMOND *ainé* opened it with amendment to Address nominally raising question of Government of Ireland, actually designed to give his financial supporters in United States and elsewhere a show for their money, the young bloods of his party opportunity of airing their eloquence. What in ordinary circumstances would have been a hollow performance, wearisome by its obvious artificiality, led to one of stormiest scenes witnessed of late in House.

REDMOND having completed delivery of his recital, marred by loss of some



ULSTER RAMPANT.

"This wretched, rotten, sickening policy of conciliation."

(Mr. W. L. M. M-re of North Antrim.)



TOO LIVELY TO BE PLEASANT.

That Inconvenient "Corp." "Bedad, it'll take ye all y'ur thoime to b'ury me!"
 ("Cannot we bury the episode in oblivion?"—Mr. Balfour's Speech.)

pages of the manuscript containing notes of his impromptus, MOORE of North Antrim took the floor. Spokesman of Irish Unionists, he might have been expected to gird at his fellow-countrymen in opposite camp, and defend the representative of the best of all Governments. But you never know where you have an Irishman, even when he comes from Ulster. The loyal Orange man had little to say to his Nationalist brothers clamouring for Home Rule. He turned and rent his own familiar friend, his sometime captain, the Chief Secretary, representative of a Government composed of men who nineteen years ago fought and beat Mr. G., who in their absence would have given Home Rule to Ireland.

House accustomed to hear plain language when Irish Member discourses on Saxon Government. For uncompromising directness, for infusion in voice and manner of deadly implacable hate, South and West Ireland are not in it with Ulster.

Significant episode when GEORGE WYNDHAM rose to reply. His urbane manner, his unfailing consideration of other people, his keen intelligence, his bright speech, have combined to secure for him rare measure of popularity on both sides. His interposition in debate, in whatever circumstances, on whatever subject, hitherto the signal for outburst of welcoming cheer. This

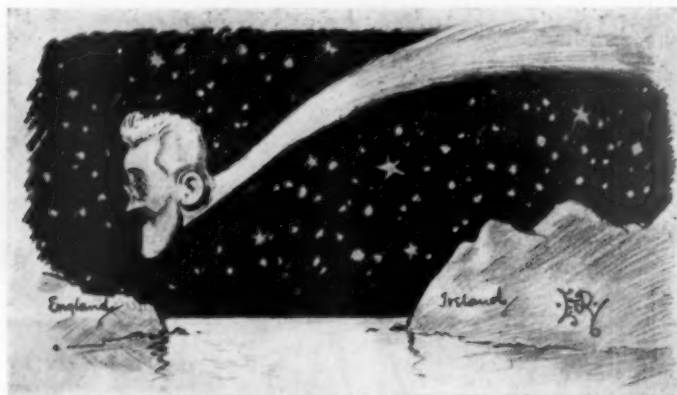
afternoon he rose amid dead silence, broken only by his quavering voice.

Not quite two years ago he, standing in same place, pledged British credit to the tune of £100,000,000 sterling to be divided between Irish landlord and tenant. That something like legislation. For a while the gay and gallant GEORGE enjoyed popularity in both Irish camps unknown to predecessors. The Land Purchase Bill of 1903 was avowedly based on that principle of conciliation which NORTH ANTRIM to-night denounced as "wretched, rotten, sickening." At least landlords had their share in its financial advantages. To-day the Chief Secretary is detected in—at least accused of—contemplating further concession, this time solely in the interests of the National Party.

Straightway Ulster springs at his throat.

It might be expected in the circumstances that the National Party would rally to his defence. Not a bit of it. They bang him in front whilst their loyal brethren prod him on the flank, what time PRINCE ARTHUR, with head buried in his hands, listens and realises how much sharper than a Free-fooder's tooth is Ulster's ingratitude.

Business done.—Ulster in revolt against Unionist Government. Renewal of familiar talk about dying in the ditch; this time, it is GEORGE WYNDHAM who is to suffer the inconvenience.



THE LONELY METEOR.

"His intervention in Debate, illumining the week."

(Mr. T-m H-ly.)

Tuesday night. — PRINCE ARTHUR beginning to have settled convictions that the glow of battle, the sacrifice to patriotism that compels a Minister to strain every nerve to keep his friends in and the other fellows out, may be too dearly bought. Conviction strengthened to-day. Bad enough through these twenty months to struggle with House and public from whom Providence has inscrutably withheld capacity for understanding the plainest words, even when written down on half a sheet of note-paper. To have his Cabinet shattered, his party riven because, to serve his private ends, an esteemed colleague went mad on Protection question, and bit everybody who on this matter retained opinions convincingly preached by him twenty years ago, a little hard.

Through that mill he went last week, coming out of the ordeal still jauntily wearing the "gentleman's anatomical belt" that Cousin HUGH contumeliously insists is really a pair of stays. Reasonable to anticipate a quiet week to follow.

On the contrary things worse than ever. Ulster up in arms and will not lay them down. Nay, NORTH ANTRIM threatens to "call out the Reserves on the third of March." At first, when MOORE in hollow voice, with beetling brow, mentioned this date, Members didn't know what it might portend.

"The Ides of March we have heard of, and we 'beware' accordingly," said PRINCE ARTHUR, who, if occasion arose, would go to the scaffold with a jest on his lips. "But what about the 3rd of that particular month?"

Soothsayer MOORE explained to CÆSAR that on the 3rd prox. (thus do soothsayers talk in these prosaic times) there

is to be a conference of Ulster men to consider situation with special reference to iniquities of His Majesty's Government. On Treasury Bench sit five Ulster Members, leavening the mass with rigid respectability, distrust of Papal aggression, loyalty to the Sovereign who wears a crown handed down by the substantial wraith of WILLIAM III. These are Ulster men first, Ministers after. At the call of the masterful Province they will, instantler, engage a brass band, don the orange scarf, borrow the office poker, and march forth to the assistance of their countrymen, even though in their stride they knock over the Government they have hitherto strengthened and embellished. In my mind's eye, *Horatio*, I see EDWARD HENRY CARSON and HUGH ARNOLD-FORSTER thus issuing forth, the rest with trumpets also and shawms, following after.

That in the future,—to be precise, on the 3rd prox. aforesaid. Sufficient for to-night are the evils thereof. Standing at the Table in effort to wind up Debate on REDMOND's amendment, PRINCE ARTHUR finds himself the target for rude, incessant, disturbing interruption from jubilant Opposition. In ordinary circumstances this might be borne. It is, *inter alia*, the business of the Opposition to make things uncomfortable for the Leader on the other side. What was lacking was the hearty support of his own men, inspiring, commanding influence, two sessions ago generously forthcoming.

With the Ulster Members in revolt, with "the Reserves" on the Treasury Bench suspected of secretly sharpening knives in the recesses of the Tea-room lavatory, with the long down-trodden Opposition fiercely jubilant, with majority

on a critical vote of confidence run down to 50, the lot of the PRIME MINISTER is not a happy one.

Business done.—On Home Rule amendment to Address Ministers saved by a majority of 50 in House of 522 Members.

Friday night.—TIM HEALY gone back to Erin, like sensible man bent on minding his own business. His intervention in Debate, illumining the week, was worth an average man's attendance through the Session.

Pretty to see how this Irish Ishmael, unassisted by wealth, birth, or social position, expelled, as he says, from his own party, having no following, commands attention of most critical assembly in the world. When he stood up the benches were almost empty; when he concluded not an inch of space on any, a crowd in the gallery facing him, a throng standing at the Bar, the Chamber resonant with cheers and laughter.

This is the triumph not less of honesty than of genius. TIM spares no man in bitter denunciation of what he thinks is ill-doing to Ireland. He has no axe to grind—unless it be one designed for the decapitation of some five or six of the compatriots amid whom he sits, solitary but dominant. He does not even pay a Saxon assembly the compliment of preparing an oration in order to win its attention or earn its applause. No loss of stray folios of notes would embarrass him. He just talks to the House straight forth, an unpremeditated strain, over the depths of whose pathos and passion flash gleams of mordant wit.

Business done.—Still harping on the Address.

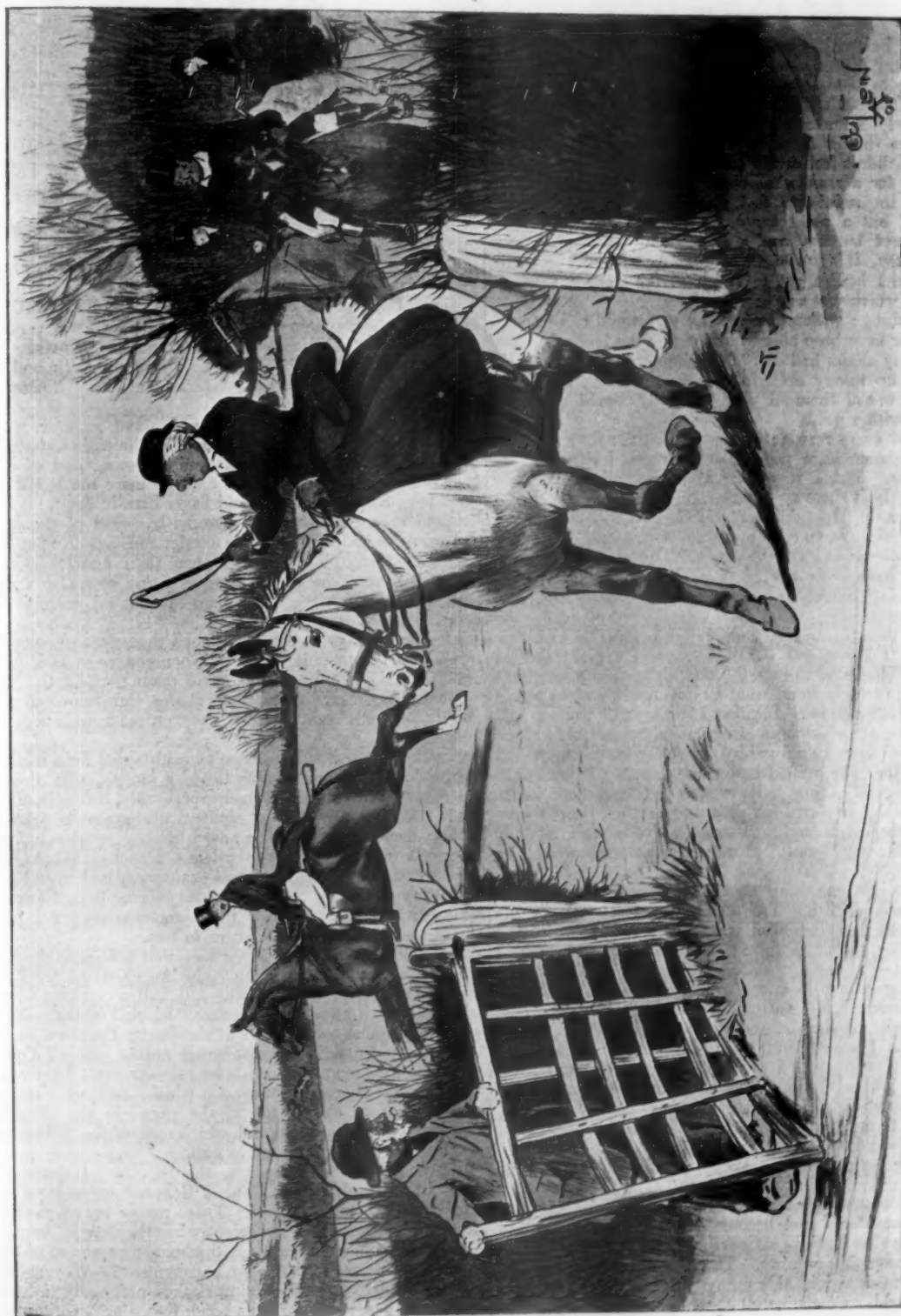
No first-nighter.

First Man in the Street. See the eclipse last night?

Second Man in the Street. No. Thought it might be crowded. Put off going till next week.

At the forty-fifth ordinary general meeting of the Brighton Grand Hotel Company, Limited, a shareholder complained that the stock of wines was too large. The Chairman agreed, and said the Board would do its best to reduce the quantity. . . . The retiring directors offered themselves for re-election.

"SEEING STARS."—The "starring" of questions already shows that power is needed to control this branch of Parliamentary procedure. Out of forty questions down for to-morrow forty-three are "starred" for oral reply.—*Irish Times.*



COWARDICE IN THE FIELD.

Lady Frances Macadam. "THIS WAY, HARRY. YOU FOLLOW ME. I KNOW EVERY YARD OF THE COUNTRY."
 Captain Harry Brainer (of the Buffs)—with a beautiful line of country in front of him. "SORRY, AUNT, BUT I DAREN'T. I'VE LOST ALL MY 'NERVE'!"

AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE.

CHAPTER II.

As I said before, it must naturally be a nasty jar for any fellow to find himself suddenly reduced, through no fault of his own, to the position of a monkey on a piano-organ. And I don't mind admitting that, for a moment or two, I was regularly flummoxed. After that, oddly enough, I began to see that in some ways it was almost a relief. For one thing, I didn't feel nearly such a fool.

You see, for a man who prides himself on dressing correctly, it's impossible to feel at ease in Pall Mall with nothing on but a plaid tunic fastened up the back with mother-o'-pearl buttons, and a frill round the neck. But, for a monkey, it's quite correct kit—if it isn't actually classy. And I hadn't got to lunch at the Junior Beaufort in it either, which was a let-off.

Another thing: without being what you would call extravagant, I never have been able to live within my income. Consequently, my affairs had got into a regular beastly mess. I was simply up to my neck in money worries of all kinds. Well, I was out of them all now. Nobody would dream of serving me with a writ.

Again, I'd every reason to suppose that the REGGIE BALLMORE of old must have pegged out—or else I shouldn't be where I was. But I was alive at all events—and that's something. Isn't there a proverb about a live monkey being better than a dead policeman? So altogether I bucked up sooner than might have been expected.

I didn't attempt to leave the organ. To tell you the truth, it wouldn't have been any good, as I was attached to the confounded instrument by a stoutish cord and a leather belt round my waist.

Nor yet, though, as we passed down Pall Mall, I met several men I knew, did I hail them and explain the fix I was in. What was the use? The right words wouldn't come: I didn't understand what I said myself, so how could I expect anyone else to? Besides, I'd a sort of feeling that it wouldn't be quite Cricket. I know I shouldn't have cared to be appealed to as an old pal by a monkey on an organ.

No, since that was what I had come down to, it seemed to me that the manly thing to do was to grin and bear it—to play the monkey, in short, for all it was worth. People were always telling me I ought to make a fresh start, and do something for my living. Now perhaps they would be satisfied!

There was just one thing though, that caused me a pang when I remembered it. This change in my mode of life would prevent me from dining at my Aunt SELINA's that evening. She didn't often ask me, and when she did I seldom went—for her parties are, as a rule, devilish dull. But somehow I had been rather looking forward to this particular dinner. My cousin PHYLLIS would be there now—which made all the difference. She only came out last year, and, so I understand, with considerable success. I know I saw her described as "the lovely Miss ADEANE" in the Society journals, and as being present at every smart party of the season. I only met her very occasionally, but she seemed to me no end improved since I remembered her in a pigtail—in fact, she'd grown into an absolute ripper—though perhaps a little bit above herself, inclined to be airified, if you know what I mean.

She hadn't taken much notice of me, so far—seemed indeed to consider I had become rather a piffler. But I'd been hoping that I might sit next to her, perhaps even take her in to dinner that evening. Then I could let her see that there was a more serious side to my character than I chose to show the world. Of course all that was out of the question now.

No matter! I might have been a failure as a man—but, hang it all! with my education and intelligence, any monkey ought to have a fine career before it! Pall Mall—as the couple of idiots with my piano-organ might have known—is a most unsuitable place for a street performance, but, as soon as we were permitted to halt without being moved on, I was determined to show the public that I was a cut above the ordinary professional.

I should have preferred Trafalgar Square as a pitch, but my two ruffians took me up a small lane near the National Gallery, and across Coventry Street into Soho, and I didn't get a chance of displaying my abilities till we stopped in a slum off Wardour Street.

My idea was to surprise the audience by giving them a cake-walk, in which I hoped to make some sensation. But it didn't come off, somehow. It wasn't nervousness exactly—that would have been ridiculous when they were all so young. I fancy the cord hampered me, and my tail kept getting in the way, too—and then the tunes I was expected to dance to! I've noticed that a monkey generally has rather poor luck in the music he's sent out with, and I'll defy anyone to cakewalk to "Jerusalem" or "Killarney" and put any kind of "go" into it.

So I gave it up, and just jumped about anyhow, accompanying myself on the tambourine. But the bally tambourine had two of the jingling thingummies missing and wouldn't keep time. I don't believe I got much more music out of it than an ordinary monkey would have, I really don't.

However, my chance came presently. One of the organ Johnnies handed me up a little wooden musket. "What-oh!" I said to myself. "Now I'll open their eyes!" For of course you can't be in a Volunteer corps, even for a short time, without knowing more about the manual exercise than your average monkey.

I had got rustier in the drill than I thought, and besides it was a rotten little rifle to handle when you're so long in the arms, and haven't learnt to control them completely. Still, it was a fairly creditable performance and improved with practice, though quite thrown away on such audiences as I had.

Not that I was a failure—don't imagine that for a moment. I should think I took at least thirteen halfpence in the first ten minutes—more than I had ever earned before in all my life! But it went rather against the grain to take the money—especially from some poor little beggar who obviously belonged to quite the lower orders. I should like to have said, "Don't you be a young ass—run away and spend your halfpenny on sweets instead of squandering it on these lazy bouncers!" But whenever I did reject a copper I got a tug at the belt that nearly cut me in two.

I should say we gave a *matinée* that afternoon in every street in Soho. I was getting quite knocked up, for I had had no lunch. At least I don't call half a cracknel biscuit and the over-ripe end of a banana "lunch" myself. MONY would have done me to rights at the Junior Beaufort.

We stopped at last outside a small public just off Oxford Street, and my men went inside for refreshment. They might have thought of sending me out a whisky-and-soda—but not they! So I sat on the top of the piano in the sunshine, keeping a wary eye on my tail, which some of the little brutes of children thought it funny to pull.

When we moved off again in the direction of the Marble Arch, I felt more cheerful. Thank Heaven! we had got back into a civilised region again. There would be people there capable of appreciating real talent when they saw it. Suppose—only suppose—some music-hall manager happened to be in the crowd and offered me an engagement? Why not? I ought to be able to wear evening clothes, order a little dinner, and smoke a cigar on the stage better than a bally Chimpanzee who'd never done the real thing in any kind of society!

Great Scot! I might be earning my hundred quid a week before long—which I should never have done as REGGIE BALLMORE. And I'd always had a hankering after the stage, and should have gone on it long before, if it didn't cut into one's evenings so.

I was still indulging these golden dreams when I was brought up with a round turn. . . . There was a victoria standing outside a glove and fan shop we were coming to, and on the box I recognised TUMBRIDGE, my aunt's coachman. And in the carriage, as I saw when our respective vehicles were alongside, sat my cousin PHYLLIS, looking simply ripping! Upon my word, I didn't quite know *what* to do. I knew she must have seen me, for she smiled in that perfectly fetching way she has. My hand flew to my hat instinctively, but the infernal elastic made it fly back and catch me on the ear. Then, recollecting myself, I gave what I am afraid was a rather sketchy rendering of the military salute, and at that same instant my aunt came out of the fan and glove shop, followed by an assistant with parcels. I felt most beastly awkward—I all but lost my head—and wished more than ever that the frill round my neck had been a trifle cleaner.

But *something* had to be done, and, as luck would have it, I was still carrying the little wooden musket. So, as my aunt was about to step into the carriage, I presented arms.

It was a jolly decent "present," too—though I say it myself!

F. A.

COINCIDENCES.

[The following interesting experiences of students of coincidence are placed by Mr. Punch at the disposal of Professor LIMEHOUSE of the Petersen University, Wisconsin, who is stated to be preparing a work on this fascinating study.]

A CHEMIST'S assistant at Bolton records a very curious experience. He was fishing in a neighbouring stream during a summer holiday in 1893. After some hours of failure he chanced to hook a gudgeon. After playing the fish for some time until it was thoroughly exhausted, he made an effort to pull it from the water, but on his inadvertently jerking the line the fish escaped. In 1904 the angler was again at this spot, on the very same day of the year—not the same date precisely, but the same day, the first Monday in August—and again,

after a disappointing interval of inactivity, he succeeded in hooking a gudgeon. This time he safely landed it and bore it back to Bolton in triumph as an illustration, not only of his own prowess, but of this freakish law of repeated history which we call coincidence. The fish, carefully stuffed, is now an honoured ornament on the walls of the canteen of the local society for the prosecution of psychical research.

A Cambridgeshire Vicar writes:—"I had just come this morning to the third head of my discourse when a startling, who had hitherto remained *perdu* among the rafters, flew down among the congregation and completely dis-

six weeks ago, as I was walking along Kensington High Street on my way to the White Sale at Messrs. TORRY AND DEMS, the pavement being very crowded, a perambulator which was being wheeled by a nursemaid ran over my right foot, causing me serious pain, as I had on a new pair of boots. Controlling my temper as well as I could, I said, 'My good girl, do look where you are coming to!' About a fortnight, or it might have been three weeks later, I was shopping in High Street, not more than a hundred yards from where my accident occurred, when, as I was coming out of a chemist's with a small bottle of ammoniated quinine in my hand, I saw a bicyclist,

riding close to the kerb, run into an elderly gentleman who was about to cross the street. You can imagine my surprise when the gentleman, who was seriously shaken, contented himself by saying, 'My good Sir, do look where you are coming to!'"

A retired civil servant writes from Gipsy Hill:—"As I was leaving the Crystal Palace after an afternoon performance of the pantomime to which I had taken my two youngest children, I was accosted by a respectable young man, evidently in the direst destitution, who begged me to help him to pay his railway fare to Southampton, where he had been promised work in a bakery by his stepfather. He produced a batch of testimonials which spoke in the highest terms of his honesty and sobriety, so I handed him half a sovereign, which he promised to repay on his arrival. A month later I went to a *matinée* at the Crystal Palace, and as I came out, precisely at the same spot

the same man greeted me with precisely the same story. In short the coincidence would have been absolutely complete only that on the second occasion my children were not with me, and that when I said to him, 'You told me that story a month ago and I gave you half a sovereign,' he simply bolted off, and I have never seen him since. I forgot to mention that the name of his stepfather at Southampton was HENDERSON, which was my wife's mother's maiden name, which made the coincidence even more surprising."

FOUNDATION OF A CHAIR OF FRENCH FOR THE UNIVERSITY OF LIVERPOOL.—It is proposed that the occupant of this chair shall be always respectfully entitled *Père La Chaise*.



Sergeant (Irish Guards). "SURE AN' YOU, A FUTURE FIELD MARSHAL, CAN DO BETTER THAN SPELL S-T-I-F-F-I-C-Y-T FOR 'CERTIFICATE'?"

Drummer Boy (smart little Cockney, emphatically). "NOBODY COULDN'T SPELL WITH THIS PEN, SIR!"

organised attention for some minutes until the verger succeeded in catching it in one of the offertory bags. The curious thing is that at the precise moment when the interruption occurred I was likening the life of man to the flight of an eagle."

A Lady who prefers to remain nameless writes from Ladbroke Grove:—"A really extraordinary coincidence occurred last week. I was dining with a party of friends at a London restaurant when we were asked by the manager to give him the initials of our Christian names in order that the *chef* might mould an ice into the form of the letters. We did so, and—will you believe it?—all the guests had names beginning with A except three."

A Kensington Matron writes:—"Some

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Is undertaking to write *The Life of the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava* (JOHN MURRAY), SIR ALFRED LYALL assumed a task difficult from the very richness of the ore in the mine



he worked. There are few men in English history who have worked through so busy and varied a public life as that Lord DUFFERIN adorned. A peer whilst yet a school-boy, master of a rich estate, he was surrounded by temptations to which many born to similar circumstances have succumbed. From childhood, guided and counselled by a mother whose companionship was the most precious of his privileges, he kept the path of honour and self-respect. His successive public services are familiar to the world, being indeed chapters of English history. Whether Governor-General in Canada, Ambassador at St. Petersburg, on special mission in Egypt, Viceroy of India, Ambassador at Rome and at Paris, he was always topside, holding the position without treading on other people's toes. A literary man, as testified by the classic *Letters from High Latitudes*, he was a public speaker whose glowing periods habitually reached the height of oratory. He was that rare combination, a brilliant yet a lovable man. Wherever he went, whatever might be his mission, he, whilst uncompromisingly performing it, achieved its end in a manner that endeared him even to the worsted adversary. He was, perhaps, the only man from whom the present SULTAN heard the truth about himself and his ways of doing business. Yet when Lord DUFFERIN left Constantinople on his Egyptian mission during the ARABI revolt ABDUL HAMID almost shed tears and longed for his return. That such a career, trodden with unfailingly lofty step, should have ended in sordid tragedy, is one of the most pathetic things my Baronite knows in Biography. When all is remembered, it is curious to read in a letter describing his visit to America, written during his Canadian administration, an account of a play he saw in New York. "The principal character," he writes, "was well acted, typifying the native speculator who ruins himself and his friends several times over by his magnificent operations." The two volumes through which the story runs form a masterpiece of biographical art. The writer never obtrudes his own personality, devoting sound judgment and consummate skill to moulding in just proportion the figure and lineaments of his subject.

The Root, by ORME AGNUS (WARD, LOCK & Co.), is a powerfully-written novel of a Zolaesque type, though quite free from anything that could be considered as an approach to the objectionable characteristics of the French novelist's work. The Root means "the root of all evil," which in this instance is a sum of money that has no existence save in the imagination of some of the more covetous, artfully scheming, and sordid peasantry of a West Country village. The reader, as he be a thorough Londoner, will have to face the difficulties presented by the West Country dialect in which all the conversation is written. Yet the bold lector who, not being a Northerner, has mastered the crackjaw complications in dialogue of *A Window in Thrums*, and *The Stickit Minister*, or, knowing nothing whatever of the jargon of the plantation negro, has laboriously familiarised himself with the queer sentences and odd expressions used by *Uncle Remus*, the bold lector, I say, whose patience has triumphed over the foregoing difficulties, will find the Dorset dialect a mere little holiday task by comparison. The characters are admirably drawn, and though the story is so slight and simple that it can scarcely be dignified by the



name of plot yet the reader's curiosity is sufficiently aroused and the interest is sustained to the end.

Messrs. DENT have added *Venice* to their series of guides to mediæval towns. The letterpress is contributed by Mr. THOMAS OKEY, and the illustrations by Miss NELLIE ERICHSON. Both are admirable. Whilst the work is excellent for the ordinary purposes of a guide book, taking the reader by the hand and leading him with sympathetic guidance through the main points of interest in the city that loomed large in Europe through eleven centuries, fully one half of the volume is devoted to concise but comprehensive history of its people. Indispensable to those about to visit Venice, it will as a work of literature be found interesting to those who, like my Baronite, stay at home. Further recommendation is that, though running to 433 pages of legible type, the book is printed on a special paper that suits it for the pocket.

The Baron has great pleasure in recommending to all and sundry *The Vacillations of Hazel*, by MABEL BARNES-GRUNDY (ARROWSMITH). There is in this story an originality of idea and a freshness of treatment that will rivet the attention of the most jaded novel-reader. It would be perfect were not *Miss Hazel's naïveté* too persistently exploited. The characters are well drawn, especially those of the old gardener *Sammy*, and of the aunt with her own sad experience of life.

Heart and soul was the late Mr. FREDERIC KITTON in his most interesting and absolutely exhaustive work on *The Dickens Country* (A. & C. BLACK). All that he wrote about our great novelist was to him a labour of love; nor must any one who takes up this book fail to read the preface admirably written by Mr. ARTHUR WAUGH. Personally the Baron wishes that KITTON could have had JOHN FORSTER's opportunities, that he could have been the companion of DICKENS, and could have been to him as BOSWELL was to JOHNSON. On the other hand the world has the benefit of the work both of FORSTER, the contemporary biographer, and of the much younger man who was, at a distance of time, the devoted worshipper of CHARLES DICKENS. What Mr. KITTON did not know concerning the literary life and labour of CHARLES DICKENS is not worth knowing. In one respect, like Mr. *Dick*, he is always setting us right and demolishing legends which have grown up about Dickensian characters and localities. He collects evidence from all sources, weighs it carefully, and pronounces upon it judiciously. One among many noteworthy instances of this occurs in the case of the *Cheeryble Brothers*, those amiable philanthropists dear to every reader of *Nicholas Nickleby*. Although DICKENS himself alludes to the originals of these brothers in his preface to *Nicholas Nickleby*, yet it was for a long time a very general impression that their prototypes were the heads of a great commercial house in London, whereas, as it now appears, they were, out of all question, WILLIAM and DANIEL GRANT, Merchants of Rainsbottom and Manchester, with whom the novelist declared he had "never exchanged any communication in his life." Then again—but hold, enough!—for if the Baron allows himself to be lured into talking of Dickensian matters, the premises of his Booking-Office would have to be considerably enlarged. So once more he strongly recommends to all his readers the immediate acquisition of KITTON's latest and, alas! his last work, entitled *The Dickens Country*.





PERNICIOUS PRAISE.

Mr. Ranty Snobbarts (holding forth). "BY JOVE, I'M AWFULLY KEEN ON HUNTIN'. AIN'T YOU, WHAT?"

Horrid Boy. "YES, BY JOVE, HE IS KEEN. WHY, WHEN HE WASN'T HUNTIN' THE FOX, HE WAS HUNTIN' HIS HORSE!"

THE NEW MODE IN HONEYMOONS.

"Africa, it would seem, is becoming quite a favourite resort for Society's bridal couples."—*Extract from report of a recent fashionable wedding.*

HONEYMOON GOSSIP.

(From our special correspondents all over the world.)

Mr. and Mrs. FULLALOVE, who, it will be remembered, are honeymooning in Dahomey, have been mixing with quite the gayest set in that country. On the 25th, writes our correspondent, they attended a state banquet at Abomey, since when they have been lost sight of—though reports from the natives suggest that they have penetrated into the interior.

Lord and Lady SANDE have just concluded a delightful six weeks in the Sahara. They are now pushing home with all speed in order to take the waters.]

The Rev. SILAS and Mrs. LOVIBOND,

who are spending their honeymoon in the level country round Timbuctoo, are, we understand, living very quietly, and mixing as little as possible with the indigenous cassowaries.

Much sympathy is felt with Mrs. CROCKER, who arrived in London yesterday with a sun-umbrella and a mosquito-net as sole mementos of her husband.

The late Captain's unfortunate encounter with an alligator while the former was on his honeymoon up the Niger in a collapsible boat will be fresh in the minds of our readers.

BALLADE OF SPRING.

The gulls have left St. James's Park
To mate by fashionable seas;
With joyful quack the ducks remark,
"How good to see the last of these!"
Now may we swim where'er we please,
Nor shall these pauper aliens clear
Our loaves and fishes whilst we freeze—
Winter has flown and Spring is here."

Now hats that served when days were dark

Are flung aside by dainty Shes
As quaint survivals of the Ark,
And off they hasten to LOUISE.

"Pneumonia" blouses court the breeze,
And doctors, seeing Fortune near,
Already count their swelling fees—
Winter has flown and Spring is here.

Now swells the tide of traffic. Hark!

The roar grows loud by swift degrees!
Long "blocks" detain the fuming clerk,
And dowagers use big, big Ds.;
Now navvies at their idle ease
Zareeb themselves with cans of beer
Among the motors and the gees—
Winter has flown and Spring is here.

Envoi.

When trenches, deeper than your knees,
In Piccadilly first appear,
Then know, though budless still the trees,
Winter has flown and Spring is here.

THE IGNORANCE OF ARTHUR: AN APOLOGY.

[Being a reply to a recent Liberal Cartoon depicting Mr. BALFOUR as a Babe-in-a-Wood, so abysmally ignorant that he actually "doesn't know when the General Election will be."]

"A SIMPLE Child that lightly draws its breath"—
Yet they complain because it lacks the skill
To fix the date of its impending death!
What should it know of things like that? Why, nil.

Scant reverence they yield to childhood's charms,
Whereof the most engaging trait is this—
From foolish wisdom's preconceived alarms
To live aloof where ignorance is bliss.

Untaught of journals (they escape his eye)
Which vent the Liberal views of grown-up men,
How could he guess that he was doomed to die,
The only point at issue being when?

How could the horrid thought have well occurred
That he was "lingering like an unloved guest,"
Like that impenetrably hardened bird
Which would not die at CALVERLEY's request?

Did ARTHUR ever read that poignant verse?
Did he attempt to work the problem out,
And gravely put to his embarrassed nurse
This question, full of philosophic doubt?—

"How was it, if he wished to have it stuffed,
The notion never entered in his head
To take it firmly by the 'enchanted tuft'
And wring its shameless neck till it was dead?"

If so, the answer was not far to seek,
And easily explained the author's plight:
His parrot, at a pinch, could boast a beak,
And would not hesitate (he knew) to bite.

Who'd blame the brute? Man, too, defends his hide,
And, if you want your enemy's soul dispersed,
Failing his natural death or suicide,
You must contrive somehow to kill him first.

That's the omission Russia makes to-day
When she appeals to Heaven that war may cease,
And marvels why the laggard Japs delay—
Poor hopeless imbeciles!—to sue for peace.

But as for ARTHUR and the baffled hopes
Haunting our Thameski Sobor's hungry eyes
That curse his ignorance of horoscopes
Whereby to tell the month of his demise—

I like his attitude, I like his airs
Of ignorance so utter, so complete,
The very same that THOMAS ATKINS wears,
Who never knows precisely when he's beat. O. S.

WHAT A BORE!—Speaking of the unparalleled difficulties overcome by the engineers in the construction of the Simplon Tunnel, the *Evening News* remarks that after six and a quarter miles of boring from each end, "the workers on the Italian and Swiss sides of the mountain had to meet at exactly the same spot." But surely their difficulties were not to be compared with those experienced in cases where the engineers have had to meet at places half a mile apart.

HONOURING SHAKSPEARE.

INFLUENTIAL and representative meetings in favour of, or in opposition to, the proposed Shakspeare Memorial continue to be held daily, so frequently, indeed, that the ordinary Press cannot cope with them. Mr. *Punch* is, however, able to deal this week with one such important but overlooked gathering.

The Meeting was held in the ball-room in Mr. SIDNEY LEE's beautiful house at Kensington, and there were present, *inter alia*, Mr. GOSSE, Mr. HALL CAINE, and the verger of Stratford-on-Avon church. Mr. BEERBOHM TREE occupied the chair.

After the Chairman had made some opening remarks he read a number of letters from eminent persons who were unable to be present, among them HACKENSCHMIDT, who favours the Memorial scheme, FATHER GAFON, who is still on the fence, and Mr. WALKLEY, who supports every movement impartially.

Mr. SIDNEY LEE said that no one could be a more whole-hearted admirer of SHAKSPEARE than himself. He had an arrangement by which Avon water was laid on at his house at Kensington for use both in his tub and in his tea. He doubted if anyone present could say as much. (*Sensation and prolonged cheering.*) He had also written the poet's Life. (*Frantic applause.*) But when it came to a National Memorial he felt it his duty to move very slowly. There were not only pros but there were cons. (*Cheers.*) For himself he was both a conner and a proser. ("Hear! hear!") Possibly a strongly-worded whip calling upon everyone to purchase the standard Life of the poet might meet the case. Possibly not. At present he preferred to think about it and give no opinion.

Mr. BADGER said he was not often drawn; he lived for the most part a very retired life; but the name of SHAKSPEARE always sent him to his cheque book. (*Cheers.*) There was no money he was not prepared to give for a Shakspeare Memorial. (*Cheers.*) He could not say why, but there it was. It was his hobby. One man had a yacht, another a race-horse: his own line was SHAKSPEARE. He hoped that no one present intended to say a word against the Bard.

Mr. CHOATE, the American Ambassador, in a witty speech, said that if the right place for a poet's memorial were in the midst of his greatest admirers the Shakspeare Memorial should be erected not here at all but in America. (*Whistles.*)

MISS MARIE CORELLI, who was received with Kentish fire, said that Stratford-on-Avon was, in her opinion, the best national memorial to SHAKSPEARE. London did not need anything else. Was there not a Shakspearian statue in Leicester Square? One or two discreet and powerful admirers of the poet could and would do more to keep his name before the public than any Memorial was likely to. As for Mr. LEE's boast about his use of Avon water, that was doubtless very clever; but for her part she would not dare to rob the Avon of a drop. On the contrary, she often augmented the sacred river with her tears. But she should discontinue the practice now that she knew the fluid found its way into Mr. LEE's tea.

Dr. FURNIVALL declared it as his conviction that the objection to the Memorial was based solely on parsimony. Everybody must approve of it, but a certain proportion were so afraid of being asked for a subscription that they affected disapproval. The idea of erecting a building in SHAKSPEARE's honour at this date was so sound that it must be approved, except by the pitifully mean and miserly.

Mr. G. BERNARD SHAW warmly opposed any Memorial to the poet. Personally, he had no opinion of any dramatist whose work was produced at night, as SHAKSPEARE's undoubtedly had been. He himself was a daylight dramatist, and should remain one. Nothing was so vulgar as to be performed at night. His idea of a play was one which half the audience could not see because of the *matinée* hats, and half could not hear because of the altercations with the ladies who wore them. So far as he had been able to discover, SHAKSPEARE's plays



A CHANGE OF RIDERS.

LORD SLIPSHOE. "WHAT SORT OF A MOUNT IS HE?"

LORD MYNR. "A BIT TRICKY. KEEP A LIGHT HAND—CURB LOOSE, AND RIDE HIM ON THE SNAFFLE."

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had been both seen and heard. The best thing to do with SHAKSPEARE was to forget him.

The verger of Stratford-on-Avon church said that undoubtedly the county had got hold of a good thing in WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE, and it would be a thousand pities not to behave accordingly. He was not much of a reader himself, but he flattered himself that he knew what was what when he met it. When he saw men like Mr. Eno come forward with their cheque-books in their hands he was certain he was on the right side. But he could support nothing that diverted interest in SHAKSPEARE from Stratford-on-Avon; any Memorial there might be must be erected there. He had heard it said that the best service that could be done to SHAKSPEARE's memory would be to put a barbed-wire fence round Stratford-on-Avon; but he had no notion what the speaker could mean—especially as if it was barbed no one could sit on it. SHAKSPEARE could not be better honoured than at his birthplace. Some visitors were so much interested in his tomb that they didn't ask for any change out of half-a-crown.

Mr. GOSSE said that if a good serviceable model of what English people can do in the way of Memorials were needed there was one in Kensington Gardens, exactly opposite the Albert Hall. In the speaker's opinion SHAKSPEARE should have a Memorial like that. In fact the poet himself clamoured for one. (*Profound sensation.*) If they would turn to *Richard II.*, Act V., Scene 1, they would find the reference: "My guilt be on my head, and there an end." It is true that in the Albert Memorial the guilt was all over; but SHAKSPEARE had always known where to stop. He, the speaker, personally should vote for an Albert Memorial for the poet, with only the head gilt.

Mr. W. S. GILBERT supported the Memorial absolutely. England was, he said, the very best country in which such tributes could be fostered. We had the true Memorial spirit. As an example of our fitness to build and support Memorials, the speaker pointed to the Imperial Institute. What could be more useful? he asked. Or take the Stratford-on-Avon trustees and the conspicuous success and harmony with which they managed their affairs. By all means, let us have a Shakspeare Memorial: it was just what the poet needed. Why not at South Kensington or Earl's Court? Or at Olympia, which is still empty? He begged to propose Mr. IMRE KIRALFY as designer.

Mr. HALL CAINE said he rose with the utmost diffidence; but it was one of the unwritten laws of his life that one man of letters should stand by another. SHAKSPEARE's fame was undoubtedly in



'THE EARTHLY PARADISE.'

"WHAT REASON DID HE GIVE FOR WISHING TO BREAK OFF THE ENGAGEMENT SO SOON?"

"HE SAID THE REPORT THAT HE WAS ENGAGED TO ME HAD NOT EXTENDED HIS CREDIT NEARLY AS MUCH AS HE HAD HOPED FOR."

danger of being out-lusted by more modern writers, and it would perhaps be well, considering his very creditable record, if steps were at once taken, before it was too late, to fix his memory. He, the speaker, had given considerable thought to the matter, and had come to the conclusion that the best form of Memorial was a statue. But here a difficulty presented itself—how, at this date, to get a likeness of the Bard? This difficulty, however, was happily not insuperable. He, the speaker, was perhaps the only man in the world who could help them out. He would sit to the sculptor himself. (*Terrific applause.*)

Mr. SIDNEY LEE said he had now made up his mind that London certainly ought to have within it some continual visible reminder of SHAKSPEARE's existence.

Mr. LANG asked if Mr. LEE himself did not answer to that description.

Mr. JOHN BURNS said that the best Memorial to SHAKSPEARE was a well-thumbed copy of his works. (*"Shame!"*)

With this revolutionary expression the Meeting dissolved; and it is still undecided whether SHAKSPEARE is to go on as he is or to continue to serve as a platform for those who like to be heard.

TO OUR BROTHER APE.

[Statistics are at hand to show that the wage-earning capacity of a well-trained monkey at the present day represents some thousands of pounds a year.]

Ye hairy sprites that through the tropic scrub
Do dodge the native's well-directed club,
Or tail to tail in amorous festoons
Traverse the Amazon's remote lagoons;
Whose nimble fingers, undeterred by oaths,
Nightly remove the traveller's underclothes,
Or pinch his boots, or mirthfully insert
The quivering centipede within his shirt;
And ye sublime but comatose baboons
That haunt the foothills of the Cameroons,
Whose manners bear the undisputed brand
That marks the subjects of the Fatherland;
And all ye other monkeys, brown and black,
Ape, Guenon, Langur, Gibbon and Macaque,
Orang Utang, Gorilla, Chimpanzee,
Desert the spruit and leave your native tree,
And come to London town, where we assure you
Fortune and Fame are waiting to allure you.
Don the insignia of performing apes,
And woo the Million with assorted japes,
Grasping with rude but apprehending mind
The nobler arts that dignify mankind.
Take to a pipe, assume a taste for bitter,
And learn to play the banjo or the zither;
Wear fancy waistcoats, ride a motor bike,
Sing comic songs, do anything you like,
Only arrive, and lo! to watch your feats
The curious throng will crowd the cheaper seats;
Ay, not a man in London but is willing,
Foregoing lunch, to come and pay his shilling.
Or, if your free unfettered apehood smart
Beneath the tawdry cloak of borrowed art,
Perform no wonders: simply sit and grin,
And still the filthy dross will tumble in!
We will not carp if your performance tally
With that which graced the long-lamented Sally;
We will not look upon you as a bore
Because your feats have all been done before
By other apes anterior to you,
Some on the Halls and others at the Zoo.
'Then hie thee hither, "Barbary's nimble son,"
Not wistfully pendent from the "proffered bun,"
As in the days of CALVERLEY, nor ground
By swart Italians on their daily round,
But washed with care and combed with loving pride,
And full of rich comestibles inside.
Then come, ye lissom Troglodytes that rove
Blithe but untrousered through the spicy grove,
Hearing the artless native murmur "Gosh!"
Stung by the impact of the heavy squash,
Or leaving private ends to spank with mild
Corrective hand the Elephant his Child;
And ye that still in many a thievish clan
Adorn the sacred fanes of Hindustan,
Dusky Entellus, Hanuman and Rhesus,
Come, and you'll all wax opulent as Cæsar.
Our Halls are yours, a monumental sum
Shall constitute your honorarium,
And you shall hold our undisturbed affection
From now until the General Election!

ALGOL.

IMPERIAL HISTORY.—On Monday last *King Henry the Fifth* became *King Henry the Fiftieth*—performance, as represented by Mr. WALLER at the Imperial Theatre, Westminster.

A JUBILEE.

On Saturday, February 25, the A. D. C., that is, the Amateur Dramatic Club of Cambridge University, celebrated its Jubilee. The story of its life up to the present time was told, within certain limits imposed by journalistic exigencies, in the *Daily Telegraph* of that date, and the speech of the Founder, as delivered at the banquet, was well reported in the *Morning Post* of Monday, February 27. Mr. Punch would like to record, at the earliest possible opportunity afforded him, the great success of this exceptional occasion.

The Chairman of Ways and Means, the Right Hon. J. W. LOWTHER, temporarily released from his onerous duties, led off the toasts and speeches by beamingly giving out the KING's gracious message of congratulations and good wishes to the President of the A. D. C., as representing the Club, which was received with the utmost enthusiasm. For had not his MAJESTY, when Prince of WALES, been Patron of the Club, and had not his personal assistance and his kindly interest in its well-being been of the greatest value to the Club in its earlier days? Certainly; so the toast of our Royal Benefactor was received with such extra hearty cheers as might agreeably have surprised even the KING himself, had his Majesty, accustomed as he is to the heartiest ovations, been present on this memorable evening.

That the Guest of the Evening was deeply touched by the affectionate reception given to him, and by the earnest attention accorded to him by everyone present, *cela va sans dire*. He regretted the enforced absence of the Prime Minister, but was able to give an anecdote of Mr. BALFOUR when acting as prompter, furnished by Mr. BALFOUR himself. The speech of Professor Sir RICHARD JEBB, the oldest member present, except his neighbour at table, the Dean of HEREFORD, was most interesting. It was admirably replied to on behalf of "Actors past and present" by Lord WILLOUGHBY DE ERESBY.

The Colonial Secretary, the Right Hon. A. LYTTLETON, sang the praises of the "Treasurers past and present," to which Mr. J. W. CLARK, the Librarian of the University, and Mr. W. DURNFORD of King's, separately, though bracketed together, as if they were to have joined in a duet, replied. Their speeches, dealing with the most practical business of present and future, represented financial matters as quite a pleasant little holiday task.

Then, in a neat speech, the present President of the A. D. C., Mr. C. H. CHALMERS, cordially proposed the Chairman's health, which was acclaimed as though the *convives* had not been cheering and hip-hip-hipping the whole evening, and evoked from the Chairman, as fresh and ready as ever, a most happily expressed tag that served as a triumphant finale to the banquet.

But all was not over yet. The Ancients had time to look about them ere quitting the Guildhall, and not a few of the elder visitors, approaching the orchestra, whence had proceeded the sweet strains that introduced the courses and the two first speeches, suddenly started back, grasped each other's arms, and exclaimed, in tones that *Hamlet* ought to employ when he sees his father's ghost, "'O our prophetic souls!'—can this possibly be that eminent violinist without whom, with his Stradivarius, years ago, and reckoning from before that date almost up to the present time, no undergraduate's party was ever complete, whose real name few of us knew, but who was thought of, addressed, and thoroughly respected as 'Whiteheaded Bon'! Is it? Nay, 'tis." Then one after another takes him by the hand, greeting him most cordially, and Bon beams again as though he were but just a beginner on the violin, and as if, once again accompanied by his two faithful followers, one on a cornet-à-piston and t'other on the harp, he were receiving some most exceptionally gratifying tribute of "bobs up" as a reward for his temporary services.

Then we adjourn to the Club Rooms of the A. D. C., and



HIS HOBBY.

Friend (to Sportsman, who has just taken a toss into a ploughed field). "HULLOA! WHERE ON EARTH HAVE YOU BEEN?"
Sportsman. "OH, 'BACK TO THE LAND.' ALWAYS WAS A FAD OF MINE, YOU KNOW!"

here at eleven, a very late hour for commencing, is given us the immortal "Screen Scene," capitably rendered by Mr. J. J. QUILL as *Sir Peter*, Mr. SCHOLFIELD as *Joseph*, Mr. TATHAM as *Charles*, Mr. P. M. HERBERT as *Joseph's* servant, and Mr. G. P. L. ORR, as a really admirable *Lady Teazle*.

On a page in the programme facing that containing the cast of "The Screen Scene" is a "copy of the first programme of the Club." What is it? SHAKESPEARE? SHERIDAN? VICTOR HUGO? MOLIÈRE? Alas! the names of the authors are not mentioned, but those of the three pieces are—it was "a triple bill"—"A Fast Train! High Pressure!! Express!!! The Burlesque Tragic Opera of *Bombastes Furioso*,—To conclude with (the laughable farce of) *Did you ever send your Wife to Camberwell?*"

Rather a leap and bound from the somewhat rough-and-tumble performance of an old Adelphi farce, dating from over fifty years ago, to the immortally-perfect comedy of SHERIDAN, not for any age but for all time. But *Bombastes* is a classic, and even now this deponent is certain that, were it played by experienced actors possessing the true tragedy instinct for burlesque, *Bombastes Furioso*, without its musical numbers, of which the *raison d'être* has been entirely lost, if produced for a limited number of representations would achieve a remarkable success. This by the way. Then the entire entertainment was brought to an end by Mr. SCHOLFIELD's well emphasised delivery of a sparkling epilogue, specially written for the occasion by Professor Sir RICHARD JERR, M.P., who, failing to appear in answer to the hearty appreciative plaudits of the audience, impressed upon us all by his

absence that now indeed was the witching hour of night, when not to be either within College walls or safe in lodgings might result, even on this special occasion, in private and personal visits having to be paid, by special request of tutors, to those in authority. So broke we up, and, as the hour of midnight boomed, all congratulated themselves on a triumphant finish to the Jubilee of the A. D. C., which with the last stroke of midnight entered upon the fifty-first year of its happy existence.

"Let Henry fret, and all the world repine."

1 Hen. VI. v. 2.

Good news from Wolverhampton. Mr. Punch is delighted to be able to announce Sir HENRY IRVING's triumphal progress through the state of Convalescence towards the domain of Perfect Health, when he shall "enjoy his own again." Everyone will acclaim the festival of his Restoration, for, once more to quote the ever-ready Bard, "Whom should we match with HENRY?"

In a testimonial dated from one of His Majesty's ships we read, "Whilst cruising the other day, one of the blades of our propeller came off, and I had to go and solder a spare one on. It was rather a long and tiring job, and I sincerely believe if it hadn't been for ——— Cocoa I should never have got through." It looks as if our friend the Handy Man had been pulling somebody's leg.

THE DAILY BAWL.

A Paper written exclusively by Footballers for Footballers.

UNPREJUDICED observers will readily admit that the lack of attention given to sport is the great deficiency of the modern Press. It will hardly be believed a century hence that whilst the brewer, the Nonconformist, and the stockbroker each had his own particular paper, the footballer had no daily organ in the Press, and that the very news in which the British public was chiefly interested was cut down to a miserable half-dozen columns or at best a couple of paltry pages. The *Daily Bawl* will supply this long-felt want. It will deal with the game, the whole game, and nothing but the game. For such a paper there was only one possible editor, and the proprietors are proud to announce that he has consented to fill this responsible post.

In the politics of the game the *Daily Bawl* will strive to hold the balance level between all parties. On the great question of the hour—the maximum wage—we shall take up a Balfourian attitude: Free Trade in players coupled with Protection for clubs. No offensive spirit of partisanship will be allowed to creep into our columns. We shall treat the First League and the Southern League with absolute impartiality. The reader will ever find us, as Mr. HOSEA BIGLOW finely said, “facing South by North.”

Amongst the numerous features of interest we propose to introduce, our “Daily Bulletin” will perhaps prove most attractive. Our readers will find in it, arranged in due order, a full account of the health, physical occupation and mental occupation (if any) of every first-class football player during the preceding twenty-four hours.

Another novel feature will be “Football in the Police Courts.” The proprietors of the *Daily Bawl* feel that many instructive and amusing incidents of a footballer's life never secure the attention they deserve. Therefore all police-court cases in which spectators are charged with assaulting referees, players, or each other, or in which players are alleged to have attacked onlookers, opponents, or referees, will receive their due—a verbatim report. The bare summaries given at present in the Press give a most inadequate idea of these interesting cases.

Our Daily Financial Column will be conducted by an expert of great experience. On all such questions as the payment of players, the squaring of Cup-ties, and the amount of gate-money, his judgment will prove of immense value.

Our Daily Market List, containing the

transfer fee of every unsettled player, will be of the greatest assistance to all club secretaries.

Nor do we intend to neglect the growing army of lady football enthusiasts. Each day our Ladies' Column will contain a special interview with the wife of some famous football player. In our first number Mrs. MUGGINS, wife of the ever famous MUGGINS of the Tottenham Trampers, will be “At Home” to our interviewer. Every Saturday we shall present our lady readers with a pattern of a match blouse. A thoughtful article by “Claudia Clear-the-Goal,” of the *British Weekly*, on “Football as a Training for Sale Crushes,” will appear in an early issue.

As for the great League Games, it is our hope to give an account of every kick in every match. Important details, such as the pattern of the referee's knickers, the number of times the whistle was blown, the length of the interval in seconds, and the repartees of the crowd, will be carefully recorded.

Another feature will be a crisp Medical Column. Every Monday it will be illustrated by vivid photographs of the cuts, scratches, bruises and bites suffered by distinguished footballers in Saturday's matches. But the *Daily Bawl* will be far from a gloomy paper. Though its medical column will show the seamy side of a footballer's life, yet its page of “Dressing-Room Drivel” will show how the great men are able to forget their troubles and enjoy a jest even as the humblest onlooker might do.

To an early issue it is expected that Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING will contribute a “Hymn to be sung by referees before going into action.” Mr. HALL CAINE's great Serial Story, *The Snare of the Fowler*, will deal with the sad fate of a great centre forward whose methods of play were too strenuous, and will incidentally set the parable of the Good Samaritan in quite a new light. Under bright breezy headings, such as “Blackburn Blither,” “Pompey Piffle,” “Fulham Facetiae,” “Rot from Reading,” experienced correspondents in every centre will furnish chatty daily notes.

Still the proprietors of the *Daily Bawl* recognise that a paper should be something more than an organ for retailing news. A journal without a moral motive is sure to fail. In these days conscience and circulation go together. So, in no spirit of arrogance, may we say that if we can make six spectators assist at a football match where only one assisted before, if we can give the British workman the opportunity of thoughtfully criticising a great match every afternoon in the week, we shall have deserved well of the nation. Our ambition—perhaps a wild one—is to see *Daily League Football*. Does the cynical reader say this

is a fantastic dream? Let him remember that often the dreams of to-day are the realities of to-morrow.

A GREAT SPECIALIST.

INTERESTING INTERVIEW WITH SIR OLIVER LODGE.

By Hilary Belbie.

A WONDERFUL dome-shaped forehead shining with white light, wistful eyes of unfathomable lustre penetrating far beyond the “flaming walls of the world,” as poor old LUCRETIVS hath it, a finely chiselled anti-Grecian nose, a wise yet tender mouth, and a strenuous chin draped with a full Gothic beard—the whole set firmly on a massive frame, and garbed neatly but austere in the conventional habiliments of civilisation. So much for the outer man of the Principal of Birmingham University, whose heroic attack on orthodox methods of teaching mathematics has led to the famous phrase, “The fruits of the battle of Waterloo were lost in the pages of COLENSO.”

But the inner man, the mighty mind, the *mens agitans molem*—how can any interviewer, no matter how susceptible to the emanations of genius, render even approximate justice to its sacred and self-sacrificing ebullitions? For just think for a moment of the tremendous surrender of opportunities involved in OLIVER LODGE's present attitude. Impelled alike by instinct and equipment to win undying laurels in the field of research, he is yet so permeated by the desire to promote the greatest efficiency of the greatest number that he has deliberately resolved to give up to the public what was meant for the laboratory!

As we were ushered into Sir OLIVER's sanctum at Birmingham yesterday, with a glad smile he swept aside his books and papers and expressed his readiness to devote an hour or two to the unfolding of his plan of campaign for the next few weeks.

“I suppose it must be the atmosphere of Birmingham,” he said half apologetically, “and its infection of energy, that enables me to get through so much work. Just look at my list of engagements for the next fortnight,” and he handed me a type-written document which ran as follows:—

March 8.—Presidential Address to the Sutton Coldfield Golf Club—“Christian Science as a cure for Foozling.”

March 9.—Lecture at West Bromwich Theosophical Society—“Rational Dress for Astral bodies.”

March 10.—Aston Villa Debating Society—“Wireless telegraphy in the Cricket Field.”

March 11.—Edgbaston Literary Society—“The true theory of Puns.”

March 13.—Bournville Mechanics' Institute (Mr. CADBURY in the chair)—
"Clairvoyance as a means to commercial success in the Cocoa trade."

March 14.—The Pioneer Club—"Telepathy at Bridge."

March 15.—National Sporting Club
—"On the Vortex theory as applied to clay pigeons."

March 16.—Birmingham Town Hall
—"Does Birmingham really want a Bishop?"

"I perceive your post of Principal is no sinecure," I observed, as I handed back the formidable list.

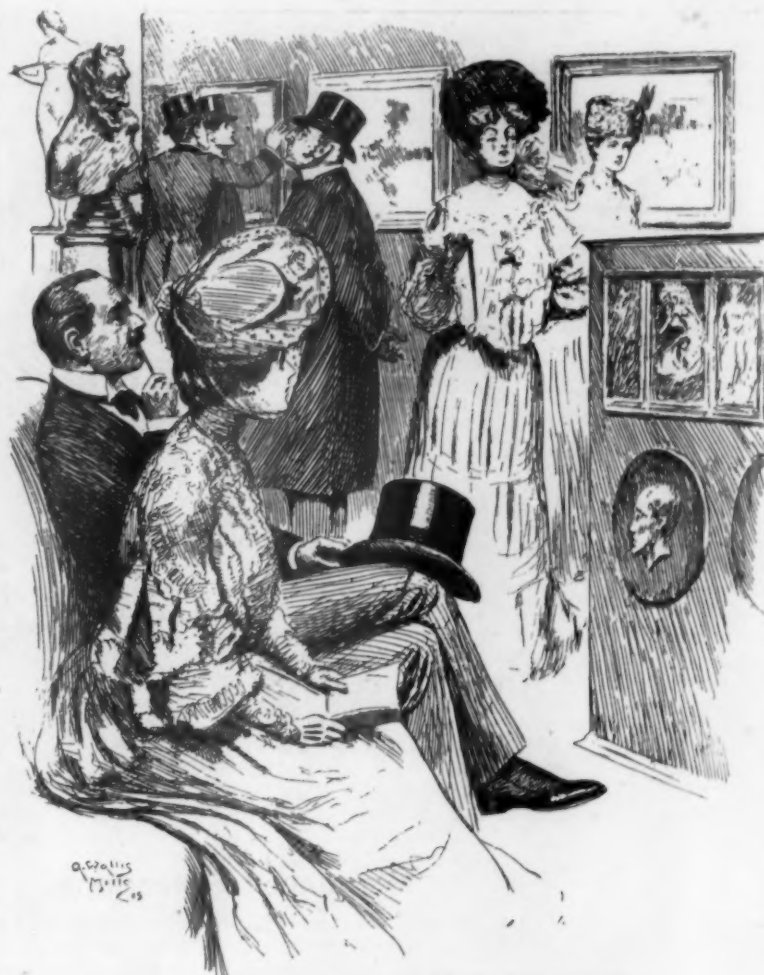
"No, indeed," responded the great scientist. "But you must not imagine that this is a complete list of my engagements. For instance, it takes no account of interviews, speeches, or the writing of a constant succession of articles for newspapers and magazines. At this moment I have no fewer than seven on hand, viz., 'Tight-lacing in the Dolomites,' 'Prehistoric Cookery,' 'How to Reform the Royal Society,' 'The neglect of Association football at Rugby School,' 'On the place of the Turbine in Modern Orchestration,' 'Devotional Dancing,' and 'The Economics of the Three-Card Trick.'"

"It must be very hard," I observed, "to concentrate your attention on the matters which concern the immediate interest of the Birmingham University?"

"Hard?" replied the Principal; "it is almost impossible. Take the case of Eton, for example. In consequence of some severe but perfectly justifiable criticism on the futility of Etonian methods of education, I have been assailed in the pages of the School Magazine. It would be treason to Birmingham for me to take this rebuke 'lying down,' and I have accordingly arranged to attend a meeting of 'Pop' next week, at which I propose to vindicate and substantiate my charges, and at the same time to deliver a lecture on the peremptory need for substituting instruction in Hypnotism for Latin Verse in the school curriculum."

"I suppose you take some interest in the appointment of Dr. WARRE's successor?" I asked.

"Of course I do," heartily rejoined Sir OLIVER. "Holding that the present régime is only fruitful in futility, I am bound to strain every nerve to promote the appointment of a strenuous and enlightened head-master, and have accordingly sent in my application for the post. I admit that it will be difficult to combine the duties of my new post with my journalistic engagements, but in view of the dearth of suitable candidates and the crying need of restoring Eton's prestige I had no alternative but to compete. It will not, I think, involve a change of residence, as my new system of psychic



OVERHEARD IN A PICTURE GALLERY.

Husband (art connoisseur). "WHAT A PERFECT ENAMEL!"

Wife. "YOU MEAN THE ONE IN THE BLACK HAT?"

telegraphy will enable me to conduct all the necessary business from Birmingham."

As I looked at his splendidly bulbous brow, which seemed to expand visibly during this momentous recital, somehow or other the lines came into my head—

"And still the wonder grew
One single head could carry all he knew."

Stifling my amazement I asked, "Is it true, Sir OLIVER, that your size in hats is No. 9?"

"Yes," laughingly replied the great encyclopædist, "and the remarkable part of the thing is that when I came to Birmingham I used to wear a hat of exactly the same circumference as Mr. GLADSTONE, whereas now I require one two sizes larger."

"I suppose the fact is that the brain

grows with exercise just like the biceps?" I hazarded.

"Precisely so," replied the Principal. "But I fear that I must now conclude our interesting conversation, as I am expecting a representative of the *Church Times*, to whom I have promised to communicate my views on the Revival in Wales."

I apologised for detaining the Principal so long from the discharge of his official duties, and took an affectionate leave. And yet there are people who say that the world only produces second-rate men nowadays!

More Commercial Candour.

"Don't go Elsewhere to be Swindled,
COME TO ME."



UNDER CORRECTION.

Fare. "HANS MANSIONS."

Cabby. "QUEEN HANNE'S MANSIONS, I SUPPOSE YOU MEAN, MISS?"

THE LITTLE THINGS.

COME, lend a hand and lift me, TOM, and prop me in my bed;
There's tags and rags of things I've done a-buzzing through
my head.

I've got the word to sail to-night; my port I do not know;
But I must clear the lumber off before it's time to go.

I ain't done much that's mighty good nor much that's very
bad;

I've had a knock-out blow or two, and bits of fun I've had.
I've done my turn of sailing and took it as it came,
And I'll be there—I always was—to answer to my name.

My head's a whirl of little things; the bigger things are
gone;

I mind the day I upped and fought my poor old brother JOHN.
I see my mother darning socks and smiling kind to me;
And didn't father clout me once for spilling of my tea!

I see my little sister SAL—I think she's standing there,
A little bit of pinky bow a-shining in her hair.
I've not set eyes on SAL for years; but, TOM, before I sail
I'd like to say, "I'm sorry, SAL, I pulled your kitten's tail."

There's many other things I've done, but there, I hear the
bell;
I know that where the others went I've got to go as well.

It's eased my mind to talk like this, and, now the anchor's
weighed,
I'm off to face the wind and waves, and, TOM, I ain't afraid.
Tis.

"SIDE LINES."

(From Our Agony Column.)

BOLD LADY.—How do you do your hair?

"She will have worshippers enow,
Who wears our CRIMPERS on her brow."

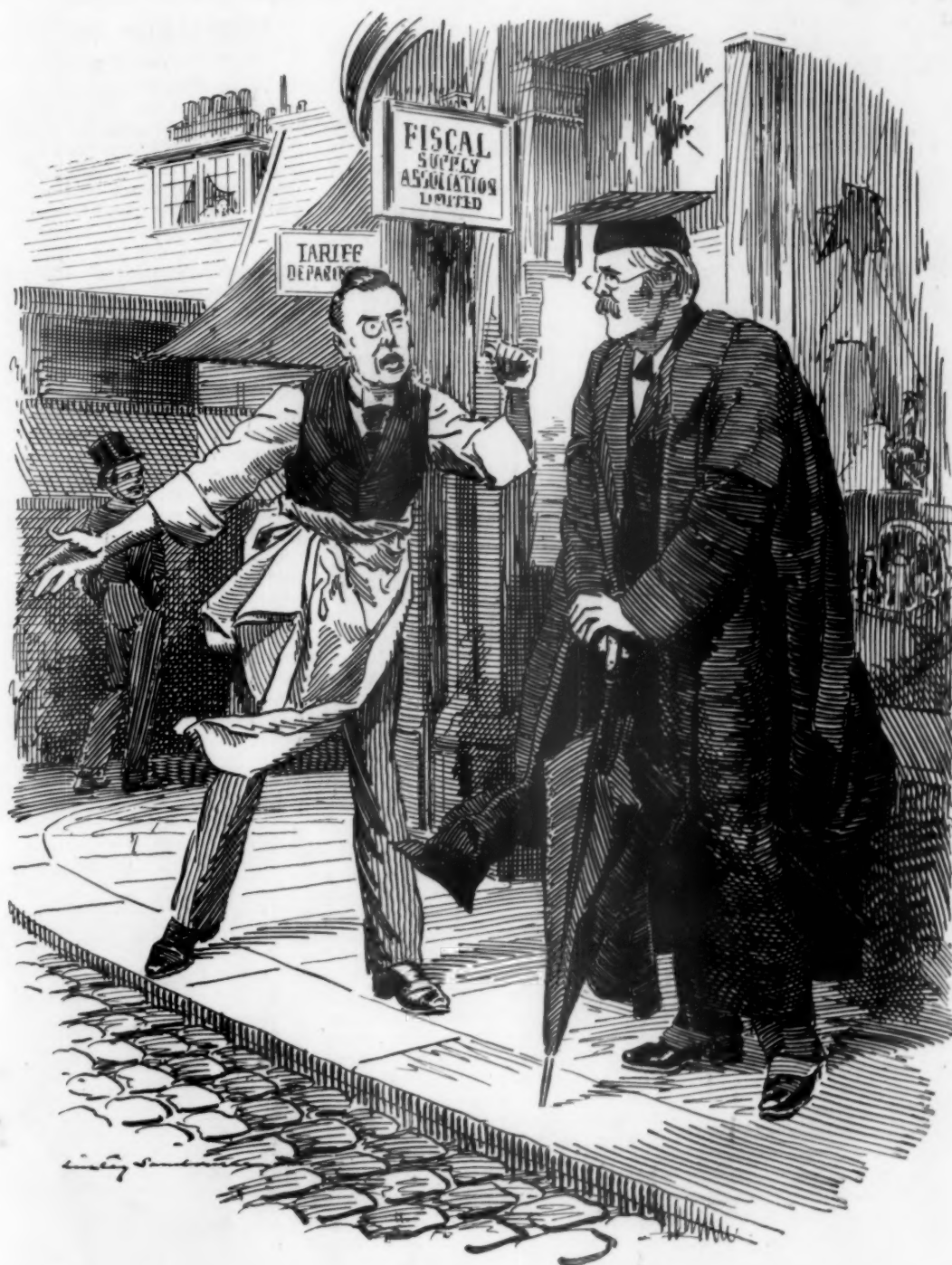
Have you bought those delightful revolving heels?—**NOISY
WORSHIPPER.**

NOISY WORSHIPPER.—Could not see me at King's X?
You should have one of Bogus's compound opera-glasses,
purchasable on the *Times* system of monthly payments. No
deposit. So near and yet so far!—**BOLD LADY.**

BOLD LADY.—Taste our Pension Tea and die. The best
cure for melancholia and dyspepsia. Farewell till
Tuesday.—**NOISY WORSHIPPER.**

NOISY WORSHIPPER.—Cannot walk, darling. Am dying.
Do not forget. (Buy Bunkum's *Unique Memory System*,
of all booksellers.)—**BOLD LADY.**

BOLD LADY.—"One kiss—and then oblivion." Buy our
blush eradicator, 1s. 1½d. net. Try it in your bath.
Of all chemists.—**NOISY WORSHIPPER.**



PREFERENTIAL TREATMENT.

MANAGER OF THE TARIFF REFORM STORES (to HEAD MASTER, DR. ARTHUR BALFORD). "THAT BOY MASTER HUGH CECIL HAS BEEN BREAKING MY WINDOWS. HE OUGHT TO BE EXPELLED!"

DR. A. B. "WELL, BUT YOU SEE HE IS ONE OF OUR MOST TALENTED BOYS. WE CAN'T AFFORD TO LOSE HIM."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday night.— Pretty to see how some fine natures retain to last the gold of ingenuousness. JOHN KENNAWAY, though not old as statesmen go, is not exactly a chicken. Much water has passed under Exeter Bridge since he went "On SHERMAN's Track." The American General, as we know, managed to get away: but that was the fortune of war. KENNAWAY had the satisfaction of describing his personal experiences in a volume much thumbed by Jews converted under the auspices of the London Society of which he is the esteemed President.

In a useful life modestly lived Sir JOHN is unconsciously able to do quite a double kindness on such occasion as presented itself this afternoon. STEVENSON brings on by way of Amendment to the Address case of Macedonia and Armenia, trodden under the slipper of the Turk. We are all sorry for the subject races who, according to Earl PERCY, when not being burned or slaughtered by the Turks, avoid *enmui* by slaying or singeing each other. But we won't sit in our places throughout debate on the subject.

Thus it came to pass that STEVENSON's fluency rippled over empty benches. SARK counted an average of 32 present throughout a speech of considerable



ACCURACY NO OBJECT.

Mr. Balfour. "Photographing my side of the House, eh? If you'll give me a few minutes I'll send for my friends and you shall take a nice group of us all together!"

Messrs. Lloyd-George and M'Kenna. "Oh! no, thank you; we prefer a very rapid exposure—a snap-shot will answer our purpose perfectly!"

length. On the Treasury Bench PERCY was sole Relique of a dispersed Ministry. Later, when the Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs rose to reply with that weighty manner that awes the Chancelleries of Europe, PRINCE ARTHUR strolled in with obvious intent to keep a fatherly eye on his bantling.

Still, two Ministers on the Bench whilst a question affecting the peace of Europe is to the fore is a spectacle that would have waked up PAM even in his most somnolent days, would have been impossible, even in such recent times as Dizzy's. Example set in high places obediently followed on humbler levels. Above and below Gangway on both sides stretched arid wastes suggestive of recent raid of Bashi Bazouks on Armenian vilayet.

Happily of the 32 who came and went was Sir JOHN KENNAWAY; that at the lowest computation makes 33. In height and girth Sir JOHN is equivalent to the representation of two seats, say for King's Lynn. But what are even two amidst so few?

It was in the opening sentence of his speech that the man before whom

SHERMAN fled blushed like a girl and stammered like a young Middy when, ashore, his Admiral stops to speak to him. There was no harm done; certainly none meant. All that Sir JOHN said in his opening sentence was, "After the exhaustive argument we have just listened to—" Then, with guilty look round the empty House, finally resting on STEVENSON sitting opposite, naturally expectant of something nice to be said about him by the Member who was seconding his proposition, the burly Baronet stopped in state of embarrassment that unfortunately accentuated the painful situation.

Strictly speaking there was nothing the most sensitive might complain of in use of the word "exhaustive." If Sir JOHN had said "exhausting" it would, of course, have been different.

His honest intention was to be complimentary. He desired to suggest that, with his intimate knowledge of the case, his unhesitating flow of words, his level voice, his immobile attitude, the preceding speaker had really left nothing more to be said.

All the same, coming at the end of a



MACEDONIA AND ARMENIA.

"Unhesitating flow of words, level voice and immobile attitude."

(Mr. St-v-n-s-n.)



"OFF, STANLEY, OFF?!"

The Cap'n. "What! show a clean pair o' heels, eh, my hearties?! Just you stop and hear a piece o' my mind!"

(Mr. T-nny B-w-l-s, Lord St-nl-y and a portion of Mr. A-lw-n F-ll-w-s.)

three-quarters-of-an-hour speech which emptied the House, the choice of the adjective was perhaps not happy. It was one of the things that our dear DU MAURIER used to say "might have been put differently."

Business done.—Speeches about Macedonia, whose fortunes are still going down, and on Sugar, whose price ever goes up.

Some talk about our F. C. B.'s reminiscences of the Premier at Cambridge on Saturday night. Speaking of his membership of the A. D. C., F. C. B. recalled how PRINCE ARTHUR once dropped the curtain prematurely.

"Got over that tendency now," growls C.-B., thinking of deferred Dissolution.

Tuesday Night.—The quick response the House makes to able speaker, even in moments of profoundest depression, illustrated just now. Dear sugar may be, doubtless is, rankling in bosom of multitude of housewives; has played its part in by-elections; its influence will be felt in the coming pitched battle at the polls. But prolongation of debate into second day is more than House can stand. Recognises the hollowness of the affair.

Convention is in operation; must necessarily run its appointed period. Thing been debated over and over again through two long years. Members have taken sides in controversy; not to be moved by the lamentations of Mr. LOUGH, the coruscations of Mr. KEARLEY, or the demonstration of Brother GERALD that brown sugar at 3d. per pound is really cheaper than it was when, before the Brussels Convention got to work, the genial grocer smilingly accepted 2d., sometimes, by way of bonus, adding a stale bun.

Still the talk goes on by the lengthening hour; benches empty, atmosphere of weariness unutterable fills chamber darkening in the chill shadows of a February afternoon.

BONAR LAW unexpectedly rises and lo! the tide of humanity turns and flows in till the benches, long empty, fill with interested crowd. Under Secretary for Board of Trade does not often speak; he leaves the privilege to his betters who sit in the Cabinet. When, as to-day, he breaks silence he proves himself one of the best debaters on Treasury Bench, exceeded perhaps only by PRINCE ARTHUR, and that in quite another fashion.

His position to-day paradoxical. An avowed Protectionist, he conclusively showed how good a thing it is to abolish bounties. Without assistance of notes limited even to half a sheet of paper, he delivered speech bristling with vigour, buttressed by facts. So quietly spoken, so clever, so persuasive, that it extorted the outspoken admiration of gentlemen opposite, who recognised (or thought they did) that the skilfully builded structure was founded on the sands of fallacy.

Business done.—On Sugar Question Government majority runs up to 65.

Friday night.—Session barely three weeks old, but the babe is already blasé. Began on wrong principle. After the stiff glass of absinthe mixed by Sir ANTHONY MACDONNELL, Parliamentary diners have no taste for the *vin ordinaire* of the prosaic course. ACLAND-HOOD, pinker and pinker in hue, manages to keep a sufficient number of men within hail for contingent divisions; but they won't remain in their places for debate on such matters as Supplementary Estimates.

Once through a dull week the sluggish

pond has been stirred, leaping for a moment into flash of life. Of course it was the foot of DOX JOSÉ that touched it; none but he is in this respect his own parallel. It came about in debate on Sugar Convention. That was a stroke of State, perhaps not designedly, certainly usefully, effective by way of presenting object lesson of effect of Fiscal Reform carried out by thoroughly capable hands. KEARLEY, who raised the question, cited figures to show how a great British industry has been brought to verge of ruin; 12,000 men turned adrift; 15,000 working short time; price of sugar doubled, and, bitterest of ironies, the production of sugar in the West Indies, for whose benefit the costly sacrifice was made, declining rather than advancing.

For the ex-Minister who carried the Convention in face of desperate opposition this a hard nut to crack. DOX JOSÉ faced situation with customary courage. Facts and figures cited were undeniable; but the Sugar Convention had nothing to do with them except that, by accident, they followed upon its operation. Was Sugar the only thing that, during the past twelve months, had gone up in price? "Look at cotton, and," he added, turning sharply towards C.-B., as if conveying hospitable, personal invitation, "take onions."

Whilst the nation has slumbered the price of onions has insidiously gone up.

Effect of this disclosure sprung upon House, for the moment crowded, was remarkable. Mr. KEARLEY bit his lips in indignation. The fair structure of argument he had built up was demolished at a blow. Mr. LOUGH sarcastically cried "Oh, oh," but in his heart of hearts he felt the game was up. The Sugar question, useful weapon in Opposition hands, had, so to speak, melted in the cup. As by the wand of the magician DOX JOSÉ had fastened public attention upon onions.

"And the worst of onions is," said C.-B. forlornly, "that they are the only thing which during the last nine years the Government have never meddled with nor muddled."

"That's his cleverness," said BRYCE. "Often heard of shunting inconvenient inquiry by drawing red herring across the path. First time the homely onion was ever put to similar use."

Business done.—Not much for Onion-ists.

The Malaria of Ambiguity.

Layman (to Curate). Were you preaching at your church last night?

Curate. No; why?

Layman. Oh, I didn't know whether you would be preaching or not—so I wouldn't risk going.



AT A FENCING "AT HOME."

Distinguished Foreigner (hero of a hundred duels). "It is delightful, MADAMOISELLE. YOU ENGLISH ARE A SPORTING NATION." Fair Member. "SO GLAD YOU ARE ENJOYING IT. BY THE WAY, MONSIEUR LE MARQUI, HAVE THEY INTRODUCED FENCING INTO FRANCE YET?"

AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE.

CHAPTER III.

"Oh! Mums!" cried my cousin PHYLLIS, with that impulsive enthusiasm of hers which some people—not myself—say is all put on, "Do look at this *sweet* little monkey on the organ! *Isn't* he deevie!"

"Deevie" is, I believe, short for "divine" with certain sets. I wouldn't mind betting that PHYLLIS had never applied such a term to me before.

My aunt didn't seem impressed by my deeviness just then. She examined me through a pair of long-handled glasses, which always had the effect of making me feel rather a worm. On this occasion I dropped feebly on all fours.

"Since you ask me, PHYLLIS," said my aunt, "I think he's a frightful little object!" Which was my poor dear aunt all over—never *could* make the slightest allowances for me!

"I call him perfectly twee!" persisted PHYLLIS. (I don't know what "twee" stands for exactly—but something deuced complimentary.) "Only see how prettily he's scratching his ducky little ear." (This was a bad habit I had been trying all the afternoon to correct.) "He's quite too trotty for words. I wonder if those two nice men would part with him."

"My dear PHYLLIS!" exclaimed my aunt, stepping into the victoria. "Are you quite mad? Home, CHARLES."

"No, wait, CHARLES," said PHYLLIS, as he was about to touch his hat and mount the box by TUMBRIDGE's side. "Darling Mums, I'm quite serious—I am, *really*. And you know we've no pet ever since poor Cockie died." (Cockie was a white cockatoo, and I could understand from what I remembered of him that they would be glad of a little peace.) "I *must* just see if they will sell him."

Even as a child, PHYLLIS generally got her own way. Now she had come out, everybody—my aunt included—knocked under to her at once if she was at all keen on anything. It saved time.

PHYLLIS opened negotiations at once. Fortunately she had no difficulty in making herself understood, as the two sportsmen who ran my show happened to be British artisans of sorts who, being presumably thrown out of employment by foreign competition, had adopted this means of Retaliation.

But as a crowd had already collected, a constable promptly appeared and, with a civility paid rather to my aunt's conveyance than my own, requested us to move on and not obstruct the traffic.

Aunt SELINA would have driven off and left me to my fate, but PHYLLIS wouldn't hear of it, so the disgusted TUMBRIDGE had to turn up a small and unfrequented street close by, followed by me and the piano-organ, and the crowd, which by this time was taking a deep interest in my future.

PHYLLIS is a most awfully charming girl, but a poor hand at monkey-buying—much too eager. Even those two utter outsiders spotted at once that she had set her heart on getting me, and piled it on accordingly. I'd no idea before how fond they were of me—it appeared I was the sunbeam of their cheerless homes, the darling of JOE's missus, the play-fellow of BILL's offspring.

"Really, PHYLLIS," said my downy aunt, "I think it would be too cruel to deprive the poor men of such a pet."

I *knew* the idiots would muff it! and, in my despair, I hit my tambourine a vicious bang.

"Yer see, lydy," explained BILL, "my kids and his missus 'd be on'y too thankful to 'ear as pore Jocko 'ad found a good 'ome where he'd be took proper care on. For, I tell yer strite, we can't feed 'im not like the likes of 'im had orter be fed, bein' so dellikit."

"My mate means a dellikit feeder," put in JOE hastily, "and, bein' outer work, we can't git him luxuries and relishes like we did in 'appier times."

It's my belief that precious pair of humbugs had never seen me till that morning, when they had probably hired me for

the day with the organ in Leather Lane or Saffron Hill. All this took time, and I could see that Aunt SELINA was getting a bit restive; even PHYLLIS seemed to find the publicity and notice she was attracting rather more than she had bargained for.

It isn't every day a London crowd has the excitement of seeing a sumptuously-attired young person in a victoria trying to buy a monkey at a fancy figure off an organ, so she was immensely popular. Several of her admirers urged my proprietors to "let the young lydy 'ave the monkey cheap as she'd took sech a fancy for it," though there were one or two soured Socialists who cried "Shame!" on the idle aristocracy which was trying to deprive two poor hard-working men of their only breadwinner.

As for me, I was powerless. I could only sit and look on from the top of my pedestal, like some classical Johnny in a melodrama being put up to auction as a Greek slave. Except that whenever I thought PHYLLIS was beginning to weaken, I tried to revive her enthusiasm by rattling the tambourine.

Perhaps that just turned the scale. Anyhow, she got me at last. What she actually paid for me I don't know—but I've no doubt it was a long way above the market value for a monkey, of whatever breed I belonged to. To be sure, I had talents and intelligence denied to any monkey—but then neither of the parties suspected that as yet.

There wasn't enough in the purse which PHYLLIS took out of her dainty wrist-bag to make up the purchase money. She was obliged to borrow from my aunt, and even from the blushing CHARLES, before my ransom was finally paid in full.

My aunt declined to have me on the little *strapontin* seat in front. As a matter of fact, I had been there before more than once—and a jolly uncomfortable perch it was, too. Still, I'm bound to say I don't altogether blame her just then.

So, when we drove off amidst loud cheers which I do not think were intended altogether in chaff, I was on the box, sitting bodkin between CHARLES and TUMBRIDGE, who were distinctly shirty at having to drive home through the Park with such a companion.

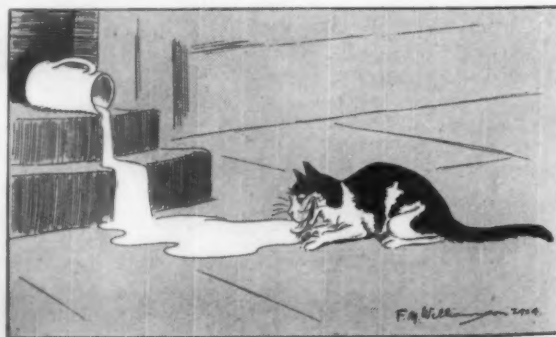
At least so I gathered from the subdued remarks they exchanged above my inoffensive head. Till then I had always thought TUMBRIDGE and CHARLES such respectable men!

Much I cared for their opinions! I had got a rise in the world already, and in a quarter I little expected. I wonder what they would have said if they had known who the quiet unassuming-looking monkey that was sharing the box-seat with them really was, or guessed that if I blinked my eyes it was merely because I was dazzled by the brilliancy of the future that seemed within my grasp.

Naturally they couldn't know all that—and perhaps it was just as well they didn't.

F. A.

PUSS IN THE CORNER.



Puss. "Ah, well, it's no use crying over spilt milk!"

CHARIVARIA.

PUNDIT RAMNARAYAN YOGSHASTRI, the well-known astrologer, palmist and clairvoyant, of Cawnpore, has predicted that from March 17 Russia will begin to achieve victory over the Japanese. The advisability of issuing the new Russian loan before that date has, we understand, been realised by the financiers concerned.

The strike epidemic in Russia has not yet died out, for, while matters have apparently been arranged at the Putiloff Works, a message has been received from General KUBOPATKIN that the time has not yet arrived for him to strike.

The Baltic Fleet Commission has found that the Russians were guilty, but innocent.

The report certainly shows one thing: the danger of hasty conclusions. At the time of the outrage in the North Sea, people imagined that Admiral ROZHDESTVENSKY had shown a lack of military capacity and humanity.

The London County Council has decided to have no more motor fire-engines. The men have enough work to do in extinguishing the fires without extinguishing the engines.

The Registrar-General's statistical report which has just been published confirms the popular belief that marriages are not made, to any extent, on earth.

"Hairdressers," we read, "have decided that devotees of fashion must wear Grecian coiffures with the new style of hats." How this ukase affected the voting at Cambridge last week on the Greek question will probably never be known.

The protests raised at Oxford by persons over sixty against Dr. OSLER's drastic proposals have had some effect. The doctor now announces that he will not insist on their being chloroformed.

The annual report of the Dogs' Home comments upon the fact that 23,190 dogs were taken to Battersea by the police for wearing no collars. The

modicum of dress which the law imposes is surely not unreasonable.

A gentleman has written to the *Daily Mail* to complain that in Brixton Prison there are thirty-two aliens. But for these, thirty-two of our own fine fellows might be there.

Mr. EVAN ROBERTS claims to have

cost £20,696 to heat, light, and ventilate the Houses of Parliament last year. This compares most unfavourably with other institutions such as Hengler's, or the Hackney Empire, or the Tooting Debating Society.

M. RODIN has been praising our fogs and our art. Our art certainly looks its best in our fogs.

Those people who hold that a classical education is a waste of time, forget the prizes. Last week the University of London advertised for a gentleman to fill a vacancy in the Examination Department, a graduate preferred, his whole time to be at the service of the University. The commencing salary, it is true, would be only £120 a year, but it would rise, by £7 10s. a year, to £150.

"Mr. GEORGE SCHILLING, the American athlete," we read, "has left Newcastle on his last tramp to Glasgow." At a time when one hears so much about tramps being work-shy, it is pleasant to come across an announcement like this.

A gentleman has written an interesting letter to the *Daily Mirror* on the subject of a proposed testimonial to Sir HENRY IRVING. "I would suggest," he says, "that we start a shilling fund for the purchase of the Lyceum. It has been done for a cricketer, why not for an actor?" Many people will be surprised to hear that a cricketer is the present proprietor of the Lyceum.

"King EDWARD in the Dock" was a newspaper heading which caused some unnecessary alarm last week. The paragraph merely recorded the fact that H.M.S. *King Edward VII.* had entered the new dock at Gibraltar.

The National Liberal Federation has passed a resolution in favour of the extension of parliamentary franchise to women. Yes, but it does not follow that the new electors would wish an old lady to be Premier.

"The Japs are a most repulsive people," as KUBOPATKIN remarked when they kept on driving him back.



BRIDGE BELOW STAIRS.

"GOOD GRACIOUS, JAMES, WHATEVER IS THE MEANING OF THIS EXTRA-ORDINARY HILARITY IN THE KITCHEN?"

"COOK'S JUST REVOKED FOR THE THIRD TIME, MARM!"

received a divine command to refrain from speech. Unfortunately, though Welsh, he is not a Member of Parliament.

It cannot justly be said that domestic affairs are being neglected by the House of Commons. CHAMBERLAIN on Sugar, and WYNDHAM on Toast, were the two chief features of last week's Parliament.

According to a return just issued, it

MR. PUNCH'S PRIZE STORY.

THE National Anti-Tea-Duty League is offering prizes for the best stories, verses, and articles in aid of the cause. But why not kill several birds with one stone? In the anticipation that other societies and leagues will fall into line with the N.A.T.D.L., Mr. Punch submits a suggestion for a great and lucrative romance.

THE WOOING OF WINIFRED.

In the pink drawing-room at Templeton Towers sat two people. As Lord ARCHIBALD watched the fair Lady WINIFRED gracefully pouring out the tea he thought that never before had she looked so pretty. It was a cheap tea that she was pouring out, for the duty recently placed upon that commodity put the fragrant Pekoe, in which they usually indulged, far beyond the slender means of her father the Earl. Nay, more, the whole country was compelled to buy these cheap teas (on which the grower makes so little profit), with the result that many a tea-planter was in a fair way to ruin. [First prize of £10 from the National Anti-Tea-Duty League.]

"Sugar?" she asked, with a smile.

"Please," said Lord ARCHIBALD.

"Oh dear," she said, with a pretty gesture of dismay, "I'm afraid there isn't any!"

"Pshaw, pshaw," said Lord ARCHIE. [Gold medal and £5 from the National Anti-Swearing League.]

"I'm so sorry," said WINIFRED. "That horrid Convention, you know," she added vaguely. [Testimonial on vellum and 5s. from the Free Trade Union.]

"My dear WINIFRED," he began expostulatingly, "you surely don't believe—" [£50 from Tariff Reform League.]

"H'sh!" said the girl, as her little sister FLOESSIE opened the door and toddled in, "not before the child!" ["Why ever not? If Lord ARCHIBALD isn't going to quote from our 2976th pamphlet I withdraw the £50."—Sec. T.R.L.]

Lord ARCHIE stopped, and gently stroked the hair of the little child. [Third prize of £1 from the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.]

"WINNIE dear, won't you thing thome-thing?" lisped FLOTHIE.

"Please do," said ARCHIE, politely; and WINIFRED moved to the piano, and struck a few notes carelessly.

Lord ARCHIBALD thoughtfully closed the window. [Testimonial from the Society for the Prevention of Street Noises.]

Presently she began to sing. The beautiful words rang out clearly:

"Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine,
Or leave a kiss within the cup,
And I'll not look for wine."

[Winner of the £500 prize competition inaugurated by the Church of England Temperance Society. May be sung at concerts on payment of one shilling.]

As she sat there Lord ARCHIBALD was moved to admiration of her neat, lissom, yet withal natural figure—[1s. 6d. from Anti-Corset League]—at the bloom of health upon her cheek; and his admiration turned to wonder when he reflected that she did not, like himself, live exclusively on vegetable matter. No doubt she was the one exception which proved the wisdom of his dietary. [Free Meal from Mr. EUSTACE MILES.]

The song ended, and WINIFRED returned to her seat opposite him. Little FLOESSIE was playing with the kitten on the hearthrug, showing that sympathy which the very young always feel for the lower creatures—"Afraid not quite suitable."—[Hon. Sec. Our Dumb Friends' League.]—and to all intents and purposes they were alone.

"WINIFRED," he began, "I have something to say to you. You know what my past has been. You know how I wasted my patrimony in card-playing . . . in dances . . . in theatre-going . . . in drinking . . . (Several pages omitted.) . . . How bitterly do I rue my folly now! [Net result: £1324 0s. 1½d. from various "anti" societies.] None the less do I dare now to ask you: Will you make my life happy? Will you—"

"ARCHIE!" she cried. . . . An hour later he left the house, and with the tact and thoughtfulness typical of the nobleman, jumped into an omnibus without stopping the horses. [£2 and Certificate from the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.]

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

In *Peter's Mother* (SMITH, ELDER), Mrs. HENRY DE LA PASTURE has set herself the task of devising and chronicling the story of conflict between the affections of a mother and the yearning of a still young widow for the love of man. Much is expected from the author of *Deborah of Tod's*. My Baronite finds it here amply forthcoming. Whilst the tale is interesting—not universally the case of a modern novel—the pages are alive with human character. Sir Timothy Crewys, *Peter's* father, disappears early from the scene, but not till his personality is strongly implanted in the mind of the reader. He leaves behind a son who inherits his stubbornness of disposition and his pragmatical manner. Also two sisters, delightfully sketched, who serve the parts of light comedy. They supply an admirable foil to *Peter's* mother, who in her character, her surroundings, and her method of facing them, faintly recalls the far-off figure of the now, alack! forgotten Daughter of

Heth. *Peter's Mother* will decidedly enhance the established reputation of its author. She has a pure, picturesque literary style, an excellent thing in woman, rare among such as write novels.

The Identity of Jane, by ALICE METHLEY (JOHN LONG), is a well-contrived and clearly narrated story. It opens with a short, powerfully dramatic prologue, and the mystery, which is the outcome of it, is well sustained until the disclosure becomes inevitable. Whether every reader will be satisfied with the fate of the *seconda donna* is what an impartial critic would hesitate to assert, nor, perhaps, will the experienced novel-reader, to whom the ways of melodrama are familiar, be inclined to bestow unqualified praise on the not absolutely novel use made of certain lockets and chains where long-lost heiresses are concerned. But allowance being made for these property trinkets, and for the second-class villain, dismissed by the authoress as unmanageable, the reader humming to himself "My pretty Jane, oh never look so shy!" will be fairly interested in the chief heroine's adventures, and will be amused by the very natural humours of the various characters.

The House of Merrilees, by ARCHIBALD MARSHALL (ALSTON RIVERS), is a novel that the Assistant Reader can recommend cordially and with confidence to those who like a really good story, well constructed and excellently told. The secret (for there is a secret, and a very interesting one) is admirably kept up to the end, and the final discovery of the bodies of Sir Roderick Bertram and his wife, together with the jewels into which the Baronet, who was by no means wicked, had converted his great wealth, is an incident which, in its excitement, recalls the good days when novelists thought more of telling an interesting story than of posing a problem, and leaving it without an answer. Mr. MARSHALL, moreover, has a vein of quiet, pleasant humour which is very refreshing.



THE WAIL OF THE ANTI-VIVISECTIONIST.
—Spare my felines!

A HYGIENIC PARADISE.

THE HOTEL HERCULES, DOLCEMINORE.

IN view of the increased attention paid to health by all classes of the community, *Mr. Punch* is glad to be able to recommend to his readers the super-eminent attractions of the famous new health resort of Dolceminore, where the magnificent Hotel Hercules (Proprietor, M. EUGÈNE HACKENSCHMIDT) has recently been established under the most favourable auspices and in the most enchantingly beautiful environs.

Dolceminore, the newest and most perfect cure resort, is a charming spot situated in the centre of the Duchy of Savoy, not many kilometres from the historic town of Salsiccia di Polonia. To the south-east the hills rise up to the twin peaks of the Monte Zingaro, which gives an additional piquancy and verve to the scenery.

The town, which is situated in an open valley surrounded by foothills covered with luxuriant boot-trees, holds the record of salubrity in the annals of hygiene. Beri-beri is unknown in the district, and during a recent epidemic of influenza the genial priest, Padre MICCHI MURFI, was heard to observe "*Corpo di Bacco!* there are people dying who never died before."

The waters of Dolceminore are the richest in the world in xylobalsamum, zedone, copra, verdigris, fresh-water eels, acetylene, strychnine, and other stimulating and exhilarating products. They are pumped up hourly by well-trained hydraulic rams to the Hotel Hercules, which enjoys the unique attraction of enabling its visitors to take their baths in their own rooms, each bedroom being provided with a handsome flat bath, richly enamelled, and measuring $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet in diameter.

The treatment consists of hot, tepid and cold baths, ammoniated quinine baths, sand-bunker baths (for golfers), applications of hot mud, poached-egg baths, inhalations, embrocations and imprecations.

The results in all cases of chronic expansion of the tontine, berberis Darwinii, catalectic tetrameter, astigmatism of the lower mandible and acute ampeleiosis, may fairly be termed marvellous, so rapidly are they felt.

Patients arrive at the neighbouring station of Ciaringa Croce carried in the arms of stalwart *contadini*. Before they have finished their cure they have actually been known to run off without stopping to pay their bills!

The country surrounding Dolceminore bristles with features of extraordinary interest. Innumerable expeditions can be made in the neighbourhood, on foot, horse or motor, while the purity of the air renders it peculiarly suitable for



FEMININE AMENITIES.

Mabel (not in her first youth). "FIRST OF ALL, HE HELD MY HAND AND TOLD MY FORTUNE; AND THEN, EVIE, HE GAZED INTO MY FACE EVER SO LONG, AND SAID HE COULD READ MY THOUGHTS! WASN'T THAT CLEVER OF HIM, DEAR?"

Evie. "OH, I SUPPOSE HE READ BETWEEN THE LINES, DARLING."

the evolutions of flying machines, parachutes, balloons and other aerial implements. A fine new golf course has been laid out in the neighbourhood of the Hotel, and its sporting character is sufficiently attested by the fact that it is one of the few links in which it is always possible and often necessary to use a niblick on every green. The record for amateurs is held by Prince BORIS of Bulgaria, whose score for the first nine holes was 224 not out.

The Hotel Hercules, which is built in the feudal style with machicolated transoms, choice rococo oubliettes, Armenian fire-escapes, &c., stands in its own grounds containing beehives, Alderney cows, donkey engine, pergola, Aunt Sally, holophote, and other amenities.

The building has been designed and planned in consonance with the most modern principles of English architecture and hygiene. The kitchens are on the top storey, immediately under the roof garden, to which they communicate a delightful and appetising aroma. Every bedroom is provided with (1) a gramophone; (2) a complete edition of the speeches of Sir EDWIN DURNING-LAWRENCE, M.P. Insomnia and coma can thus be faced with equal impunity.

During the months of April to November the services of the famous

pifferari of Monte Zafferano have been exclusively retained to play at all meals.

To meet the wishes of anti-carnivorous clients a vegetarian restaurant has been added to the establishment, and special terms are arranged for beanfeasts.

TARIFF.

Breakfast (with tea, coffee, or coco for the hair)	fr. 1.50
Do. (on the roof garden) ...	3
Light Luncheon (cold meat, pickles, shortbread, rational cheese)	4
High Tea	6
Do. (in the Holophote)	7.50
Dinner (with Pifferari)	10
Do. (without Pifferari)	12.50

THERE is no foundation for the report that Mr. C. ARTHUR PEARSON, on resigning his post as Vice-Chairman of the Irish Reform Committee, has been raised to the Peerage as Viscount RIDLEY.

THE Cockney who said he valued Switzerland for its mountain hair has a supporter in a writer in the *Irish Independent*, who remarks: "There are many mountains in the country now bare and desolate whose brows, if whiskered with forests, would present a striking appearance."

THE TWENTY-FIRST CHERRY-STONE.

[By the generous courtesy of the Editor of the *Balmoral Magazine* we are enabled, from his surplus stock and at sale prices, to produce a story containing hitherto unpublished details of the famous elopement of the Arch-Princess of HOHENSCHWILLBOCK, by the author of *Crowned Heads I have hob-nobbed with*.]

FEW students of Court intrigue will have forgotten that episode of the sudden flight and private marriage of the present Arch-Queen of HOHENSCHWILLBOCK, which set all the Chancelleries of Europe agog in the early nineties. But the secret of the part played in this adventure by a simple cherry-stone has been confined to a select three or four in the immediate *entourage* of Her Serene Archness. My own notoriously close intimacy with the now Arch-Prince Consort of HOHENSCHWILLBOCK (*né* Hereditary Postmaster of Riturallania) was at once the cause of my admittance to this secret and a bar to my disclosure of it. *Noblesse oblige!* But the recent demise of the late Ruler, and the succession of his daughter to the Arch-sovereignty, release me from the obligation to withhold my privileged information from the readers of the *Balmoral Magazine*.

For a long time ere my brief story opens the late Arch-King of HOHENSCHWILLBOCK had looked with open disfavour on the attentions paid by the Hereditary Postmaster of the neighbouring Principality of Riturallania to his only child and heiress in tail-female. It is true that through his maternal grandmother (a Levantine Sultana) the royal blood of TAMERLANE coursed in his veins, rendering him technically eligible for the hand of the Arch-Princess. But he was poor and tainted with Liberal tendencies, and his presence as a guest at the Court of Hohenschwillbock was only tolerated on the ground of his philatelic tastes, which were shared by the Arch-Monarch. Indeed, at the present momentous juncture he was only staying on to see the Old Year out on the excuse of securing a set of the fresh issue of stamps which was to appear on New Year's Day.

The heart of the Arch-Princess (an organ which often meets with but scant consideration in the highest Court circles) was divided between passion for her unacknowledged suitor, and a filial regard for her royal father's wishes, the latter feeling being accentuated by fear of the rigours of Court etiquette.

A prey to indecision, she determined to have recourse to cheiromancy, a *penchant* for which she had inherited from her mother, who had dabbled in the Black Arts. Accordingly, on the afternoon of New Year's Eve, heavily veiled and attended only by a tiring-woman in whose discretion she reposed a perfect confidence, she bent her steps by obscure side-streets to the secret consulting-room of a fortune-teller, whose professional services were strictly taboo at Court.

"It is impossible," said the magician, after closely examining the lobe of her right ear and the lines on the ball of her left thumb, "to dissociate your destiny from that of a man your inferior in station, with dark hair and an hereditary leaning toward the pursuit of letters. Your fate will turn upon the numerical contents of a cherry-pie. This year—next year—sometime—never." With these words, suspiciously indicative of a clear acquaintance with the facts, though somewhat enigmatic in the peroration for anyone that was not familiar (as was the Arch-Princess) with the language of augury, he took his fee and dismissed her.

As Mistress and maid—for the latter had assisted at this *séance*—threaded their way back to the Palace, the former enjoyed a certain sense of relief. She felt that the solution of a harassing dilemma had been taken out of her hands by a higher power, to whom she was content to leave the issue of events. Not so with the maid, whose fertile brain, fed on the rumours of Court scandal, was already devising a scheme for assisting Fate.

"If it does not come right the first time, your Archness might try a second helping," she said.

"*Nein, nein*, my GRETCHEN," replied the Princess; "having once committed myself to the control of Destiny, I will never tamper with its processes."

GRETCHEN, however, who was troubled by no such scruples, repaired at the first free moment to the sanctuary of the Chief Butler, a retired Sergeant-Major of the Uhlans of the Guard, of which the Arch-Princess was herself Colonel-in-Chief. The ex-warrior had long entertained an undisguised regard for the figure of his Colonel's maid; and, flattered by her confidences and by the hint that his own suit would not suffer by any services he might render to her mistress, he undertook so far to waive his dignity as himself to preside over the pie, and put exactly twenty-one cherries on the plate of the Arch-Princess.

Having secured this promise, GRETCHEN stole to the apartments of the Hereditary Postmaster and left on his dressing-table the following pregnant message: "*Prepare for the best. Elopement fixed for 10.30 P.M.*" Half-an-hour later the happy lover instructed his valet that his plans were changed; he would leave that evening. He further handed him a telegram in cipher, addressed to the priest of a little village just beyond the border, in Riturallania.

During the earlier courses of the Banquet, which was served at 5.30 P.M. according to the immemorial custom of the Hohenschwillbock Court, the Arch-Princess, who had been robbed by her maid in a confection which might pass at once for a dinner-gown and a going-away dress, wore an air of abstracted listlessness. In vain her neighbour, a diplomat from the Near East, attempted to dissipate her pallor with Oriental badinage. At length the sweets were served, and as the Arch-Princess began to devour the ruby berries she was vaguely aware of the Chief Butler's eye directed to her plate over her left shoulder. It showed a curiously anomalous trait in the character of one who had always anticipated the conclusion of a romance by reading the last chapter first that with such important personal issues at stake she yet had the *nonchalance* to defer the counting of the stones till she had disposed of their edible covering.

Suddenly she heard a suppressed oath. She had placed the last of the cherries (still uncounted) in her mouth—and *no stone was forthcoming!* Either she had inadvertently swallowed it, or it had never been there, or else—could it have been some devilry on the part of HANS, the head footman, long suspected of espionage, who conceivably had overheard all in the Arch-pantry, had then abstracted the stone, and by a feat of *legerdemain* "forced" the hollowed cherry upon his colleague as the pie was being served?

Each of these theories passed rapidly through the brain of the Chief Butler. But it was no time for the consideration of causes. The Arch-Princess was already beginning to count the stones, and action was imperative. To seize the unfinished plate of the diplomat from the Near East; to restore it under pressure of loud expostulations, having first withdrawn from it a single cherry-stone; to touch the Princess's plate, as if to remove it, with the words, "More pie, your Archness?" (an invitation permitted by the Hohenschwillbock Protocol, but one which he well-knew that she would answer in the negative), and to slip the stone from under his thumb among the twenty others—all this was the work of a moment, taking even less time than I have spent in dictating the above passage to my typist.

"*Einen augenblick* (one instant)," said the Arch-Princess, and finished counting up to twenty-one. Then, as he again bent low over her to take the plate away, he saw a warm flush mantling her cheek and heard her murmur to herself, "This year! This year! And that means to-night, for to-morrow is New Year's Day!"

As the ladies retired, she passed close by the Hereditary



Bernard Partridge.

(With apologies to W. Holman Hunt.)

THE SCAPEGOAT.

(After Holman Hunt's Celebrated Picture.)





AFTER HER VISIT TO A DAIRY FARM.

"MAMMA, IS THERE MILK IN THIS COCOA-NUT?"

"YES, DEAR, I SUPPOSE SO."

"THEN, MUMMY DEAR, HOW DO YOU MILK IT?"

Postmaster and whispered, "You will fly with me to-night." To which he replied, *sotto voce*, "All shall be in readiness at 10 p.m., back door. Bring your jewels."

The flight of the two lovers an hour later in a pair-horse postchaise, and their marriage across the border at 11.30 on the same night, have long been matters of public knowledge. But the affair of the cherry-stone I am privileged to be the first to give to the world in the pages of the *Balmoral Magazine*.

As for GRETCHEN, she quickly followed the Arch-Princess, and was in turn followed by the Chief Butler. Both were welcomed into the *ménage* of the eloping couple, and themselves became man and wife; and under the new *régime* they have received, in consideration of their services, the respective posts of Burnt Almoner to the Arch-Prince Consort, and Mistress of the Spare-Bedchamber. In addition to this reward the ex-Chief Butler always wears a scarf-pin, mounted with a polished cherry-stone set in rubies, the gift of his grateful Master.

O. S.

DEATH BY INSTALMENTS.—A Northern paper says: "Mr. FOUNTAIN, a farmer residing at Topcliffe, near Thirsk, has a cow which has just given birth to a calf with two heads and necks. The latter subsequently died." We hope the heads will live long.

FROM A PARLIAMENTARY REPORT.—"At one point an Irish Member, who must have been studying Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S face, considerably warned Mr. LYTTELTON that he was 'putting his foot in it badly.'"

GREEK (RE-)VERSUS PREMIER.

[The Prime Minister visited Cambridge on Saturday to record his vote for the abolition of compulsory Greek in the Little-Go.—*Daily Paper*.]

It was a Doubty Premier,
To Cambridge he did go;
Where men of "Stynx" had made a match
Twixt him and *ó η ró*.

A Little Goes a longish way
When driven straight and true;
And ARTHUR'S ball fa's on the green,
And makes the hole in two.

But in the rest of that great round,—
(A wondrous tale we tell)—
His ball was bunkered hard and fast
At every place it fell.

For fifteen hundred Parsons bold,
Hidden about the links,
Made living bunkers of themselves
To stem the tide of Stynx.

And so we bless the gallant band
That played for *ó η ró*;
For, though our Greek be little, we'll
Not let that Little Go.

A PATHETIC APPEAL.—"I possess a splendid singing bird, but no feathers will grow on it. Can anyone tell me of a remedy for this?"—B. C. in the *Evening News*.

AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE.

CHAPTER IV.

As we bowled swiftly along past Hyde Park Corner, Albert Gate, and the Cavalry Barracks, my brain was working busily on the problem of how to carry out my idea of going on the Variety Stage and knocking spots out of the ignorant apes which were being palmed off on a credulous Public as "educated."

Now I really *was* educated, having been at a well-known Public School—at *two* of them, for that matter! And if an ordinary baboon can earn the screw of a Cabinet Minister or a Judge by simply appearing on the stage for a few minutes, and giving a clumsy imitation of some outsider's notion of a man-about-town, what price Me?

Without being a positive PADEREWSKI, I could pick out several tunes by ear on the piano; I could play billiards, and bridge, too—I won't say well, but marvellously for a monkey!

The only rock ahead I saw was PHYLLIS. She mightn't like the notion of any monkey of hers performing nightly at the Palace or the Empire. She might consider it would deprive her of most of the advantage of my society. I decided not to spring the idea on her all at once, but accustom her to it by degrees.

First of all she would naturally notice a sort of distinction about me; she would realise that I possessed a tact and *savoir faire*, an ease of manner which no piano-organ can impart. Then, when she had learnt to respect me, I could reveal my accomplishments gradually, one by one, and she would have to admit that such talents as mine ought not to be wasted in obscurity—they belonged not to her, but to the whole World!

It was a bit of a bunker that, as yet, I could not talk intelligibly—but I was sure to hit upon some method of conveying my ideas before long—and then I could inform PHYLLIS that I had quite made up my mind to go on the stage.

She was too sensible to stand in my way—especially if I offered her a commission on my salary—say, ten per cent., which, even if I was making no more than two hundred a week, would be a welcome addition to her pocket-money.

Should I ever reveal to her the secret of my identity? It would be a temptation some day to let her know that the brilliant and wealthy monkey who was the darling of Society and the idol of the Public had once been her rather shiftless and unsatisfactory cousin REGINALD. Still, perhaps it was better she should never suspect the truth. It would put the family in a deuced awkward position. No, REGGIE BALLMORE was better dead. I would use his dead self, as some poet-Johnny (MILTON, isn't it? or SHAKESPEARE?) puts it, "as a step-ladder to something higher."

By the time I had come to this decision, the carriage stopped at my aunt's house in Cadogan Gardens—and I shall never forget MACROW the butler's face as CHARLES handed me to him by the scruff of my neck.

"It is Miss PHYLLIS's monkey, MACROW," explained my aunt, with an anxiety to disown all responsibility for me that was not flattering. "And, PHYLLIS dearest, if you *insist* on having it in the drawing-room, hadn't you better—?"

I failed to catch the rest, but PHYLLIS replied, "Well, perhaps it *might* be as well. MACROW, will you take him to FRISWELL, please, and ask her to—wash him for me and send him into the drawing-room?"

FRISWELL, I fancy, was not altogether chummy with MACROW just then; at all events she told him it was "no part of *her* work to bath a little beast of a monkey," and recommended him strongly to do it himself.

But he turned me over to the under scullery-maid instead—and even *she* was sniffy about it.

To be held under a tap in a sink, soused with cold water, and scrubbed with beastly yellow soap and a most infernal hard brush, is not exactly the kind of treatment I was accustomed to, even under my aunt's roof—but I showed no resentment. I thought I probably required it.

It was over at last, and in a condition of almost offensive cleanliness [I loathe the smell of yellow soap myself—so depressing!] I was carried upstairs and deposited outside the drawing-room door, which MACROW opened for me.

My little plaid tunic had been burnt, so I had absolutely nothing on but the leather belt. One can't get rid of one's prejudices all at once, and though I knew that even this costume wouldn't be considered at all *outré* in my present case, I did feel just a little bit shy about going in. After all, though, I was one of the family, and I resolved to saunter in unconcernedly, as a person who had the right to feel at home.

Whether Nature was too strong for me, or whether I got a gentle push from MACROW's boot, I can't say, but I'm afraid that, as a matter of fact, I shambled in anyhow on all fours.

"You *can't* say he isn't clean *now*, Mums!" cried PHYLLIS. "Isn't he a perfect angel? I think I must have some new clothes made for him—he'll look frightfully sweet in them!"

I thought I should look all right if she would only let me go to my own tailor, who, though a trifle too given to press for immediate payment, *does* understand my figure—but how was I to give her his address? She said a lot more about me, till at last, not being used to such open admiration—especially from her—I began to feel a bit embarrassed; it was enough to turn most monkeys' heads. To cover my confusion, I wandered round the room, just as I should have done if I had remained my old self, looking at this and that, taking up an article here and there, fingering it, and putting it down again. Then I sat on the music-stool and struck a few careless chords on the piano. I had meant to play them as much as I could remember of the "*Choristers' Waltz*," but my fingers had all got so fumbly that I couldn't raise any tune in particular. But that would come back to me, with practice.

PHYLLIS was highly amused, at first, by my performance, but she did not appear to think it showed any marked musical ability. If she had, she would not have insisted on my leaving off so soon. Of course a hint from her was enough for me, and I got off the music-stool and retired to a sofa without, I hope, letting her see how deeply she had disappointed me. I took up the nearest Society journal and began to glance through it with a show of interest. Not that I really cared two straws how Lady HONOR HYNDLEGGE's small dance had gone off, or who were letting their houses for Ascot week, or going to have a houseboat at Henley—I seemed now to have got so far beyond all that! But I was determined to make PHYLLIS understand that I had intellectual tastes.

However, it was a deuced tricky paper to manage—especially as my feet would keep on trying to turn over the pages instead of leaving it to my hands. So I am not sure that PHYLLIS quite took in the fact that I was actually reading, and, whatever it was I did read, I can't remember a single line of it now.

But all of a sudden, as I sat there, MACROW appeared and announced: "Mr. BLUNDELL"—and sure enough, in walked old MONTY, irreproachably got up as usual! I was a bit staggered at first, for I wasn't aware he knew my aunt—I hadn't introduced him.

Then it struck me *why* he had come. He had heard of my decease and volunteered to break the sad news to my family. It was pretty decent of him, really—though I would rather it had been anybody else. Because, between ourselves, I wouldn't have trusted dear old MONTY to break the death of a bluebottle without managing to fizzle it somehow.

He couldn't see *me* behind the paper, and, as I couldn't be of much assistance to him, I lay doggo, being naturally curious to hear how he would prepare them for the shock, and how they—especially PHYLLIS—would bear up under it.

F. A.

CHARIVARIA.

RUSSIA, whose finances were declared the other day to be at their last ebb, has just paid £65,000 into the Dogger Bank.

A lady, upon hearing of the resignation of Mr. WYNDHAM, remarked that she was sorry, as she always admired his acting.

LORD ELLENBOROUGH thinks that the most favourable opportunity for an enemy to invade our shores would be a Saturday or Sunday preceding a Bank Holiday, when we should all be merry-making. But surely the danger is greater on Boxing Day, when the entire nation is groaning under the burden of its Christmas dinner?

MR. BALFOUR, however, has stated that an invasion of England is an impossibility. Still, to make assurance doubly sure, an Aliens Bill is to be passed.

Some surprise has been expressed that EARL CAWDOR, the Chairman of the Great Western Railway Company, should have been appointed First Lord of the Admiralty. It seems to be forgotten that the G.W.R. has for many years past successfully run steamboats between England and the Channel Isles.

In view of the appointment of EARL CAWDOR, the Chairman of the South-Eastern and Chatham Railway is now said to look upon the War Office as his natural reversion.

The Rhinoceros dinner at New York, made possible by the generosity of Prince HENRY of Prussia, was not a great success. The idea was witty enough, but the indigestion which followed was no more acute than the result of dining off the average German beef.

MR. LLOYD-GEORGE declares that MR. BALFOUR has no settled convictions except that he is the right man for the Premiership. Still, MR. LLOYD-GEORGE's party have not even decided this point for themselves in the event of a change of régime.

Meanwhile, a sanguine section of the front Opposition Bench has already prepared a scheme for the re-organisation of the Army—not, we understand, because the Army needs it, but because our glorious system of party govern-



FOREIGNERS ARE ALWAYS SO VERY POLITE.

Charming Hostess. "Do HAVE SOME OF MY CAKE. I DON'T BELIEVE YOU'VE EVER TASTED MY OWN MAKE?"

Delightful Foreigner (wishing to be polite). "INDEED—INDEED I HAVE, AND I ASSURE YOU I DID NOT WISH TO EAT ANYTHING ELSE FOR DAYS AFTER!"

ment must be kept up. Linked battalions are the main principle of the scheme. The Liberals declare that they will have no difficulty in supplying the missing links.

By-the-by, a certain Government contractor, of Rye, is evidently convinced that a change of Government is approaching, for his trade catalogue contains the following announcement:—

"I have a great quantity of good second-hand
GOVERNMENT VICES
of all sizes, from 10s. to 25s. each."

The opening of a Nelson Widows' Relief Fund has led a usually ill-informed continental contemporary to assert that the hero of Trafalgar was a man who married both recklessly and profusely.

The *Saturday Review* points out that we have no statue of BACON in London.

We believe it is an open secret that, were it not that it would look too much like an advertisement, our public-spirited friend SIR THOMAS LIPTON would be willing to present one to the Metropolis.

"SIR HENRY IRVING," we read, "is making satisfactory progress." We wish that the same could be said of many other actors.

The Accrington lady who was recently rescued from premature burial has been appearing nightly on the variety stage at Rochdale. She was certainly more fortunate than the gentleman who, on rising to protest when his coffin was being nailed down, was rudely pushed back by the undertaker's men with the explanation, "Orders is horders."

FROM the *Twentieth Century Medical Dictionary*:—SAWBONES. A surgeon who uses X-rays.

WHY I AM A SOCIALIST.

AN INTERVIEW WITH LADY YORICK.

(With apologies to the Interviewer of the "Daily Chronicle.")

STRANGER than fiction, and much more interesting, is the fact that Lady YORICK is a Socialist. The lovely and fascinating representative of a great family, mistress of Yorick Castle and herself the owner of 23,000 acres, speaking of the Socialistic programme to the representative of the *Daily Comical* in her London residence, Yorick House, which stands within the shadow of St. James's Palace—if anything so piquantly romantic had been dealt with in a novel, would not those of us who are by way of being reviewers of books be justified in alluding to such a situation as outside the range of probabilities?

And yet the fact is as solid as St. Paul's—Lady YORICK is a Socialist. She told me so herself in two interviews which I was privileged to have with her—perhaps the most rapturous moments in an otherwise drab existence.

The first took place at her house just before dinner, to which I was not asked to stay, and the other in the early afternoon a day or two afterwards. Strange to say, when one calls on Lady YORICK in this way, she does not treat one as if she were addressing an audience. I had of course naturally expected that she would mount a platform and I should be given a seat below her; but I was wrong. Anything in the nature of rhetoric is impossible to Lady YORICK.

Everything is communicated in that quiet and conversational fashion which one expects from the well-bred man or woman. This seemed to me very strange. It is necessary to say so much, as in reporting what is said on economic or political subjects there may be a suggestion of "speechifying" wholly alien to the individuality of one of the best-mannered, as well as one of the most beautiful women of our own day.

On the occasion of my first visit I am shown into a room on the ground floor of Yorick House. An excellent portrait of King EDWARD catches the eye, and another of himself and the Prince of WALES autographed "GEORGE." I am shown up to the drawing-room on the first floor, where Lady YORICK, in a charming evening gown of pink *crêpe-de-chine*, comes forward to greet me—an embodiment of queenly dignity and youthful vivacity.

Lady YORICK, in that rich low penetrating aristocratic voice which real ladies use to journalists, at once confided to me her doubts as to whether a Socialist has any right to look queenly. It was also a little on her mind, she said,

whether pink *crêpe-de-chine* was quite the thing. Blue canvas was suggested, in accordance with a forecast in one of Mr. WELLS's books; but my charming hostess was doubtful.

"After all," she said, with one of her delightfully well-bred laughs that sound so strange to a newspaper man, "after all, why should Socialism interfere with our personal charms?"

"Why, indeed?" said I, making a note of the delicious phrase on my cuff, and tying a knot in my handkerchief to remind me that I had done so.

"About those 23,000 acres," I then remarked; "do I understand—"

"Oh, no," said Lady YORICK, "I don't think Socialism means anything drastic like that. And of course there is Lord YORICK to consider. Lord YORICK does not go so far as I do in his opinions; but he helps me in every way. I believe in being unique. I want to be known as the only really practical sincere earnest Socialist who owns 23,000 acres."

"How charmingly put! And what a simple and natural ambition!" I said.

"I am in favour of everything socialistic," Lady YORICK said, "except"—here I rose and took off my hat, which, being a Socialist too, I had retained—"except the abolition of the Monarchy. Everyone should have bread, unless there was not enough to go round, in which case I should recommend cake. Equal rights for all. One woman two votes, and everyone to have the chance of spending Christmas in Paris."

"Ah yes," I murmured, "Paris: I remember—"

"I am hoping that we may see a revival of Socialist sentiment amongst the young men of Oxford and Cambridge, and, indeed, in all the Universities throughout the world," Lady YORICK continued. "I was much cheered the other day by reading of the joke prepared for the Mayor of Cambridge by some of the young men. If they are so friendly as to jest with the Mayor, they are well on the road to Socialism."

"What would I do if I were a multi-millionaire? I would spend every penny of it on the Socialist movement. For one thing, I should like to see them in possession of a big hall, large enough to accommodate many thousands of people. How splendid that would be!"

I mentioned Olympia.

"Ah yes, Olympia. Think of Olympia full of thousands of people. That's Socialism!"

"In the second place, I would start a newspaper which should not be subject to the changing moods of cranks and faddists, but should be run on absolutely Socialistic lines. The mistake about papers to-day is that they pay. Mine should never pay. It should be free to all."

"But you would pay the staff?" I asked. "The interviewers?"

"Is not interviewing its own reward?" was the matchless reply.

How could I say no?

"You shall be our interviewer-in-chief," said this gracious lady.

"The remainder of the fortune," Lady YORICK continued, "I would spend in every way that would be likely to result in Labour men obtaining seats in Parliament. JOSEPH ARCH, for example, I would see that he had a motor-car to take him down to the House every night. I would build a great residential club for Labour members, close to the House. There is nothing I would not do."

"I have quite given up what we describe as society," Lady YORICK continued, in a whisper that still thrills me, though I have written many articles since. "Society is divided into two parts—those who bore and those who are bored. I have always tried not to belong to the first section, and have decided not to belong to the second. On the other hand, although not a multi-millionaire, I am doing all I can in a quiet way to assist the Socialist cause. For instance, I have taken a flat in Victoria Street."

"Indeed!" I cried.

"Yes. Could you think of anything more energetically socialistic than that? If only everyone would take flats in Victoria Street the success of the great movement would be assured."

After my charming hostess had written her gracious name, "META YORICK," on my other cuff, as a memento of the day, the interview ended. As I passed out between the rows of footmen—all, I have no doubt, Socialists to the core—I began to realise that a strange thing had happened in the social life of England.

Might have been expressed differently.

THE Chairman of a political meeting in the North in the course of his speech said, "Our opponent is one of the cleverest and most unscrupulous politicians in this country, but, thank goodness, Gentlemen, our candidate is well able to beat him on his own ground." The candidate was present.

FROM the Nottingham Daily Express:

STRAYED, Thursday afternoon, from Sutton-in-Ashfield, Scotch Collie and Shepherd. Anyone returning same to Sutton Police Station will be rewarded; if not returned within three days will be prosecuted if found out.

Who will be prosecuted? And why? This is worse than the lady or the tiger.

HOW TO KEEP A SOVEREIGN BRIGHT.—An advertisement of a new metal polish adds, "Used in the Royal Baths."

FROM OUR ST. PETERSBURG
CORRESPONDENT.

OUR special Parliamentary Correspondent in St. Petersburg sends us a detailed report of the opening sitting of the first Zemskie Sobor.

The House was not at its full strength, many members for outlying constituencies being prevented from appearing owing to the general cessation of traffic on most of the State railways. A large number of Opposition deputies were also unavoidably detained in Siberia.

The Session was formally opened with prayers and misgivings, after which notice was given of the introduction of various Bills. Among others:

Father GAFON.—Bill to provide additional emergency exits from the Russian Empire.

H.I.H. the Grand Duke VLADIMIR.—Bill to provide for the acquisition of additional shooting ranges on the Nevski Prospect, Palace Square, &c.

Admiral ROZHDESTVENSKY.—Bill for extending the close time for cod and other deep-sea fish, with especial reference to trawling.

The Commander H.I. Majesty's warship *Aurora*.—Bill to discourage marksmanship in the Russian Navy.

The Governor of Warsaw.—Bill for providing home employment for deserving Cossacks.

The most gracious speech from the Throne touched briefly on the general features of the situation. The deputies were congratulated on the fact that the Empire was at peace with most of the great Powers, and it was satisfactory to be able to relate that the Russian Government was still hopeful of being able to institute order and guarantee personal safety among the inhabitants of the Macedonian vilayets. Following on its custom of keeping a fleet in far Eastern waters the Government had despatched a naval squadron in that direction to replace other vessels which had become obsolete owing to the improvement in modern heavy artillery. However much the honourable House might be disposed to criticise the expenditure involved by this expedition, there was this consolation, that it was likely to yield them a rich and intimate store of information concerning the marine fauna, coastal currents, shoals, reefs, soundings and atmospheric peculiarities of the island of Madagascar such as the Imperial Institute of Science and Geography had never before possessed. (Some cheers.) It was further announced that, in order to emphasise the spirit of humility in which a religious ceremony should be approached, the Blessing of the Neva would not on future occasions be conducted from a raised pavilion. It



UNDER RESERVE.

He. "DARLING, WILL YOU SHARE MY LOT?"

She. "YES, CHARLIE, IF IT REALLY IS A LOT."

was even possible that, in deference to the expressed wish of many of the participants, a special trench would be dug for the purposes of the function. (This announcement produced hearty satisfaction on the Ministerial benches.)

At this stage of the proceedings the Leader of the Opposition moved the adjournment of the House, remarking that it was now three o'clock. The Premier refused to accept the motion, whereupon the Leader of the Opposition walked out, observing as he went, "It's timed to go off at a quarter past."

A few minutes later a Member of the Ministerial party drew the attention of his Leader to the fact that the Opposition benches were conspicuously empty. The Premier hastily accepted the motion for adjournment.

The House rose at a quarter past three with a terrific detonation. After searching among the ruins till a late hour the Premier, who had left by an early door, announced to a Press representative that he had been obliged to abandon the task of reconstructing his Ministry. Perfect order reigns at St. Petersburg.



'Arriet. "I WILL SAY THIS FOR BILL, 'E DO LOOK THE GENTLEMAN!"

CABRIOLETS.

Oh, this is the lay of the hansom of London that stops up the by-way or crawls in the street;
And I pray that its fares may be fewer and fewer, its end may be swift, its extinction complete.
It's a lash for the horse when a fare's to be pounced on, a skim from a carriage, a shave from a cart;
And before you can murmur "Look out!" it has got you, and, lo, the two doors fly by magic apart;
But they never fly quite as they ought to, and so you must squirm and make circles and just wriggle in,
With a print of the tyre on the tail of your coat and a bruise on the tenderest part of your shin.
And you crumple your hat on the edge of the window, the horse going off with a jerk in his trot;
And you haven't said much (for there's no one to hear), but I'll wager long odds that you're thinking a lot.

Then your fingers impede the two doors as he shuts them, and, whizz! you go fast as a ship in a gale;
And you catch a sad glimpse of your face in the mirror and find yourself looking remarkably pale.
You feel, as you bump from the seat to the ceiling, you ought to be steel but you're fragile as delf,
While the cabman directs his abuse at a 'bus and the 'busman replies by abusing yourself.
Then, a van stopping short, you go bang on its tailboard; the boy in the van does his own little bit
By reflecting on you and your style and your features in words that are crude, though they strike him as wit;

And your cabman, the *fons et origo malorum*, gives casual hints on the cause of the crash,
And, his horse being stuck and no progress permitted, adds joy to his leisure by using the lash.

Next out of this welter of vans and invective, this chaos of carmen and 'busmen and boys
You escape, holding on like grim death to the cushions, a pageant of cab-talk and whipcord and noise.
And you skate down the hills and you skid round the corners; you take every refuge as near as be blowed,
And you scatter the men and you frighten the women, who pause in despair on the crown of the road.
Your cabman still aims at his horse, though it gallops; he misses his horse, but he catches your eye,
And you feel, as your fist dashes up through the trapdoor, that fun for the spider means death to the fly.
But at last comes the end: you collide with the kerbstone; your horse clatters down; there is nothing to grab,
So you land on your head, but before you have landed, you've time to give thanks that you're out of the cab.

Tis.

ONE REASON IS GOOD UNTIL ANOTHER IS OFFERED.—"The lecture, which was admirably illustrated, was most interesting, owing to the fact that hundreds were unable to gain admission."
—*Jarrow Guardian*.

COINCIDENCE.—The first eye-catching advertisement of the new novel entitled *The Marriage of William Ashe* appeared on Ash Wednesday.



IN DISTRESS.

CAPTAIN ARTHUR BELF. "HOLD ON, LADS IF WE SHIP ANOTHER SEA WE'RE DONE!"



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday night.—
“Regarded simply as a matter of tactics do you think it well done that a great political party, on the eve of coming into power, should allow itself to be led into the Division Lobby by SWIFT MACNEILL and DON’T KEIR HARDIE? Or is the matter mended when we consider that the demonstration was aimed at a man just appointed to a delicate and difficult mission involving the welfare of a great Dependency and the interests of the Empire?”

I never argue with the MEMBER FOR SARK, much less contradict him.

Am bound to admit that his way of putting it has the sympathy of nine out of ten good Liberals. But what would you? SWIFT MACNEILL discerned in appointment of SELBORNE as successor to MILNER opportunity of obtaining flaming advertisement. This not one of your peddling little questions about the second postal delivery in Ballyshannon, or the devolution of a County Court House to purposes of Bridge and five o’clock tea. It touched an affair of State. All the submarine cables would speed to near continents and the uttermost ends of the earth account of how SWIFT MACNEILL, M.P. denounced the appointment of the High Commissioner of South Africa on the ground that, whilst Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, he was privy to the JAMESON Raid.

We know our SWIFT MACNEILL, and complain of these performances chiefly on account of loss of public time and lowering of the dignity and usefulness of Parliament. It is different abroad, even in the Colonies and the United States. At their point of perspective one British M.P. is as good as another—and better too.



TO AVOID MISCONCEPTION!

These are portraits of the very latest thing in Liberal Leaders—for the information of the public in South Africa, lest their minds should be unduly disturbed by the attack on Lord Selborne!

(Mr. Sw-ft M-cN-ll and Mr. K-r H-rd-e.)

That is SWIFT MACNEILL’S advantage, and he is not slow to seize it. But what about the 150 British Members who trundled through the Lobbies in the wake of the redoubtable mover and seconder of what was designed as a slur on the newly-appointed High Commissioner? C.-B. and the Captains of the Liberal Party who thronged the front Bench were careful to refrain from taking part in the Debate. They put up blameless SYDNEY BUXTON, on whom presently, like hawk on sparrow, swooped DON JOSÉ.

That done, and votes recorded in favour of the motion, the Front Bench was committed to SWIFT MACNEILL’S leadership. Not a happy augury for the days near at hand when parties will change sides, and there will straightway begin, under even more dangerous circumstances, the familiar process of the tail wagging the head of that hapless dog, the honest Liberal Party.

What made the whole business more regrettable is fact that of all His Majesty’s Ministers at the head of the great spending Department, SELBORNE is the one who has given the enemy least cause to blaspheme. Whilst for seven years the sister Service in Pall Mall has drawn upon its administration the lament of friends, the censure of

foes, the Navy, under SELBORNE’S shrewd unbustling direction, has quietly gone its way, till to-day, when the First Lord hauls down his flag, it is acknowledged to be in condition of rare efficiency.

In such circumstances, on the initiative of a wild Irishman hungry for notoriety, the Liberal Party allow themselves to be led into the gaping trap.

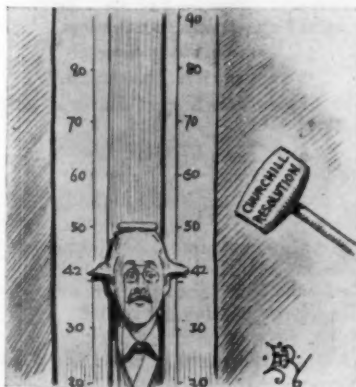
“When it was written,” says SARK, “‘surely in vain is the net set in sight of any bird,’ the commentator left out of consideration one of estimable brood.”

“And what was that?” I innocently asked.

“The goose,” said SARK grimly.

Business done.—SELBORNE leaves Admiralty for Cape Town. CAWDLOR appointed his successor at Whitehall.

Hail to thee, Thane of CAWDLOR, long time Chairman of the Great Western Railway. “O prosperous gentleman,” as Macbeth observed of a forbear. But at a leap to land as Cabinet Minister and First Lord of the Admiralty stood not within the prospect of belief. The prophetic greeting of the witches encountered on the blasted heath at back of Paddington Station fulfilled, the most captious critic acknowledges it well done. No one, save WALTER LONG, thought of CAWDLOR as First Lord of the



“TRY YOUR STRENGTH!”

“Next, please!”



IN NUBIUS.

Mr. George Wyndham's present, but, Mr. Punch hopes, only temporary, address is Clouds (Wiltshire).

Admiralty. When we come to think of it we admit PRINCE ARTHUR has got out of difficult situation by admirable stroke.

Wednesday, 11.50 P.M.—House full from floor to topmost bench in Strangers' Gallery. Asquith winding up debate in vigorous fashion. Once, when he banged the brass-bound box in manner reminiscent of Mr. G. in days of old, Ministerialists broke forth in burst of uneasy laughter. PRINCE ARTHUR, who divided with the Front Opposition Bench the scanty forty minutes left by earlier speakers, was in his worst form. Twenty minutes was not sufficient space of time for elaboration of one of those intellectual feats wherein, dealing with the fiscal question, he has triumphantly sat down after talking an hour without committing himself to either side.

To-night chief effort bent on impressing halting Ministerialists with conviction that in voting for LYTTLETON'S "previous question" amendment they were leaving fiscal matters absolutely untouched. It was, in effect, PRINCE ARTHUR uneasily laboured to show, just like voting Ay on the proposition that two and two make four. Incidentally carrying the amendment would mean shunting WINSTON CHURCHILL'S resolution which, if Members were freed from influence of Ministerial Whip, would certainly be carried. DON JOSÉ declared that "logically" he would be ready to vote for it. Presumably illogically he will vote for Ministers' heroic proposal, "That the question be not now put."

The speeches varied in point and force. As far as interest of the thronged assembly was concerned they were of secondary importance. What everyone asked was, "What will be the majority?" Some Ministerialists of little faith varied inquiry by asking, "Will there be a majority?" The more sanguine put it between 25 and 35. Preponderance of anticipation fixed it at 20. To everybody's amazement, to uncontrolled delight of His Majesty's Ministers, it turned out to be 42. Revulsion of feeling in Ministerial camp testified by round after round of cheers.

This the joy of midnight. Reflection cometh with the morning, and to men impartially reviewing the plots and counter-plots of the week, the secret meetings of sections, the bucking-up of weak brethren, the restraint of the too-audacious, it will bring sharply home the hollowness of the political situation, the unreality of Parliamentary performance.

Business done.—In crowded House of 566 Members resolved by majority of 42 that WINSTON CHURCHILL'S inconvenient declaration "that the permanent unity of the British Empire will not be secured through a system of Preferential duties based upon the Protective taxation of food," be not put to the question. Or, as the light-hearted engine-driver remarked as he sat on the safety valve, "Mum's the word."

Friday night.—The tragic fate of GEORGE WYNDHAM should be a warning to young Members on both sides at

present dwelling in obscurity but convinced that in their week-end suit-cases they carry the red box of a Cabinet Minister. If at the close of the Session of 1903 anyone had prophesied that before two years had sped the popular Chief Secretary would be hounded out of office by the Ulster landlords, he would have been haled forth and subjected to the discipline of a bucket of cold water, recommended by the faculty in early stages of madness. At that period WYNDHAM had given the Ulster men their full share of the million sterling divided between Irish landlord and tenant, the British tax-payer guaranteeing payment. Was there ever known such a heaven-born statesman?

To-day, after painful experience, he is no longer a Minister of the Crown. His public career is indefinitely interrupted. The bitterness of the cup is filled by reflection on lost opportunity. He did the right thing in resigning; but the action was taken a fortnight late. He had, in the meanwhile, suffered the indignity of publicly reading a censure, passed by a Cabinet alarmed for its own life, upon a colleague with whom he had worked in honest and honourable effort to serve the country committed to his charge. The moment to resign was when the graceless task was imposed upon him by colleagues anxious above all things to save their own skin.

Beyond that momentary failure of judgment, due, as will some day be disclosed, to personal loyalty to his Leader, GEORGE WYNDHAM has no reason to be otherwise than proud of his Ministerial career. The cloud that to-day lies low over him is mirky, even sulphurous. It will soon lift, and in the restful shade of Opposition, to be followed in due, probably lengthy, course, by the return to power of his purged political Party, he will have fresh chance of showing of what fine metal he is forged.

Business done.—Private Members' night, which usually means none.

"Uneasy lies the Head."

From a Manchester hatter's shop window:—

HATS FULL OF GOOD POINTS.

A CORRESPONDENT writes to the *Leicester Evening News*: "I have great difficulty in getting boots and shoes in some parts of Leicestershire without squeaking." Then why not squeak? Or solve the difficulty by writing for them?

An advertisement in the *Daily Press* begins:—

WANTED, Good Hand-sewn Men. We wonder if hand-sewn is as hand-sewn does.



ANOTHER CASE OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

Short-sighted Farm Hand, "HERE YOU ARE, SIR!"

PIPKIN ON PAN.

(After a visit to the Duke of York's Theatre.)

HAVING been unfortunately, or fortunately, as the case may be, prevented from seeing Mr. BARRIE's exceptionally successful *Peter Pan*, now about to be withdrawn for a while, to re-appear at Christmas-time,—*reculer pour mieux sauter*, if that is possible in this instance—I determined to witness its performance. Now, from several good judges, the majority consisting of ladies and girls, I had heard this piece extolled to the skies; likewise had read its unequivocal praises in the papers; while, on the other hand, by a male minority of capable critics, I had heard considerable wonder expressed that any author of Mr. BARRIE's repute could possibly have written so utterly nonsensical a piece, and that he should have described it as "a play." The opinions "for" were as seven to two "on the contrary." After my visit I have unhesitatingly joined the minority.

Admirably represented by the actors, stage-managed to perfection by Mr. DION BOUCICAULT, with exceptionally picturesque scenery, *Peter Pan* enjoys rare advantages, and a signal success has been achieved. I do not remember to have seen on any stage, so comparatively small as this, a "set" more original in design, or more artistically effective, than the final tableau of *Peter Pan*, representing the "Tree-Tops"; nor one more skilfully contrived than "Our Home Underground," where the forest is shown above and the children's cave below, the latter being reached through the hollowed trunks of trees. Yet, with the exception of a considerable portion of the first scene—especially the flying away of the children after the manner of the Grigolati troupe—I could find little in the extravaganza either to amuse me, or that I could even acknowledge as new and original. The picking up of the shadow by *Peter Pan* is a most striking incident in *The Shadowless Man*, when the little gentleman in black detaches *Peter Schlemil's* shadow from the ground, rolls it up, and puts it in his pocket. The scene in the wood, where the children build the hut, is similar to that in *Snowdrop*, played years ago at the Royalty, where the elves did very much, if not exactly, the same thing. And I seem to remember similar "business" still more recently in some pantomime.

Mr. GERALD DU MAURIER, whose acting throughout is one of the chief mainstays of this nonsensical nursery extravaganza (I speak as one of the minority), when representing the Captain of the Pirates, recalls to my mind a certain burlesque at the Strand, where MARIUS represented the *Red Rover* on board precisely the same sort of ship as we see in *Peter Pan*; it also recalls another memorable deck scene, in the travesty of *L'Africaine* at the aforesaid theatre, with a strong cast of "character-actors" the like of whom it might not be so easy nowadays to get together. There is nothing new under the sun or behind the footlights, and even the Pirate Captain's fragmentary hornpipe is not by any means a novelty. The comic dog is frankly and avowedly merely a pantomime animal, capably represented by a clever pantomimist, Mr. ARTHUR LUPINO. There is some singing in *Peter Pan*, tunelessly given; and, in the accompanying orchestral music, old familiar airs have been introduced with much quaint humour by, as I suppose, Mr. JOHN CROOK, the Musical Director. Also there is not a little fairly effective, and some eccentric, step-dancing, including the very ancient shadow-dance, gracefully performed by Miss NINA BOUCICAULT, which is scarcely a novelty to a considerable number of playgoers.

On the night I witnessed *Peter Pan* there were, in a crowded house, very few children present, as far as I could see, but whether they enjoyed it or not, it was impossible for me to ascertain. I hope they did. Perhaps on many an afternoon, when the house, as I hear, has been always

crammed with young people, the appeal by Miss NINA BOUCICAULT as *Peter Pan* to the audience to show by their applause that they believe in fairies and wish *Peter Pan* to live on and visit them from time to time, has invariably elicited so immediate a response as to be quite overpowering by its touching unanimity. Such spontaneity did not strike me on this occasion. Miss NINA BOUCICAULT seemed to force it from them; she seemed, to me, to be imploring a favourable verdict, with tears in her voice. Was it not as a pathetic "speech for the defence" to a hesitating jury?

The handsome, ogling squaw wishing *Peter Pan* to live with her seems to me an incident not in the very best taste; and the scene of the mothers coming to find their children returned from fairyland is a bit wearisome; while where the fun comes in of Mr. DU MAURIER taking up his residence in a dog-kennel, and giving an account of his riding in it on the top of a cab through the city, I totally fail to see.

Miss DOROTHEA BAIRD as the sweet mother, and the actresses representing the children, are worthy of all praise, especially that life-like little nuisance who is perpetually harping upon the subject of a white rat. But what a terrible set of priggish little people in real life!

After his exceptional successes with such clever eccentric entertainments as *The Admirable Crichton* and *Little Mary*, Mr. BARRIE is temporarily the pet of the critics, and it is a part of his great good luck, fairly deserved by his much daring, that he should have had his pieces perfectly acted by first-rate comedians.

Had Mr. BARRIE's *Peter Pan* been only for afternoons, and played at some hall like the Egyptian, or as a kind of old "Gallery-of-Illustration-entertainment" for children in holiday time, criticism would have been disarmed; but given as "a play in Three Acts"—well then—being in the minority—I heartily congratulate the fortunate management and the very clever and still more fortunate author of *Peter Pan*, and am his and theirs truly,

PAUL PIPKIN.

LENTEN PENANCES.

DINING with people who give the worst dinner in London.

More severe penance: dining with people who give you the worst dinner and the worst wine in London.

Severest penance: the same as the above, *plus* the worst cigars and the company of utter bores, male and female.

Attending at a musical *matinée* in a private house, and having to listen for two hours to infant prodigies on piano and violin.

Assisting as one of the audience at an amateur performance of *Still Waters Run Deep*, or any other well-known play that may be a favourite with amateurs.

Staying in a country house with a funny man or a practical humourist.

Passing a thoroughly hopelessly wet week-end with friends, at their country place five miles from everywhere, who, you discover, object to any sort of recreation on a Sunday, and won't even have the carriage out to drive to church.

Finding that the next house to yours has been taken by a musical family, the younger ones learning the piano, and the elder ones practising singing at all sorts of hours.

A Slip.

From the *Daily News*, March 3:—

THE REALMS OF GOLD.

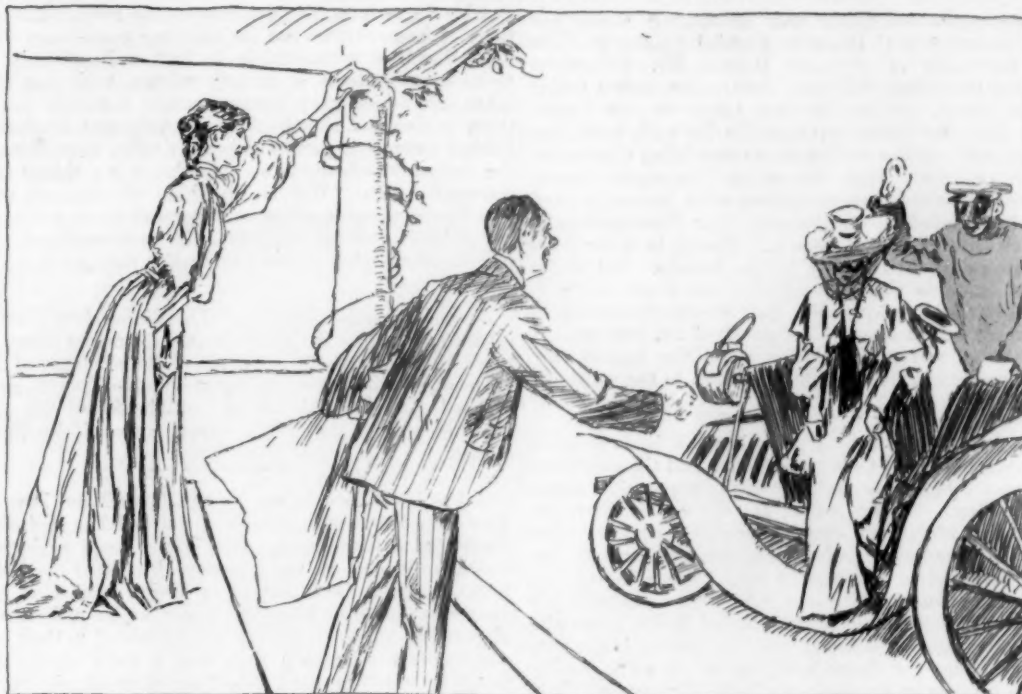
BEFORE THE REPEAL OF THE CORN LAWS.

After this Mr. CHAMBERLAIN should take heart again.

The New Dish.

A ROAST COOK, in Hotel or Club preferred. Aged 23. Good refs.—*Daily Telegraph*.

EXPECTATION.



THE BROWNS WELCOMING THE ROBINSONS (AWFULLY JOLLY PEOPLE, DON'T YOU KNOW,) FROM WHOM THEY HAVE HAD A LETTER SAYING THAT THEY WILL ARRIVE EARLY IN THE DAY BY MOTOR.

REALISATION.



THE BROWNS, WHEN THE ARRIVALS HAVE REMOVED THEIR MOTOR GLASSES, ETC., DISCLOSING NOT THE ROBINSONS BUT THOSE AWFUL BORES, THE SMITHS.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

To their series describing and illustrating towns and countries Messrs. A. & C. BLACK have added *Edinburgh*. The text is the work of ROSALINE MASSON, Mr. FULLEYOVE contributing twenty-one full-page illustrations, each a dainty picture in colour. There are few towns in the United Kingdom that offer fuller opportunities for such work than Edinburgh, with its historic Palace, its crumbling Canongate, its encircling hills. Time was when Canongate housed two dukes, sixteen earls, two countesses, seven barons, thirteen baronets (not including my Baronite), four Commanders-in-Chief, and seven Lords of Session. Traces, in some cases the framework, of their stately houses remain. But to-day dukes are scarce in Canongate, and of the seven Lords of Session all in the churchyard lie, their successors electing to live elsewhere. Miss MASSON has prepared for her task by reading almost everything written about the famous city. Judicious quotations freely made add much to the value of a delightful book.

The Countess is the title of a book small in bulk, great in possibilities. It is by GEORGETTE AGNEW, and the publishers of this *Summer Idyll* bear the delightfully appropriate names of GAY AND BIRD. Idyllic indeed are the scenes where the action of this unfinished drama—for 'tis no more—takes place. The events of a prologue are narrated by both protagonists separately. The present hour alone is intended to arrest the attention of the reader, who, as he proceeds, will become deeply concerned in the unrevealed future. Yet with the present we must be satisfied, since it shows us how a very sweet woman did not throw herself away on an exceptionally gifted being, who is a decidedly "superior person," overburdened with conceit, and of a curiously uncertain temper. In these few pages are the materials for a powerfully original novel. A more attractive character than that of *Madame Lablanche* it would be difficult to imagine, and at the close of the episode of her first impulsive love, we are compelled to admit that she has had a lucky escape from becoming the wife of a man who, unable to restrain himself in a moment of amorous passion, can yet be so priggishly circumspect as to enter upon a laboured explanation, utterly unsatisfactory, of the reason for his brutally selfish conduct. He pleads as his excuse his being self-bound by an oath which is of no moral force whatever. This *Roland Vivien* has at hand a calm, sensible friend, *John Levant*, who boldly points out to the self-deceived egoist (whose good nature and love for children are not incompatible with egoism) how heartlessly he is behaving. Both these characters are very cleverly drawn, as is also that of the *mondaine Mrs. Marsden*. The dialogue throughout is natural, and never tedious. It remains a delightful fragment that excites our curiosity. *Ex pede Herculem*; it should be completed.

In *John Fletcher's Madonna* (CONSTABLE), Mrs. COMYNS CARR has very cleverly worked out an original idea, contriving her picture in a perfect mosaic of picturesque detail. The Baron will not spoil the reader's pleasure by minute description, and will only hint that whereas, when a handsome Italian Count appears in the ordinary English romance, it is generally expected of him to "smile, and smile, and smile, and be a villain," here in this story will be found the rare exception. Nor is this the only strikingly original idea differentiating this novel from others. The characters of the hearty, honest, sporting Englishman and his most fascinating, childlike, Italian wife, are admirably drawn; finished, not merely sketched. The Baron, being greatly struck by the originality of the design, and bestowing the highest praise on its artistic development, is sorely tempted to tell his readers about the real villain, to indicate the man, and

to ask if the Baron's fellow students of novels ever came across so natural and so absolutely unsensational a *dénouement*? But his finger is on his lips—mum's the word. The descriptions of scenery are not in any way overdone. The dialogue, much of it necessarily in broken English as spoken by educated Italians, is cleverly written, with just the mistakes into which such persons would naturally fall. And there is a capital sketch of an old-fashioned English vicar, fond of exercise, a patron of healthy sport, concerning whom the Italian Marchese, on seeing him in his riding costume, innocently asks, "Will he also hunt the fox, the priest?" The Baron, warning all and sundry that this is not a book for the Skipper and his boy, strongly recommends it to those capable of enjoying a good novel when they get it.

Jeannie Jemima Jones, by "The Blunderland Cartoonist" (SIMPKIN, MARSHALL & Co.), may perhaps amuse those, if such there be, who are still unaware of the existence of *Alice in Wonderland*, illustrated by our inimitable TENNIEL, as in the original notion of this classic will be found the germ of *Jeannie* and of not a few other nonsensically illustrated stories.

A Foe in the Family, by NOWELL CAY (DIGBY, LONG & Co.). This story might well have been entitled *The Bad Shot, or a Faux Pas in the Family*. Lord Ilden bears a charmed life which he spends in the company of at least two delightful ladies, heroines both, and so, on every occasion of personal danger to him from pistol or dagger, he has at least a couple of guardian angels (with once a third added to their number, who warns his lordship from over a wall) always at hand to "keep watch for the life" of the doomed aristocrat. But threatened men live long, and this hint will suffice for those who take up this melodramatic novel, as did the Baron, *pour se distraire*. The opening chapters are well written and decidedly interesting; the early part of the story insidiously leads the reader on, and there's the artful art of it! So the Baron recommends it to not a few of his patients.

Twenty Years Ago (HURST AND BLACKETT) is a fairly amusing and, to some persons, interesting compilation of random reminiscences. The author himself, Mr. EDMUND DOWNEY, calls it "A Book of Anecdotes illustrating Literary Life in London" about 1885, i.e. some years before and after that date: as the burlesque couplet has it,

"It happened now some twenty years ago,
It may be more or less an hour or so,"

but in this quotation it is "a hundred years ago," not "twenty." The lines just quoted occur in a speech which BUCKSTONE used to give with rare unction in a burlesque on *The Corsican Brothers*. Mr. DOWNEY's stories and anecdotes are not all sparklers. There are among them some good tales; one anecdote in particular about spirit-rapping, thought-reading, and pin-finding, which is likely to interest most readers, whatever may be their individual opinions on such subjects. In this book are republished several clever caricature portraits of well-known professional people by the late ALFRED BRYAN, which appeared in a theatrical paper called *The Ent'acte*. The portrait of H. J. BYRON, author of burlesques and plays, the good-humoured wit and insouciant actor (to whom CHARLES HAWTREY bears some resemblance) is especially good.



CHARIVARIA.

MARSHAL OYAMA ascribes his recent success to the virtues of the MIKADO. To what does General KUROPATKIN ascribe his defeat, we wonder?

Soon after the Mukden retreat the surviving Russians were singing songs round their campfires. They realise that every fight brings them nearer home.

It seems a pity, by the way, that all the really plucky men who are in favour of continuing the War, should be in St. Petersburg, and not at the front.

Certain persons at St. Petersburg are now demanding that Russia shall declare war on China as a reprisal for alleged breaches of neutrality. They are anxious to meet a foe whom they would fight on something like equal terms. The ignorant Japanese did not even know that the Russian position on the Sha-ho was impregnable.

Admiral ROZHDESTVENSKY is again said to be returning. If he brings his fleet back intact he will have scored the one great Russian success of the War.

It is stated that the speed of ROZHDESTVENSKY's fleet is only eight miles an hour, while that of Togo's is thirteen. This means, as an Irish correspondent points out, that the Japanese would meet the Russians long before the Russians were anywhere near the Japanese.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, in an article in the *Outlook*, insists that "we must always bear in mind that the Empire was won, and kept, and can only be maintained, by sacrifice." Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's opponents

declare that they have always been willing to sacrifice him.

Mr. GEORGE WYNDHAM, it now transpires, has been ordered to take complete rest. In view of this fact, some surprise is expressed that he should have left the Cabinet, instead of being transferred to the War Office.

We English are really beginning to get a bit smarter. Last week a gentleman obtained a divorce less than twelve months after his marriage.

The City Police are being instructed in *Ju-jitsu*. As we have reason to believe that many of our leading criminals are also taking lessons in the Japanese method of self-defence, the public may expect shortly to be treated to a series of interesting acrobatic displays in the streets of London.

A licence was refused last week for the pavilion at the end of the North Pier at Scarborough, as it was recently wrecked by the sea. Tee-totalers have done so much for water that it seems only fair that water should at last do something for tee-totalers.

A skyscraper church is the latest American novelty. It will, of course, soon be advertised as "The shortest route to Heaven."

While looking at some lace in the window of a draper's shop, a Clapham lady was severely injured by an electric-light globe falling on her head. Husbands hope that this will be a lesson to ladies not to look in drapers' shop windows.

Some congregations would seem to have no luck. A Glasgow clergyman, when setting out for Scarborough, was robbed of his bag of sermons at St. Enoch's Station, but the police recovered the bag a few hours afterwards, and the sermons reached their owner just in time to be preached.

The main feature of last week was the amount of rain that fell. Summer has come early this year.



Top. "I say, my boy, would you like to drive me to Piccadilly?"

Boy. "I shouldn't mind, Old Sport, only I don't think the 'arress would fit yer!"

Several Members of Parliament lost their heads last week in the guillotine debate.

The fact that that *enfant terrible* Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL should have backed a bill for the prevention of juvenile smoking is looked upon as an act of treachery by those who will be affected by the measure, should it be passed.

THE GENUINE ARTICLE.

"Oh, if it's honour you want—"—*Pantomime Rehearsal.*

Is the theatrical sense of the epithet *Mr. Hopkinson* is not "farcical"; though it might have been, seeing that its dramatic motive is the sudden accession to wealth of a common little third-class cockney counter-jumper, analogous to the case of WARREN'S absurd *Titmouse*, which was a mixture of farce and melodrama, and of THACKERAY'S intentionally extravagant *James de la Pluche*.

Whatever Mr. CARTON may say to the contrary, his *Mr. Hopkinson* is a genuine comedy reflecting, without distortion, the manners and habits of a certain class of modern society, titled gamblers, superficially educated, of lax morality, with little conscience and less credit. Into such a set of nobility is introduced *Mr. Samuel Hopkinson*, a mere shopkeeper's clerk at the Stores, who has suddenly become possessed of some thirty or forty thousand pounds per annum. In this character Mr. JAMES WELCH is delightful: his acting is without exaggeration, and he represents the mean, heartless little cad to the life. But all the characters are represented "to the life" on the stage of Wyndham's Theatre in this comedy.

Mr. FREDERICK KERN'S good-natured, easy-going, loose-living, middle-aged *Duke of Bruceborough* is a most amusing picture, and Miss COMPTON, as the amiable and clever *Duchessa*, his wife, who seems to know everything and to pardon everything, gives us a striking impersonation of a type that not a few will recognise. Miss COMPTON plays the part with great distinction of manner and a *craie bonhomie* that makes the *semi-grande dame du monde* a most lovable person.

Mr. HENRY KEMBLE as the physically suffering *Earl of Addleton* is, in every sense of the word, immense. The character of this dyspeptic old nobleman—on his last legs, and both gouty—who, in his early years, has led the gay-dog life of a *Marquis of Steyne*, and who is now selfish, ill-tempered, and universally detested, could not have been placed in more artistically efficient hands.

The part of *Lord Gauthorpe*, an *insouciant*, astute man-about-town, with a Don Juanesque reputation, but who is not by any means so bad as he has been pleased to paint himself, is played to perfection by Mr. ATEOL STEWART, whose manly bearing at a critical moment goes far to redeem his Lordship's shaky reputation, giving hope of a brighter future than could possibly have been expected for him and his bride, *Lady Thyra Eggesby*, to whom he is married, offhand, by special licence. *Lady Thyra Eggesby*, the daughter of *Lord Addleton*, is represented as a girl who, though brought up in a bad school, has a heart capable of pure affection; she can exercise a strong will for her own good and for that of the man she devotedly loves, and shows us how quickly she is able to discard her chilling artificiality of manner, which she has assumed for her own protection until it is becoming a second nature, and to appear as a true loving woman. This very difficult study of character is perfectly rendered by Miss ELLEN O'MALLEY.

The Hon. *Otto Dursingham*, bear-leader to *Samuel Hopkinson*, finds an effectively quiet representative in Mr. GRAHAM BROWNE, whose desire, expressed *sotto voce*, to kick his *protégé*, is one of the best given lines in the piece.

As the solid, courteous family solicitor, *Mr. Smethurst*, Mr. CHARLES ALLAN is excellent. His struggle to retain his hold on the tin box, and at the same time to keep up his dignity in the midst of the outrageous scrimmage (one of the most original—as it is one of the funniest—situations in the comedy, sending the house into roars of uncontrollable laughter) is a thing to see and to remember.

Parbury, the Duke's butler, as represented by Mr. HUBERT DRUCE, and *Blinset*, the Earl's valet, by Mr. HENRY STEPHENSON, are both well rendered "bits of character" which go to

complete the whole. And, lastly, for the sly little jade in black, the quiet, demure, simple maiden, *Eliza Dibb* by name, who had been accustomed to walk out with her *Samuel*, and who has in her possession certain letters, containing ardent professions of love, and solemn promises of marriage, signed by the once impulsive and short-sighted *Samuel* aforesaid, and with which the clinging, affectionate little puss will not part for anything under five thousand pounds, and who gives the final jerk that upsets *Mr. Hopkinson's* apple-cart, could a better representative be found than delightful Miss ANNIE HUGHES? To see her meekly smile while keeping her eyes downcast, and to hear her softly and shyly answering questions, and then when nobody, save the audience, is looking, quickly turning on her mean little deserter of a lover and making at him a sudden grimace expressive of the most profound contempt, is something that takes everyone by surprise and elicits a burst of merriment.

Granted that some of this is old material, yet it is cleverly worked up into the form of a genuine light "comedy of manners," on which Mr. CARTON is to be heartily congratulated. Decidedly it is not a farce. In its success, which is thoroughly deserved, all concerned share and share alike according to their individual responsibility. Nor must the stage management be passed over; it is a very neat piece of work. Another contributor to the success is Mr. JULIAN HICKS, whose scene, "The Winter Garden at the Duke's House, Mayfair," is most effective.

"HOME THOUGHTS FROM ABROAD."

"O to be in England!" &c.—*Robert Browning.*

WHEN balm of Spring had turned the poet's head,
And he expressed a pious wish to share
The vernal joys of England (so he said,
Having a patriot's heart, but took good care
To live elsewhere),

I hope he meant it; I sincerely trust
That he was forced to let his feelings go
As poets do who sing because they must.
But did he? I should greatly like to know
If this was so.

Here was his chosen home, this land of flowers;
He knew her for the loveliest haunt of Spring;
He knew her vocal groves, her cypress bowers,
How they could teach our wisest thrush a thing,
Or two, to sing.

Here, well he knew it, with the breath of March,
Young Spring, the Florentine, already stirred,
Nor waited, under Italy's azure arch,
Until the swallow, that fastidious bird,
Had twice occurred.

Still, BROWNING'S verse is his affair. For me,
Viewing, on San Miniato's heights reclined,
This city made for Nature's pageantry,
I own I bear my exile with a mind
Sweetly resigned.

Threading the dusky hills that ring her round,
Where like a central gem Firenze lies,
Green Arno westering goes through storied ground
To catch their colour from the burnished skies
When the day dies!

Ah well! 'Tis hard to be from home just now;
Yet, while these airs of evening, soft and faint,
Temper the keen nostalgia in my brow,
I must endure it like a local saint
Without complaint.

O. S.



IN THE TUMBRIL.

[Debate on Supply "Guillotined," Tuesday, March 21, 1905.]



WHY I AM BEAUTIFUL.

BY A KNIGHT'S TWELFTH COUSIN.

(With acknowledgments to various ladies' papers.)

MY DEAR MAUDE,— Ever so many thanks for your sweet little note. You begin by saying how you envy me my beauty of face and my *svelte* figure, and then beg me to give you some advice, as you are on the eve of "coming-out," and feel that you are not half so pretty as I. Candidly, dear, you are not. I will be perfectly frank with you, dear MAUDE. You are at present what we call *gauche*, your hair is coarse and has a "lumped" look, the prevailing hue of your face is a flushed purplish-red, you are freckled, and lastly you transgress the prevailing fashion in having two chins. There! now we know exactly how we stand! But do not despair, dear MAUDE. I, too, was once as you now are, but I transformed myself and I can transform you.

Now, attend carefully.

Every morning I rise at 6:30. By this means I am always able to be down in time for luncheon at 2:0. I at once remove my face-mask, sleeping-gloves, chin-strap, &c., &c., and then begin my simple little round of pleasant exercises.

First of all my chin must be prevented from having a partner! Standing on my toes and balancing myself by holding on to the chest of drawers I force my chin as far upwards and outwards as it will go, and in this position twist my head round and round with slow, stately movements for one hour by the clock. In order to lend a little extra interest to this exercise, I playfully pretend each time my head comes to the front that I am greeting one of my friends. Thus: "Good-morning, Duchess," I exclaim, gracefully inclining my neck, and "Good-evening, Lord DUMARESCUE," with a somewhat distant smile, and so on. It is with a pleasant feeling of swan-like fatigue (if I may so term it) that I next turn to the care of my complexion.

My face goes through twenty-four different processes, the more important of which I will describe. First it is steamed for one hour and a quarter. I hold it over a boiling kettle in which I have previously placed two lemons, a pinch of alum and a pomegranate. (N.B., dear, three volumes of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* strapped on the back will prevent the shoulders from becoming rounded whilst in the stooping position necessitated by this exercise.)

Now I weigh out a pound and a half of cold cream, and for two hours rub this into my face with a delicate circular motion of the finger-tips until not a bit is left.* I omit seventeen processes

* Presumably of the cream.—Ed.



TEMPUS EDAX, HOMO EDACIOR.

"Why, Jimmy, what's the matter? What are you crying for?"

"B-B-BOOHOO! B-B-CAUSE IT'S SO LONG TILL MY NEXT BIRTHDAY!"

here, and pass to the twentieth. This is "tapping." For forty-five minutes I tap out various tunes all over my face with the backs of two dessert-spoons; this exercises the muscles and promotes the flow of blood. Then come the milk bath, the warm bran bath, the cold oatmeal bath, the astringent, electric, and "morning-dew" sprays; and there is my face with all the appearance of a delicately-tinted roseleaf. The whole thing is most refreshing.

Meanwhile, my maid has been brush-

ing my hair in the next room; she now brings it in beautifully glossed, and my *coiffure* is soon completed.

Such, dear MAUDE, is an all too brief account of the simple methods to which I owe my complexion.

Yours, with best wishes, GRACE.

Q. Why is the Baltic Fleet at anchor instead of being on its way to Japan?

A. Because the Admiral prefers to collect seaweed rather than shells.

G. B. S.

In the course of an interview in the *Daily Mail*, Mr. SHAW said, "Of course I've written a play from *Cashel Byron's Profession*. I wrote it in Shakspearian blank verse, as I had to hurry over it and hadn't time to write it in the usual prose." Mr. SHAW is an exceptionally busy man, and must frequently have to hurry over his letters. We are enabled to give examples of his correspondence in times of stress.

I.—AN INVITATION TO DINNER.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I hope to-morrow night,
Putting aside your other obligations,
You'll come and dine with me at half-past eight.
There is a very luscious batter pudding,
A stick of celery, a bean or two,
Lentils in oils, and peas in everything . . .
Oh who can cloy the edge of appetite
By bare imagination of a feast!
Oh who—enough! To-morrow—half-past eight.
Don't dress, or dress howe'er it pleases you;
Myself shall wear the hygienic flannel shirt.
(Excuse blank verse, I write to catch the post.)
Yours very faithfully, GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.

II.—TO HIS LAUNDRESS.

MADAM,—You will forgive me if I call
Your kind attention to my last week's washing:
Stiffened—and O the pity of it, Madam!—
Stiffened with that white mud that men call starch.
You say "A thing of custom"—'tis no other,
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time;
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a stand-up collar stiff with mud!
The shirt of Nessus is upon me, 'tis
A whited sepulchre, an armoured plate,
A thing devised by the enemy
To cramp our hearts and hide our natural graces.
Madam, I do not care about this starch,
In future do without it, and oblige
Yours very faithfully, GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.
P.S.—In frantic haste to catch the post.

III.—TO JAMES J. CORBETT.

DEAR SIR,—I am most interested to hear
You hope to figure in a play of mine.
I have done the States some service and they know 't.
Enough of that. You seem to me to be
A person of superior attainment,
At any rate you know the way to box
(And that is more than HENRY IRVING does).
You take of course the part of *Cashel Byron*?
A splendid fighter—(don't forget the jab—
Left lead; and then the jab upon the point).
Talking of me and *Byron*, have you read
A play called *As You Like It*? Here and there
I think you'll find it fairly actable,
Particularly in the wrestling scene.
(Of course that's more for Mr. HACKENSCHMIDT,
A person of superior attainment
Who understands the Græco-Roman style.
Perhaps you might suggest the matter to him).
Well, well, I only wish I'd had the time
To write this letter in my usual prose;
Let me however just remind you—thus:
In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility,
But when the blast of war blows in our ears
Then imitate the action of the tiger:
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood—

In short, take care to land upon the point.
Farewell, remember me to SULLIVAN,
JEFFRIES and others. Ever, G. B. S.

A POLITICAL ECONOMY.

["From the now-expired C.O.D. controversy one reform might, at any rate, ensue. We mean the art of expressing public questions by three characteristic letters. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, for instance, instead of saying, 'Ladies and Gentlemen, I propose to address you this evening on The Outstretched Colonial Hand, is it or is it not a Fist?' would simply say, 'I propose to address you on C.O.D. or K.I.D.' or whatever letters were chosen to express the subject. We use letters merely as illustrations."—*The Political Economist*.]

THE suggestion of our contemporary is an eminently practical one. The saving in printer's ink alone would be enormous. As for the gain in terseness and lucidity, we think we cannot do better than give a few specimens from prominent speakers, again using letters merely as illustrations.

Mr. Balfour:—"I am a firm believer in the absolute necessity of G.A.G., and it is well known that I consider F.O.G. a safe policy, and one eminently suited to the requirements of the present juncture. Other questions have of course claimed my attention, such as I.O.N. and T.E.E."

Mr. Chamberlain:—"I believe supremely in J.O.E., or, what amounts to the same thing, in E.G.O. At the same time I am not oblivious to the claims of K.I.N. Then of course there is the question of T.A.X."

Sir Wilfrid Lawson:—"The most serious question before the country is that of P.U.B. I shall continue to extend to P.U.B. a most strenuous opposition, although I shall endeavour to consider it along with the questions of P.U.N. and F.U.N."

The Duke of Devonshire:—"After a long experience I can only say that the questions of N.A.P. and N.O.D. are those which appeal to me most strongly."

THE NEW DUNCIAD.

Pope's concluding lines as re-written by an out-and-out Free Trader.

HE comes! he comes! the spectre-form behold
Of dread Protection, and of Ruin old.
Before him, Hope's fair palaces decay,
And all her darling schemes fade quite away.
Commerce in vain stirs up keen Enterprise.
Each Venture languishes, fades, droops, and dies.
As one by one, with influence less or more,
Great BALFOUR's once-staunch followers cross the floor:
As Ministers, despite the sickening wrench,
Rise one by one, and quit the Treasury Bench:
So at his boomed approach, and well-known might,
Trade after Trade goes out, and all is night.
See Commonsense to her old cavern fled,
And CORDEN's ghost rise shuddering from the Dead.
Prosperity, that knew no term nor bound,
Sinks, shivers, totters, crashes to the ground.
Science turns pale, bids Wisdom interfere,
And Wisdom calls on Prophet, Sage and Seer.
Cotton of Iron begs a timely aid,
And Iron calls on Jam and Marmalade.
See every Trade on other Trade now call.
In vain. They sink, reel, totter to their fall.
Commerce abates her ardour, damps her fires,
And unawares great Liberty expires.
Nor public Shame, nor private, shall be lacking:
Freedom shall be a jest, Justice sent packing.
Lo! thy great Empire, CHAMBERLAIN, is come.
Thou hast thy wish: the very 'Change is dumb.
Thy voice it was that crumbled into dust
The fabric of the State. Ye gods, be just.



WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Husband. "MY DEAR GWEN! HERE'S THIS DRESSMAKER'S ACCOUNT AGAIN! I THOUGHT I GAVE YOU THE MONEY FOR IT?"

Wife. "OH, THAT WENT TO PAY MY BRIDGE LOSSES. DEBTS OF HONOUR FIRST, YOU KNOW!"

KNOWLEDGE IN NUGGETS;

OR, EDUCATION WHILE YOU EAT.

[It was not to be supposed that Messrs. HARMSWORTH'S recently announced Encyclopædia would pass unchallenged, and Mr. Punch has been favoured with a private forecast of the Prospectus for a rival compilation.]

IMPORTANT (for lovers of literature).

BE wise in time.

Knowledge is Power.

Mr. C. ARTHUR PEARSON'S Encyclopædia will contain the pith of the Brains of To-day.

It will be the cheapest and the most compendious Encyclopædia that has ever been encycled.

To facilitate swift and convenient perusal, the Work will be supplied in Daily Parts, printed upon Illustrated Postcards and distributed every morning at subscribers' addresses.

The Pictures will be genuine Portraits of the Celebrities of All Time—from HOMER to HACKENSCHMIDT; from METHUSELAH to MACHNOW.

The Articles will be printed upon the face of each Card opposite the address.

You will read them at Breakfast.

The price will be 1d. per (weekly) packet of six.

There will be no Sunday Postcard.

To all subscribers in favour of Tariff Reform, the Postage will be free.

This Encyclopædia will be Up to Date. The cards dealing with B will not be commenced until A is nearing completion. It will be the work of Experts. Thus Mr. C. B. FRY has consented to write upon Imperialism, Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING upon Sport, Miss MARIE CORELLI upon the Sublime in literature, and Mr. HAROLD BEBBIE (by special permission) upon the Higher Criticism. A special Postcard upon Metaphysics will be compiled by Sir OLIVER LODGE, whilst the Treatise on Parliamentary Procedure and Practice will come from the pen of Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL.

Handsomely bound albums for these Cards, containing a full-length portrait of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN engaged in committing "The Islanders" to Memory, may be purchased upon the Instalment System. N.B. No Bookcase is needed.

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Truth by Accident?

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FOR A FEW DAYS ONLY.

THE REPRINT SYSTEM?—"It will be found that the *Evening News*, which can be purchased for a halfpenny, contains all that has hitherto been supplied by the old *Evening Standard* for one penny."—*Evening News* of March 12th.

FOR THE BRIXTON CHILDREN.

[A *matinée* will take place at the London Pavilion, by permission of the Management, on May 8, in aid of a special fund for an Endowment Cot to be placed in the Belgrave Hospital for Children, Clapham Road, in memory of the late DAN LENO. The cost of the Cot will be about £1000. The scheme is two-fold: to perpetuate the memory of DAN LENO, who was a Vice-President of the Hospital and always greatly interested himself in its welfare; and also to be a lasting benefit to the Hospital itself, for, from the fact of its being the only Children's Hospital in the neighbourhood—a poor and thickly-populated one—it is much in need of assistance.]

DEAR SIR, OR (if it be fitter) MADAM,
Attend for a moment and hear me preach,
(And much I wish that my words might reach
To all the descendants of father ADAM:
No matter; I'll send 'em to Mr. Punch,
Who'll see that they reach a tidy bunch),
Now this is the sermon—attend, I pray;
I'll make it as short as a sermon may be,
And as plain as the face of a new-born baby:
There's a House that's somewhere out Brixton way;
And Brixton has many a busy street,
And in many an alley the place rejoices,
Alive with the patter of little feet,
And shrill with the prattle of little voices;
You can see the little ones any day,
As they toddle or tumble or dance or play,
JIMMIES and JACKIES and SUES and SALLIES,
Frisking about in the streets and alleys;
Dark ones, fair ones, plump ones, spare ones,
None of them rich, but all of them rare ones;
And now and again there's a six-year mother
Who solemnly tows a two-year brother,
And rubs him down, when the boy gets dirty,
As well as if she were six-and-thirty.
Some children, I know, are a wee bit trimmer,
More brushed and combed, and a trifle primmer,
As they take their airing in Squares or Parks,
But the Brixton children are gay as larks;
In fact these little ones, just like ours,
Are as good as a garden all sunshine and flowers.

But, ah, sometimes when the shadows come,
The little voices are faint or dumb;
The bright little eyes grow dim and dreary,
And the feet that pattered are clogged and weary;
And fevered or maimed—but they don't complain—
The little ones suffer their lot of pain.
And toil-worn husband and anxious wife
Do what they can for their darling's life.
But the home is crowded, the comforts few,
And it's little, oh little, the pair can do;
And they wait in sorrow and watch in prayer
While the joy of the house lies fading there.
Oh, then comes a word all fraught with love
From the House that I wrote of just above:
It speaks to their hearts in accents mild—
"Send, oh, send us your little child!
We have men, strong men, who can stay or mend him;
We have gentle women to soothe and tend him.
With a clean smooth pillow to prop his head,
He shall lie at ease in his little bed.
Heat shall not vex nor cold distress him;
Soft hands shall comfort and smiles caress him—
So send us the child to be healed for you,
For this is the work God bids us do."

Now my point—don't laugh, for it isn't funny—
Is, this is a House which ought to live;
But in order to live it must have money,
Which (here 's the conclusion) you must give.

They want to save the memory there
Of one who was king of jest and mirth,
A spring of laughter beyond compare,
The jolliest, cheeriest soul on earth.
Here, in the heart of a teeming city,
They are trying to raise another shrine
To childhood, laughter and love and pity,
And they want your money, my friends, and mine.
So I say to you all, *Date corde pleno*
To the cot they are founding for dear DAN LENO.
And lo, our money shall suffer a change
Into something happy and rich and strange;
For the coin we give, or the cheque we sign,
Or the note we fold in an envelope,
Takes wings in a radiant flight benign,
An angel of mercy and life and hope.
Pain is soothed as the angel nears,
Sighs are checked, and the children's tears
Cease to flow when his light appears.
And when we are all of us very old,
And our sun sinks low and our days grow cold,
We can think of our gift and never rue it,
For the work was good and we helped to do it.

R. C. L.

[Mr. Punch's readers are requested to send their subscriptions to the Hon. Sec. of the Brixton Committee, F. FOWLER-SMITH, Esq., Sandhurst Lodge, Gresham Road, Brixton, S.W.]

THE RAILWAY DRAUGHT.

JUDGING from a police-court case of last week, when a member of the Stock Exchange was fined £4 5s. and costs for smashing open with his foot a railway-carriage window which three other occupants desired to remain closed, the matter is one which requires some little further ventilation. We have therefore ventured to draw up some by-laws for the guidance of railway companies and their clients.

1. Free-born Englishmen of uncertain temper shall travel in specially padded cells. If they wish to dangle their feet out of the windows they shall do so at their own risk.

2. Invalids shall be transported to their destination in carboys hermetically sealed. If they prefer a complete vacuum, they must bring their own private air-pump.

3. Parties who are known to be explosive shall not be conveyed at all, except in gunpowder wagons by goods trains, where all risk of ignition is avoided.

4. Ordinary passengers shall change ends at half-time between every station. They shall elect a referee and provide him with a whistle, abiding in every case by his decision. A free kick shall be awarded to every person who refuses.

5. Every carriage shall be labelled respectively, "Aërated," "Microbic," "Stale Tobacco," "Babies," "Pneumonia," "Hot-house Plants," "Give-and-take," "Stock Exchange," "Expletives," "Ladies," "Lydies," "Nature's Gentlemen," "Gents," and "Others."

6. The attendant of the new hyphenated "Pull-man" cars shall become proficient in the art of *Ju-jitsu*, in order to eject any obstreperous passenger and generally quell *émeutes*. All guards must become experts in window-glazing, shoe-mending, and first aid to the losers after oxygen arguments.

7. Hooligans (well-dressed or otherwise) shall be provided with a Black Maria attached for their special benefit to any train they may elect to patronise.

8. Persons who breathe air shall travel exclusively on lines in England; the rest of humanity to confine themselves to railroad journeys on the Continent.

THE BEST TEXT-BOOK FOR PUGILISTS.—KNOX ON ANATOMY.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

MRS. ANGOSTURA BOULGER, better known under her pseudonym of "Omega," has a new story of domestic interest appearing with Messrs. LAZENBY. It is entitled *Toxine*, after the heroine, a fascinating blonde, born in Patagonia of Irish extraction. Toxine has been carried off in early youth by the Tierra del Fuegians and married to a cannibal chieftain. Rescued by the captain of an exploring expedition she comes to London and starts a fashionable restaurant in Bond Street, from which circumstance many things arise.

In view of the approaching centenary of MARTIN TUPPER, Messrs. BOLSTER announce the issue of a definitive pocket-edition of his works in 75 volumes, with an introduction and notes by Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN. The Laureate also contributes a sonnet beginning:—

TUPPER, whose limpid yet inspiring lay
Stirred sluggish Britons of an earlier age
Life's battle with redoubled zeal to wage—
TUPPER, we need thy clarion voice to-day!

À propos of Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN an interesting fact has been communicated to us by a literary correspondent. Sir LEWIS MORRIS, it will be remembered, stated not long ago that the greater part of the *Epic of Hades* was composed on the Underground Railway. It now appears, on the authority of our correspondent, that the Laureate is never so happily inspired as when he is travelling in the Tupperry Tube.

Motion in some form or other, however, seems an indispensable stimulant to creative mental activity. Mr. SIDNEY LEE swings Indian clubs as he dictates his masterly monographs. Mr. F. E. WEATHERLY, the famous author of "Nancy Lee," "The Midshipmite," &c., recommends roller skating, and Lord AVEBURY advocates skipping for writers—not of course for readers.

An interesting series of autobiographies will shortly be published by Messrs. FAWN and TUFTON, entitled *Little Purple Lives*. Each volume will tell, in simple language, the life story of a prominent member of the aristocracy who is still in his or her teens, the series being under the joint editorship of Mrs. SARAH TOOLEY and FLORIZEL VON REUTER.

LORD SHUTTLEWORTH has found time amidst his political duties to write a volume of humorous poems entitled *The Diversions of a Serious Life*. Persons who have been privileged to read the volume in manuscript are loud in praise of its ingenious versification and sparkling wit. Lord SHUTTLEWORTH, who has dedicated his volume to Mr. LABOUCHERE, holds decidedly unorthodox views in regard to rhyme, a fact which will, of course, render his work all the more interesting to the critics.



AN UNDERSTANDING CRITIC.

(Before Whistler's Picture of Miss Alexander at the New Gallery.)

The Daughter. "Oh, there are some butterflies in the corner! I wonder why he put them there?"

The Mother. "I don't know, I'm sure. I suppose they were in the room at the time."

LADY DAY. MARCH 25.

If those grey eyes be windows of thy soul,

Let me look in and see

If there be room for me,

And no usurper hath my lodging stole.

"To let, to single gentlemen—a heart."

That face demurely bent

Is sweet advertisement

That nature furnished thee as well as art.

Let me thy tenant be, as is most fit;

Kisses in rent I'll pay,

And welcome quarter-day:

We shall not quarrel and I ne'er shall quit.

Unanimity.

The Kentish Independent concludes its account of a Volunteer smoking concert with the words, "Colour-Sergeant BARTON proposed the toast of 'D Company,' which was enthusiastically drunk."—The whole Company?

No Deception.

FROM a Clerical Tailor's catalogue: "The Clerical Lounge Coat has grown considerably in favour with clergymen, and it is very popular for parish wear, cycling, &c. In this case the vest grows out under the jacket and denotes the cleric."



ARMS AND THE MAN.

SCENE—A Well-known School of Musketry.

Captain (to Sergeant-Instructor, explaining the theory and powers of the new short rifle to squad of officers). "YES, THAT'S ALL VERY WELL, SERGEANT, BUT I FIND IT DIFFICULT ENOUGH TO UNDERSTAND MYSELF. HOW ON EARTH AM I TO EXPLAIN IT TO MY MEN? SOME OF THEM ARE ONLY HALF-WITTED."

Sergeant-Instructor. "JUST EXPLAIN IT TO THEM THE SAME WAY AS I'M EXPLAINING IT TO YOU, SIR!"

COUNTY COUNCILS, PLEASE COPY.

[*"The most beautiful machine that can be produced is, in my opinion, the locomotive."*—Sir JAMES KITSON, speaking at an Art Exhibition."—*Daily Paper.*]

TIME was when images of bronze and of marble, more or less in the likeness of men and women, were set up in public places for the admiration of the people. There was occasionally a mild curiosity about them, more often blank indifference, sometimes, indeed, jeering not wholly unjustifiable. The objects, however, which for the future will dominate our squares and public gardens appeal at once to the æsthetic sense, and need neither explanation nor apology.

The tender green of the six-coupled Great Northern goods engine which has just superseded Achilles at Hyde Park Corner harmonises perfectly with the foliage around it, and it is doubtful whether the swelling curves of its beautiful boiler are surpassed even by

the charming little bogie wheels of the Philadelphian locomotive which stands where once Shakspeare stood in Leicester Square.

The black but comely North-Western "flyer," which has taken the place of the Griffin at Temple Bar, causes no unwonted obstruction of the traffic, whilst its capacious "cab" being only about five feet above the level of the ground affords a convenient refuge for timid old ladies endeavouring to cross the street.

The tint of the Midland tank engine which has been erected in the centre of Piccadilly Circus is a delight to the eye, besides being a standing admonition to the young bloods of the neighbourhood that there is no further necessity to paint anything red; and when its lamps are lighted up at night, the effect, in spite of the absence of any steam, is quite Whistleresque.

We hope soon to see the old gold of the charming Brighton outside-cylin-

dered locomotive "Boadicea" on the Embankment—where formerly there was an older article of the same name—contrasted with the varying hues of other beautiful machines acquired from our leading railway companies.

TO SEÑOR MANUEL GARCIA.

(*The 100th birthday of this famous scientist and teacher of singing was celebrated on Friday, March 17, on which occasion he received from the King the honorary Commandership of the Royal Victorian Order.*)

YOUR motto ever has been—will be still Throughout your life, "*Vox et præterea nil.*"

Long may you live, if wishes can avail, Hail, Centenarian, Centenarian hale!

To LET.—Good Shooting. Dogger Bank, near Hull. Excellent reference last year's tenant. TERMS MOST MODERATE.—Apply Mrs. B.: care of LANSDOWNE & Co., Estate Agents, Whitehall, London.



Sandars del.

POOR BEGGAR !

BEAR. "OH, I SAY, MA'AM, DON'T BE SO HARD——"

MADAME LA FRANCE. "SORRY,—BUT NOT ANOTHER PENNY!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday night, March 13.—"As you say, TOBY, dear boy, the skies are looking a little grey. My lucky star seems to have set. Within the House and beyond it things go persistently wrong. The way bricks drop out of the Cabinet, necessitating reconstruction, is the latest development of a previously painful position. It would be all right if, when a fellow goes, whether driven out by the Ulster men or comfortably settled beyond the chances and changes of electoral fickleness, it were not necessary to fill up the post."

"Between you and me I don't believe it is. Here's Cousin SALISBURY, for example, whom I've just put at the Board of Trade instead of Brother GERALD. As far as influence on the Department or on affairs of State is concerned I might as well have inducted the principal door-keeper of the House of Lords. The Permanent Secretary and the staff could have carried on exactly as they will do when Cousin SALISBURY drops in of a morning and looks round in honourable effort to earn his salary, paid quarterly. But there are certain customs and traditions to be observed, so I pop in SALISBURY."

"Do I thereby escape criticism or mollify Opposition? By no means. SOARES moves adjournment of House in order to denounce appointment. Might have survived that; am in fact getting used to the process; but then HARRY MARKS gets up to defend me, which I submit is undeserved discipline. This at a sitting following upon a division in which my majority is run down to 21."

"In this country," I said, trying to comfort PRINCE ARTHUR, whom I have rarely seen so depressed, "21 is the legal majority."

"Yes I know, but then you see I



DR. PURVIS, LL.D.

"With nods and becks and wreathed smiles."



THE WANKLYN.

"I absolutely decline to regard Mr. Churchill as being on the earth. I ignore him utterly."
(Daily Mirror interview with Mr. Wanklyn, M.P.)

commenced with a majority of 134. If we steadily keep on this track the majority will finally disappear.

"There again vulgar custom asserts itself. It is usual when Ministry is defeated in division lobby to resign or dissolve. I have publicly mentioned my philosophic doubts as to reasonableness or necessity of such desperate procedure. All very well for ROSEBERY, defeated by narrow majority on snap division, to observe constitutional usage. As Leader of what is left of Tory Party I am above such considerations. I refused to budge when placed in minority last Session; shall do it again if occasion recurs. But as sure as you stand there protests will be entered by Opposition and there'll be a row in the country."

"Then why hang on? Why daily fash yourself, or, as a deceased poet has put it,

Is there any peace
In ever climbing up the climbing wave?"

"Yes, there is the delight of battle, the pleasure of seeing right hon. gentlemen opposite smacking their lips in anticipation of the toothsome bone I withhold from their clutch; above all"—here PRINCE ARTHUR's voice touched more solemn note—"there is duty to my country."

"I confess that even this last impulse might fail but for one sustaining com-

fort. That, as you will guess, is consciousness of possessing the full confidence of Mr. PURVIS. Cousin HUGH may desert me; Captain TOMMY BOWLES may, on my behalf, make preparations for a maritime process known, I believe, as walking the plank; my Cabinet may periodically go to pieces as if it were a ship over-insured; but ROBERT PURVIS, LL.D., sometime barrister of the Inner Temple, stands by me through good report and evil report.

"As long as that sustenance is afforded me, so long do I remain at my post in spite of a vanishing majority, some misunderstanding as to the meaning of the word Retaliation, and a marked absence of enthusiasm at the appointment of Cousin SALISBURY to the Presidency of the Board of Trade."

Thus is the wind tempered to the shorn Premier. Though all the world betrays him, one sword at least his rights shall guard, one faithful heart shall praise him.

When, to-night, attack delivered from opposite benches, Dr. PURVIS, LL.D., was discovered on his legs immediately behind the stricken figure of PRINCE ARTHUR, loud laughter rose from the lips of disappointed malignancy. Opposition broke into storm of ironical cheers what time Member for Peterborough stood with notes of speech in left hand, pince-nez dangling from right forefinger,



AN ACUTE CASE OF ANGILOPHOBIA.

Mr. Walter Long, with all his experience, will find the MacI onne'l terrier a tough customer to muzzle.

head interrogatorily set on one side, as you will see a robin, halting for moment in approach to enticing crumb, listen for note of possible danger.

There is something positively cherubic in the countenance of PURVIS; something instantly winning in his childlike smile that disarms political austerity. His little essay, which should have been written out in a copy book, was soon read, with nods and becks and wreathed smiles, at which the Opposition, restored to good humour, laughed back.

Thus was the way prepared for PRINCE ARTHUR, who trod it with lightened heart, and a step to which returned its former elasticity.

Business done.—Ministerial majority run down to 21.

Wednesday Night.—Old Members (not many of the date left now) listening to WINSTON CHURCHILL denouncing PRINCE ARTHUR's unconstitutional methods, recall analogous scene that passed a quarter of a century ago. Object of attack in 1880 *et seq.* was the placid STAFFORD NORTHCOTE; assailant, GRANDOLPH, then making way to the front as Leader of the Fourth Party.

Much in common in style of father and son. The same direct hitting out from shoulder; the same lack of deference to age and authority; the same pained silence on the side where the assailed Minister sits; the same cheers and laughter in enemy's camp as cleverly-planned, skilfully-directed blow follows blow.

Difference is that WINSTON, having

lately crossed the House, faces his former leader, whereas GRANDOLPH, being in opposition with STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, regarded his victim sideways from the corner seat below the Gangway. At such times it was STAFFORD NORTHCOTE's wont to observe a curious habit of physically making as little of himself as possible. He thrust his hands up the cuff of either coat-sleeve, shrugged his shoulders, bent his head, and hoped the storm would pass over it. PRINCE ARTHUR lolls on the Treasury Bench looking straight before him, with studious air of indifference betrayed by countenance clouded with rare anger.

Business done.—PRINCE ARTHUR proposes to apply guillotine process to Supplementary Estimates. This a new departure in gagging policy bitterly resented by Opposition. Argument is that accounts of financial year must be closed on the 31st. Time is short and speeches are long. Must therefore hurry up with guillotine. Accordingly, two whole sittings, amply sufficient for discussion of the votes, are absorbed in wrangling on question when or how they shall be approached and disposed of.

AILWYN FELLOWES, appointed to Board of Agriculture in place of WALTER LONG gone to Irish Office, makes first appearance at Table to answer question in new Ministerial capacity. Received with hearty cheering from both sides that testifies to well-deserved personal popularity. Pretty to see impulse to set a-going the familiar hymn:

For he's a jolly good FELLOWES.

Presence of Speaker checked irregularity. But one could see the words mutely formed on the lips, and through the Chamber buzzed murmured echo of familiar tune. "And so say all of us."

House of Lords, Friday Night.—Few regarding Lord ONSLOW in Chair of Committees, ready, genial but resolute, master of amendments even when the Marquis of BATH has explained them, would guess how strange a life he has these many years led. He is, for example, the only man in either House who has twice moved the Address. First time at opening of Session 1880; second on return to power of the late MARKIES in 1886. In ordinary cases honour of selection for the service suffices for lifetime; desirable applicants are numerous. Yet twice ONSLOW, duly uniformed, served the State in this capacity.

Heredity may possibly have something to do with unparalleled circumstance. The new Chairman of Committees in the Lords comes of race of Speakers. Three of his ancestors have in succession sat in the Chair of the House of Commons; Seems therefore not unnatural that latest descendant should twice be called upon as speaker moving the Address.

At a later period, for full six weeks, ONSLOW was concurrently Under Secretary for the Colonies and Under Secretary for India. This happened at time when HARDWICKE, appointed Under Secretary for India, was engaged in dissolving his partnership in Stock Exchange firm. When DON JOSÉ, Secretary of State for the Colonies, set forth for South Africa, ONSLOW again doubled his part, being both Under Secretary for the Colonies and acting Secretary of State. In the great events of Public Life ONSLOW is always plural. Which is singular.

Finally, nominated to Chair of Committees in the House of Lords, he, pending appointment of successor, continued to perform duties of President of Board of Agriculture. But line must be drawn somewhere, and during this interregnum, which lasted several weeks, he was not summoned to Cabinet Council, whither he had formerly been bidden.

Settled down now. But who shall say where and in what capacity the Ministerial Handy Man may next turn up?

Business done.—Discussing employment in Coal Mines.

The Comment of the Classics.

Byron on locomotion de luze.

"And all that mote to luxury invite."

Childe Harold, Canto I., stanza xi.

UNFORTUNATE contiguity of headlines in the Dublin *Evening Herald* last week:

EARLY RACING EDITION.

KUROPATKIN'S RETREAT.



Curious-looking Individual on Service. "I'VE SEEN THE FOX! I'VE SEEN THE FOX! HE'S GONE BACK INTO THE WOOD!"
Huntsman (with withering scorn). "MAY 'AVE SEEN YOU, I SUPPOSE!"

AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE.

CHAPTER V.

As it happened, my Aunt and PHYLIS had met MONTY already, and evidently imagined he was merely making an ordinary afternoon call. MONTY sat down, and asked PHYLIS "if she had been in the Park that afternoon"—which struck me as rather a circuitous route to the information that I'd been cut off in the flower of my youth by being pitched out of a cab in Pall Mall. But he went on talking Society drivel for some minutes before my Aunt inquired "if he had seen anything lately of her good-for-nothing nephew?"—meaning me.

This of course was MONTY's cue—and I poked my head out round the corner of my paper, and nodded hard at him, meaning, "Now's your time! Out with it! Don't keep 'em in suspense. Tell 'em the worst!" I suppose he hadn't noticed me before, and it rather upset him, for he dropped his eyeglass as if it had been red-hot. For the moment, I thought he must have recognised me, without remembering how improbable that was under the circumstances.

"Oddly enough," said MONTY, looking everywhere but at me, "I was expecting him to lunch with me at the Club to-day. But he—er—didn't turn up."

"He gets more erratic every day!" lamented my dear Aunt. "He ought to be dining here this evening, and I shall be seriously annoyed if he forgets that, as there will be nobody to take in poor Miss YELLOWLY."

So I was to have taken in Miss YELLOWLY! If I had wanted anything to reconcile me to what I had become, that would have about done it!

"I suppose he sent you some sort of excuse?" said PHYLIS. Again I tried to catch MONTY's eye and buck him up to tell his news and get it over—but it was no good.

"What? REGGIE! He's much too casual for that!" said MONTY. "Likely as not he overslept himself or somethin'."

Now this was too bad of MONTY—he knows perfectly well that I hardly ever sit down to breakfast later than half-past twelve! But I began to see now that he couldn't have heard of my accident after all.

"Disgraceful!" said my Aunt. "At his age, he ought to be ashamed of such lazy, idle habits."

"There's this to be said," put in MONTY. "Dear old REGGIE hasn't anything particular to do when he is up."

"Then he ought to have!" declared my Aunt—and MONTY agreed with her.

"I'm always tellin' him he doesn't take half enough exercise," he added.

He wouldn't have said that if he had seen me jumping about all the afternoon with that confounded tambourine! And MONTY, too; who takes all his exercise in a motor!

"I didn't mean exercise," said Aunt SELINA, "I meant work. Every young man ought to have some profession."

MONTY agreed once more, and said that, for his part, he found being at the Bar had made all the difference to him. What difference—except knowing that his name was painted up outside some door in Lincoln's Inn which he never by any chance darkened, I fancy Master MONTY wouldn't have found it easy to explain. But my Aunt said she was glad to think that I had one friend who set me a good example, and begged him to look after me as much as possible. To which old MONTY, trying to look as like the infant SAMUEL in plaster as he could at such short notice, replied that she could rely on him to do his best to keep me out of any serious mischief.

The notion of old MONTY as my guardian angel was so rich that I couldn't resist grinning at him from behind the journal—and I saw him gasp. No doubt he thought that, for a monkey, I was a trifle over familiar, but he took no

further notice. And my Aunt went on slanging me; I had had every advantage, excellent opportunities of making my own way in the world, and I was so incorrigibly indolent that I had neglected them all—and so forth, all of which I had heard on several previous occasions.

Good old MONTY stuck up for me—after a fashion. He didn't think it was my fault exactly; I was a dear good chap—one of the best, in short. It was only that I was naturally too thick to learn anything thoroughly, and in fact, what he might call—if my Aunt would forgive the expression—"a born rotter." Aunt SELINA didn't object to the expression in the least—in fact, both she and PHYLIS appeared to think it hit me off rather neatly. Then they asked if MONTY considered I was likely to do better in the Colonies, but MONTY thought (and it just shows how little he knows me) that roughing it was not precisely in my line of country.

By this time I was, as you may suppose, getting fairly sick of the subject. It wasn't pleasant to feel I was eavesdropping, as it were, and I knew, too, that when they did hear that I was scratched for all my engagements, they would be no end sorry they had been so down on me. For myself, of course, I didn't mind a rap. The worse they made REGGIE BALLIMORE out, the more satisfied I felt at being no longer connected with such a waster.

Still, it struck me it was quite time to switch MONTY on to some pleasanter topic, so I got quietly down from the sofa, and, stealing up behind his chair, I scratched him gently just above his coat-tail buttons.

He turned sharp round and saw me. I never saw anyone go quite so green before—but he said nothing.

"I'm afraid, Mr. BLUNDELL," said my Aunt, noticing how he was shifting about in his seat, "that you have chosen rather an uncomfortable chair?"

MONTY said, "Oh, not at all—most comfortable," and inquired if PHYLIS "had done the Academy yet?" Which, as it didn't open for some days, was a silly-ass thing to say—even for MONTY—but I don't believe he knew precisely what he was saying just then.

"Are you quite sure the monkey isn't bothering you?" asked PHYLIS; "I thought he was on the sofa."

"Oh, then—you noticed it too?" poor old MONTY blurted out.

"Why, of course—it's mine," said PHYLIS, "I only bought it this afternoon. I hope you've no antipathy to monkeys?"

"Oh, not a bit!" said MONTY, beginning to turn a wholesomer colour. "Can't say I ever kept one myself—but awfully fond of them, assure you I am."

On which PHYLIS gave the history of my purchase.

"Wish you'd told me you were on the look-out for a monkey, Miss ADEANE," said that blundering ass MONTY, "because I could have got you one from a man who has some clinkers—real well-bred ones, don't you know—the sort they don't send out with organs!"

PHYLIS—bless her!—replied with a slight fall of temperature that she was "afraid she preferred to choose her pets for herself, and that I was the only monkey she had ever seen that she could imagine herself caring for in the least."

Which was one in the eye for old MONTY! I could afford to despise him now; my position in the household was already secure. Before she was much older, PHYLIS would be proud that she alone had had the insight to detect my marvellous superiority! So, as I sat in one of the window-seats, cooling my tail among the marguerites that filled the flower-box, I allowed myself to dream of my coming glory—till MACROW came in with afternoon tea.

Here, I thought, was a good opportunity to show that I was perfectly familiar with the ordinary social amenities. I was in my Aunt's house—almost in the position of host, so to speak—and anyway I wasn't going to let MONTY attend to PHYLIS's wants while I was there to look after her myself!

So I made a bee-line for the tea-table, and got hold of a plate of hot tea-cakes and another of cucumber sandwiches.

Perhaps I was too impetuous; my wrists were weaker than I had thought, and, as usual, I did not take my tail into consideration. The result was that I not only shot the cakes and cucumber sandwiches over my cousin's charming afternoon frock, but upset the cream-jug into Aunt SELINA's lap.

It was awkward, of course—but it might have happened to any fellow without necessarily putting him out of countenance; it was the kind of thing which a man of the world could pass off easily enough with a graceful apology or a witty remark, and perhaps make a friend for life into the bargain. Only, unfortunately, situated as I was, I could do nothing at all just then except gibber—and I realised that one of the undeniable drawbacks to monkey-existence is that one is so apt to get misunderstood over the merest trifles.

F. A.

THE GENTLE ART OF AMALGAMATION.

THE new crepuscular blend in newspapers, by which, in exchange for the old and familiar *Evening Standard* and *St. James's* we get a totally fresh paper, which calls itself both, but is really neither, is only the beginning of a vast series of partnerships, not alone in journalism, but in other walks of life.

Perhaps the most interesting of the imminent newspaper amalgamations is that of the *Spectator* and the *Sporting Times*, which have decided to join forces for weal or woe. It is intended to retain the best features of both papers, and experts are even now at work early and late to discover what these are. When the results are known, a member of the advertising staff of the *Times* will proceed to instruct the world concerning them in one of the new serial, or feuilleton, advertisements, which are rapidly becoming so alluring a feature of the daily press. It is not yet decided what the new paper will be called, opinions oscillating between the *Sporting Tater* and the *Pink Spec*. A compromise between the roseate blush which now irradiates Saturday with joy and the virgin and austere whiteness of the great Free Trade weekly will probably be

decided upon, and a piquant pale pink budget of fact and fancy, sobriety and spirits, didacticism and *double-entendre* may confidently be expected.

Flattering offers of amalgamation have been made to the *Times* by various enterprising journals, including the *Homerton Herald* and the *Tooting Bee Advertiser*, but the great threepenny intends to remain independent. The only concession it proposes to make to the new spirit is the addition of three more special Supplements each week:

been arranged that the department of machinery, engineering, and incident shall be exclusively entrusted to the talented authoress of *Willy Mash*, Mr. KIPLING confining his attention entirely to theology, psychology and "Society" topics.

Mr. SILAS K. HOCKING and Mrs. ELINOR GLYN have also signed the articles of a literary partnership likely to be fraught with the most exhilarating effect on the Nonconformist conscience, while recent advices from Rye confirm the rumour

that Mr. HENRY JAMES has decided henceforth to join literary forces with ANNIE S. SWAN. The title of their forthcoming novel, we understand, is to be *The Silver Teacup*.

In the drama the principle of amalgamation has already been carried very far, Mr. LOUIS N. PARKER being always at hand to supply any deficiency; but a report is current that Mr. GEORGE MOORE is engaged with Mr. W. B. YEATS on a new version of the latter's comedy *The Pot of Broth*, which is to be known in future as *The Seething Pot of Broth*.

We hear also rumours of strange alliances between well-known statesmen, the most remarkable and incredible of which is that of the intended amalgamation, with an identity of interests, of Mr. BALFOUR and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN.



GROTESQUESQUES.

Words wanted to express feelings.

WHEN YOU HAVE AN IMPORTANT ENGAGEMENT AND JUST MISS THE ONLY TRAIN THAT WOULD GET YOU THERE IN TIME.

one on Tuesday devoted to the stage; another on Thursday dealing with women's fashions; and on Saturday a third entirely concerned with football.

We may add that negotiations are on foot for merging the *Quarterly Review* in *Home Chat*, but difficulties have arisen in regard to the format and title. It is hoped, however, that these will be successfully surmounted by the tact and urbanity of the gentleman who is acting as intermediary.

In future Mr. KIPLING will write all his books in collaboration with Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD, but in order to add freshness to the new departure it has

The travellers will have to hotel, all goods necessary. They are prayed to take its drink and other consummations at the house.

One day's letting comprises a bath; if the traveller wish one or several otherbath he must pay more.

The bill of fare of every days comprises several dish well matched. If the traveller wish other dish or betters; he will pay likewise more.

The travellers are prayed to make its purchase out of the house; in order to introduce in the hotel any little mercantile, which would commit some indelicacy.

FROM the List of Regulations in the "Hotel Middle-Kingdom," Peking.

The persons lodging to hotel are prayed to give their name the day of their coming. To know its coming's day. To let to the persons wishing call on them to know their lodging.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Writing forty years ago about *David Copperfield*, EDWARD FITZGERALD said, "It might almost be made perfect by a pair of scissors, my great remedy, you know." After reading *William Bodham Donne* (METHUEN), to whom the letter was addressed, my Baronite laments that the axiom was not taken to heart by the grand-daughter who compiles the book. It runs to 339 pages of smaller type than is commonly met with. If the odd 39 had been cut out—better still, if the proportions had been limited to 250 pages—its state would have been the more gracious. With dutiful deference Mistress JOHNSON, coming upon any letter written by or to her justly revered grandfather, thinks it must be of public interest, and in it goes. Thus in one letter we have particulars of the mortal diseases of her grandmother, which read like quotations from illustrated advertisements of patent medicines in a halfpenny morning newspaper. J. M. KEMBLE proposes to build himself a house. Sympathetic Mr. DONNE makes a remark about bricks. Whereto KEMBLE, in a letter a page long, bursts forth: "What size are they? [the bricks]. How long do they take making? How long drying? Must the clay be ground in a mill? Must the straw be cut very short?" and so on. This lack of proportion is a sore blemish it would be well to remove in future editions. There is abundance of good material to make a portly and precious volume. DONNE himself was an excellent letter-writer, and was the cause of letter-writing in others like EDWARD FITZGERALD, Archbishop TRENCH, and FANNY KEMBLE. Of FITZGERALD, DONNE writes under date December 16, 1836, "His life and conversation are the most perfectly philosophic of any I know. They approach in grand quiescence to some of the marvels of contentment in PLUTARCH. He is DIOGENES without his dirt." There are similar sketches of GEORGE BORROW and the Ettrick Shepherd, tempting for quotation. The reader must look them up for himself, assured that on the way he will be enchanted by the pleasant talk of cultured men.

DONNE, adds the Baron who enjoyed the privilege of his personal acquaintance, succeeded KEMBLE as Licensor of Plays, and did his work so efficiently, and so courteously, that the London theatrical managers presented him with a testimonial. Strangely enough, though in such close and constant communication with the leading actors of his time, he has very little to say about them, only cursorily mentioning that genius ROBSON (whose name, by the way, does not appear in the *Index*), and incidentally speaking of CHARLES KEAN and ALFRED WIGAN. Mr. DONNE, writing to FANNY KEMBLE, says:

"My opinion of the social quality of actors coincides very nearly with your own. I have rarely found them good company, except in the way of professional anecdotes, which soon pall on the taste."

This is one among not a few examples where the scissors could have been judiciously used. Having to report officially on the theatres as buildings, he writes in 1863, "*The heat, dirt, dust, smells, horrible. I never had such a job. We took in the dressing-rooms this year. Talk of Ireland and pigsties—they are Dutch cleanliness compared to some of the rooms. I have been sick and dizzy half a dozen times a day.*" The Baron hopes that, in this present year of grace, for such a description to be in accordance with truth would be quite impossible everywhere.

My Baronite records that there has just been added to the "Gallery of Twelve English Statesmen" (MACMILLAN), a Study of *Chatham*, in which Mr. FREDERIC HARRISON presents within small compass a masterly narrative of a great life. Not only in his public career but in his private connections the individuality of the Great Commoner stands forth

clear. A complex character it is. It is almost incredible that a statesman who created the Colonial Empire which looms so large in home politics to-day should grovel in the presence of an obstinate mule like GEORGE THE SECOND, and abase himself before a homely donkey like GEORGE THE THIRD. This frailty seems inseparable from the position of an English Premier, however great. When Mr. GLADSTONE, going on a pleasure trip, unexpectedly found himself carried off to Copenhagen, he wrote to Queen VICTORIA a letter almost abject in apology—humbly explaining the accident accountable for a voyage accomplished without first having obtained the consent of his royal mistress.

All those novel-readers to whom a sensational title appeals must necessarily be attracted by that of WILLIAM LE QUEUX's latest romance, *The Valley of the Shadow* (METHUEN). And they will not be disappointed. The mystery is well started, and the secret cleverly preserved throughout. The sketch of King HUMBERT of Italy, the *Deus ex machina* of the story, is very interesting, as also are the scenes in which either His Majesty himself appears or his influence is felt. Recommended Baronially.

Now, quoth the Baron, I have just finished reading EYRE HUSSEY's novel, *Miss Badsworth, M.F.H.* (LONGMANS & Co.), and having stated the fact, I have no doubt you, my readers, may, like *Mrs. Malaprop*, "be impatient to know how the little Hussey deports herself," or rather, how EYRE HUSSEY deports himself when writing about a sporting young lady. The Baron with greatest pleasure replies at once, "Admirably." *Miss Badsworth* is indeed a most amiable person, but her niece, *Miss Lavinia Badsworth*, is one of the sweetest heroines whose acquaintance the impressionable Baron has ever had the opportunity of making. Gentle, sensible, lovable, a thorough sportswoman and first-rate horsewoman, without being in the least degree a "horsey" woman, free from all "side" and from every suspicion of slang, she is a creation of whom any author might well be proud; and if she be a portrait, then is Mr. EYRE HUSSEY to be greatly envied his knowledge of the original. Sporting novels of former days, always excepting those of Captain HAWLEY SMART, which, however, were more concerned with racing than with hunting, were not always the sort of books that you would feel justified in recommending as quite fit for a lady's perusal. But here is a perfectly pure, country-scented, fresh-air story, simple as it can be made, and, granting the eccentricity of one character, perfectly natural; yet so cleverly managed that you are interested in it from start to finish. The characters are ordinary types, strikingly individualised; the scenes are as cleverly invented as they are wittily described; runs with harriers and foxhounds are vividly narrated, and though the keynote of it all is light-heartedness, yet there are moments in the course of the tale when the reader, should he have mislaid his handkerchief, will regret his negligence, and will do the best he can, if in company, to dissemble his feelings, somehow or another contriving to wipe from his manly cheek the tell-tale sign of irrepressible emotion. The Baron could quote from it more than one scene of quite excellent comedy, and congratulates himself on being able to recommend, without any sort of reservation, so delightful a story to all who do him the honour to accept, and act upon, his carefully-considered advice.

THE BARON



ETON CORRESPONDENCE.

A HOUSE-MASTER'S DIARY, 1910.

(If the Faddists have their Way.)

May 5.—The boys have returned. The annexe for valets will be taxed to its utmost capacity, but after all it is my own idea and a much better one than allowing servants to live in rooms or in low public-houses in the town. Valets will be valets.

May 8.—Everything is going swimmingly, a vulgar but expressive phrase. DICKENSON Major, who is head of my house, was quite nice about the three-course luncheon, only he suggested that there should always be sweets. He quite agreed with me that ten o'clock was early enough for breakfast. Very wise of him, as boys cannot really have too much sleep.

May 15.—Wife much distressed by an angry letter from Sir JOHN MILLDOM, complaining that his son, who is by no manner of means an athlete, has been given chicken for dinner twice during the past week. Wrote myself to point out that it is a most difficult thing to provide a complete change of diet during the close season for game. (*Mem.* See the chef.)

May 22.—Have been annoyed by considerable rowdiness of some of the junior members of my house. The trouble arose from the absence of DICKENSON Major and a few of his friends. Had not their absence been absolutely imperative I think I should almost have refused them leave. However, they all motored to town yesterday, and I scarcely know when they will be back. DICKENSON assured me that his valet had shaved him carelessly on Sunday morning, while the crease in STEINHAUSEN's trousers was neither distinct nor regular. Something, of course, had to be done. They will return when they have found suitable servants, and then, perhaps, the house will be quieter. A house-master's life is full of anxiety.

June 13.—A third letter from Dr. HENLEIGH complaining of his son's spelling. (*Mem.* I must pass these letters on to his tutor.)

July 16.—House much disorganised by magnificent successes in the field and on the river. DICKENSON Major and JONES are disinclined to breakfast before eleven, which throws back the hour for luncheon. HARRISON and LEE Minor will insist on getting up at eight o'clock, at their tutor's suggestion. I have written to their parents.

July 20.—As term draws to a close, and all of us—masters, boys, and valets—feel exhausted, I have introduced a system of tonics. "Tonics" may become historic. The hours at present are 10.30 (before breakfast), 3.30 and 8.30



THE BUMP OF LOCALITY.

Vicar's Daughter (meeting one of her class). "WELL, JANE, I HEAR YOU'VE JUST BEEN TO LONDON. YOUR FIRST VISIT, WASN'T IT?"

Jane. "YES, MISS."

Vicar's Daughter. "AND WHERE DID YOU STAY?"

Jane. "AT MY SISTER'S, MISS."

Vicar's Daughter. "AND WHAT PART OF LONDON IS THAT?"

Jane. "NEXT DOOR TO THE DOCTOR'S, MISS!"

(before dinner). DICKENSON Major was annoyed to-day because his tonic was taken out to him while batting against the M.C.C., but I do not see what else I could have done.

July 25.—How different things are from what they used to be. Letter from an old boy saying that since he had left he has discovered that prison fare is more nutritious than the food he was given when at school here. He added that prisoners—even the most culpable—are allowed to sleep longer than he was. To-day we have changed all that, and next term I shall have enlarged the annexe. Every boy will have his valet,

and every valet will have to speak at least two modern languages before he is qualified. We can then smile at Compulsory Greek. Other masters may disagree with me, but I can also afford to smile at them. Pioneers are never popular.

August 15.—Been reading *Tom Brown's Schooldays*. *Tempora mutantur et nos...*

A DUBLIN grocer advertises his butter thus:

Best Danish	1/2
Best Creamery	1/3
No Better	1/4

A CAMBRIDGE BEDMAKER.

THERE came to me the other day from Cambridge a memorial card, decently bordered with lines of silver and black, which brought the distressing information that ARABELLA HUGGINS (for by that name I shall call her) had died at the great age of 84. Her relations and those who mourned her departure were bidden by an appropriate text to resign themselves to the inscrutable decrees of Providence.

Mrs. HUGGINS was not of those who clatter through the pages of history. No boast of heraldry or pomp of power was hers, and neither storied urn nor animated bust will mark the place where, after many years of faithful service, she now rests. Her lot in life was humble, but it had been eminently useful, for she belonged by birth, inheritance and a considerable training to the ancient guild (if I may so describe it) of bedmakers of Cambridge. For more years than I can number she had ministered to the wants of those youths who were appointed to dwell on one of the staircases of the Old, or Great, Court of Trinity College, the Court of which EDWARD THE THIRD (*"tertius Edvardus famâ super æthera notus"*), HENRY THE EIGHTH and QUEEN ELIZABETH are the tutelary monarchs. Here are the Hall and the Chapel, and in the centre rises the beautiful fountain rich with delicate tracery. Amidst these scenes of venerable splendour Mrs. HUGGINS carried on her duties.

Of these she had, like all the more distinguished bedmakers, no mean conception. She paid a proper attention to the strictly lectiferc parts of her profession, but she by no means confined herself to them; for she could lay a cloth with neatness and set out a breakfast or a lunch table with unvarying success. She made the tea strong and of a good healthy brown tint, for she scorned the effeminacy of the less highly-coloured leaves; and for those masters whom she delighted to honour she was always willing to compose a dish of buttered eggs. She has even been known to bring a savoury beef-steak pudding, her own domestic manufacture, into College under her shawl, and to produce it steaming for the enjoyment of her undergraduates. All she asked on these occasions was that no scrap should be left in the bowl, and this easy tribute to her skill and benevolence was always duly paid. Then, when the table had been cleared and the room prepared for reading, she would seek and receive the small encouragement that was necessary to cause her to open the great storehouse of her experience, and bring forth from it treasures of gossip and anecdote matched only in the pages of DICKENS. When that was over she took her shawl from its peg, her basket from its mysterious hiding-place, and so proceeded homeward.

Mrs. HUGGINS always retained and displayed a high respect for those distinctions of rank on which our social order is founded. A bedmaker in the adjoining Nevile's Court she considered, and often treated, as an equal; to a bedmaker of the New Court she extended a patronage which was not without pity; but no power on earth could have brought her to admit that a bedmaker whose sphere of work lay in the Master's Court was entitled to a precedence even of the humblest kind. She was once asked by an undergraduate to attend a prayer-meeting in the suburb of Barnwell, but she excused herself with the dignity that never deserted her. "How was I to know," she said afterwards, "that some of them people I met there mightn't come calling on me at my home next day?" It was an unanswerable assertion of self-respecting exclusiveness.

In the course of her career she had associated on terms of familiarity with many who possessed titles, and of these she always spoke with a becoming reverence. One mysterious peer, indeed, there seems to have been, who, as an undergraduate, married a bedmaker's daughter, "and took away the title from his sister, the Duchess, pore dear, and broke 'er eart,"

it being understood, of course, that the broken heart was that of her Grace. What happened to the lowly wife was not recorded.

Of all her masters, in their relation to Mrs. HUGGINS—they used to summon her by the affectionate and familiar abbreviation of "BELLA"—it may be said that, whether they were lords or commoners, they reached their full glory in her eyes only after they had left Cambridge. While they resided in College their names were generally classed by their bonnet-wearing guardian in an order of merit corresponding with some exactness to their hospitality and the recklessness of their behaviour. Those who gave dinner-parties were certain of her favour. If, in addition, they defied the College authorities, they basked in a perpetual sunshine of approval. On the other hand, she professed an impatience amounting almost to dislike of those who, ordering nothing from the kitchens, sustained nature on potted meats, or received consignments of eggs from the country to the detriment of the local grocers. Yet even these, on returning years afterwards to the scenes of their youth, would be told that things had sadly altered since their own great and memorable days; that hospitality, so profusely practised by them, was now a lost art; that deans and tutors were allowed to have matters their own way instead of having to fight, as they used to, for an uncertain supremacy; and that, in fact, Cambridge was not, and never could be again, what it had been. Once, when the mildest-mannered man that ever kept a chapel or refused to cut a lecture brought his wife to Cambridge she assured him, in the presence of the lady, that she still remembered, and would ever remember, the night on which, having dined with twenty others, "all in scarlet coats and most of 'em under the table," he had hurled imprecations at the junior dean from the middle of the grass-plot. Then, taking the wife aside, she loudly whispered some words of counsel in her ear, begging her as she valued her happiness and her life, "not to cross that man." The lady smiled; the husband beamed with an air of conscious devilry; Mrs. HUGGINS alone was perfectly serious.

OF KING EDWARD THE SEVENTH she always spoke with a loyalty both frank and venerating. She remembered him as an undergraduate, and was wont to declare that as he walked across the Court or came into a room there shone from the corner of his eye a look that suggested cheerfulness while it inspired confidence.

For London she had but a scant respect. The porters at its railway stations, she said, permitted a passenger who was bound for Cambridge to take a seat in a train destined to arrive at Kew; its lodgings were disgraced by the presence of what she called "live-stock"; while its streets lacked the sparkling streams which beautify those of Cambridge. On the other hand she appreciated very highly the courtesy of a Drury Lane audience which, she related, had risen at her entrance and saluted her with cheers, evidently knowing who she was and whence she came.

Of the instruments of science she had an ineradicable suspicion. Chancing to see a theodolite in Jesus Lane she waited half an-hour and then urged the surveyor to get his shooting done quickly, seeing that honest folks wanted to go to their work. On being told afterwards that he who looked through such an instrument saw people upside down she expressed a great horror, asserting that no mortal man should with her own consent behold her with her clothes flying over her head.

May she rest in peace. To those whose rooms she tidied and to whose wants in sickness or in health she attended with unflinching zeal she will always stand as the great exemplar of all that a bedmaker should be, for she was faithful, industrious, warm in friendship, comfortable and kindly in her ministrations, and of an honesty far beyond the reach of envious tongues. Those who follow after will do well to imitate her virtues.

R. C. L.



PATting HIM ON THE BACK.

Mr. ARNOLD-FORSTER, while expressing his great appreciation of the Volunteer Force, proposes to reduce it by 35,500 men.]



ILLUSTRATION OF THE PAGE

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"DEAR HEART."

Jimmy who has several times asked his mother, who is busy, to get him something from upstairs). "MUMMY, DEAR, IF YOU'RE AFRAID OF THE DARK, I'LL GO UP WITH YOU!"

IMPERIALISM: ITS PRICE.

MR. PUNCH, SIR,—I have just read in a worthy publication a critique of the views of Dr. EMIL REICH, an eminent Hungarian, who says that Imperialism degrades and unsexes women. I was appalled: he seemed to have behind him the authority of the Reichstag. The truth, as a local poet observes, is a stranger to fiction. My imaginings had been indeed astray. Incidents which I had regarded as nugatory assumed an imperial significance. I reflected upon ADOLPHA my first-born, and was astounded. What I had thought mere perversity and narrowness of view (she is over eight years of age) became protracted into dim infinity. Her attempts to flirt with the gardener's son were justified. It was the price she had to pay for my Imperialism: it was a deliberate endeavour to flirt imperially. (I may say

that he is of colonial extraction—White-chapel, I believe.)

My second-born, ADOLPHULA, whose wailings I had unhesitatingly stigmatised as unearthly, was instantly absolved. She was the voice of Imperialism. Again, when I considered the love of gossip exhibited by my patient MARIA, I had to admit that she was a mere counter in the hands of Imperialism: her remarks were imperially unseasonable. JANE the housemaid, who is perpetually breaking *articles de vertu*, had to be acquitted of wilful negligence: it is the price she has to pay for my Imperialism. (I may say incidentally that I should have been relieved if she had also paid the price of the crockery.) Even the cook is no clog on the wheels of Imperialism. Twice have we found her intoxicated before an important dinner party. We were then foolishly annoyed. We did not understand the true signifi-

cance of her act. She was imperially intoxicated, and was making the noblest immolation of her ego to the fumes of Imperialism.

Sir, such a thought is inspiring: it gives furiously to think (a quotation from the same local poet). What a debt of gratitude do we owe to such an intellect! However angry we may feel, we cannot but recognise in all disasters the hand of Imperialism, and with bowed heads acquiesce in its manifold manifestations.

Yours, &c., SUBURBANUS.

FROM THE PROSPECTUS OF A NEW MARKED TESTAMENT.—"The advantage of such markings is undoubted,—to serve as finger-posts to those who are but little acquainted with their Bibles. Missionaries and Evangelists will find the book invaluable." Rather hard on the Missionaries and Evangelists.

"L'ART D'ÊTRE GRAND-PÈRE."

THOUGH it shall be conceded that two such skilful playwrights as Captain MARSHALL and Private PARKER could, between them, have concocted a far better original play than is *Everybody's Secret*, which, as is stated in the programme, is from PIERRE WOLFF's *Le Secret de Polichinelle*, yet it may be doubted if either, alone, or both together, could have given Mr. CYRIL MAUDE better dramatic "opportunities" than are offered in this play, which has already achieved a success that gives promise of a long run at the Haymarket.

Mr. CYRIL MAUDE and Miss CARLOTTA ADDISON are an eminently respectable and fairly comfortably endowed *Darby* and *Joan*, going down the hill of life together, free from care and trouble, hand in hand. Suddenly each of them, apart from the other, discovers that they are grandfather and grandmother. In representing the preservation of this mutual mystification, Mr. CYRIL MAUDE and Miss CARLOTTA ADDISON are delightful: the burden of the task falling, naturally, on the shoulders of Mr. CYRIL MAUDE. His finished impersonation of this character is bound to appeal direct to the heart of every audience. What matters the piece? Who cares whether it be quite reasonable, or whether it would not have been better had the English adapters kept it all French? Such questions, literary and dramatic, may interest the professional critic, but the public cares about none of these things, and only gauges drama, rightly enough too, by what it knows of human nature as exemplified in ordinary life. Why, bless you, *Sir Michael Parkes, Part.* as represented by CYRIL MAUDE, and *Lady Parkes* as played by Miss CARLOTTA ADDISON, do exactly what Mr. and Mrs. SMITH or Mr. and Mrs. JONES, or our friends the FOSBROOKS, would have done in similar, or in the same, circumstances.

CYRIL MAUDE gives us that one touch of nature that makes the whole world kin when he devotes himself to the child of the dear son who has deeply offended him by marrying a shop girl. The shop girl herself, Miss JESSIE BATEMAN, is so evidently exactly the young lady with whom any straightforward honest young man would have fallen in love, that at sight of her—remembering *Hester* in TOM ROBERTSON'S *Caste*—we forgive the impulsive young Guardsman everything, and only hope that somehow or other the old couple will be able to allow the young people something considerable over and above five hundred a year, which sum, in addition to his pay, has had to suffice *Lieutenant Richard Parkes* (CHARLES BRYANT) not only for his domestic expenses, including wife, child and servant, but also for keeping up appearances generally as an officer in the Guards.

Private PARKER may be pardoned for ignorance as to the pay of officers in the Guards, but Captain MARSHALL, his collaborateur, may be credited, as a military man, with knowing something about the matter, and, unless expenses have been considerably cut down, £500 a year, *plus* his pay, for a Lieutenant in the Guards and his family would be, as Mr. Traddles observed when running over his expenses, "rather a tight fit."

The charm of the piece, after Mr. CYRIL MAUDE's grandfather, is the impersonation of the little boy *Micky*, aged four years, by Miss I. HAWKINS. Among the *Peter Pan* children now on the stage, there is not one so perfectly natural as is this infant *Roscius*. His performance—beg pardon, I mean her performance—is so perfect that it is difficult to believe the little person is acting, that is "merely puttendin'," and still more difficult is it to realise that, after all, she is only repeating in words and action exactly what she has been taught. On the sterling result her stage-instructor, be it Mr. CYRIL MAUDE or who it may, is to be most heartily congratulated. Her artless rendering of little *Micky* is to her "mere child's-play."

The part of the brusque-mannered, hearty and honest

friend of the family, *Captain Pierrepont*, "late R.N.," is breezily rendered by Mr. EDMUND MAURICE; while Miss HELEN FERRERS does her best for the representative of the very up-to-date enthusiastic promoter of clubs for ladies, *Mrs. Mellor*. Miss DAGMAR WIEHE creates a character in the short scene where she appears as *Miss Wilmot Cooper* with her mother *Mrs. Wilmot Cooper*, pleasantly rendered by Miss ELISABETH KIRBY. Miss ADELA MEASOR's portrayal of the old servant, *Rebecca*, is thoroughly artistic.

Honours divided between Mr. CYRIL MAUDE, little Miss I. HAWKINS, and Miss CARLOTTA ADDISON; and in Second Act undoubtedly the largest share goes to the child, who is as far removed from what was known in the time of *Nicholas Nickleby* as "an infant phenomenon" as is the highly-finished acting of Mr. CYRIL MAUDE from the rough provincial staginess of Mr. Vincent Crummles.

Everybody's Secret will be in everybody's mouth, and no one will keep it to himself, or herself, for the next six months. Everybody is interested up to the very last moment, and not a soul stirs till the curtain descends on the final tableau representing the re-union of hearts and the end of all difficulties.

FROM "THE RUBAIYAT OF JOSEPH I-AM."

(With apologies to Omar, FitzGerald, and Mr. J—— C——.)

THE idols that I never loved for long
Have done my credit in the world much wrong;
Have advertised me as a demagogue,
With ever some new promise to the throng.

Indeed, indeed, allegiance oft before
I swore, and partly meant it when I swore,
But then came Opportunity, and she
My threadbare fealty to pieces tore.

My moving finger writes, and having writ
Moves on, nor your entreaties nor your wit
Shall lure me on to do one thing it wrote,
Nor can the wise believe one word of it.

But though ambition play the infidel
And rob me of my robe of honour—well,
Twice I have wrecked my party, and to me
Has come advancement, to my friends a sell.

I sent my son through ARTHUR BALFOUR'S door;
I bid him haste, while in, to make his score.
And by and by my son returned to me
And said, "I am the Tory Chancellor."

His Budget computations, so men say,
Will show a surplus; (Malice answers, "Nay,
It is but drawing on the future for
To-morrow's income, scraped in yesterday.")

Oh, ARTHUR BALFOUR, weaving in your glee
A veil of words through which men may not see,
Some little talk awhile of thee and me
There was, but soon no more but me, me, Me.

And then, when ASQUITH and when SPENCER keep
The halls where you have stuck in mud so deep,
Alone I'll vanquish them, and rise alone
While you and they alike to darkness creep.

Yesterday this day's madness did prepare
To-morrow's silence, shuffling or despair;
Shrink, for you know not what I do nor why,
Shrink, for you know not when you go nor where.

From parish politics through GLADSTONE's gate
I rose, and on the throne of Empire sate,
And many a knot unravelled by the way,
But not the master knot of BALFOUR's fate.

For I who did with pitfall and with gin
Beset the road he was to wander in,
Did never dream that he could cling to place
Deserted, though I knew him thick of skin.

Alike to those who for to-day prepare,
And those who after some to-morrow stare,
ARTHUR from Downing Street in triumph cries,
"Your calculation 's neither here nor there."

Into this agitation, why not knowing
Nor whence, like water willy-nilly flowing,
And out of it like wind across the waste
I pass (and whither?) willy-nilly going.

Ah! VINCE, could you and I with Fate conspire
To grasp our Party in the House entire,
Would we not shatter it to bits, and then
Remould it nearer to the heart's desire!

We'd have no other than a moving row
Of dummy-politicians come and go
In due obedience to the order sent
From Highbury by the master of the show.

SAME OLD SANTLEY.

NEVER was our great and unrivalled Baritone in better voice than on Wednesday, March 22, when he sang at the Royal Amateur Orchestral Society, and gave us, in the first part, the delightfully and exquisitely tunefully dramatic "*Non piu andrai*," from MOZART's immortal *Nozze di Figaro*. Everyone could perfectly imagine *Narcisetto* standing by and listening attentively to the inspiring instructions. If 'tis music and dramatic action you want—ah!—where is one single song in a modern comic opera, or comedy opera, that can compare with this? and where is the singer who can give it as effectively as Count CARLOS SANTLEY? And his reception! Why, at the height of his great popularity, when the praise of SANTLEY was the one musical theme, it couldn't have been more enthusiastically hearty.

MISS EVANGELINE FLORENCE was welcomed as the *remplacante* of Miss DALE, who, unfortunately, was unwell and unable to appear, and therefore she might have been apologised for by someone to whom aspirates are no hobject, as not DALE because hill.

MISS FLORENCE sang delightfully the quaint songs, "*If I had a Dolly*" (LÖHR), and "*Invitation to Arise*" (GRAHAM PEEL), as also BISHOP's ever-welcome "*Lo, Hear the Gentle Lark*," with flute obligato by Mr. ELI HUDSON. Excellent!

MR. PERCY GRAINGER was deservedly the recipient of long and loud encores for his forcible and sympathetic rendering of GRIEG's pianoforte *concerto*.

SANTLEY sang in the second part PAER's "*Agitato da Smania Funesta*" (*I Fuorusciti*), and of course it was as perfect as you could wish from a wild singer who declares that

"O'erwrought with fatal madness
My heart with fear now thrills,"

and so forth. But we should have been more than content had our SANTLEY given us only his "*Cherubino! alla vittoria!*" (in the Queen's Hall) "*Alla gloria militar!*" And with this MOZART-cum-SANTLEY still singing in our ears we may rest in peace till he again delights us with this comedy of music.



G. C. S.

SHOW SUNDAY.

Our Artist. "HAVE YOU BEEN DASHER'S PICTURES?"

Lady. "No, I HAVEN'T. YOU SEE HE IS A ROYAL ACADEMICIAN, SO I'M SURE TO SEE HIS AT THE ACADEMY SHOW. BUT I LIKE TO MAKE THE ROUNDS OF THE STUDIOS, AND THERE I CAN GET A CHANCE OF SEEING PICTURES THAT ONE IS NOT LIKELY TO MEET WITH AGAIN!"

THE FREE-TECTIONIST.

[This curious production was found under a bench on the Government side of the House of Commons. The verses would appear to be susceptible of two interpretations, as will be seen if they are read first down each column and then across. We have no doubt that they represent the views of many Conservative Members.]

I HOLD as faith	What CECIL doth avow
All JOSEPH saith,	My conscience can't allow,
That Voter is misled	Who holdeth JOE supreme
Who holdeth him in dread	Quite merits my esteem.
When Free Trade stands	The moon shall turn to cheese
confessed	
This nation shall be blessed.	When JOE's brought to his knees.
And he is but an onf	Who doth Protection prize
Who shuns the Little Loaf	Is staunch, true-blue and wise.

A DUCAL DIFFICULTY.—The Duke of FIFE (as it was represented by the *Westminster Gazette* in an interesting anecdote concerning the peerage the other day) "being a Duke of the United Kingdom, walks after Dukes of England and Scotland." If some of the English and Scotch Dukes go a trifle fast—and we have had such instances—the Duke of FIFE's position will be somewhat embarrassing. What steps will he be bound to take?

THE FUTURE OF BRITISH MUSIC.

REMARKABLE DEMONSTRATION.

A CROWDED public Meeting was held on Friday last in the Albert Hall to discuss the future of English music. The chair was taken by Sir OLIVER LODGE, who was supported by Sir GILBERT PARKER, Mr. GEORGE ROBEY, Mr. SIDNEY LEE, Dr. EMIL REICH, Mr. JOHN BURNS, FLORIZEL VON REUTER, the Hon. CHARLES PARSONS, Mr. ARNOLD WHITE, the CHIEF RABBI, Señor MANUEL GARCIA, and others.

The Chairman, in opening the proceedings, said that the Meeting had been convened by a number of persons deeply interested in the future of English music, and sincerely anxious to take such steps as might be necessary to eliminate from it the taint of colourless common-placeness which Sir EDWARD ELGAR had recently described as the chief cause of its want of success.

Sir GILBERT PARKER, who followed, stated that in his opinion English music was too parochial. Composers must learn to think—and singers to sing—imperially. Sir EDWARD ELGAR had said that English music was white. It ought to be red, white and blue, if it was in any way to represent the true spirit of the Empire. Sir GILBERT PARKER concluded a spirited speech by singing a Canadian boat-song, tastefully accompanied by Sir OLIVER LODGE on a wireless grand pianoforte.

Mr. SIDNEY LEE said that he thought it was high time in the interests of scholarship and research to protest against the inordinate amount of time and attention devoted to the Cinderella of the arts. He had it on the authority of Sir EDWARD ELGAR that British music only began to be worthy of consideration about the year 1880, and was still tainted with a low type of commonplaceness which no amount of University education would eradicate. If that was so, why labour further in a fruitless field? What was the matter with the tongs and bones?

Mr. GEORGE ROBEY rose to protest against this misreading of Sir EDWARD ELGAR's meaning. The music of the music-halls, as he (Mr. ROBEY) had conclusively proved in his article in the current number of *Ideas*, was invariably refined and artistic. It was only when composed by University men that it became dull and vulgar. Take "*Blue Bell*," for example. (*Panic.*) Mr. ROBEY here sat down, after inviting the Meeting singly or collectively to chase him.

Mr. HERMANN FINCK, the director of the Palace Theatre orchestra, stated that since the stringed instruments in that theatre had been fitted with the new flexible tailpiece, the beauty of tone produced had become almost insufferably exquisite. It was a libel on the English

to describe them as an unmusical nation in view of the fact that the burglars who broke into the Brixton Theatre on Sunday week had included the big drum from the orchestra in their booty.

Mr. ARNOLD WHITE gave it as his opinion that purity of musical taste amongst the English had been seriously impaired by the influx of pauper foreign immigrants, most of whom played no other instrument than the Jew's harp.

The CHIEF RABBI interposed to explain that the innuendo was based on a fallacy of nomenclature. The instrument in question was not the Jew's but the Jaw's harp, in proof of which derivation he referred Mr. WHITE to the new Oxford Dictionary.

Dr. FURNIVALL said that one of his earliest recollections was being taken to hear a performer who played tunes by rapping with his fist on his jaw. He agreed with Mr. SIDNEY LEE that the excessive elaborateness of modern music was a sign of decadence and deterioration. Even our popular tunes were absurdly complex, and he found it impossible to whistle "*Hiawatha*" with any approximation to accuracy. With the permission of the Meeting he would illustrate his difficulty. (*Permission declined.*)

The Chairman deprecated the obscurantist tone of the previous speakers. Music was an indispensable instrument of culture and civilisation. It was the most transcendental of the arts. For himself he did his highest thinking to slow music, and had decided to employ the method of cantillating or intoning to the psaltery when delivering his lectures at Birmingham and elsewhere. For further details he referred his hearers to his forthcoming article in *C. B. Fry's Magazine*.

The Hon. CHARLES PARSONS remarked that the best way to promote British music was to secure for it the widest hearing. He had recently patented an improved gramophone which, on a calm, windless day, could be distinctly heard at a distance of three miles. (*Cheers.*) But the instrument was only in its infancy, and he was not without hopes that in a short time he would be able to make it heard across the Channel, and perhaps even in Leipsic, Munich, Berlin and Bayreuth. When that hour arrived it would be impossible for Germany to neglect or despise English music any longer. Music, like journalism, was simply a question of transport, and the country with the most powerful gramophone was bound to have the largest audience, and fall into the most hysterical transports.

FLORIZEL VON REUTER dissented strongly from the last speaker. Music was the youngest of the arts, and therefore it was only fitting that its greatest executants

should be of tender age. You could not dress up a gramophone in a velvet coat with a broad turn-down collar, nor had he ever heard of 400 ladies storming a platform and kissing a gramophone.

Mr. JOHN BURNS laid stress on the educative influence of street nomenclature. There was a Stradella Road at Herne Hill, and a Parsifal Road at Finchley. He appealed to Mr. SIDNEY LEE to rename the High Street at Stratford-on-Avon Corelli Parade.

The Chairman said that for his part he found much pleasure in the flute of Pan, or Pan-pipes. Since he had adopted this soothing instrument he had changed his name to JOHN OLIVER LODGE.

Mr. WILLIAM ARCHER asked what colour Scotch music would be called by Sir EDWARD ELGAR. His own predilections lay in the direction of the bag-pipes. If no one present had any objection he would like to skirl a little now. ("*No! no!*") Very well.

The Meeting then broke up with expressions of good-will to everyone except the composer of "*Blue Bell*."

THE WOBBLER.

[“The late ROBERT STEPHEN HAWKER of Morwenstow was of opinion that it was permissible to hold two contradictory opinions on the same subject, provided you let five minutes elapse between the one and the other.”—*Westminster Gazette.*]

SOME narrow folk there are who lack
Imagination quite;
They swear that black is always black—
And never can be white.
Far otherwise it is with me;
Indeed, I darkly wonder whether
The self-same colour may not be
Both black and white and grey together.

I hear Sir Oracle of Brum,
And all my doubts are laid;
Intent and eager I become
To champion Free Trade.
Five minutes pass—enough to give
My views the opposite direction:
I've heard C.-B., and now I live
For one great cause alone—Protection.

While thus I veer 'twixt “cons” and
“pros,”
Conflicting passions rise;
As idiots I know the “Noes,”
As fools I eye the “Ayes;”
And when division bells remind
That now my vote must be decided,
I very generally find
That, like the House, I am divided.

I seek the lobby on the right,
But ere I cross the floor,
Five fatal minutes wing their flight;
I pause beside the door;
Fresh aspects I begin to see,
The new conviction still grows stronger;
Another ego enters me;
I change, and I am “aye” no longer.



CRUEL.

Charming Lady. "I WONDER HOW IT IS THAT WOMEN KEEP YOUNG-LOOKING LONGER THAN MEN?"
Old Bachelor. "BACHELORS GETTING SCARCE, I EXPECT."

CHARIVARIA.

GENERAL KUBOPATKIN has been succeeded by General LINIEVICH. As an Anglo-German gentleman told us the other day, "Only a vich or a vizard can save the Russians."

By-the-by, there is nothing inherently improbable in the report that General KUBOPATKIN has accepted a smaller command than he had before. It will be remembered that at first ALEXEIEFF was a full Admiral, but subsequently became a rear Admiral.

The Russian Finance Minister has written to the *Times* to say that, in spite of statements to the contrary, the huge gold reserve at St. Petersburg still exists. This is good news for the Japanese, who were getting nervous about their indemnity.

The *Novoe Vremya* publishes details of a great commissariat scandal. Thank Heaven, such things cannot happen in the British Army! We mean, of course, that the details cannot be published.

The Australians' reply to the charge

of shortage in their consignments of jam to South Africa—*Jam satis*.

France is feeling quite embarrassed at the amount of attention she is receiving from the KAISER. Not content with dining the other day at her Embassy in Berlin, he is now showing an active interest in her policy in Morocco.

"MULLAH submits," announced our newspaper placards last week. "LANSDOWNE submits," announced the placards of the Somaliland newspapers, which, of course, are not so well-informed.

The Army Council, it is announced, is to have a flag, consisting of a Union Jack bearing a shield with three cannon and a cannon ball. We fear, however, that this attempted bluff as to having the guns will deceive nobody.

"Fashion gets more exacting every year," complained a lady the other day after a visit to the Whistler Exhibition.

According to *Nature* the total eclipse of the sun on August 30 next will take place at a time when the number of

spots on its face is about the maximum. It is only human that in such circumstances the sun should wear a veil.

The new Tower Bridge Police Court, which is to displace the old building at Southwark, is described as palatial. This handsome edifice became necessary, we understand, as the class of prisoner is steadily improving. The accommodation for solicitors is said to be admirable.

The article in the current number of the usually carefully edited *Pall Mall Magazine* on "The Liberal Leaders" has given some offence to those concerned, owing to the fact that an advertisement headed "Anæmia: its cause and cure," is inserted in the middle of the article.

Now that Mr. MARCONI is married, ladies are asking how long will they have to wait for what they have been hankering after for some time past, namely, a wireless crinoline.

The *Cingalee* is proving the kind of play that lawyers like—a piece with plenty of action in it.



BACK TO THE LAND.

Farmer's Wife (who has told the new lad from London to collect eggs). "WELL, JACK, HAVE YOU GOT MANY?"

Jack (who has raided a sitting hen). "RAUTHER! ONE OLD 'EN SHE'S BIN AND LAYED THIRTEEN, AND I DON'T THINK SHE'S FINISHED YET!"

LINES ON A PRIMROSE.

I sing the primrose, apt to stir
Emotion in the minor poet,
What time his pensive footsteps err
Through woods and places where
they grow it.

Oft in some dim, sequestered nook,
Which very few have cast their eye on,
It glows with yellowish tint, though not
So yellow as the dandelion.

Shy plant, with vernal grace endued
My solitary walk to cheer,
At sight of thee my eyes exude
Faint traces of the unbidden tear.

I note thee with a kind of awe;
A solemn joy my spirit fills;
I feel like WORDSWORTH, when he saw
The sheep—or were they daffodils?

Rathe primrose, that forsaken dies,
(To quote a phrase intact from MILTON)
Thy brief effulgence typifies
What sand our highest hopes are
built on.

The promise of thy nascent bloom,
That seemed of springtime to assure us,
Is taken by untimely doom,
Blasted by Aquilo and Eurus.

If brooks with hidden truth be packed,
And edify, like printed works;

If in each stone—portentous fact—
A little sermon, ambushed, lurks;
Thou too art fraught with silent speech,
And mutely eloquent thy fate is;
Thine too, consumptive flower, to teach
A striking moral lesson—*gratis!*

PEACE TO ITS CINDERS!

A Scrap-heap Epitaph.

[An experimental trip of the new electric vestibule-trains was run on the Underground Railway last week, thus marking the fast-approaching end of the old-style Inner Circle traffic.]

HERE LIE

The Remains of the Steam-drawn
Rolling-Stock

(Late of the Underground)
which

Entered into Existence
on January 10, 1863

and

Received its Death-blow by Electrocutation
In the Early Morning Hours
of March 21, 1905

When

The Signal was given to Clear the Line
For the New Motor-Driven Train.

It Started

Its Subterranean Career

Amid a Chorus of Mid-Victorian Eulogies
As an Eighth Wonder of the World,
and,

Passing through

a Ricketty and Precarious Infancy,

Followed by

A Sulphurous and Sooty Adolescence,
and a Life of Grime,

It settled down

Into Dingy and Senile Decay,

Hastened on

By Chronic Attacks of Asphyxia,
A Growth of Tube-reucosis

And

Congestion of the Circulatory System.

It was

About as Third-class as they Make,
But

It served Its Generation According to
Its Lights

(Which, by the way, were None Too
Brilliant)

And

It certainly did not go the Pace.

Being No Longer

Tolerated in the Infernal Regions.

It is now Finally Shunted Upwards
UNREGRETTED by All,

And

Awaiting a Transformation
Into Hen-Coops and Rabbit-Hutches.

Or, very possibly,

The Ingredients of a Bonfire.

A QUESTION for the next examination
of budding officers: "Which is the
heavier, a pound of feathers or a pound
of jam?"



FALLING OUT.

THE BARE. "GO IT, MY BOYS! I SHALL SOON BE OUT OF THE WOOD AT THIS RATE!"

[* The electors have before them two schemes involving a change in our Fiscal policy. The first, as propounded by Mr. Balfour, is a colourless production known as Retaliation. With regard to these, we should say, frankly and honestly, that Retaliation is damned."—*Notes for Electors*, "circulated by Mr. Chamberlain's Tariff Reform League."]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



"AHA!! THE FISCAL QUEST-I-ON!"

Chorus of Passive Desistors. "SOFT!! THEY WOULD ENT-RAP US, LURE US TO DEST-RUCTION! LET US DISSEMBLE!"

(Mr. B-l-f-r, Mr. L-t-t-l-t-n, Mr. A-s-t-n Ch-m-b-r-l-n, and Mr. Br-d-r-ck.)

House of Commons, Monday, March 20.—How long is it since DON JOSÉ came back from South Africa bringing his sheaves with him in the form of undertaking on behalf of the mine owners to guarantee a contribution of thirty millions to the expenses of the War in South Africa? A first instalment of ten millions fell due last year; but where is the hard cash? *Où sont les neiges d'antan?* They are as substantial as this promise has proved.

British credit earlier pledged to the tune of £100,000,000 for the benefit of Irish landlords and tenants was pawned to extent of £35,000,000 for the Transvaal. That's all right; irrevocably done. In mere matter of interest payable annually it saves Transvaal £350,000 a year. But in polite society we don't mention the Transvaal's promised contribution to the costs of a war swelled by purchase of horses no one could remount, rounds of ammunition no one could fire, tins of jam conveying to the ear promise of 16 ozs. to the pound,

breaking TOMMY ATKINS' heart with discovery that they contained only 12.

DON JOSÉ not here to-night to state his views on realised facts. In his place his successor at Colonial Office left to make best of hapless business. Experience following on other of similar character beginning to tell on ALFRED LYTTELTON. His shoulders bending under the burden; his laugh less spacious in its illuminating power, a circumstance not compensated for by increased space in the parting of his hair as it shades the crown of a noble head.

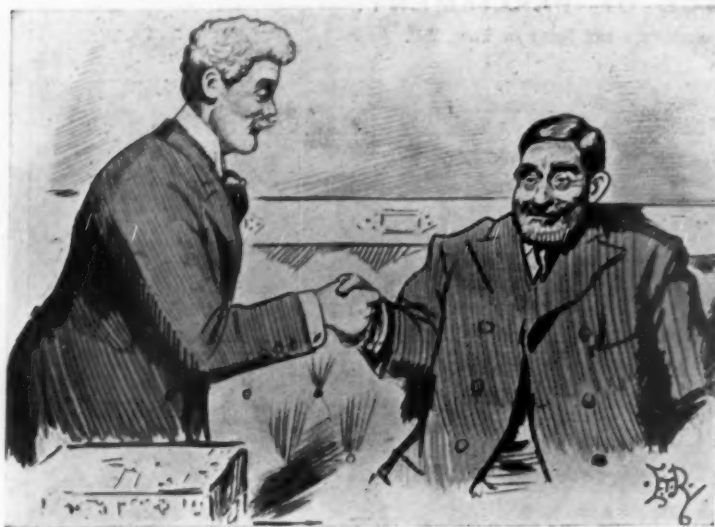
All very well to be at Colonial Office while khaki fever raged, and every vote given to Liberal candidates at the poll was a vote given to the Boers. LYTTELTON's lot is different. He comes in when the drums have ceased to beat, the trumpets to blare, and when the Auditor-General's report of fantastic War Office extravagance has begun to circulate. Gallantly tries to make the best of a bad wicket. Admits there is no chance of enforcing

redemption of the pledge about the ten millions. But we must hope on. Curious how in depression of moment Colonial Secretary, avoiding the familiar cricket-field, goes to the stables for similes.

"Don't," he said to McCRAE, not ostentatiously a horsey man, "hurry your horse over bad ground; wait till he gets on the grass; then he'll gallop."

So pleased with this way of putting it he lingered over the illustration. What was meant, he explained, was that next year the Premier mine would contribute at the rate of £400,000 per annum to Transvaal revenue. He could not believe, he said, a tear trickling down his manly cheek, that, thus placed in funds, the Transvaal would be so unmindful of the sacrifices made on her account by the Mother Country as to repudiate her undertakings.

What was made clear through long speech is that if Transvaal felt disposed towards repudiation there is nothing in the world to prevent her indulging in luxury. House realised amid consterna-



LE GOUVERNEMENT C'EST MOI.

Mr. Ian Malcolm congratulates Mr. Will Crooks—sole occupant of the Treasury Bench during Fiscal Debate.

tion that there is not in existence a document—not even a half sheet of note-paper—that would serve to enforce the claim. As the ex-SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE, now a Florentine Noble, remarked, the House of Commons had, under false pretences, been induced to guarantee a sum of £35,000,000. That was not exactly how ALFRED LYTTELTON put it. But it comes to the same thing in the end.

Business done.—Disclosure made that, if the Transvaal pleases, she can snap her finger at British taxpayer in respect of contribution to war costs exacted by DON JOSÉ. That bold buccaneer HICKS-BEACH proposes we shall nobble mine royalties and pay ourselves. This, coming from a mildly-spoken gentleman understood to fill the office of churchwarden in his country home, regarded as going a little far.

Tuesday.—There was performed this afternoon one of those little acts of self-sacrifice which find no record in print nor acknowledgment from the public. In Committee of Supply on Vote for costs of criminal prosecution LOUGH moved an amendment reducing it by £200. Action taken by way of censuring ATTORNEY-GENERAL for his action—rather his inaction—in matter of WHITTAKER WRIGHT. Subject invited, almost compelled, speech of at least an hour's length.

To Mr. LOUGH temptation seemed irresistible. A nice quiet afternoon; only three o'clock; Committee at his mercy. Yesterday BLAKE in similar circumstances talked for an hour, with CLANCY to follow for forty-five minutes.

As afternoon sitting is suspended at seven-thirty, and questions do not close till three, here was nearly half of the sitting appropriated by two Members. The honour of Islington demanded that Ireland should not thus triumph. Get LOUGH's blood up and he might be safely backed to beat in length of speech any two Irish Members.

Now was his time; here his opportunity. But, loyalty to the Party, fidelity to Country (same thing), pointed to another pathway. Ministerialists, worn out with incessant watchfulness, still tarried on the way to Westminster. If division were taken forthwith, Government would be put in a minority.



"With Clancy to follow for forty-five minutes."

LOUGH, rising to height of occasion, determined to sacrifice his speech. To all outward appearance it was done without a ripple of emotion. He moved his amendment and sat down. But who shall say what pangs rent his heart?

Pleasant to know that an hour later he found the reward that does not always come to the deserving. WHITTAKER WRIGHT disposed of, the BECK case came on, and Mr. LOUGH plunging in worked off a speech of prodigious length. Here and there it was a little mixed. WHITTAKER WRIGHT's head popped in where BECK's body stood. But on the whole, considering the circumstances, it was a *tour de force*. Happily he was assisted by the circumstance that in either case, *re* WHITTAKER WRIGHT, or *re* BECK, the ATTORNEY-GENERAL had to be banged.

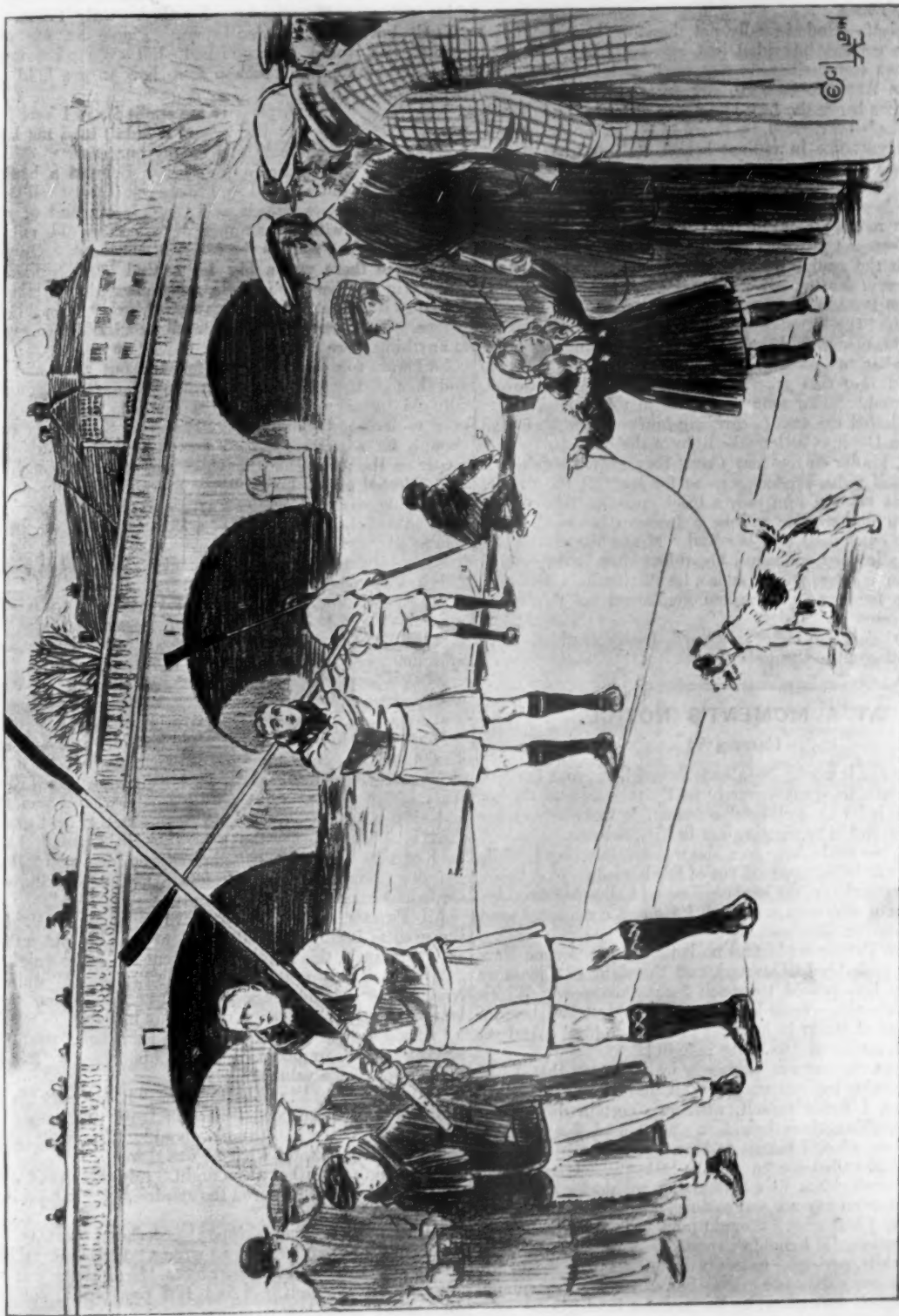
Dismal part of story is that the sacrifice was wasted. ACLAND-HOOD too old a bird to be netted in this fashion. If LOUGH would not make a speech, thus giving opportunity for Ministerialists to muster, he knew a man that would. It was BANBURY, as usual, who took the cake. As soon as LOUGH sat down he rose with casual air, and approached WHITTAKER WRIGHT case in a four-wheeler, as it were, engaged at hour rate.

Opposition, seeing their plans foiled, howled with rage. BANBURY, with pretty affectation of not hearing any remarks, articulate or otherwise, jogged along. Interrupted with enquiry as to where he was going, he didn't seem quite clear on point. "Banbury Cross," someone suggested. But that is not within the four-mile radius, and no cabby would accept a job at half-a-crown an hour. As discussion of matter served his purpose just as well as if he continued his speech, he sat down whilst CHAIRMAN and HENRY FOWLER talked it over.

C.-B. played up to his hand with angry denunciation of what he described as the most gross bit of obstruction within his experience. If C.-B. would only keep banging away for a few more minutes, Ministerials dropping in by twos or threes would avert disaster. To make quite sure BOND was next put up, amid renewed howls from gentlemen opposite. Mr. BOND stared into space with air of serious abstraction. Every minute's howling was worth at least two votes. In intervals of the storm Mr. BOND said a word or two more or less remotely connected with ATTORNEY-GENERAL's conduct of the WHITTAKER-WRIGHT case, and at a nod from the PINK 'UN resumed his seat.

The men had arrived: no further risk in a division; taken, it showed Ministerial majority of 64.

"Not the first time the Capitol has been saved by cackling," observed the MEMBER FOR SARK.



"HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE."

Little Girl (in a loud whisper), "Oh, Auntie, what rude men!"

Business done.—Guillotine at work. Members walked seven times round the lobbies, and so passed all supplementary estimates.

Friday night.—Undesignedly, not, therefore, less effectually, picturesque contrast provided just now on Treasury Bench. WALTER LONG completing his first week at the Irish Office. Sits by the ATTORNEY-GENERAL FOR IRELAND, who these ten years past has borne the heat and burden of the day. Fresh from the fields overlooked by Board of Agriculture, the new CHIEF SECRETARY sits in radiant health and strength, as yet his withers unwrung. His learned colleague, with skin of parchment hue, lack-lustre eyes, a voice which, when up-lifted, reveals a state of chronic irritation, droops by his side.

PLUTARCH records how, in the days of the Pharaohs, the giver of a banquet provided as one course a skeleton, handed round with the genial remark, "Look on this; eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow you die." To-day ATTORNEY-GENERAL FOR IRELAND fills the place, drives home the moral of the skeleton of the Egyptian feast. Naturally a light-hearted man, with keen sense of humour and a stock of choice stories, ATKINSON, after ten years' hard labour at the Irish Office, is transformed into this grey shadow of a man, hollow-eyed, leaden-hearted. So far reduced in weight that the slaves to whom is allotted the task of carrying him round at Viceregal banquets in Dublin Castle make light of the burden.

Fortune, kinder to the new CHIEF SECRETARY than she has shown herself to his predecessors as far back as the time of FORSTER, has allotted him only a brief space of time in the place of tribulation. He will be a freeman before the iron has time to enter deep into his soul. Meanwhile, as he sits next to his learned colleague, breathless after having reeled off nineteen answers to questions, he illustrates a situation interesting for some predestined gentleman on the Front Bench opposite.

Business done.—The "gagged" Irish Members have another sitting all to themselves.

AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE.

CHAPTER VI.

I SHOULD say it would be about as much as Aunt SELINA'S place is worth to speak severely to PHYLLIS, and, to do her justice, she is far too well-bred a woman to make any visitor feel uncomfortable by ragging her in his presence.

Still, anyone could have seen she was annoyed; and, while the cream was being spooned out of her lap into a slop-basin, she made remarks on the inconveniences of allowing monkeys to be about at afternoon tea which I, for one, considered most beastly offensive.

And even PHYLLIS could find no better excuse for me than that I was probably half starved, and the sight of cucumber sandwiches had proved too much for my manners. Which was too sickening—considering my sole object had been to nip in ahead of MONTY in handing the food to her! And yet people talk rot about "feminine insight!"

But I kept my temper. I merely let them see that I was hurt by turning my tail on them all, and stalking off to a corner—not, I flatter myself, without a certain dignity. I had had nothing since breakfast, except, as I fancy I mentioned before, a bit of biscuit and a rotten banana—but, after my Aunt had called me "a greedy little pig," I scorned to touch a morsel. Not to mention that my doctor has often told me never on any account to touch cucumber.

Presently I had what I thought (and still think) a flash of real inspiration. If I couldn't *speak*, by Jove! I could *spell*! Rather rockily, perhaps—in fact it was my spelling that *really* spun me in more than one exam—but still, quite well enough to make myself understood by the meanest intelligence.

All I actually required was some sort of Alphabet. With

that, I could fix up a few simple sentences and lay them at PHYLLIS'S feet. When she read, for instance, something like this: "Sorry. *My* mistake. Not *Pig*. Only *Polite*. Disguised, but thorough Gentleman. Please let me go on Stage," she would be astonished—but even more touched by my appeal. The problem was, how to get hold of an Alphabet.

Now, though few people give me credit for it, I *have* brains when I choose to exert them—and it didn't take me long to come across the identical thing for my purposes.

For, lying on a chair in the corner, I found a book in a thick leather binding—oldish, I imagined (I must tell you my Aunt rather fancies herself as a *Connoisseur*, and of course gets taken in with all manner of worthless old rubbish). But what fetched me was the *inside* of the book. On nearly every page there was a big fat capital letter, gilded and painted in a rather gaudy style, much after that of the texts I used to illuminate when I was a good little boy in a holland blouse. If I'd searched for a month I couldn't have got hold of anything more ripping!

So I went to work, and soon ferreted out an S, and an O, and then an R—but I couldn't discover another R, and the silly old Johnny who had painted the bally book didn't seem ever to have *heard* of a Y! However, SORI was correct enough for a monkey, and I tore those letters out—pretty neatly on the whole, for the paper was devilish tough—and then selected others I was likely to want, keeping as quiet as possible, so as to surprise PHYLLIS all the more later on.

But that interfering idiot of a MONTY spotted me before I was half ready!

"Mischievous little beggars monkeys are," he remarked, "always up to somethin' or other!"

"Some monkeys may be," said PHYLLIS; "not *mine*. It wasn't mischief just now—only hunger, poor darling!"

"Well, but I *say*," persisted MONTY, "he's busy tearin' up some paper now, with pictures in it, too!"

"Oh, I expect it's only *Punch*," said PHYLLIS, without looking round. "It doesn't matter, because we've *seen* that—at least we've looked at the pictures, you know."

MONTY said he never saw *Punch* himself—it didn't amuse him, somehow—still, he might be mistaken, but he'd a sort of idea that it hadn't gone in yet for giving *coloured* illustrations. That fetched them all up to see what I was about, and then my Aunt gave a kind of scream: "Good gracious, PHYLLIS!" she cried, "the miserable little wretch has got hold of that book of ours" (or she may have said "Hours,"—I don't know) "which Professor PERCAMENT kindly lent me to look at. And he's tearing it all to pieces!"

All PHYLLIS said to me was, "Oh, Monkey—*Monkey*!" But even as I still frantically tried to deal her out an S and an O and an R, this gentle reproof cut me to the quick.

"What *shall* I say to the poor dear Professor?" wailed my Aunt. "A valuable MS. like that! And when he was hoping the British Museum might buy it, too!"

"Afraid they won't give him much for it *now*," said MONTY, inspecting the fragments through his glass. "Monkey's taken a lot off the value already!"

"Mums, darling!" put in PHYLLIS. "It was only his *play*! And really, it was a good deal *your* fault, you know! You shouldn't leave such things about! The poor monkey couldn't possibly know what he was doing!"

"It's high time he was taught," said my Aunt grimly. On which MONTY volunteered the opinion that "a good licking would be a lesson to me."

"I won't *have* him whipped!" declared PHYLLIS. "He knows already that he's done wrong. Only *look* at him!" [I daresay I *did* look pretty abject—for I really was rather annoyed with myself.] "And I'll pay for it, out of my allowance!"

"As I believe the Professor gave some hundreds of pounds

for it at Sotheby's, PHYLLIS," retorted Aunt SELINA, "it may be some little time before you are able to make up the amount."

Of course I shouldn't allow her to do anything of the sort; I would take the entire responsibility on myself! After all, what would a few hundreds matter to me, as soon as I got that engagement at the Palace or the Hippodrome?

"Fact of the matter is, Miss ADEANE," said dear MONTY, "you'll never feel safe with a little beast like that about. I should advise you to get rid of it. If you're really keen on having a monkey, I can get you one with no nonsense about it—as quiet and well-behaved as any poodle. Only got to say the word, don't you know?"

"I thought I told you before," said PHYLLIS, looking all the jollier in a bait, "that the word is 'No,' Mr. BLUNDELL. Do you quite understand? No—no—no! And if you persist in pressing any more monkeys on me which I don't want, I shall be really vexed!"

But old MONTY wouldn't take a hint; he seemed bent on crabbing my chances if he could—and we'd always been such pals, too!

"What I mean to say is," he went on, "if you must keep a monkey, why not a healthy one? I don't set up for a judge of 'em myself, but even I can see the little beggar is about as ricketty as he can be."

"He isn't!" said PHYLLIS, indignantly. "And if he is, he can be cured. And he shall, too!"

"I should have said he was too far gone myself," said MONTY. "Besides, I fancy he's got something worse the matter, if you ask me."

"I don't ask you," said PHYLLIS. "What else do you think he's got?"

"Oh, I may be wrong," said MONTY. "Hope so, I'm sure. But those pink patches under the skin, eh? Look to me like—well—like the beginning of—er—mange, don't you know?"

"Oh, Mr. BLUNDELL! Not really?" cried PHYLLIS.

But I could see that her ideal of me had received its first serious shock.

"I could have told you better if he'd been a fox-terrier," said MONTY. "Still, if I were you, I'd have in a vet. Nasty thing, mange!"

"Horrible!" said PHYLLIS, with a shudder. "But no. I won't believe it's anything so unpleasant!"

"I always abstain, on principle, my dear, as you know," observed my Aunt, "from saying anything so banal as 'I told you so.' Otherwise I should be tempted to ask what else you could possibly expect from a piano-organ!"

The suddenness of the accusation had completely floored me. It was so beastly unjust, too! What on earth did an unmitigated ass like MONTY know about mange? I admit that I may have been a trifle flushed in places. What

monkey *wouldn't* be, I'd like to know, after being scrubbed with such an infernal hard brush as I had been!

Still, I was determined to keep myself under control—to meet this terrible charge with the calm consciousness of innocence.

A hero in a melodrama, when accused by the villain of something he hasn't done, only has to stand in the limelight, with his right hand raised to the ceiling, and shout: "I call upon the Eternal Justice to decide between that Man and Me!" (or some such remark). And that brings the curtain down.

But I had no speech and no limelight. There wasn't even a curtain that would come down. I can assure you that just then I jolly well wished there *had* been one, if it would only have put an end to my trying situation.

F. A.

TO WALTER LONG.

DEAR Mr. LONG, when hydrophobia

Was in this land endemic,
Keeping all modes of treatment quite at bay,
Both surgical and chemic,
You came, and with your muzzle
Did solve the dreadful puzzle.

If, of the rabies Hibernian
You prove yourself the queller,
Your health, in bumpers of Falernian
Drawn from the inmost cellar,
With customary song,
We'll drink, dear Mr. LONG.

JUST as he who drives fat oxen must himself be fat, so must he who writes for Irishmen be Irish too. The *Daily Mail* wrote on March 20:—

"Irishmen from every quarter of London marched westwards yesterday in units or battalions to attend the first great Gaelic service held in the Westminster Cathedral to celebrate the feast of St. Patrick."

But are there no Irishmen in London west of the Cathedral, or north of it, or south of it?

"Daily Mail" Arithmetic. A RECORD "SLUMP."

RARE METAL FALLS 75,000 PER CENT. IN VALUE.

THE New York *Nation* this week, discussing the Anglo-Russian Arbitration, remarks that war has been thus averted, and a solution reached "without a single woman being made a widow." But can a single woman be made a widow?

THE *Scarborough Post* says that "the villages of Bainton and Middleton, in East Yorkshire, have ladies' cricket clubs. The last-named organisation has just held a ball." This is a good beginning. The first duty of a cricketer is to hold the ball.



WHO CAN DIVINE WHAT HIDDEN MUSIC LIES
IN THE FRAIL REED, TILL WINDS AWAKE ITS SIGNS?

Lord Lytton.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IN a preface Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD hints that her latest work, *The Marriage of William Ashe* (SMITH, ELDER), resurrects "ghosts of men and women well known to an earlier England." It is not difficult to guess that in *William Ashe* is presented a sketch founded on the character and fortune of Lord MELBOURNE and that, without the life of his wife, Lady CAROLINE LAMB, *Lady Kitty Ashe* would not have been. That, however, does not much matter. Mrs. WARD, sustained by the example of MOLIÈRE, may pick up her good things where she finds them, so that she presents them in the masterful fashion of this novel. *William Ashe*, as son, husband and statesman, is an interesting study, finely dealt with. But to the reader, as to the company she frequented in town and country, at home or abroad, *Lady Kitty* is everything. The skill of the novelist is shown in the opportunity of contrast presented by the two characters. In the husband we have the imperturbable Britisher of almost supernatural forbearance. At hand, dominating his life, meddling with, finally ruining, his high career, is the elfin wife, unaccountable even to herself for a series of performances that would wear out the patience of an archangel. *Lady Kitty* is not an endearing creature. It is probable that the average reader, like my Baronite, will occasionally be impatient with her husband's almost indomitable loving kindness. But the diverse characters, drawn with delicate though firm touch, command interest. The story of the husband and wife makes its way through vistas of political and social life, brilliant in their colouring. Incidentally we have a sketch of the historic fancy-dress ball at Devonshire House in Jubilee days. By way of contrast there are delightful word pictures of Venice by day and night. Alike in construction, character drawing and literary style, Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD's latest work stands forth high above the ordinary level, successfully competing with other masterpieces by the same hand.

Of *The Confessions of an Ambitious Mother* (HEINEMANN) the Baron is unable to make either head or tale. At first he thought it was going to be a story after the style of the "Dear Diary," but this forecast he soon found was doomed to disappointment. The Baron thinks that it may be intended to illustrate, in a shadowy sort of way, the story of a good woman gone wrong, and of what might have been a good family gone wrong after her; but the Baron cannot conscientiously affirm that this interpretation is the true one. The attentive and curious reader, quick at skipping over confidential paragraphs and perpetual allusions to literary and dramatic authors, will probably find himself interested, by fits and starts, in the queer doings of some of the characters; and, if so, he will have to exercise considerable ingenuity in "trying back," picking up the scent, and then following the right line of country. *The Ambitious Mother* seems to have been intended for a second-class woman and a first-class liar. Now to interest the reader in such a study of character requires that the heroine should be equal in her way to *Becky Sharp*, and that a novelist equal to THACKERAY should give us the story of her life. The authorship is anonymous; the Baron has not the slightest curiosity to penetrate the veil of anonymity.

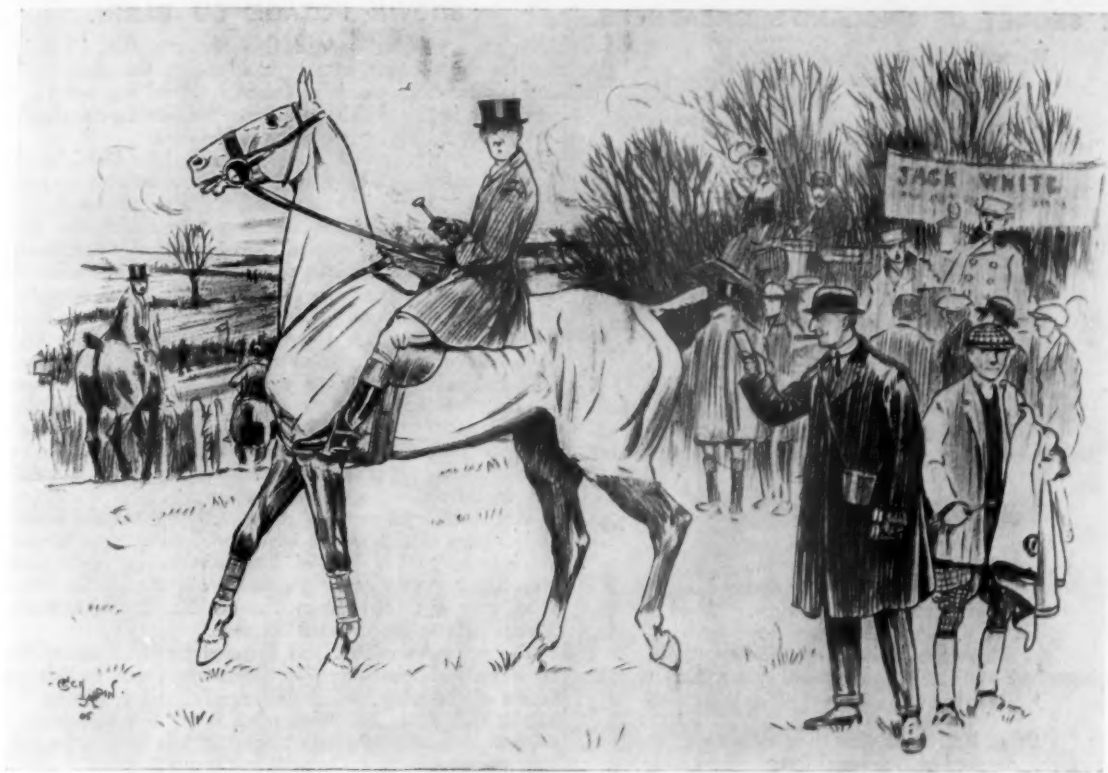
In *The Vicissitudes of Evangeline* (Duckworth), ELINOR GLYN gives us further confessions of the young person. But the naïveté which was found so piquant in *The Visits of Elizabeth* no longer conceals its affectation of ingenuousness. *Evangeline* (no relation to her of the "forest primeval") frankly announces her intention of becoming an "adventuress"; but she is spared the disillusionment which might have been so salutary for her and so entertaining for the reader. At the first step she is diverted from her heroic

resolve by the intervention of a Duke's heir out of a fashion-plate. He has a beautiful "shape," and is called *Vacasour*—a name to flutter the servants' hall, and very superior to its English equivalent, the humble HODGE. They sit together on a seat in the Park and kiss behind a fog; and the Duke, a very fastidious type, is obliged to yield to her superb dignity and declares that she will make "a magnificent Duchess." The book, says my Nautical Retainer, suggests an adaptation from a continental novelette, with the more explicit improprieties purged, and little left of the original except its vulgarity.

As for the old device of a diary, this is always useful if excuse is needed for a slipshod style (the author speaks of "that lovely feeling of being alive, and not minding much what happens, you feel so splendid, like I get on fine days"); but surely there are limits to the permissible uses of antiquity, and she should not have attempted, at this late hour, to convey an air of reality by the suggestion that *Evangeline's* journal was never designed for publication; as when she says that there is "no use pretending when one is writing one's own thoughts for one's own self to read when one is old." However, the book is too light for heavy criticism; and, after all, it is far above the average level of the *Family Herald*. With its lurid sidelights on the aristocracy, and its little tags of French—not always strictly accurate—it should have a *succès fou* below stairs.

The Baron has no hesitation in recommending *Mademoiselle Nellie*, by LUCAS CLEEVE (JOHN LONG), to all readers whose time *pour se distraire* with novel-reading is necessarily limited. The book entitled *Nellie* consists of two separate and quite distinct stories, although, as there is no dividing page between the finish of the first and the commencement of the second, and as the title of the second, *The Fate of Two*, seems to suggest the continuation of the story of *Nellie* after her marriage, it is as well to warn the interested and sanguine that *The Fate of Two* has nothing whatever to do with *Mademoiselle Nellie*. The misunderstandings which make the tragi-comedy of *Nellie's* life are natural in the circumstances, and will appear, to the interested spectator carefully considering the circumstances, as quite natural. On two separate occasions there are just those complications that the right word said by the right person to the other right person at the right moment, would clear up in less than five minutes. The dialogue throughout is sharp and to the point; the badly pronounced incorrect French is capitally rendered. The slight incidental sketches of French *curés* may be superficially correct, but they must be taken as exceptional, and not by any means as types of a miserably under-paid, liberal-minded, devoted order. The second story, *The Fate of Two*, will inevitably recall to the experienced in melodrama the plot of *Pauline*; while the action in a grimly sensational scene reminds us of the strong situation in *La Dame de St. Tropez*. The story is none the worse for this; and it is, except just at the somewhat hurried *dénouement*, excellently told. How one who is so perfect in French as LUCAS CLEEVE must have been riled by the printer's "*Il n'a pas de chance*," and by the title of the well-known Regent Street restaurant being given as "*The Café Royale*." It is indeed considerate on the part of LUCAS CLEEVE to supply occasionally a full and free translation of a French sentence for the enlightenment of such of her English readers who may not have had the good fortune to visit Boulogne.





WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Friend from Town (after consulting point-to-point card). "CALL HIM RUGBY, DO YOU, JACK? WELL, I SHOULD CALL HIM CLAPHAM JUNCTION—HE'S ALL LINES AND POINTS!"

MARIHUMA.

[A recent discovery in Mexico. It is held to possess all the charms of tobacco, and at the same time to be not only innocuous, but actually to stimulate both digestion and appetite.]

FLOWER of the West, with the soft, sweet, name,
 Marihuma,
 Follow, oh, follow thy new-won fame,
 Marihuma;
 Follow it out from the thankless West
 (Nasty uncivilised part at best).
 Come! We would know thee, know thee and test,
 Marihuma.

Here is one I have loved full well,
 Marihuma,
 Sister of thine, with a sister-spell,
 Marihuma,
 Mild as the sap of the Balsam-Tree,
 Sweet as the odours of Engedi,
 Rose of a thornless Briar, she,
 Marihuma.

Ah, but she worketh this evil thing,
 Marihuma,
 Save we be chary of worshipping,
 Marihuma:

Surely she sendeth a poisoned dart,
 Scraping the coats of the—tender part,—
 Giving us Staggers, and Smoker's Heart,
 Marihuma.

Thou, 'tis said, hast a purer charm,
 Marihuma,
 Milder and sweeter, and free from harm,
 Marihuma;
 Thee we may honour from morn till night,
 Worship, and win of the grateful rite
 Aid to digestion and appetite,
 Marihuma!

What is the truth of the tale one hears,
 Marihuma?
 Art thou the thing we have sought for years,
 Marihuma?
 Come, for thy presence alone can show
 (Man had discovered it years ago,
 Anywhere else than in Mexico),
 Marihuma.

Come, then, come to a kinder land,
 Marihuma;
 Thou shalt be met by a big brass band,
 Marihuma;
 Come to the trumpet, come to the drum,
 Come to the toot of the flute: ah, come,
 Come to the Pipe of your own DUM-DUM,
 Marihuma!

SHAKESPEARIAN MOTTO FOR MR. G-RGE EDW-RD-S AS A MEMENTO
 OF HIS LOST CAUSE.—"The Only Darling!"—*All's Well that
 Ends Well*, Act II., Sc. 1.

THE SECRET OF ENGLAND'S GREATNESS.

WHEN from distant parts returning,
 Dazed with foreign modes of talk,
 And the heart within him yearning
 Toward his home's façade of chalk—
 When at length his eye has lit on
 Dover's mole that mocks the tide,
 What is it that stirs the Briton
 With a throb of native pride,
 Counteracting other spasms in the pit of his inside?

Does he muse—"I come from places
 Pitifully far behind
 Us in all the arts and graces,
 Love of culture, breadth of mind?
 Paris, Seville, Munich, Naples—
 Can their gifts with ours compare?
 What have they to match with M-r-'s,
 Or the Halls of Leicester Square,
 Or the *verve* of Carlton dinners where Ideas are in the air?"

No, he grants we may be duller
 Than the centres I have named,
 Deaf to music, blind to colour,
 Bare of art and unashamed;
Jeux d'esprit—we may have missed 'em,
 And our play of wit be slow,
 Yet he finds no second system
 Whose affairs so smoothly flow
 Undisturbed by those who reckon they are there to run
 the show.

Other lands that view their Senates
 As the fount of social law
 May on their paternal tenets
 Hang with unaffected awe;—
 We regard our Chambers' chatter
 As of negligible weight,
 Like the wind of schoolboy battle
 In a boarding-house debate,
 Full of noise but calculated not to compromise the State.

Here they fight, by fiscal faction
 Torn in two or even more,
 Ever seeking new distraction
 In the strokes they dealt before;
 While the nation, doing nicely,
 Goes the way it always went,
 Carrying on its work precisely
 As it would in the event
 Of an *aposiopesis* overtaking Parliament.

That is why the homing trotter,
 Pendent o'er the steamer's side,
 Feels his British heart grow hotter
 With a sense of native pride;
 Out of lands whose rulers lead 'em
 By a tutelary string
 He has come where ample Freedom
 Soars at large with lusty wing,
 And the voice of politicians is a very little thing. O. S.

The Revival of Welsh.

"THE Carnarvon Town Council asked for the support of the Council of that town in its application for the location of the proposed Welsh National Museum at Carnarvon Castle. It was decided *fmefrbgeb ggefrc gsfikfjyffpjffi*. It was resolved to support Carnarvon."—*North Wales Chronicle*.

BROWN POTAGE DU BARRI.

RATHER a mess of potage this Savoyry dish. Yet here were the right ingredients to hand; only the clever *Cordon Bleu* was wanting. It is splendidly served up, but all the garnishing in the world can't atone for indifferent cooking. Let us drop metaphor and come to business.

What sort of play the French original of *Du Barri*, by JEAN RICHEPIN, might have been it would be difficult to gather from CHRISTOPHER ST. JOHN'S adaptation as produced at the Savoy Theatre. The one thing certain about this Savoy piece is that all the "curtains" are dramatically contrived, so that, however dull in dialogue and wearying by its inaction, the Prologue, or any one of the three Acts, may be, a dramatic situation can be depended upon suddenly to electrify the audience into a burst of enthusiasm which brings down "the drop" to genuine applause. The curtain has to be raised more than once to allow of the grateful actors and actresses bowing their acknowledgments, while among them MR. GILBERT HARE, the Hare apparent as *King Louis the Fifteenth*, sad of countenance and weary in manner, modestly deprecates any extra praise he may seem to have deserved by his generally clever stage-management.

The number of persons employed suggests the idea that such a piece as this would have had a far greater chance at Drury Lane or His Majesty's. The *mise-en-scène* could not have been by any means a simple task, even though MR. GILBERT HARE were aided by Stage-Manager MR. ROGER ALWYN and Assistant Ditto MR. CHARLES MAYNARD.

The music, composed and directed by MR. HERBERT SMITH, is of no little assistance to the conventional melodramatic action of the play; while the graceful and sparkling ballet merits the praise bestowed upon it by the benignant but critical Monarch in whose honour it has been arranged by that worthy *maître de danse* SIEUR JEAN D'AUBAN.

Messrs. HICKS, HANN and HARKER, the three Haspirants for scenic Honours, have excelled themselves,—each in his own department of art; HICKS in the Prologue and Epilogue, HANN in "the Pavilion" (not Brighton, but Versailles) and in "The *Du Barri's* Bedroom" (Act II.), a gorgeous apartment, where HANN makes the bed and keeps everything in most apple-pie order; while HARKER has "The Park at Louveciennes" to himself, and produces a most effective scene.

All the tableaux are so striking that, produced alone as pictures without words, every single one of them (perhaps excepting the finish of Act I.) would tell its own story at a glance, and be received with as hearty applause as now greets them.

There is some good artistic work done in the course of the play, as, for instance, the *Madame Labille* of Miss ELSIE CHESTER, on whose by-play and that of the girls under her direction, in the shop-scene of the Prologue, depends the success of the poorly stage-managed love-making situation between *Prince Rohan* (MR. HOLMES GORE) and *Janet Vaubernier* (MRS. BROWN-POTTER). MR. WILLIAM DEVEREUX gives tone to the character of the King's confidential valet *Lebel*, as do the two HERBERTS, VYVIAN and HEWETSON, to the important parts of *Bernard* and *Morin*.

As the imperturbable scoundrel *Jean du Barri*, the villain of the piece, MR. WILLIAM ABINGDON is as good as bad can be (this is meant complimentarilywise); though if the author had made him ever so much worse, MR. ABINGDON would have been ever so much better.

Had the dialogue been up to the situations, had the piece been strongly cast, and had MRS. BROWN-POTTER never seen or heard of SARA BERNHARDT, but had been coached in the part by an autocratic experienced master of all stage-craft, including "making-up," and had the piece been in a general way recast, it is highly probable that a very great success would have been obtained. Now, "*c'est magnifique*," and therefore is not unlikely to prove exceptionally attractive.



ON TOUR.

(Tangier, March 31.)

KAISER WILHELM (as the Moor of Potsdam) sings:—

“‘UNTER DEN LINDEN’—ALWAYS AT HOME,
‘UNDER THE LIME-LIGHT’ WHEREVER I ROAM!”



HOW ANIMAL PICTURES ARE PAINTED. "POSING THE MODEL."

Spokesman (to artist, whose patience is becoming exhausted after waiting a good half-hour for the correct position). "WE'LL SOON AVE 'IM ALL RIGHT NOW, ZUR!"

VICARIOUS CITIZENSHIP.

[Some "Active Assistors" have recently foiled a desire for cheap martyrdom by anonymously paying the Educational rate of the Passive Resisters at Hayward's Heath.]

Ye Active Assistors of Hayward's own Heath,
Who merit a leaf out of History's wreath,
Let the Humorous Muse
Flit around with the news
How you ransom the crank by the skin of his teeth!
More pow'r to your elbows and purse-strings, say I!
Straight down to your village I'm longing to fly,
Where I'd live on the cheap
And contentedly sleep,
While my conscience allows me on *you* to rely!
Or say, could you send a detachment to stay
Near here where I'm living (out Hammersmith way)?
With your pockets well lined,
I can readily find
Some local arrears that I'm loth to defray.
Our Councillor Graballs have visions immense
Of Utopias squeezed out of rate-payers' pence,
Until *my* soul recoils
From providing their spoils—
So come to my rescue! I claim your defence!

I've pious objections to pay £ s. d.
For loading each loafer with luxuries free;
But if *you* will shell out,
Unabashed I will shout,
"*Qui facit per alium facit per se!*"

ON A RECENT VERDICT.

"THREE thousand" for a *Cingal-ee*
Made EDW-ED-S use a double "d."
"Though G-LL and BR-KF-LD were so funny,"
Says GEORGE, "it wasn't worth the money;
And," as he adds with great good sense,
"They got their laughs at my expense.
The sum, from my experienced view,
Like every piece that is brand-new,
Wants cutting down. If I am wrong
Let Judges say. They will, ere long."

"MARSHAL OYAMA" (says the *Times*) "is comfortably quartered in five Chinese houses, and is in excellent health." Assuming that the words "drawn and" were inadvertently omitted before the word "quartered," we can only express our amazed admiration at the recuperative powers of these Japanese. It would look, by the way, as if there were not quite enough sections of the gallant Marshal to go round.

THE UNIVERSAL ADVISER.

[A surprise gift will be given to every reader whose letter is dealt with in this page.]

(With Apologies to "Smith's Weekly.")

"HARMONY," of Ipswich, writes to tell me that about a month ago in a fit of abstraction he bought a banjo. He took it to his lodgings, but the landlady absolutely refused to allow him to play it within her domicile.

He thinks that if he did once have lessons he would become quite a good player, but he does not want to leave his lodging, as he is comfortably settled there. He wants me to help him out of his difficulty by giving him advice on the subject.

The question is, "HARMONY," do you prefer your lodging to your banjo, or your banjo to your lodging? It was hardly worth while to write to me about it, although of course it affords me another opportunity of showing my urbanity and readiness. Also it entitles you to the surprise gift—although that is no great shakes.

"A CLAPHAM JUNCTION READER" asks me to tell him the name of a better paper for the home circle than *Brown's Weekly*. My dear Sir, you have achieved the hitherto impossible: you have stumped me.

I have before me a very pathetic letter from a boy of sixteen years. He signs himself "PHYSIC," and resides in Hull.

He tells me that on the slightest occasion his mother goes to the cupboard and brings forth a bottle, and makes him take a dose of obnoxious medicine. Being usually a very healthy boy, he not unnaturally dislikes the custom, and he wants to know if he should refuse to be dosed in this indiscriminate manner.

You say you are a very healthy boy, "PHYSIC"; but do you know this? Does not mother know best? There is an old and tender song which states that a boy's best friend is his mother. I believe in that song. I believe, "PHYSIC," with all my heart that your mother is right. At the same time it is only fair to say that a really clever boy would retain the medicine in his mouth until his mother had gone, and then expel it.

"SPORT" writes to tell me about the audacity of the vagabonds and tramps who exist in the northern part of London.

He was wandering along a deserted road near Barnet, wearing a brown bowler hat. There also was a person of the tramp species some distance in front of him, wearing a dilapidated old black bowler hat.

Just as the tramp was turning a corner a tremendous gust of wind blew

off my reader's hat and carried it along the road and round the corner. "SPORT" immediately pursued his headgear.

When he turned the corner it was nowhere to be seen, but he noticed that the tramp, instead of wearing a ragged black hat, was flaunting himself with a nice new brown head covering. Of course "SPORT" recognised that it was his hat that the tramp was wearing, and he taxed him with stealing it. The tramp denied that such was the case, and brought up a whole string of arguments to prove that the hat did belong to him. As he could not disprove the tramp's assertion, and as the vagrant was the bigger man, "SPORT" was forced to wend his way homeward minus his headgear.

There are several courses open to you, "SPORT." One is to join the No-hat Brigade. Another is to wear a hat-guard. A third is to wear an elastic under the chin. A fourth is to learn the Japanese art of self-defence, by which, according to the circular, a little man can become the superior of the giant. A fifth way, "SPORT," is to write your name inside your hat. Had you done this, you could gently but firmly have convinced the tramp that the hat was yours and not his—that is, if he could read. If he could not read, I lose all interest in the case, since *Brown's Weekly* exists in vain for him.

One little thing about your letter perplexes me. Why, considering that you did not have a go at the tramp, do you call yourself "Sport?"

"POFFLEKINS" has the misfortune to be related to a person who is continually making awful puns. He tells me that he does not mind people who make smart puns, but this relation of his brings forth the same old pun over and over again, and "POFFLEKINS" thinks that he must have repeated his particular puns at least three hundred times this year.

In the olden times, "POFFLEKINS," such things as thumbscrews and other implements of torture were used upon criminals and the like. I have no doubt that if your relation had lived in those days and made such awful puns he would have been dragged to the deepest dungeon, there to make the acquaintance of such tortures as I have mentioned.

Earlier still, "POFFLEKINS," before language was invented, there can have been no puns at all; which must have been very pleasant.

But you do not, "POFFLEKINS," want my speculations on the morning of the world; you want some of the practical counsel for which I am famous. Very well then, "POFFLEKINS," what I advise is that the next time your friend makes a pun you severely welt him with a

bound volume of *Brown's Weekly*. (Yearly volumes, "POFFLEKINS," in three-quarter morocco, half-backed with kid, can be obtained from the office, price 15s. 9d. post free.)

Lord BATEMAN telegraphs to know if I can tell him on what day Easter Monday will fall this year. I can, my Lord. It falls on April 22. I am enabled thus rapidly and accurately to give you this recondite information through having on my desk one of the *Brown's Weekly* Special Calendars.

CHARIVARIA.

It is now denied that General LITVITCH's army is to be increased. It is realised that as much success can be scored against the Japanese with a few troops as with many.

Moreover Peace is declared to be now almost assured. The CZAREVITCH has at last persuaded his father that, even if the Russian troops were to go on being beaten for ten years more, Russian prestige would not be improved.

"I think that a Liberal Government would not find it difficult to establish cordial relations with Russia," declared Lord REAY last week at the National Liberal Club. Lord REAY has voiced the fears of a large number of his countrymen.

Considerable pain has been caused to Mr. Justice DARLING by reason of the fact that a certain newspaper in reporting one of his Lordship's jokes last week, did not indicate that it was received with laughter. As a matter of fact his Lordship's jokes are always laughed at, even if it be only by the Usher.

A man who once played *Hamlet* is now selling boot-laces in the streets of Newcastle-on-Tyne. We suppose it is optimistic to hope that this will ever become a fashion.

The newspaper trade is threatened with a severe blow. A gentleman has written to the Press to complain of meat and other eatables being wrapped up in newspapers, and suggesting that the practice shall be made illegal.

A new fourpenny Magazine is giving back that sum to all purchasers. A rival, we hear, is shortly to appear which will, in addition, give compensation to such purchasers as shall furnish adequate proofs of having read it.

One of our most prominent habitual drunkards was overhead asking in a

book-shop, the other day, for "The Book of Topiary," recently published by Mr. JOHN LANE.

An ointment has been invented which claims to prevent mosquitos and other insects from biting human beings, and the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is expected to take the matter up.

It is so difficult to know what present to give to a friend who has recently suffered a bereavement that we have nothing but praise for the enterprising American firm which has just produced a pack of playing-cards for Bridge with mourning borders.

A correspondent writes to ask us which is the best handbook to "Pit." He has an idea that Lord ROSEBURY once wrote a book on the subject.

By the by, the latest cure for a headache is said to be not to play "Pit."

Captain FRASER should be satisfied. The Jury has declared his play to be worth 120,000 Tanners.

The Scottish Women's Liberal Federation has passed a resolution declaring that "the time has come when each of the four parts of the United Kingdom should manage its own affairs." "Manage its own affairs" is certainly a nicer expression than "mind its own business."

A German Professor maintains that deep yawning, practised as a regular exercise, is the surest road to perfect health. This explains, but does not excuse, the desire of many persons to get into Parliament.

The *Entente* progresses. "Come to my Brest," is France's latest invitation to us.

And Gallic gaiety is becoming distinctly Anglicised. The French now take the KAISER's pleasures sadly.

FROM the *Cape Mercury* :—

KING WILLIAM'S TOWN.—Riotous Conduct.—LIZZIE MTENGWE pleaded guilty to creating a disturbance in Bridge Street by eating her mother; and was sentenced to fourteen days' hard labour.

We consider that the punishment was not excessive. If one must do this kind of thing, it should certainly be done in private.

MANLY PRIEST seeks **CURACY**. Views Sentire cum Ecclesia; common-sensed by lay thought; preaches live sermons; reading, intoning, natural; world graduate; visits sympathetically. £150.—*Church Times*.

It seems a lot for the money.



"UNGRATEFUL TRUTH."

"SHE HAS TAKEN VERY GREAT CARE OF HERSELF, YOU KNOW."
"YES. BUT HER AGE IS TELLING ON HER AT LAST."
"WHAT INGRATITUDE!"

DISILLUSIONED!

I do not claim Apollo's grace,
And yet the fact must be confessed,
I oft have thought that I possessed
A not displeasing cast of face.

I do not think that I am vain,
And yet I could not but opine
That others, side by side with mine,
Were really singularly plain.

Now all is changed. A fearsome gloom
Has fallen on me like a cloud.
Dread, spectral, gaunt, and beetle-
browed

I see myself, till crack of Doom!

Oh, is this awful visage mine?
This countenance, distorted, weird,

Wherein all form has disappeared,
And vanished every classic line?

Would I had shunned the banquet-hall,
Nor sat, with calm, seraphic look,
Whilst some abandoned miscreant took
A flash-light photo of us all!

Oh, gladly would I murder him
Who fixed his weapon with such guile
That all lopsidedly I smile
Down in the lens's lowest rim!

FROM the *Daily News* :—

WHY BE A CLERK when you can secure berths as violinists on yachts, £8 to £12 a month? Knowledge of instrument not essential.

Audiences on yachts are easily pleased.

THE KAISER'S CLOTHES RESERVE.

IMMENSE TREASURES.

VISIT OF ENGLISH JOURNALIST.

THE slighting reference made by a writer in the *Times* to the KAISER'S wardrobe, and Count von Bülow's telegram to Printing House Square, will no doubt be familiar to many of our readers, but in view of the satisfactory developments of what threatened to provoke a severe recrudescence of Teutonic Anglophobia it may be as well if we briefly summarise the earlier stages of an incident which may now happily be regarded as closed.

In the course of a series of articles on the cost of living in Germany, Mr. JEROME FOX, the great sartorial publicist, alluded to the alleged immense accumulation of magnificent and costly habiliments at Potsdam, and observed, "In spite of all official statements, we unhesitatingly assert that the number of uniforms, fancy and Court costumes, undress and Harris-tweed suits possessed by the KAISER is grossly exaggerated. If his wardrobe were to be examined at this moment, we believe it would be found to contain not more than 300 complete suits—in other words, that he is no better equipped than Queen ELIZABETH was 300 years ago." Two days after the appearance of this statement a telegram was received from Count von Bülow challenging the Editor of the *Times* to despatch a representative to Potsdam, where he would be given every opportunity to examine and enumerate the contents of the Imperial wardrobe. The Editor of the *Times*, it will be remembered, declined to accede to this request on the ground that such a mission was not consonant with the discharge of his editorial functions, and this refusal created a very bad impression in the German capital. The insinuation that the KAISER was inadequately equipped with suitable habiliments—so it was pointed out by the semi-official Berlin press—was an insult of the most outrageous description, but it was aggravated by comparing a monarch of his splendid talents and achievements with so obscure and futile (*nichtswürdig*) a ruler as Queen ELIZABETH. But the ill-feeling thus engendered was not confined to the columns of the Press. The *Times* correspondent in Berlin was assaulted in a restaurant by a German officer, who struck him over the head with a *Blutwurst*; diplomatic relations between the two countries grew painfully strained; the withdrawal of the German Ambassador from London seemed imminent; and a powerful squadron of battleships was mobilised at Kiel. The stormcloud dispersed as rapidly as it had gathered, thanks to an

act of patriotic enterprise on the part of a contemporary, which we are now in a position for the first time to disclose.

It appears that the editor of the *Brummel's Gazette*, on learning of the decision of the *Times* not to avail themselves of Count von Bülow's offer, at once telegraphed to the Imperial Chancellor: "Our Mr. RABBITS starting for Potsdam. Can he see KAISER'S wardrobe?"

The sequel is best described in the vivid narrative of Mr. RABBITS himself, who was met on his arrival at Berlin by a squadron of Pomeranian Grenadiers and escorted to Potsdam amid the cheers of the infuriated populace.

"When I arrived at the Palace," writes Mr. RABBITS, "I was courteously received by Count von Bülow, who was wearing a rather full-skirted frock-coat, a double-breasted white waistcoat, Moorish bloomers, and a very *chic* fez. After a sumptuous cold collation in the Imperial breakfast parlour, the Chancellor summoned the Chief Keeper of the Wardrobe, a stalwart Westphalian named von SCHINKENBEIN, and my tour of inspection began. We first entered the

HAT-ROOM,

a fine apartment with a parquet floor and richly whitewashed walls, where I enumerated the following articles of headgear: 70 cocked hats, 39 tall silk hats, 14 white beaver hats, 90 bowler hats, 26 Panama hats, 365 helmets, 52 deerstalkers, one gross of motor caps, 13 Cardinal's hats, one diver's head-piece, 113 mortar-boards, 12 lilac sun-bonnets, 10 kalpaks and 19 sandjaks. Having checked the figures of the chartered accountant who accompanied me, I willingly acceded to the request of the Keeper of the Wardrobe to partake of some light refreshment, consisting of smoked tongue and Johannisberg, and then entered the

IMPERIAL BOOTSTORE.

"This is a truly magnificent room, measuring 60×20 feet, and fitted with every appliance for the maintenance of footgear in perfect repair. One large cupboard was devoted entirely to spats, of which I counted 313 brace, arranged in four sections to suit the four seasons of the year. The number of puttees and gaiters entirely passed my powers of computation, but I readily accept Herr von SCHINKENBEIN's estimate that they run into four figures. The boots, shoes, pumps, &c., worked out as follows: 100 pairs of topboots, 30 pairs of waders, 75 pairs of porpoise-hide shooting-boots, 69 pairs of Blücher boots, 120 pairs of ordinary wide-welted walking boots, 98 pairs of brown boots, 100 pairs of Oxford shoes, 50 pairs of dancing pumps,

10 pairs of Afghan sandals, 40 pairs of Turkish slippers, 39 pairs of tennis shoes, 35 pairs of football boots, 22 pairs of white buckskin cricket boots, 15 pairs of pattens, 20 pairs of clogs, 18 pairs of snow-shoes, 17 pairs of *ski*. As for boot-trees, I can only say that they amounted to a regular forest, while the supply of blacking, cream, dubbin, &c., was on the same liberal scale. Fortified with two or three glasses of excellent Kümmel I then proceeded to the

CENTRAL SUIT COURT.

"This magnificent hall is divided into two sections, one for official and ceremonial uniforms, the other for ordinary or undress garments. Taking the former first I was shown 50 Admiral's uniforms, 60 Field-Marshal's, 150 Colonel's, 20 Cardinal's, 10 Archimandrite's, and a beautiful and unique suit of coster's Sunday clothes with pearly complete. The department of miscellaneous multi, however, interested me most. Here I saw several hundred Norfolk jackets, double-breasted reefers, pleated and yoked boleros, clerical vests for preaching in the North Sea, golf capes, cycling knickers, &c. At this stage," continues our Mr. RABBITS, "exhausted as I was with the labours of computation, which had now gone on for several hours, I readily acquiesced in the proposal of my courteous cicerone that we should defer further investigations until we had partaken of a light supper. The meal, consisting of lobster mayonnaise, *pâté de fois gras*, and champagne, was served in the Hygienic Underclothing Crypt, access to which is provided by a lift opening on the Great Coat corridor. The atmosphere of the Crypt being rather sultry, and the champagne excellent, I am free to confess that I was neither in the mood nor in the condition to carry out the remainder of my exploration with the same rigorous attention to details. I have, however, a vivid recollection of a regiment of trouser-stretchers—a photograph of which I enclose—over one of which I stumbled with painful results to my shin, countless coveys of collars, galaxies of ties, and myriads of aquascuta. Suffice it to say that long before my labours were finished I was absolutely convinced that Mr. JEROME FOX's imputation could not be substantiated, and that Queen ELIZABETH's sartorial equipment was hopelessly surpassed and outclassed by the superb accumulations of the Potsdam wardrobe. Nothing more remains to be said except to express the hope that my brother journalists will give the widest possible currency to this narrative, and to voice my satisfaction that it has been reserved to me to assist in allaying the friction which bade fair to estrange two great and friendly Powers."

PUTNEY TO MORTLAKE.

WHEN you're lying at your stake-boat you can watch the
other crew,
Who return the pretty compliment by taking stock of you;
And you see the Umpire talking with a most determined face,
And you wish he'd finish quickly and make haste to start
the race.
Then your scarves and caps and sweaters you deliberately
doff;
And the pistol gives a crack,
And you heave your body back—
And before you know you've started you have realised you're
off.

Oh, it's joy to send her leaping, and it's ecstasy to feel
That your back is solid iron and your muscles springy steel;
That your heart can pump for ever, that your wind can never
go,
Though a stormy league divides you from the place to which
you row;
With the other crew alongside, hard at work and going
strong;
While you hear the steady roar
Of the masses on the shore,
And it's "hands away, and swing it out, and keep the finish
long."

Now the Captain shouts, "Come on, boys," and the coxswain,
"Five, you're late";
And you're through the Bridge at Hammersmith and on to
Chiswick Eyot.
Have you gained, or are you failing? How the dickens can
you tell?
You can see the back in front of you and see it swinging well.
But at length, when you've been spurting (and it seems to
last a year),
With a rattle and a splash,
And a clatter and a dash,
You're ahead! and, lo, the other lot are lagging in the rear.

Oh, the whistle-shrieks of steamers, and the megaphones of
men,
And the blur of every feeling as you pick her up with ten!
And your legs are fairly aching, but you plant your feet and
drive
When you're leaving Barnes behind you at a stroke of thirty-
five.
And the pace gets fast and faster—was there ever such a pace?
Far too furiously fast
To allow a man to last;
And—by Jove! the "Ship" at Mortlake! and you know
you've won the race. R. C. L.

AN ELIGIBLE PROPERTY.

June.

SIR,—We beg to thank you for your favour to hand
this morning, and note that you are seeking a medium-sized
house with some shooting, at an easy distance from town.
We are glad to know that a very charming property which
we are instructed to dispose of fills all these requirements.

Vide Manor, Fenstead, is near a station, under an hour
from London, yet delightfully rural, and is in every way
suited for a gentleman's residence. It is a compact and
attractive house, and although the acreage, consisting of
well-grown plantations, is limited, yet extensive shooting
can be easily obtained over almost adjoining land. We feel
sure that, on viewing this property, you will be greatly
pleased with it. We have the honour to be, Sir, &c.



SO LIKE A BROTHER.

Brother. "MADEL'S DOING HER HAIR AN AWFULLY RIPPIN' WAY NOW.
IT MAKES HER SEEM QUITE PRETTY. YOU OUGHT TO TRY IT."

November.

GENTLEMEN,—We are obliged for your inquiry as to sites for
outer suburban shop property, and have pleasure in sending
you the enclosed particulars of 18 acres of land at Fenstead,
with extensive frontages on well-made roads, in a rapidly
growing locality. The house at present on the ground has
been unoccupied for some years, but, at the price which we
are prepared to accept for the property as a whole, it will
pay you well to pull down, and utilise the materials for
foundations, &c. We shall be glad to hear from you when
you have inspected the site. Yours obediently, &c.

January.

DEAR SIR,—In reply to your inquiry, we quite understand
that it is your intention to erect a tallow factory and brick-
yard, and we think that a suitable location may be found at
Fenstead, on land which we are offering, close to the railway.
A siding giving direct access to it could no doubt be readily
arranged with the company. The whole 18 acres is on clay of
excellent brick-making quality, and, except for bushy scrub
in places, the entire surface is immediately available for
operations. There is a building on the land, formerly used as
a private dwelling-house and in fair order, which we are
advised could be used for the tallow factory offices, and also
affording a couple of capital show-rooms for bricks and tiles.

Yours truly, &c.



Schoolmistress (desirous to find out Christian names of children's fathers, so that she may address correspondence in proper form). "Now, ALICE, what does MAMMA call PAPA?"

Alice. "PLEASE, 'M, SHE CALLS HIM DUCKIE."

Schoolmistress (baffled). "Tom, what does YOUR MOTHER call YOUR FATHER?"

Tom (stolidly). "MOTHER NEVER SPEAKS, TO FATHER!"

THE SCIENCE OF GOLF.

[A certain make of field-glasses is advertised just now as "suitable for golf-players, enabling them before striking to select a favourable spot for the descent of their ball." There can be little doubt that this brilliant hint will be further developed, with some such results as those outlined in the following anticipation.]

As I told JONES when he met me at the club-house, it was a year or more since I had last played, so the chances were that I should be a bit below form. Besides, I was told that the standard of play had been so raised—

"Raised? I should just think it has!" said JONES. "Why, a year ago they played mere skittles—not what you could properly call golf. Got your

clubs? Come along then. Queer old-fashioned things they are, too! And you're never going out without your theodolite?"

"Well," I said with considerable surprise, "the fact is, I haven't got one. What do you use it for?"

"Taking levels, of course. And—bless me, you've no inflator, or glasses—not even a wind-gauge! Shall I borrow some for you?—Oh, just as you like, but you won't be able to put up much of a game without them."

"Does your caddie take all those things?" I asked, pointing to the curious assortment of machinery which JONES had put together.

"My caddies do," he corrected. "No

one takes less than three nowadays. Good; there's only one couple on the first tee, so we shall get away in half an hour or so."

"I should hope so!" I remarked. "Do you mean that it will be half an hour before those men have played two shots?"

"There or thereabouts. SIMKINS is a fast player—wonderful head for algebra that man has—so it may be a shade less. Come and watch him; then you'll see what golf is!"

And indeed I watched him with much interest. First he surveyed the country with great care through a field-glass. Then he squinted along a theodolite at a distant pole. Next he used a strange instrument which was, JONES told me, a wind-gauge, and tapped thoughtfully at a pocket-barometer. After that he produced paper and pencil, and was immersed apparently in difficult sums. Finally, he summoned one of his caddies, who carried a retal cylinder. A golf-ball was connected to this by a piece of india-rubber tubing, and a slight hissing noise was heard.

"Putting in the hydrogen," explained JONES. "Everything depends upon getting the right amount. New idea? Not very; even a year ago you must have seen pneumatic golf-balls—filled with compressed air? Well, this is only an obvious improvement. There, he's going to drive now."

And this he did, using a club unlike anything I had seen before. Then he surveyed the putting-green—about half a mile away—through his glasses, and remarked that it was a fairish shot, the ball being within three inches of the hole. His companion, who went through the same lengthy preliminaries, was less fortunate. In a tone of considerable disgust he announced that he had over-driven the hole by four hundred yards.

"Too much hydrogen," murmured JONES, "or else he got his formulæ muddled. Well, we can start now. Shall I lead the way?"

I begged him to do so. He in turn surveyed the country, consulted instruments, did elaborate sums, inflated his ball.

"Now," he said, at length settling into his stance, "now I'll show you."

And then he missed the ball clean.

... Of course he ought not to have used such language, and yet it was a sort of relief to find *something* about the game which was entirely unchanged!

THE London correspondent of the *Irish News* begins his account of the career of Mr. WILLIAM ABRAHAM, M.P. ("MABON") as follows:—"Commencing life as a mere boy at the age of ten, Mr. ABRAHAM—" Another case of "intelligent anticipation."



GILDING HIS SPURS.

L. RAVENHILL

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 27.
—Wasn't it Lord MELBOURNE who, presiding over a Cabinet Meeting at which alternative proposals were discussed, protested he did not care which way the decision went, but insisted that, if the matter were dealt with in both Houses of Parliament, an identical story should be told?

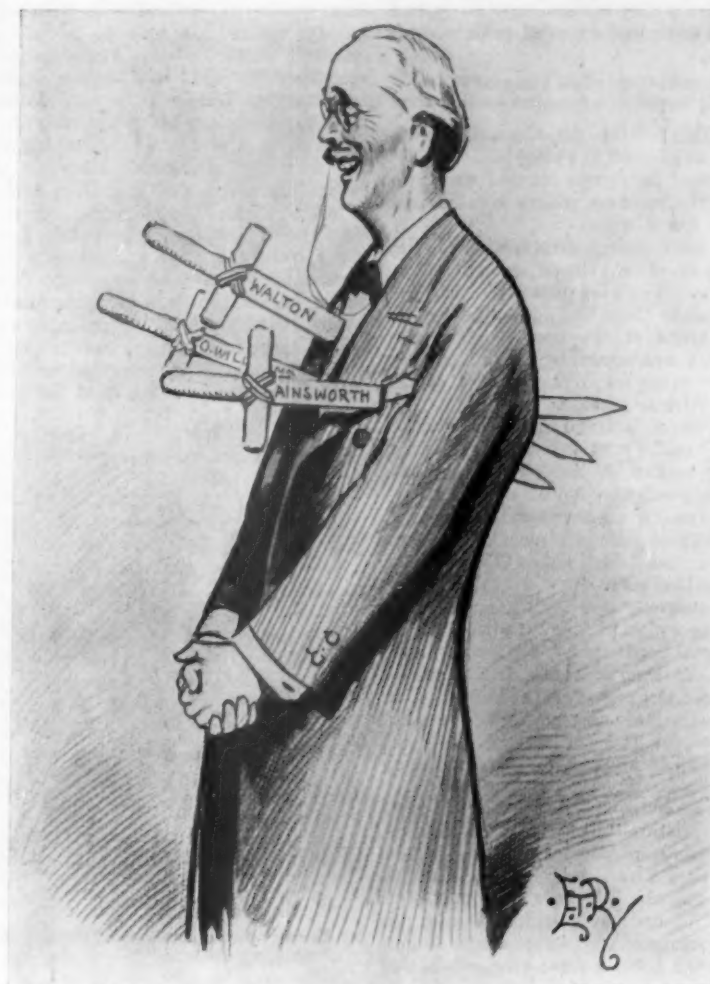
The lesson forgotten at the War Office just now; consequence is that deeper gloom than ever broods over the conflict round the Colonial jam-pots, Australia's offering (at a price) to the bleeding Mother country. First report indicated sort of rehearsal of preferential dealing as between the Colony and the Kingdom. Infused by the missionary spirit of which we hear much when House of Commons is not gathered on private Members' nights to discuss it, enterprising colonists wedged 14 ozs. of jam into a tin and, scorning fractions, called it a pound weight, charging accordingly.

The game well enough with the War Office as customers. Straightway blown upon when the Department, changing its attitude, proposed to sell surplus stock. Rude purchasers, insensible to the lofty sentiment of drawing closer the bonds of consanguinity, insisted on 16 ozs. of jam to each several pound.

Last week War Minister, cross-examined on the point, did not deny statement of Auditor-General. Opposition, thirsting for somebody's blood, insisted on knowing names of the patriotic contractors. To-night, BROMLEY-DAVENPORT, spokesman for War Office, amazes House by calmly announcing that it was all right. Every penn'orth of jam paid for by the British taxpayer was supplied by his Australasian brother. It is true that the bulk was packed in what the Financial Secretary of the War Office, smacking his lips, alluded to as "nominals." These were tins, in some cases holding 14 ozs., in others 28, labelled one-pound and two-pound weight. That only the colonists' fun; the weight was scrupulously made up to full avoirdupois proportions. As far as the House could make out this was done by plastering an extra spoonful or two on the lid of the "nominal." Anyhow there was the jam in full quantity.

BROMLEY-DAVENPORT positively beamed with delight as he repeated the word "Nominal." For sheer blessedness Mesopotamia not in it with the new Consolation.

There was one aspect of the transaction which the Financial Secretary modestly refrained from enlarging upon. Jam, like other rations,—the War Secretary, by the way, always pronounces the word as if it were spelled



"THAT SILLY OPPOSITION AGAIN, I EXPECT!"

The Prime Minister. "Two or three daggers sticking through me? Really?—Oh, yes! Quite so, quite so! Now you mention it I can see them distinctly! Curious I shouldn't have noticed them, but you see I never read the newspapers. Don't know that they matter much!—What do you think?"

rayshons—is served out to messes in proportionate weight—so many pound tins per company. War-worn TOMMY ATKINS, beholding a pound can of raspberry and red currant jam, innocent of the mystery of nominals, of course reckoned it to be the full pound weight of 16 ozs. with which he was familiar in his island home. The consequence is that, assuming the jam was invoiced to the War Office with due allowance for short weight, the country would make two ounces per tin out of TOMMY, who would be none the wiser and therefore none the worse.

Thus Peace hath her victories, happily less renowned than War.

House listened to explanation in dumb amazement. There had, BROMLEY-

DAVENPORT frankly admitted, been a blunder. Even the most wisely directed, most carefully guarded Administration could not have its eyes, ears and hands everywhere. "The local military authorities had," he said in saddened tone, as one hopeless of reaching perfection in a sublunary sphere, "under a misapprehension, treated the tins as containing full pounds of jam." That is to say, having had the tins delivered to them as of pound weight, knowing nothing of nominals, they had offered them for sale as such.

Here again all would have been well, only for the pesky traders who bought the surplus stock, and have by this time, if the precedent established in matter of hay and straw is followed, resold it to

War Office at full price. With *Shylock's* persistency they insisted on their pound of jam or on reduction of price accordingly:

"The pound of jam which I demand of him. Is dearly bought; 'tis mine, and I will have it."

Or, failing full weight, the sellers must knock a ducat off the price.

BROMLEY-DAVENPORT hurried over this part of the business, reiterating assurance that it was all right.

An hour later representative of War Office in other House questioned on matter. Did DONOUGHMORE drag in nominals? Not he; doesn't seem to have heard of the device. The discrepancy was, according to him, entirely due to excessive drying power of the South African climate.

"I have satisfied myself on that point," said DONOUGHMORE emphatically, trying to look as like as possible to a can of gooseberry jam which, on leaving Melbourne, dragged down the scale at 16 ozs., and after six months' exposure to the sun that bakes Cape Town weighed only 14.

This statement of the Under Secretary of War excellent; so was that of the Financial Secretary. On reflection Lords and Commons meet on common ground of doubt as to which is the better. But, after all, there is something in Lord MELBOURNE'S fancy about desirability of Ministers in a fix saying the same thing by way of explanation or extenuation.

Business done.—Second reading of Appropriation Bill closed in Commons.

Tuesday night.—In a letter written more than a hundred years ago, CHARLES LAMB reports how JOSEPH COTTE, epic poet, insisted on reading to him his latest tragedy. One passage hugely delighted LAMB. Some king is told that his enemy has engaged twelve archers to come over in a boat from an enemy's country and waylay him. Whereupon his Majesty pathetically exclaims:

"Twelve, dost thou say? Where be those dozen villains?"

Looking round House to-night, "this surpassing speech," as LAMB calls it, recurs to the mind. Sitting set apart for debate on Question that has riven a great political party, closed up ranks of Opposition, engrossed attention of the Empire at home and beyond the seas, provided battle-ground for pending General Election. Opposition benches crowded; strangers' galleries thronged to topmost rail. But Treasury Bench an empty waste; whilst on benches above and below the Gangway sit just twelve men, peradventure come over in a boat to waylay JOSEPH WALTON, who moved resolution condemning PRINCE ARTHUR'S policy of Fiscal Retaliation.

As ARNOLD-FORSTER said at morning sitting, when advocating policy of maul-

ing the Militia and routing the Volunteers, quality is preferable to quantity. Quality galore we had to-night in ROWLAND HUNT, whom Ludlow, still lamenting its old love JASPER MORE, delighteth to honour. In anticipation of sitting, HUNT saw his opportunity, and seized it by the hair. PRINCE ARTHUR has formally announced intention of abdicating whenever Opposition insist on talking about Fiscal Reform. "Shan't play," he says, and, angrily sucking forefinger, quits the place. Moreover gives leave to his followers to stop away from school, which they do with promptitude.

Now is HUNT'S time. In ordinary way has difficulty in catching SPEAKER'S eye; with no competition success assured. What House and country want, for their



AN AUTHORITY ON "NOMINALS."

Mr. Bromley-Davenport explains the mysteries of vanishing mules and disappearing jam.

own good, is exhibition of Tory Protectionist intelligence in concentrated form; a sort of tabloid, to be taken before or after meals. A great occasion, possibly never to be recaptured. HUNT, studiously prepared for it, rose to fullest height. No careless impromptus for him. His gems of thought, dug in mine of profoundest depth, carefully polished in solitude of study. It was from sheafs of note-paper—not half-sheets, look you, but whole-hoggers—he read the sentences that for half an hour convulsed the House with laughter.

Possession of true dramatic instinct was shown in his selection of a seat. DOX JOSÉ, still tarrying on the health-giving Leas of Folkestone, won't be better till Thursday, when the two Fiscal debates set down for this week will be over and done with. Member for Ludlow takes right hon. gentleman's corner seat, and as he proceeds with his speech makes no attempt to disguise conviction that in the regretted absence

of the Missionary the Acolyte is not a bad substitute.

Speech delightfully free from Parliamentary conventionalities. Throughout HUNT addressed hon. gentlemen opposite with forbidden directness.

"Did it ever strike you," he said, with one eye half closed, thoughtfully regarding the boisterous throng, "why the American farmers are tumbling over the Canadian frontier? Oh, I quite understand you don't like that," he waggishly added in response to roar of laughter. "You call us whole-hoggers or little-piggers. Why, you are the tiney-winey-wee-little-piggie-wigs-of-all. Now then, we have the largest market in the world, and why don't we use the weapons behind it? You gentlemen opposite are so thick-headed that you can't see it. The fact is," the orator continued, turning confidentially towards HOWARD VINCENT, seated solitary above the Gangway, beginning to regret he had founded a Party, "they'll say anything—practically anything. Don't the jam manufacturers want sugar cheap and free importation of foreign aliens?"

"No, no," cried a mischievous Member of the Opposition.

"Beg your pardon," said HUNT, glancing across sharply, "I looked it up the other day. Now then, Mr. SPEAKER, do you remember last Session? Either the Liberal Party have gone stark staring mad or they want to know how cheaply they can get their wittles and drink."

"Sit down," hoarsely whispered an anguished fellow Unionist.

Mr. HUNT turned and regarded him more in sorrow than in anger.

"Order! Order!" cried the delighted Liberals. "Go on!" and Mr. HUNT went on for another ten minutes.

Thus did the Free-Traders get a Rowland for their Oliver.

"A speech indicating the low-water-mark of argumentative humiliation to which Tariff Reform has been reduced," was ASQUITH'S way of describing the sublimation of Protection articulate.

But that is obviously party prejudice.

Business done.—Resolution denouncing policy of Fiscal Retaliation carried *nemine contradicente*.

It sounds as if we were back in those days when good old CANUTE was King. A Hull paper states that Mr. LUKE WHITE, M.P., has given notice in the House of Commons that he will at an early date call attention to the encroachment of the sea on various parts of the British coast, and move a resolution.

More Feline Amenities.

A LADY offers kind home to a nice cat or kitten (not black) or female who will catch mice.



A WAY THEY HAVE WITH THE "CUT 'EM DOWNS."

He. "HULLO! WHAT BECAME OF YOU IN THE LAST RUN?"

She. "Oh, I GOT LEFT BEHIND AT FIRST. SOME BOTHERSOME HOUNDS GOT IN MY WAY, AND I FUD THIS STUPID HORSE WON'T JUMP BOUNDS!"

AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE.

CHAPTER VII.

I HAD put up with a good deal. I had heard MONTY discuss the REGGIE BALLIMORE that was, and give him away with a pound of tea, so to speak,—and I hadn't turned a hair. The coming Variety Star, "the Unparalleled Phenomenon of Simian Intelligence" (as they would probably announce me in the advertisements), was infinitely above such paltry detractors.

But now, not content with running me down as the man I had ceased to be, he had done his best to disenchant PHYLLIS with me in my *present* shape; he had made the one insinuation which no sensitive monkey with the spirit of a sick caterpillar could take lying down—he had charged me with showing symptoms of incipient—I can hardly bring myself to mention the beastly word, but I must—mange!

Yet, sorely as I was provoked, I still struggled to be calm. I recollected that I was a Gentleman first, a Monkey afterwards. I would not condescend to a vulgar brawl with MONTY in the presence of my Aunt and PHYLLIS.

I simply looked him straight in the face, my chest heaving with indignation, my eyes flashing (naturally I couldn't see them doing it, but I've no doubt whatever that they *did* flash), and my teeth chattering with righteous wrath.

And MONTY was unable to meet my eyes.

"I say, Miss ADEANE," he stammered, "I—I don't quite like the look of this monkey. Seems to me he's turnin' nasty. D'you think he's quite safe, loose like this?"

"He was as quiet as possible only a minute or two ago," faltered PHYLLIS.

"He was busy tearing up the Professor's missal *then*," said my Aunt. "But of course, PHYLLIS, if *you* consider he should be given every facility for further mischief, I have nothing to say."

"Perhaps," PHYLLIS admitted reluctantly, "it *might* be better to—to keep him on a chain in future."

"He'd soon slip *that*," said MONTY; "monkeys are so artful. If I might suggest, Miss ADEANE, I should put him in a cage. Then, don't you see—supposing he's really got the ma—"

"Yes—yes," said PHYLLIS petulantly. "But you see, Mr. BLUNDELL, we haven't got a cage!"

"But, my dear," put in my Aunt, "we *have*. He could have poor *Cockie's*—the very thing! I'll ring for MACROW and tell him to find it and bring it here." Which she did, promptly.

Of course I saw at once that this would about biff me. What earthly chance should I have to exhibit all my accomplishments then? Why, the Admirable CRICHTON himself couldn't have gained any reputation worth mentioning inside a Cockatoo's cage! I decided to "off" it while I could—but MONTY was too smart for me. "Shut the windows, quick!" he yelled—and they were shut before I could decide which one to make for!

"Perhaps I'd better catch hold of him," that officious ass next suggested. "Or he might bolt through your Butler's legs, don't you know, the minute the door is opened."

"Oh, *do* be careful, dear Mr. BLUNDELL," my Aunt entreated; "he might bite you!"

"I'm not afraid of him," declared MONTY, wishing to show off before PHYLLIS. "Still, I'll try coaxing first. Poo' little Chappie, then," he began, snapping his foolish thumb and finger at me, "come along, good little mannie!"

I came along. I shinned up MONTY's fawn-coloured waistcoat with a suddenness that took his wind; I smacked his flabby cheeks; I wrung his nose; I boxed his ears; I hung on behind and helped myself to his hair by the handful—

I'm afraid I even *bit* him! But, after all, what's the good of being a monkey unless you act up to it?

For quite a couple of minutes I gave old MONTY beans. And I don't think he could have cut a *very* heroic figure in PHYLLIS's eyes as he hopped about the room, howling, "Take the little devil off me, somebody, do!" If she'd had just a shade more sense of humour she would have roared—but, so far as I was able to notice, she was more alarmed than amused just then.

At this stage of the proceedings, MACROW turned up with the bally parrot-cage. I tried to dodge past him—but he shut the door just in time. So I made a spring for the mantelpiece. Aunt SELINA rather goes in for old china, and there were cups and plates and things up each side of the overmantel on brackets, which made a ripping ladder. I discovered I was a nailer at climbing, and the crockery came in useful to keep MONTY and MACROW in check for a while.

They tell you monkeys *can't* shy—I only know *I* could. I doubled up MACROW with a bit of Old Staffordshire, which caught him just under his silver watch-chain, and I landed MONTY in the jaw with a well-delivered lustre milkpot, and again with an Urbino plate on the shin—all three really pretty shots! Even if PHYLLIS and my Aunt had come within range (which they took jolly good care not to do), I shouldn't have hurt either of them—not even my Aunt. I was not making war on women!

However, my ammunition ran short at last, and, when MACROW slipped out and returned with a long-handled broom, I saw I couldn't hold the position against such overwhelming odds, and should have to quit. So I made a flying leap for a console-table between the windows, where I found a fresh supply of projectiles—chiefly Dresden ware, if I remember right—till I was forced to retreat up the curtains and along the pole, MACROW jobbing at me with the beastly broom, and MONTY buzzing books after me—any one of which would have done my business if they hadn't gone through the windows instead.

Then I took a daring dive off the pole, on to my Aunt's back—I was sorry, but she shouldn't have got in the way—and leapfrogged over her head on to the piano, which I defended as long as I could with the flower-vases and photograph-frames.

Take it altogether, it was one of the very finest rags I ever had in my life, and under happier circumstances I should have thoroughly enjoyed it. But the top of the piano was too exposed to the enemy's fire, so I retired into entrenchments underneath, where they could only dislodge me by a frontal attack.

It made me realise once more that my Volunteer training had not been entirely thrown away! MACROW advanced in force with the drawing-room tongs, while MONTY directed operations from a distance. I knew MACROW, of course, and if only I'd had half a sovereign in my pocket, I believe I could have squared him, even then,—but I hadn't so much as a pocket! A similar reason prevented me from hoisting a white handkerchief and proposing an honourable surrender. And I had fallen into the common military mistake of leaving my rear insufficiently protected. The consequence was that, with no warning whatever, a waste-paper basket was clapped down on me from behind by hands which I recognised only too well through the wicker-work—PHYLLIS has rather jolly hands. I don't say it wasn't plucky of her, for she couldn't *know* that nothing would ever induce me to bite *her* fingers. Still, it was not the act of a sportswoman. And that *she* should turn against me was a knock-out blow! After that there was nothing for it but to let myself be ignominiously hustled into *Cockie's* confounded cage. How I wished I could recover my speech, for even a moment—and then somehow, all at once, back it came with a rush! "You're making a great mistake!" I managed to articulate,

quite distinctly. "Telephone Manager Empire come immediately. Important business proposal!"

I daresay they were slightly astonished—but I can't say. Because just then my head began to swim, everything got dark—I suppose I must have gone off.

When I opened my eyes, a strange man—evidently the Empire Manager—was bending over me. "I want engagement," I said eagerly. "Cleverest Monkey in Universe. Tremendous draw. Will take a hundred a week to start with!"

"Coming round at last," he said to a young lady, who, I now saw, was not PHYLLIS, being in a nurse's uniform. "But still wandering."

I found I was lying in bed in the Accident Ward of St. George's Hospital, and the stranger was not a Variety Manager—merely the house-surgeon. Also I was no longer a monkey—which was beastly disappointing at first.

It seemed that that cab accident had given me severe concussion of the brain, but I had not lost my life—only my consciousness for several hours. And, as it is obvious that anything, even when lost, is bound to be somewhere or other all the time, my consciousness must have got mislaid for a while inside the monkey.

I have been moved to my own rooms, and am told I shall be as right as rain in another day or two. I am well enough already to dictate my adventures to the trained nurse who looks after me—and most awfully kind and attentive and all that she is, too, though she will go off into fits of the giggles for no reason that I can see!

Old MONTY has called once or twice—but, to tell you the truth, after what has passed between us, I haven't felt quite up to seeing him yet. As soon as I am fit enough and can raise the funds, I mean to go quite away and lead an entirely new life. Where, I haven't decided yet. Canada, most likely—or Monte Carlo.

I am not sure whether I shall have the courage to call and say good-bye to PHYLLIS and Aunt SELINA before I start. That drawing-room in Cadogan Gardens would be rather too full of painful reminiscences—if you know what I mean.

And, for another thing, I own I shirk hearing what became of the monkey.

Now I look back on it, it seems curious that, with all my accomplishments and knowledge of the world and so on, I should only have managed to land that monkey in a worse hat than I found him in.

But I've always had the most rotten luck—wherever I've been—and so I suppose the poor little beggar got let in for some of it!

F. A.

THE END.

FASHIONS FOR FIGHTERS.

[The War Office has issued an illustrated volume of Dress Regulations. In connection with this a fashion paper is about to be started, from which we are able to give an extract.]

For many weeks our readers have been anxiously anticipating our Spring Double Number of Fashions, and now at last we are able to gratify them. We are sure that from the Senior Member of Council to the youngest recruit the verdict will be the same—"Just what we wanted!"

Owing to the generosity of the Government we are enabled to present our readers with no fewer than three excellent paper patterns. The first is for a sweet little tunic, to be

made up in the rich deep shade of scarlet which has retained its place in our affections for so long.

Then next there is a sensible blue serge overall, which will appeal to our more practical readers. Severe simplicity is the distinguishing note of this delightful little garment, which should be absolutely devoid of trimming.

Then, lastly, we give the pattern of a charming mess jacket, with its *chic* little buttons. After long consultation with the authorities it was decided to keep the old sleeve pattern, but our readers need not be afraid that they will look in the slightest degree dowdy in consequence—the effect will be *tout irresistible*.

But now that we can look forward to some days of sunshine, we naturally turn our thoughts to the all-important subject of *chapeaux*. And here we hasten to reassure our readers. The fashions for hats this season are all decidedly smart. A few days ago we could not help noticing a young officer who was wearing a simple helmet-shaped *chapeau* of rich daffodil colour, surmounted by waving plumes in contrasted shades of red and white. The whole

effect was delightfully spring-like. (Our readers will find an illustration of this charming idea on the next page.) The best shops are also showing some exceedingly tasteful hats in dead white, than which nothing can be more restful to the eye.

Readers north of the Tweed must take special note of the fashionable sunray pleating effects which will be exclusively worn in all tartan materials. Gathers in this connection are absolutely prohibited.

In conclusion we must add that our readers will find many valuable suggestions for the little et ceteras of dress—belts, sashes, puttees, pugarees, &c.—which add a distinguishing note to the costume of the mess-room beauty.

Our Heathen Press.

"Thanks for your verses on 'The Power of Hope.' Suitable only for a Christian paper. Good, however."—*Oldham Standard*.

"However" is good.



WISDOM—THE FRUIT OF EXPERIENCE.

Young Hopeful (confidentially). "I SAY, ARE YOU GOING TO TRY ONE OF FATHER'S CIGARS?"

Visitor. "YES. WHY?"

Young Hopeful. "TAKE MY ADVICE. DON'T!"

THE COMMERCIAL SPIRIT.

[In reply to an article in the *Daily Chronicle*, entitled "Fiction at 4s. a Word," an anonymous author, who does not write fiction but who claims to be one of the most successful men of letters of the present day, explains that, though "sought by publishers, envied by aspirants, with every book he writes eagerly bespoken a year or two before it is begun, he rarely receives as much as a halfpenny a word, and often has to be content with a farthing." This, in spite of the fact that he is "acknowledged throughout England and America and in a large portion of Continental Europe, as the first living authority on a group of interesting subjects," and that his books are "intensely interesting."]

MEN talk of the prices that authors are paid—
Indeed I have heard
Of a dollar a word—

And fabulous fortunes are said to be made
By people who follow this lucrative trade.

But this pretty picture has got its reverse:

Take people, *e.g.*,
Like MILTON—or me—

The better one's masterly talents, the worse
The prospect of filling one's beggarly purse.

My modesty keeps me from breathing my name;
But you'll take it I shine

In my own special line,

And enjoy such a portion of popular fame
As no other writer now living can claim.

My books have an interest which is intense
(At least I think so,
And I ought to know),

And it must be apparent to all men of sense
That the wisdom and wit they display is immense.

I'm master of humour and pathos and jest;

My pen is well-known

For a charm all its own,

And when I read anyone else I'm impressed
With the fact that I'm always so easily best.

The publishers seek me from far and from near,
And eagerly vie

With each other to buy;

And perhaps it will hardly surprise you to hear
That the world holds its breath till my volumes appear.

And what is the guerdon of talents so rare?

Do I welcome a host

Of cheques at each post?

Do the guineas flow in, as would only be fair,
Till I'm able to write myself down millionaire?

Nay, few are my takings, and scanty my board.

Mediocrity may

Make its thousands a day;

But genius like mine cannot gather a hoard—

'Tis ever its own and its only reward.

Blobs in the 'Scutcheon.

If the Race on Saturday had not proved that at least one of the Boats was good enough to win, one would hesitate to quote certain disparaging observations passed on their practice by the Specialist of the *Sheffield Independent*:

"There will, of course, be a race, but it cannot be marked by much scientific display on either side. The feather play has been so much floundering, and the number of 'duck's eggs' gives the practice a very amateurish appearance indeed."

THE German nation (says the KAISER) is the Salt of the Earth. Dare one ask who is the Pepper?

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Essays by Robert, Marquis of Salisbury (JOHN MURRAY) is treasure dug out of ancient mines of the *Quarterly*, to which, forty-five years ago, the late Premier was a regular and valued contributor. They are divided into two handy volumes: one dealing with questions of foreign politics; the other biographical in plan. It is a severe test of durability of personal influence to have unearthed in the twentieth century articles written midway in the nineteenth on Foreign Policy, Poland, and the Slesvig-Holstein question. Lord SALISBURY comes well through the ordeal. But my Baronite fancies the biographical essays will prove the more attractive to the public. One deals with Lord CASTLEREAGH, whose public character is boldly rehabilitated; the other with PITT, with respect to whom, taking STANHOPE'S *Life* as a text, the still youthful man-of-letters contributed to the *Quarterly* two elaborate papers. It is significant that the career of this great Minister, whose foreign policy marked an epoch in the history of England, should have specially attracted the study and engaged the biographical effort of two Foreign Ministers of a later century who, in succession, became Prime Minister. Lord SALISBURY, preceding Lord ROSEBERY in the field, was not less appreciative of the genius and capacity of the man who, whilst not knowing how to set a squadron in the field, fought and worsted NAPOLEON. The other week Lord HUGH CECIL pleased the House of Commons by setting forth elaborate paradox, declaring that "there are no such things as nationalities." In his essay on PITT, Lord HUGH's father in an elaborate passage argues this same proposition. This is not the only point on which the brilliant Member for Greenwich resembles the Lord ROBERT CECIL of half a century ago, whose portrait by RICHMOND adds interest to his resurrected work.

Of *Lovers in London*, by A. A. MILNE (ALSTON RIVERS), the Assistant Reader reports that it is a little book, light and handy, and priced at the comfortable figure of one shilling. It has, however, other and greater advantages which should commend it even to the most jaded reader. It sparkles with humour, not of a frosty but of a sunny kind, on every page. As a study in happy irrelevancy nothing could well be neater. The little story develops very simply, but with a charm that makes it most attractive. The A. R. guesses, partly from the buoyancy of Mr. MILNE's spirits, that he is young, and extends a hearty welcome to this new and promising recruit to the little army of humourists.

Readers are warned not to repair to *The Personal Story of the Upper House* (FISHER UNWIN) in search of tit-bits of modern date. Mr. KOSMO WILKINSON has, rather, essayed to write a weighty history of the origin and career of the House of Lords. Recent events and modern personages are treated — to be more precise, are alluded to — in a concluding chapter. This is a departure from ordinary usage that fills a gap. Beginning with the position of the Barons in the reign of King JOHN, Mr. WILKINSON summarises history up to the appearance on the scene of the late Lord SALISBURY. My Baronite does not find it exactly lively, wherein it resembles the majority of the sittings of the House at the present day.



MOTTO FOR ANTI-HARRIER SPORTSMAN.—*Fox et Præterea Nil.*

CHARIVARIA.

ATTEMPTS are being made to refute the statement that the reason why the KAISER delayed his landing at Tangier was that the Salt of the Sea had been disagreeing with the Salt of the Earth.

The ramming of the *Prince George* by the *Friedrich Karl* at Gibraltar is now understood to have been intended by the KAISER as a set-off to the proposed junction between the French and British fleets.

The destroyer *Spiteful* ran down and sank the ketch *Preciosa* on Wednesday. It is not known what the *Preciosa* had done to annoy her.

Over four thousand men, women, and children of the revolted Hereros tribe have been captured and placed in Concentration Camps by the Germans. It will be remembered how much the Germans admired such camps in the Boer War.

"Cantab." writes to us to point out that, while much has been made of the fact that Oxford beat Cambridge last week, few have noticed that Cambridge beat the Press boat.

All, we feel sure, will sympathise with the Prince of WALES in a cruel blow which has just fallen on him. The Hastings Corporation has decided that it cannot afford to invite His Royal Highness to open the new Waterworks in the summer.

It is again rumoured that kilts are to be abolished in the Army. This, we suppose, is part and parcel of the movement recently initiated against petticoat influence.

A library is to be formed for the use of Members of Parliament. It is felt that the debates will be robbed of much of their terror if the non-speakers have entertaining books to read. Indeed, it will be a nice question later on whether complete silence shall not be enjoined, as in most reading-rooms. Out of small beginnings great reforms often spring.

"Women are the mothers of our children," declared a Member in the course of the debate on Women Councillors. "And nowadays seldom that," was the comment of an Irish gentleman.

To judge by the following notice in R. ABEL AND SONS' window at the Oval, the Cricket Seasoning has begun:—"Cricketers should select their Bats early, and be kept in oil by us to be seasoned."



IMPOSSIBLE!

He (relating a thrilling experience). "IF I HADN'T SKIPPED TO ONE SIDE, I SHOULD HAVE BEEN RUN OVER! I ASSURE YOU I HAD A VERY NARROW ESCAPE!"

According to an article in the *Daily Telegraph* on former representations of *Hamlet*, JACK MATTHEWS, who introduced his faithful hound to bay at the moon from the battlements of Elsinore, and to throttle the King in the last Act, was proud of the distinction of being the only *Dog Hamlet*. Yet surely the play has seldom been acted without the assistance of a great Dane.

In a discussion which is raging in the columns of the *Express* on the question "Why is Married Life Dull?" a wife, in denying the impeachment, declares that she rushes to the door the moment

her husband rings, kisses his nose, and takes his boots off. This last strikes us as a very necessary precaution. Most self-respecting men would kick against being kissed on the nose.

Another paradox! Six shillings is to be charged for Miss MARIE CORELLI'S *Free Opinions*.

A purse containing £3 12s. 7d. was stolen last week in the Belfast Police Court, when two magistrates, twenty-five policemen, and six solicitors were present, and it is difficult to know whom to suspect.

A PAST MISTRESS OF THE CEREMONIES.

[The author takes the poetic licence of presenting the Liberal Party in the House under the guise of a female figure.]

Nor mine to sing the lady's "stately grace,"
Because she has no stately grace to sing;
Nor yet the "bright soul beaming in her face,"—
Her face, in fact, containing no such thing;
I look about for some redeeming trait
In what was once a quite attractive creature,
And cannot find, of all her old display,
One solitary charm of style or feature.

Time was, her manners had a genial hue;
Of courtly wit she nursed an ample wealth;
And now—observe the best that she can do:
"Go down," she screams, "to Brighton for your health!"
My sense of humour may be something flat,
My tastes be Tory, bigoted and narrow,
But such a feat of persiflage as that
Leaves me a little chilly in the marrow.

Time was, to dull obscurity resigned,
She'd not permit herself to bark or bite
(Accomplishments in which the baser kind—
Dogs, principally—take a coarse delight);
Modest in triumph, toward the destined prize
She'd move with dignity, not dash to pluck it,
Nor mock the rival fair with raucous cries:—
"Yah! you're not earthly use; why can't you chuck it?"

She bore adversity with patient hide,
Looking to mend what errors lay within;
When Fortune turned, she showed the losing side
Such grace as they can well afford who win;—
"Prigs' doctrine," was it? Then I'm prig enough
To hold that little else is worth the heeding
Unless you prove yourself of decent stuff
In these the elementary tests of breeding.

All that is changed! Her charm of long ago,
Her pleasant courtesies, are out of date;
Her wit, the once Horatian, falls below
The licensed badinage of Billingsgate;
For there no fishwife, though her lungs were large
And her vocabulary broad and shady,
Would count it *comme il faut* to bring a charge
Of *fishiness* against another lady.

Well, Heaven be praised! she soon must have her hour
Of useful discipline, and learn, no doubt,
By tough experience how a taste of power
Is apt to find a party's weakness out;
Pride's purge will act upon her better sense;
I hope to see her—cured by that upheaval—
Return in opposition, two years hence,
With manners less deplorably primeval.

O. S.

A NEW PERIL.—Fresh legal snares await us at every turn. "At the Swansea Police Court" (says the *Cambria Daily Leader*) "WM. PUDDICOMBE was summoned for not having a bull over twelve months old under proper control." This might have happened to almost anyone; so few of us have ever possessed a bull over twelve months old, whether under control or not. Readers of *Punch* are warned to provide themselves immediately with this *sine quo non*.

FROM A BERLIN PAPER.—"As usual when the Imperial Family visits the theatre, the corridors and auditorium were sprayed with lilac-blossom scent." Is this for fear that some of "the salt of the earth" might have lost its savour?

THE SELFISHNESS OF MAN.

["The colossal selfishness of man often staggers me; but I am still more staggered by woman's often apparently contented endurance of it."—*Society Paper*.]

MARY laid down her fashion print and looked across at me. "There!" she said, "I hope you're ashamed of yourself."
"I am," I told her. "The fair journalist has discovered the ghastly truth at last. Our selfishness is simply incredible."

MARY seemed disappointed that I acknowledged it so readily. "Oh, but—" she began.

"We can't help it," I explained. "It has always been so. Why, look at ADAM as a start. There was EVE with a nice apple to eat, and ADAM must come bothering round for a bite. Selfish beast!"

"Well," said MARY, hesitatingly. "I think," she said, "that we'll leave out ADAM. It's Englishmen of the present day that are meant."

"Quite so! Their selfishness is indeed disgusting. Oh, I can give you scores of examples."

"Give me some, then."

"Well, there's the case of BROWN. He has a magnificent place in Herefordshire, and a palace in Park Lane. His wife before he married her was a governess in Brixton. Yet, though he must know that all her family ties are in Brixton, the miserable man forces her to live in Park Lane simply because he prefers it himself—because it suits his own convenience. How the poor patient woman can endure it contentedly I don't know. And, mark you, this is not an isolated case. That sort of thing, if you will believe me, is going on all over the country. It is positively loathsome."

"I don't think—" began MARY.

"Then there's JONES. He slaves morning, noon and night to give his wife a good dress allowance. And why? Merely for his own selfish ends. Because, forsooth, he likes to see a well-dressed woman about the house. The intolerable cad!"

"Oh!" said MARY.

"Yes," I said, "how you women can endure the selfish way in which man insists on paying for everything I cannot understand."

"I don't think the writer was referring to that altogether," MARY said, doubtfully.

"Perhaps not. I think she must have been thinking of people like SMITH. Ah! he was a selfish brute, if ever there was one."

"SMITH?"

"Didn't you ever hear of him? He was a young chap, just married, earning a pretty decent salary. He rode and shot extremely well, and when the war broke out he thought he ought to volunteer. Just imagine! He never thought of his wife at all. Like all men, he only considered his own convenience, and it occurred to him that he might have rather a sporting time in South Africa. So he went. Ugh! The selfish hound! Shall I go on and tell you the results of his disgraceful conduct?"

"Please," said MARY, gently.

"Well, the careless ruffian got the V.C. He led some desperate charge and got wounded a dozen times over. There, again, you see, he thought only of himself, though incidentally his wife shared the honour and glory. But supposing he had got killed! And, anyhow, think of the doubts and fears which she had to endure all those months. How you brave women stand it . . . And SMITH is only one out of so many. Think of the hundreds of thousands of soldiers, sailors, firemen, and policemen who are always ready to risk their lives, and never stop to consider their families. Does the sailor ever say to himself: 'I might get drowned, and then where would my wife be? Hadn't I better become a post-man before it's too late?' No. His diabolical selfishness—"

MARY threw her ladies' paper across the room.



MIXED FEELINGS.

BUDGET STAKES. RESULT—SUNPLUS 1; TRADE DEPRESSION 0.

Joe (to Austen). "WELL DONE, MY BOY! CAN'T HELP BEING PLEASED THAT YOU'VE PULLED IT OFF, THOUGH IT WOULD HAVE SUITED YOUR OLD DAD'S BOOK BETTER IF THE OTHER HORSE HAD WON."





THE NEXT BEST THING.

"HAVE YOU EVER DREAMT YOU WERE IN HEAVEN, BOBBY?"

"No. BUT I ONCE DREAMT I WAS IN A JAM TART!"

LITERARY CLOTHING.

["Dress demands brains; more, I boldly assert, it demands education. A course of literature, taken very seriously, will prove of more value afterwards than most women would believe."—*Society Paper*.]

WHEN first my dearest DELIA faltered "Yes,"
And put a period to my years of pleading,
I thought to temper down her taste in dress
By raising in her soul a taste for reading.

As one who deems his plan holds naught amiss,
I entered lightly on the undertaking;
Result: for her, delirious dreams of bliss,
For me, a rude pecuniary waking.

I bought her books, she read them, and displayed
Forthwith the spirit literature rouses
By a kaleidoscopic masquerade
Of skirts and coats and picture hats and blouses.

Each tome brought some new thrill; her tender heart
Was in its beat a thousand times arrested;
And every single time she dressed the part
The author's most insistent mood suggested.

Green serge reflected SWINBURNE's sea-tossed lines;
Asbestos, *Lucifer's* Corellian sorrow;
JOHN STUART MILL brought Liberty designs
Embroidered with Lent lilies (due to BORROW).

ELIA gave lamb's wool; BACON, porpoise hide;
Beauchamp's Career, some guinea WORTH confection;
The Light that Failed meant black, and this was dyed,
And made anew for *Tolstoi's Resurrection*.

Thoughts of the day of reckoning left me pale,
But yet I lacked the firmness to disparage,
Till *Double Harness* brought a bridal veil,
And sackcloth came from *William Ashe's Marriage!*

That roused me. Bills for dress and bills for books
Having attained dimensions past defining,
I stated plainly that my cloudy looks
Were unsupported by a golden lining.

'Twas useless. Funds are low; my credit's dead,
Or nearly; now, with imminence appalling
The sword of fate hangs quivering overhead,
And one thing only can prevent its falling.

The world would haply look askance, or smile,
But my financial prospects might grow wider
If DELIA would, by favour of CARLYLE,
Study Professor TEUFELSDRÜCKH's *Die Kleider*.

TRAFFIC IN WHITE RELATIONS.—"London marked plates required, complete set. Exchange grandfather, or cash."—*Exchange and Mart*.

ON CERTAIN DISMAL JEMMIES.

EVERY now and then—probably lest we might be tempted to take too cheerful a view of things in general—a Superior Person steps forward to announce that some particular institution, which few people were aware was even indisposed, is not only dead, but already in an advanced stage of decay.

The author of such discoveries is apt to be either very young or distinctly elderly—a middle-aged specimen being rare; the subject of his *post-mortem* will vary according to circumstances.

It may be our Art, or our Drama; our Chivalry, or our Commerce; our Romance, our Morals, or merely our Manners. It is all the same to him—provided that he can convince himself (as he generally can) that decomposition has already set in.

Perhaps however the favourite subject for his morbid pathology is British Humour. Its deplorable condition occasions him the deepest concern; he has sought anxiously for the faintest sign of vitality in its emaciated form—but he can find none. It is an unmistakable corpse, and the melancholy duty devolves on him as Chief Mourner to invite all friends of the Remains to attend the obsequies, and hear him pronounce what a journalist with the blessings of a classical training has so happily termed the "*Ave et Atque*" by the grave-side.

He usually issues the invitation, with the text of his funeral discourse, through some leading periodical, and achieves a sombre distinction in consequence. And, should the Season only happen to be as dead as the deceased he is lamenting, his article may elicit quite a spirited, if irrelevant, correspondence from writers most of whom prefer, with some reason, to remain pseudonymous.

Not only is the Good Old British Humour for which the Superior Person is so inconsolable dead, but it has left no successor. Our Dismal Jemmy has tried to come across a single living British Humourist who can satisfy him that he has a legitimate claim to the title. He has tried in vain. The rightful heir—if he exists at all—persists in lying *perdu*, disregarding all promises that, if he will only communicate with the advertiser, he will hear of something greatly to his advantage.

Of course there are a few misguided persons who, believing or representing themselves to be at least distant connections of the Departed, still go on attempting to amuse the public. But they cannot take in the Superior Person—he knows them for the impostors they are. He includes them all under one crushing category—"Funny Men." Not that he would allow that they are even *funny*. If they *were*, he might forgive the offence—on condition of course that they did not repeat it.

But not only is there no Humour left—but no Fun, no Wit, no Satire, no Epigram—not even a Joke that, with all his tolerance, he can bring himself to recognise as such. No, Dismal Jemmy tells these incompetent and crestfallen jesters that, with all their efforts, they only succeed in depressing him. So he never reads a single line of any of them: he tells them this, rather with sorrow than with anger—he has a deep sense of the pity of it.

Still, he sorrows not so much on their account, or his own. As a Philosopher, he can worry along very well without such a mere luxury as laughter. It is the common folk who have his chief sympathy—the poor people who would all be so gay and lighthearted, if only some genius would arise and give them something to grin at. But no genius ever does—and the world has to go on in grey monotony, yearning with longings unspeakable for a really good giggle, and doomed to yearn on in ever-lessening hope.

Dismal Jemmy does not conceal his impression that the Golden Age of Genuine Fun will not return just yet—

probably not in his lifetime. From his Pisgah height, he cannot make out even the faintest indications of any Promised Land flowing with real Wit and Humour, and he has but faint hope of ever reaching it himself. But he knows it must lie somewhere in the distance, and the knowledge renders all condensed and chemically prepared substitutes for its natural products all the less likely to agree with him.

Yet some of us manufacturers of these poor makeshifts would gladly endeavour to tickle his palate, if he would only show us how, only indicate some famous brand as a standard which we might strive to approach. The difficulty is to find out the particular kind of Humour that Dismal Jemmy really *does* enjoy. We know it cannot be that of either DICKENS or THACKERAY, because he has long ago condemned the one as a farcical Caricaturist, and the other as a Sentimentalist in the guise of a Cynic. No, it would be of no use trying to model ourselves on either of *them*. Then, how about SMOLLETT—or FIELDING? Isn't it just possible that their humour may strike him as a little wanting in refinement? Or should we—as indeed some of us do—revert to the methods of a still earlier Humourist, the immortal Mr. JOSEPH MILLER? But there again, we cannot be *absolutely* certain that the works of even that master have produced anything approaching a fissure in the sides of Dismal Jemmy.

The truth is that he does not exactly know what sort of Humour he *does* want—all he knows is that he hasn't got it. He is convinced that Humour is decayed, but if he were pressed he couldn't (or at all events he *doesn't*) point to a period at which he could conscientiously pronounce it anything less than over-ripe. The Humour he is really craving for—whether he is aware of the fact or not—is something entirely ideal, essentially different from all that has previously existed—a joke that none has seen on sea or land, a jape of such supernatural brilliance, such irresistible originality, as to extort even from a Dismal Jemmy the reward of a wan smile.

Those of us who have not yet discovered that the late LEWIS CARROLL was merely an over-rated writer of tedious nonsense are tempted to apply our beloved *Alice's* remark to the Gnat in the Looking-Glass railway carriage: "If you're so anxious to have a joke made, why don't you make one yourself?"

But Dismal Jemmy, besides considering such a retort as but a poor attempt at humour, would be struck by its utter unreasonableness as addressed to himself. Why expect *him* to make jokes? Is he a professional Humourist that he should do this thing? He is far better employed, high up on his watch-tower, scanning the horizon, like *Sister Anne*, for some sign of a rescuer from the *Bluebeard Dulness*, and, like that young lady, perceiving nothing as yet but a cloud of dust or a flock of foolish sheep.

However, though he has no word of comfort for us, we may have some consolation for *him*. He may not believe it—but, if those overdue Humourists ever *were* to put in an appearance, Dismal Jemmy would not be nearly so delighted as he imagines. Probably he would not allow them to deliver him at all; he would only call them "the Newest Humourists," and tell them to go away.

But if he had to admit them, would he be any the happier? Would they not deprive him of that priceless possession—his grievance against the age he lives in—to say nothing of the soothing sense of his own superiority?

And there is another possibility, so awful that there seems a certain impiety in the very suggestion.

But suppose—of course it is highly improbable, but only suppose—that, whenever the Future Humourist really *does* arrive, he should make the first genuine joke at the expense of Dismal Jemmy!

Then perhaps even the present lamentable condition of things might come to be regarded as, after all, the true Golden Age—for Dismal Jemmies.

F. A.

DEVOLUTION.

[The heroes of serial stories at present running in the *Strand* and *Pall Mall* Magazines are, respectively, a bushranger and a burglar. The Hero of Romance comments upon his fallen estate.]

WHEN COLERIDGE sang *Christabel*,
And BYRON wrote *Childe Harold*,
A finely-wrought romantic spell
My infant limbs apparelled;
I fed on pap of parlous hap,
In bulky volumes written,
Gleaning a lot from WALTER SCOTT,
And later on from LYTTON.

I learned the laws of fence and fan,
Of pointed toes and phrases;
I laid my villain, like a man,
His length among the daisies;
With faultless prose and Grecian nose,
Whate'er they bade me touch on,
I always won, and bore an un-
impeachable escutcheon.

And now!—'tis gone, the godlike speech,
The braided robe's in tatters,
The ancient bloom is off the peach,
And nothing really matters;
I shall not wave much more the glaive,
Nor stride on Scottish heather,
I'm getting nigh the end of my
Aristocratic tether.

For oh! the knack of derring-do
Has suffered strange contortions,
When—strolling down the Strand or
through
Pall Mall, in monthly portions—
I've sunk (who erst would lightly worst
A squadron of bushrangers)
To cracking cribs myself for dibs,
And robbing helpless strangers.

And what's the end? Why, plain enough;
Although the prospect harrows,
They'll dress me in a suit of buff,
With regulation arrows;
For since I fight no more for Right
(And as for scruples—choke 'em),
The novelist who's short of grist
Will paint me picking oakum.

I've taken up the villain's cue
And steeped myself in felonies
By letting out my honour to
A Magazine's miscellanies;
But ye who read (ere Fame was dead,
And glory fell to zero)
The deeds sublime that graced my prime,
Bemoan a fallen Hero!

IN Helensburgh, feeling runs high on the subject of the top-dressing of footpaths. House-proprietors are allowed to choose their own material, and the result is a patch-work of colours. The *Helensburgh News*, very sensibly submitting under protest to the finality of the Town Council's decision, sums up the matter in the following memorable words: "JOSEPH's coat and the Helens-



A DISTINCT ADVANTAGE.

"MY FATHER CAN DO A LOT BETTER 'N YOU CAN."

"IS HE A PAINTER?"

"YES, AND A PLUMBER TOO!"

burgh footpaths have clasped hands, and there is nothing for it now but to receive the mutual embrace with soundness of mind."

THE DESCENT OF MAN.

(Dedicated with respect but without permission to the Chancellor of the Exchequer.)

THE troot that loupis in Tweed sae cool,
The saumon in the Spey,
The very puddocks in the pool—
Nae watter-rates pay they.

The swallow bigs his kirk-spire nest,
Flits oot an' in a' day—
He pays nae teind; forbye he's blest,
Exempt from Schedule A.

Tod-lourie scoors amang the hills,
Kills maukins ilka day;
His rocky den wi' pheesants fill'd—
Nae game-tax does he pay.

The laverock liltin' i' the lift,
The lintie in the glen,
Their melodie is God's ain gift—
Nae copyright they ken.

It's juist when ye come down to man
The law at aince less lax is—
Whate'er your sex, your kirk, your
clan,
Ye aye maun pay your taxes.

LEGAL SYNONYM FOR ROWING SHORTS.—
Brief bags.

THE "NOT UNIMPOSSIBLE SHE."

(A purely sporting suggestion.)

WE've been attracted by the "broader view"—

Or had it thrust upon us—from historic

Dreams of Utopian thinkers to the new

Vermilion motor-car of Lady W—K,

And found one prospect more than others fair,

We mean the communistic propaganda

Calling on churlish Corydons to share

The voting-booth with PHYLLIS and AMANDA.

For, though a feminine electorate

Might shirk so grave an issue as Protection,

And waste their well-known talents for debate

On minor themes like Anti-vivisection;

And though a lady might have lore enough

In cotton goods, yet, when we had enfranchised her,

Devote undue attention to the stuff

And spurn the spirit of the "school of Manchester":—

(Or we can fancy Mr. TOMKINS' vote

Thus veering in a conference of women:

"My dear, he wears a simply monstrous coat,

I don't think we can possibly put him in."

Or (Mr. SMITH's oration duly made)

Haply some fair constituent would answer,

"You may be sound on Temperance and Trade,

But oh! you're an abominable dancer!"—)

Still—if our Government aspires to do

A deed of note before the Dissolution,

And someone could be found to carry through

So cardinal a change of Constitution,

It might not help us much to gain the goal,

Whatever goal it is, for which we're fighting,

But anyhow it would produce a poll

More open, and immensely more exciting!

PIMPERNEL LEAVES.

ON Monday, April 3, at the New Theatre, *The Scarlet Pimpernel*, a Romantic Comedy, which owes its great popularity to the finished acting of Mr. and Mrs. FRED TERRY (Miss JULIA NEILSON) and their well-chosen company, reached its hundredth representation. The crowded house rose to the occasion; overwhelming applause kept the curtain rising and falling with the mercurial velocity of a weather-gauge, or shares in the Kaffir market. The happy principals bowed and smiled, and smiled and bowed, again and again, as they gracefully returned thanks, in dumb-show, for the appreciative patronage of their "friends in front."

There were also occasional cries for the author, which would have been more decided had the audience been able to master the correct pronunciation of the unfamiliar name of "ORCZY-BARSTOW." Simple "BARSTOW" could have been confidently shouted; but "ORCZY" was a twister. Of course there were demands for "Speech, speech," with which, if either Mr. FRED TERRY, or Miss JULIA NEILSON, complied, it must have been after the *Pimpernel* had closed its brilliant petals. For this specimen of *Anagallis arvensis* belongs to "a series of flowers that close each at a certain hour," and the closing time for this particular one is regularly eleven at night. Soon, however, as far as London is concerned, it is to be closed for a long time, and will be transplanted to the fresh air of the Provinces, where it will flourish prodigiously and be brought back to town when there is a place vacant for its reception. Pity that it should have to be disturbed, since this *Pimpernel*, or "Shepherd's Weather-glass," as it is popularly termed, has reached the mark of "set fair."

Except as *Nell Gwyn*, Miss JULIA NEILSON has rarely appeared

to greater advantage than in this play as the *Comtesse de Tournai*, nor in any previous piece has she made better use of the opportunities afforded her. Given the natural light-heartedness that has been clouded by one incident of the lady's life, and a better interpretation of the character than Miss JULIA NEILSON's it would not be very easy to imagine; while to find a more beautiful representative of the winsome *Comtesse de Tournai* would be impossible. Fortunate the author who can command the services of such a heroine: his play may be as unsatisfactory a piece of work as is *The Scarlet Pimpernel*, but with so splendid a personality as that of JULIA NEILSON, and backed by the popularity of Mr. and Mrs. FRED TERRY, what might have been, in other hands, a failure, is, in theirs, a great success.

As Sir Percy Blakeney, the *Scarlet Pimpernel* himself, Mr. FRED TERRY is admirable. He has to play at playing a part; to pretend he is merely an inane fop and court jester, while he is the head-centre of a determined band, the wily but honest leader of a set of noble conspirators, pledged to risk their own lives in the service of such French aristocrats as they may be able to aid in escaping from the bloodthirsty *sansculottes* under the Reign of Terror in France. His assumed gaiety, his frolicsome nonsense, his sudden change to intense seriousness of purpose, the conflict between suspicion of his wife and his true love for her, are all finely shown. One word of praise to the author for the admirable finish of the Second Act, a surprise well led up to, which brings down the curtain to enthusiastic and well-deserved applause.

And to the success of the piece Mr. HORACE HODGES as *Chauvelin*, the French envoy, contributes in a marked degree. In form, and occasionally in feature, Mr. HODGES recalls, to some of us with memories, "little ROBSON" as *Desmarests* in *Plot and Passion*. It may be doubted whether a higher compliment could be paid to him.

Mr. RUDGE HARDING gives a very flattering portraiture of the *Prince of Wales*, "afterwards *George the Fourth*." Could THACKERAY's "royal inventor of a shoe-buckle," that master of PITT and FOX, "to whom nothing was of much consequence save the button of a waistcoat or the sauce for a partridge," honour with his ghostly presence this performance, no doubt his shady Royal Highness would be highly gratified by Mr. HARDING's impersonation.

Where there are so many concerned, for it is a very full cast, and all from greatest to least give essential support to the piece, it is difficult to particularise, but among the ladies must be mentioned the *Suzanne de Tournai* of Miss MARY MACKENZIE, who, having to look pretty and act prettily, does both naturally enough, and having to assume a French accent and to give evidence of her imperfect acquaintance with English by her foreign pronunciation does this so well that she might be indeed a *jeune demoiselle* fresh from a convent school, "simple comme bonjour."

Mr. WALTER EDWIN gives us a dignified rendering of the French *émigrée Comtesse de Tournai*; two very small but important "characters" as part of the picture—*Sally Jellyband* and *Mère Brogard*—are artistically made up and played by Miss KATHLEEN DOYLE and Miss MARION STERLING.

Mr. ERNEST E. INESON is very good as Mr. *Hempstead*, the old countryman, who is perpetually attempting quotations from Scripture and only once succeeds in finishing his sentence.

Mr. ALFRED KENDRICK is careful and earnest as one of the chief conspirators, and Mr. MALCOLM CHERRY is as noble a gentleman as one would wish to see as the representative of the manly *Lord Anthony Deushurst*.

All good, and, as we suppose, all off to the Provinces, where good luck go with them. *Pimpernel* leaves, the flower is en route.

Next week we hope to have something to say concerning



WELL MEANT.

Hostess (to Distinguished Foreigner). "I DO HOPE YOU WON'T FIND IT DULL HERE."

Distinguished Foreigner (politely). "Ah, no, I WILL NOT FIND IT DULL. ARE NOT YOU AND YOUR HUSBAND AMUSEMENT ENOUGH?"

two notable events in the theatrical world, the successful *Hamlet* of H. B. IRVING at the Adelphi, and the welcome re-appearance of ELLEN TERRY at the Duke of York's Theatre.

ANOTHER QUEER CALLING.

(For Women.)

"A law has just been passed in Wisconsin providing that every 'wilful' bachelor shall be taxed. . . . The only unmarried males to escape the tax are those who can satisfactorily prove that they have done their best to get married, and failed."—*Manchester Guardian*.]

BIDDY O'BRIDE was a poor old maid,
Hawker of apples and nuts by trade,
Wrinkled, crinkled, far from young,
Short in the temper and long in the tongue.
All steered clear of the sharp old shrew,
And poorer and poorer still she grew,
Till she scarce had victuals from day to day,
Nor a fill of twist for her old black clay.

One night she heard in the "Shamrock Inn"
Of the last thing in taxes from Wisconsin:
Wilful bachelors who declined
To marry a girl must all be fined;
The only way to escape scot-free
Was to show a certificate: "I, A. B.,
Have offered to marry a maid, C. D.,
Who has this day rejected me."
"Bedad," thought BIDDY, "'tis me will win
A beautiful living in Wisconsin!

If a man can show he has bin an' axed
Ould BIDDY O'BRIDE, he can go ontaxed."
So she bade the Emerald Isle adieu
To seek fresh woods and pastures new,
And a month scarce passed ere her name was made
In the offer-of-marriage-refusing trade.

BIDDY O'BRIDE is poor no more;
Crowds of suitors seek her door—
Fair men, dark men, short men, long men,
Fat men, thin men, weak men, strong men,
Men of the highest social rank,
With cosy balances at the bank—
"In short, in the matter of suitors," says BIDDY,
"I beat Penelope, the fair grass widdy."
At times her feelings are sorely wrung:
When wooers are specially nice and young,
Fain would she deal a cruel blow
By whispering "Yes," instead of "No."
But faster and faster the fees flow in
From the bachelor clients of Wisconsin,
And somehow dollars possess the art
Of healing the wounds in a human heart—
So she sits in her office, resigned and more,
Declining proposals from ten to four.

THE Aston Villa directors have decided that, on the occasion of the final, the players' wives shall be taken to the Crystal Palace. There is practical wisdom in this arrangement. Their opponents' halves may be good, but they will be no match for the Villa's better halves.



IN SEARCH OF A "CERTAINTY."

Cautious Gambler. "FOUR TO ONE BE BLOWED! I WANT A CHAUNCE OF GETTIN' A HIT FOR MY MONEY."

Bookmaker. "TELL YOU WHAT YOU WANT. YOU OUGHT TO JOIN A BURIAL SOCIETY. SURE TO GET SOMETHIN' OUT O' THAT!"

STATESMAN'S ELEVEN MINDS.

ASTONISHING CASE OF MULTIPLE PERSONALITY.

The romantic and amazing case of the girl possessing ten separate and distinct personalities reported by Dr. ALBERT WILSON to the Psychical Research Society, and duly set forth in the Proceedings of that body, has naturally attracted the keen attention of medical and psychological experts. It might have been

supposed that such an astonishing series of contradictory psychical experiences were unique and unprecedented. Such, however, is not the case, a trusted political correspondent having communicated to us, under pledge of secrecy, details of a case even more astounding in its kaleidoscopic alternations of personality.

The patient in question—whom for obvious reasons we will call Mr. B.—about two years ago, being then a man of middle age and highly educated, had

an attack of preferential fiscalitis. The malady remained in abeyance for some time, but after some months Mr. B. had a serious relapse, since which time there commenced to appear in rapid succession the eleven personalities, the last one, which occurred just two years after the first, taking the form of absolute indifference to public opinion. He understood nothing, and at times apparently could not even hear what was said to him by his subordinates.

The personalities manifested themselves as follows:—

(1) May, 1903.—Acute interest in Colonial products and a loathing for jam and pickles. Kept on saying at intervals, "Good old Joe."

(2) About a month later.—A simple child, unable to read the newspapers, but with a passion for golf and motor-cars.

(3) July, 1903.—Fiscal health deteriorated. He could now both read and write, and composed two mutually contradictory documents, one for private and the other for public circulation.

(4) August, 1903.—He became increasingly subject to illusions, and took to playing whist, but always with the same partner. To all his other friends he presented the appearance of a deaf mute.

(5) September 18, 1903.—Another momentous new departure. He called black white, and Preference people Free Traders. He spelt backwards, but wrote forwards. He believed he was three days old, refused to recognise his oldest friends, stood on his head and attempted to walk up walls.

(6) October, 1903.—A sweet child, but totally ignorant of facts and figures.

(7) October, 1904.—Insisted on going to Edinburgh, where he delivered an eloquent speech, which was interpreted in diametrically opposite senses by different sets of critics. This is the personality that is now being satisfactorily developed.

(8) December, 1904.—Complete loss of memory. Patient declared that he had been born yesterday, though as a matter of fact he was not born yesterday. He called his driver "Jok," and his putter "JESSE."

(9) March, 1905.—Transition came gradually. Professed complete ignorance of what had taken place the day before. Refused to discuss burning questions on the ground that the burned child dreads the fire.

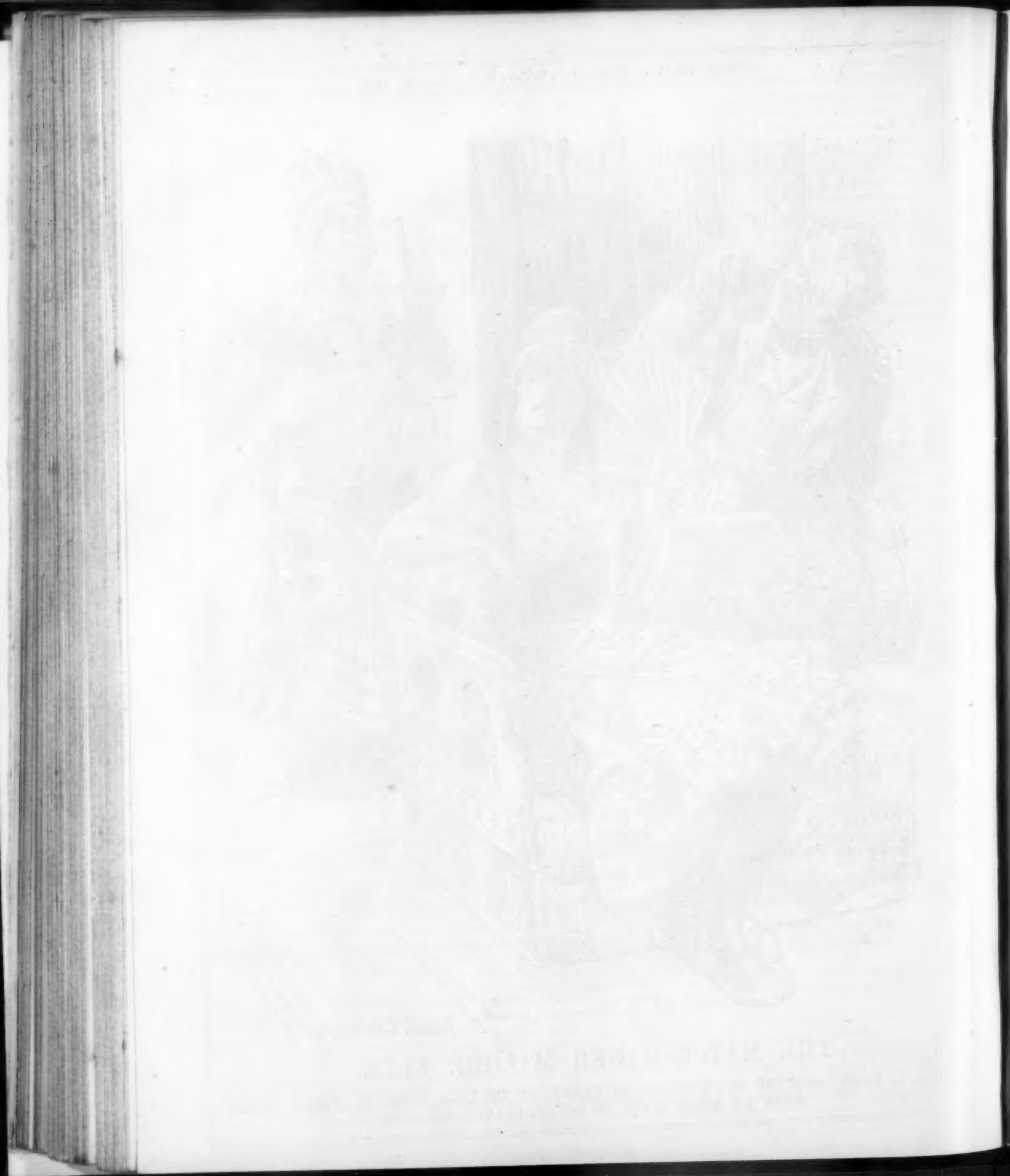
(10) April 1st, 1905.—Took to playing golf with Scotch fishermen.

(11) April 6.—The stage of blind indifference. Said he had never heard of such a place as Brighton, and asked, "Who is Sir ALEXANDER ACLAND-HOOD?"



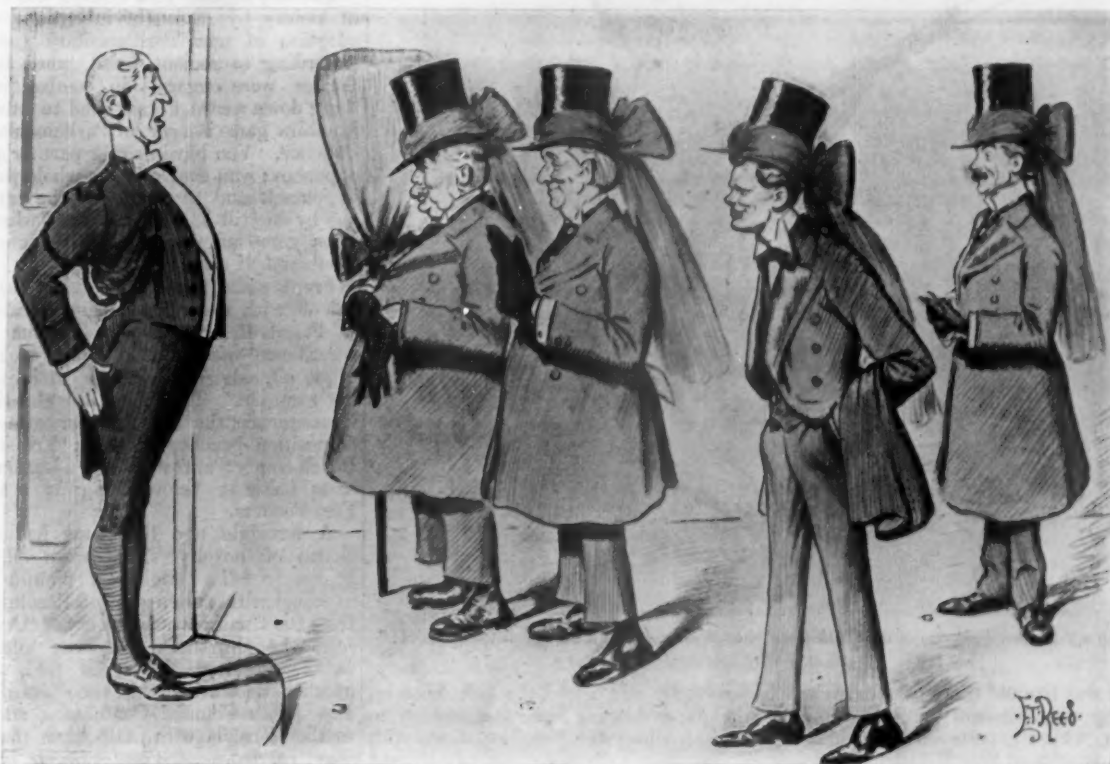
THE MATCH-MAKER MALGRÉ ELLE.

Mlle. La France (*aside*). "IF SHE'S GOING TO GLARE AT US LIKE THAT, IT ALMOST LOOKS AS IF WE MIGHT HAVE TO BE REGULARLY ENGAGED."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



"MOURNERS" OUT OF EMPLOYMENT.

Government Footman. "IT ISN'T NO USE YOUR 'ANGING ABOUT! THE HOBSEQUIES IS H'OFF!"

("Was there ever a death-bed scene so long drawn out, so unilluminated by a single ray either of dignity or repentance or hope, as of the present Government? They had most of them long since ordered their mourning, and were beguiling the weary hours of waiting for the inevitable by composing epitaphs."—Mr. Asquith at Wolverhampton.)

House of Commons, Monday, April 3.
—In Lobby this afternoon came upon Field-Marshal Earl Roberts of Kandahar, Pretoria, and Waterford, commonly called Bobs, looking as slick and young as ever. Miracle due to brave heart and sunny nature. Old soldiers who marched with Bobs in Kandahar would scarcely recognise him in the dapper-looking gentleman in glossy hat, snug overcoat, and drab spats, carrying in sword-hand a tightly rolled silk umbrella. Might even have taken the renowned warrior as being "something in the City."

Like all great men, Bobs is never above learning his business. When Brodrick was at the War Office he often regretted he had not earlier had the advantage of collaboration with the ex-lieutenant of the Second Surrey Militia. If he had, he modestly thinks he might have more cleverly managed the field force that captured Kabul, or made a better job

of it at Fategarh. To-day Army Estimates on; ARNOLD-FORSTER expected to offer a few remarks on state of Army and the very latest scheme of Army Reform. Bobs hurried across on chance of picking up some useful hints, garnering some stray sheaf of knowledge about the art of war.

Pretty to see how his countenance fell when he learned that War Minister had made an end of speaking, and that opportunity was lost. Cheered him with reminder that he might read it all in the papers to-morrow morning. Bobs shook his head; of course he would read every word, making notes for guidance in the future. But the printed report could not supply those adjuncts dear to the anxious pupil—the flashing eye, the strident voice clanging command; the unconscious military air; the intimate acquaintance with military matters, from the setting of a squadron in the field to the proper storage and

distribution of what the gallant War Minister still calls "rayshons."

Whilst the veteran soldier thus lamented lost opportunity, others, enjoying it, slighted the boon. WINSTON CHURCHILL is the sort of young fellow who would speak disrespectfully of the Equator. Certainly didn't mince words in criticising administration of the War Office. Brodrick, sitting at end of Bench, had a real good half-hour listening to the Member for Oldham. Time was when, being himself at the War Office, these darts would have been aimed at him. Now he might loiter at leisure, safe from the cloud of arrows that fell around and upon the body of his successor. Sweet are the uses of this kind of adversity. Only a man who has himself been at the War Office and introduced one or two systems of reform can thoroughly appreciate the situation when someone else, in his old place, is under fire.



"As a Volunteer I am one of the 'half-manufactured articles' the Prime Minister spoke of!"
(Hon. Bobby Spencer.)

It was like old times; the only change being the personal target. Now, as then, whilst experts on both sides rose and denounced War Minister's proposals, there was not one so poor as to do him the reverence of supporting him.

"Happily," says the MEMBER FOR SARK, "by prevision of Providence, it comes to pass in this twentieth century that in succession the post of Army Reformer has been held by a middle-aged young civilian, sustained by consciousness that he knows more about the Army than any who have served in it. It was said of old time that JOHNNIE RUSSELL was ready at an hour's notice to take command of the Channel Fleet. That was a jibe; here is a fact. We have two men, such as by chance PRINCE ARTHUR might meet in walking down Parliament Street, taken from civil life and put at the head of the British Army, with its colossal responsibilities and its expenditure of £30,000,000 a year. Straightway, almost before they are familiar with the bearings of the office furniture, they set to work to remodel the Army System, one creating six Army Corps literally out of his head, the other snubbing the Militia, threatening the Volunteers with annihilation. If they would only be quiet for a month or two, trying to learn something of a new and intricate business into which a perplexed PREMIER had inducted them, it might be excusable.

But right off, before the ink dries on the paper bearing their commission, to begin pulling the premises down with



"Redolent of the attar and musk of the Albany."
(Hon. Claude Lowther.)

promise to rebuild them in quite another way, is to mere man a marvel."

Business done.—In Committee on Army Estimates.

Tuesday night.—This Session will live in history by reason of invention and adoption of new Parliamentary game. According to ancient habit, when two Parties were engaged in combat, one flung down a card, t'other tried to trump it. New game is a sort of Parliamentary Patience. You have neither partner nor opponent; you deal out the whole pack to yourself and then lay out the cards one by one till 12 o'clock strikes, whereupon game automatically closes, you go home and, if wise, to bed.

Fresh game to-night. JOSEPH LEESE led off with resolution raising question of Fiscal Reform; PRINCE ARTHUR, in accordance with avowed habit, took a night off, advising his men to imitate his example. This they did cheerily. Consequence, the now familiar scene of Opposition benches crowded; Treasury Bench empty; a waste of green-leathered seats behind; below Gangway a few Free-Feeders.

A fortnight ago the game had the charm of novelty. That worn off, it begins to fall a little flat. Wound up as usual with submission of Resolution from the Chair; a strident cry of "Ay!" from the Opposition benches; silence in the deserted Ministerial fold, and another Resolution, this time aimed at DOX JOSÉ'S Colonial Conference, added to the Journals with notification that it was "carried *nemine contradicente*."

At eleven o'clock episode developed illustrating many-sidedness of House. CROOKS, in Sunday clothes of British working man, shouted for twenty minutes denunciation of Protectionist tendency, illustrating his points with what is kindly called homely wit. When he sat down up gat from other side CLAUDE LOWTHER, radiant in dinner dress, redolent of the attar and musk of the Albany. In dulcet voice he proposed to ask Mr. CROOKS a couple of questions.

Was he a paid agent of a Trade Union whose fundamental basis is Protection? Was he opposed to the free importation of foreign labour?

These rather "nasty ones" followed on tub-thumping speech much applauded by gentlemen below Gangway opposite, who keep friendly eye on the working man's vote. Rarely has retort courteous—even at Faber's Point in the late war CLAUDE was courteous—been more swiftly effective.

CROOKS said he was prepared to defend his position in these respects, but this not the place or the time.

"Very well," CLAUDE lisped, readjusting his latest and most magnificent waistcoat, "I will await with interest the hon. Member's opportunity."



—N—N—N—N—N—N—N—

Engineer. "THERE'S CERTAINLY A SCREW LOOSE SOMEWHERE."
 Simple Simon (with gleeful satisfaction). "HE-HE! I KNOWS WHERE 'Y BE TOO!"
 Car Owner (intensely interested). "WHAT DO YOU MEAN, BOY?"
 Simple Simon. "HE-HE! WHY I 'VE GOT 'EM! ALL THE FOLKS SAY AS 'OW I 'VE GOT A SCREW LOOSE SOMEWHERE!"



OCEAN PENNY POSTAGE.
(Mr. Henniker Heaton.)

Business done.—Another *nem. con.* Free Trade Resolution added to Journal of House.

Friday night.—HENNIKER HEATON'S campaign has proved more successful than another we wot of. Much water sped under Westminster Bridge since he first flaunted the flag of Ocean Penny Postage. It was scouted by successive Postmasters; couldn't be done at the price; would swamp Post Office revenue. To-day, with one exception, England is united to her far-flung Colonies by adhesive penny stamp.

Exception is Rhodesia, a distinction that would make CECIL RHODES sit up if he were still with us. Why Rhodesia should be left out no man knoweth. Probably gentleman who catalogued list of Colonies could not remember at the moment whether Rhodesia was spelled with "h" or not. However it be, there you are; penny postage to Uganda, twopence-halfpenny to Rhodesia; both on the same continent.

This, though the biggest, by no means the complement of H. H.'s public services in the matter of postal reform. In small matters they are innumerable. Now he will have time to concentrate his efforts upon the great mystery of P and M. If, alluding to the time of day, you telegraph "P.M.," the letters go for a halfpenny. Reverse them, addressing, for example, TOBY, "M.P.," bang goes a penny. On what principle this distinction is created and enforced is an older mystery, kindred with that which broods over Rhodesia and its twopenny-halfpenny stamp.

Something ought to be done for HENNIKER HEATON. Of course it wouldn't do to have his head engraved on a new ocean penny stamp; but in the next reconstruction of the Ministry he might

be sent to the War Office. Even after Brighton, Canterbury seems a safe seat.

As WINSTON CHURCHILL said on Monday, we've had four different Army schemes in four years. A fifth fully due.

Business done.—Discussing Marriage with Deceased Wife's Sister.

MORE DAILY DAYS.

[Mr. JOHN BURNS, M.P., contributes to *Ideas* an article on "My Daily Day." From it we learn that this strenuous day begins at six in the morning, and even at that early hour on one typical day he is called upon to give advice and assistance to one of his constituents, "a wheezy baker." His visitors are a varied crowd ranging from "a distracted peeress on some useful social quest" to a "red-faced termagant with a swivel-eyed boy of the industrial school type." Then comes the afternoon meeting of the London County Council, and later many hours at the House of Commons. A long day, indeed! "But," says Mr. BURNS, "there is joy in it as well as toil, harmony as well as discord, interest as well as conflict, hope as well as grey despair."

Mr. WILL CROOKS, M.P., contributes to *Notions* an article with the same title, which shows that Mr. BURNS is not the only hard-worked Labour Member. Mr. CROOKS says that his callers begin before it is light. While yet the morn is grey, he says, an asthmatic butcher is knocking at his door for information as to the application of a protective tariff to prime joints, while it is no uncommon occurrence for a Countess of impulsive character to motor down to Woolwich before breakfast to ask Mr. CROOKS to settle some little problem of social politics which troubled her in the night. Then there is the morning's post, two hundred letters at least, all of which Mr. CROOKS answers with his own hand, for he strongly objects to amanuenses, and then breakfast. Every day after breakfast Mr. CROOKS makes a house-to-house visit throughout his constituency, believing that only thus can a Member of Parliament properly keep in touch with his supporters, and often he finds himself involved in serious discussions lasting for some hours. None the less he is back to lunch at one. After this comes the House.

Not a bad day, is it? "But," adds Mr. CROOKS, "there is joy in it as well as toil, harmony as well as discord, interest as well as conflict, hope as well as grey despair."

Mr. WANKLYN, M.P., sends us the following account of a normal day of his own, which he takes to be more strenuous than Mr. BURNS'S.

"I rise," he says, "at five, and make myself a cup of Vi-Horso, the best pick-me-up on which to begin. Then I have a cold shower bath, and run twice round the home paddock, or, if I am in town, Dean's Yard; after this I eat a raw

beefsteak powdered on the Salisbury method, and am ready for my Secretary, who arrives at six. For two hours I dictate to him replies to the morning's post. 'Not in yet?' you say. No, that is true; but I answer the letters all the same. I know what they are going to say, and when the post comes in all one has to do is to fill in the names, for which blanks have carefully been left.

"Next I have breakfast, and then for two hours I am buried in the *Times*. After the *Times* is finished I dictate to my Secretary replies to those letters which could not be answered in advance—each post usually bringing a few such—and play a round at golf. It is now time for lunch. After lunch, exhausted nature demands some respect, and I rest for a while, being, however, punctilious to be read to sleep by an improving book such as *The Marriage of William Ashe*, or a foolish one, like *The Story of the Malakand Field Force*. I drink on awaking a cup of China tea, and am at once ready again for the fray. I begin by seeing my bailiff, or, if in town, my butler. I take a run down to the Crystal Palace. I glance at the evening papers. And then comes the House. Life, as someone—I forget who—truly remarked, is not all beer and skittles.

"And yet," added Mr. WANKLYN, "there is joy in it as well as toil, harmony as well as discord, interest as well as conflict, hope as well as grey despair."

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, being interviewed as to his daily habits, revealed a state of energy beside which Mr. BURNS merely smoulders and smokes.

"I do not sleep at all," said the great commoner. "Sleep is for boys and Free Traders; I work. All night I communicate by telephone with the Colonial Premiers. Our night, as perhaps you know, is their day. What a lesson that should teach us! While we snore they toil."

Here the interviewer remarked that, on the other hand, while we toil they snore. "Never mind about that," said the illustrious demagogue; "it is absurd to labour a point."

He then resumed: "I spend the time from six until eight in the conservatories, tending my favourite flowers. At eight I breakfast—simply and swiftly. I take coffee without sugar. Not that I do not like sugar, but I cannot afford it. Owing to some cause or other which I cannot fathom, it has become very dear. Then I deal with my correspondence, which takes two hours, and is not then finished. All this while I have been steadily taking no exercise. Then I receive deputations of manufacturers and disguised Members of Parliament, who want to know how the cat is going to jump,

but dare not come to me openly. After lunch I read DICKENS and the *Dictionary of Quotations*, and I am then ready for the House. Thus passes one's life.

"But," added Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, "there is joy in it as well as toil, harmony as well as discord, interest as well as conflict, hope as well as grey despair."

Sir GILBERT PARKER, writing from Chatsworth, proves that he too must be reckoned amongst those who shun delights and live laborious days. He says:—"I breakfast late (Mr. BALFOUR always breakfasts late), and spend the morning dictating despatches—subsequently forwarded by cable—to Sir WILFRID LAURIER, Dr. JAMESON, and Mr. SEDDON, adumbrating the policy which in my opinion they will do well to follow. This generally occupies the whole of the morning, after which I partake of a light luncheon with assorted Cabinet Ministers. In the afternoon I address, on an average, five drawing-room meetings and one demonstration, and write a few chapters of my next novel, a political romance entitled *The Ladder of Empire*. I then see my elocutionist, and before dining indulge in half an hour's mountaineering practice on the roofs of Carlton House Terrace with a rope and ice-axe of my own invention. When the House is not sitting my evening is generally spent in the refined and stimulating atmosphere of *le beau monde*. It is, in faith, an exacting life, but," continues Sir GILBERT, "there is joy in it as well as toil, harmony as well as discord, interest as well as conflict, hope as well as grey despair."

Sir ALFRED HARMSWORTH, Bart., sends us the following succinct account of his daily round:—"I rise at 3 A.M., and edit 75 papers before 7. Then I motor to Windsor *via* Mentmore for breakfast. From 11 A.M. to 7 P.M. I make up my mind on the Fiscal question, and meet my brothers at the usual family dinner party from 8 to 9, retiring to bed at 9.30, quite worn out with the multifarious labours of the day. It is a dog's life, but," as Sir ALFRED adds in happy phrase, "there is joy in it as well as toil, harmony as well as discord, interest as well as conflict, hope as well as grey despair."

The Poet Laureate telephones from Swinford Old Manor: "You ask me how I spend my day? Nothing could be simpler. I rise before the lark, and having seen that 'blithe spirit' go up,

I usually dig in VERONICA's garden till breakfast. If, however, the weather is inclement, I retire into LAURA's winter quarters for shelter until the gong sounds. From 10 till 12 I submit to the divine afflatus. From 12 till 1 I dictate the results. Luncheon, a light meal, washed down by choice Malvoisie, is usually taken in an arbour known as the Pavilion of Parnassus, and is followed by an hour's meditation to the accompaniment of pan-pipes or the pianola. From 4 to 5 I dictate narrative poetry. After an interval for afternoon tea, lyric poetry occupies me till 7. After dinner, conversation, which, as GIBBON says,



ILLUSTRATED QUOTATION.

FOUR A.M.

"METHOUGHT I HEARD A VOICE CRY, 'SLEEP NO MORE!' . . . TO ALL THE HOUSE."—*Macbeth*.

enriches the intellect. Before retiring to rest I gaze in solitude upon the stars, for, as GIBBON says, solitude is the true school of genius. It may not be the life that commends itself to mundane minds, but," concludes Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN, in an eloquent peroration, "there is joy in it as well as toil, harmony as well as discord, interest as well as conflict, hope as well as grey despair."

AN 'ERO OF OUR 'OME.

[Mr. STEPHEN PHILLIPS is reported to be occupying himself with a vindication of the character of NERO. We do not know what line of defence the poet is taking, but we would suggest that he might regard the maligned Emperor as the prototype of the modern Fireman.]

A NERO's nerve the Fireman shows,
Down from his helmet to his hose,
For when our Rome is in a blaze
He calmly wets his pipe and plays.

THE OFFENSIVE.

IN consequence of the frequent recurrence of this obscure term in news from the seat of war, Mr. *Punch* has thought it his duty to consult a military expert with a view to its elucidation. He accordingly approached one of those natural strategists who to a memory of Easter manœuvres, voluntarily undertaken, unite an experience on the Stock Exchange enabling them to speak with authority upon Bear tactics. His inquiries were answered in the most obliging manner, and he is now in a position to place the following facts before the public:—

Amid the rigours of a Manchurian climate almost any movement may be considered "offensive" which involves the quitting of winter quarters. Even a civilian can appreciate this, if he has ever been conscious that his next movement must be to get up and break the ice in his bath.

It is customary to speak of the offensive as being "taken" when none of the other objects of attack can be.

On the other hand the offensive is "assumed" when the advance which it connotes is invisible to the naked eye. The latter use is the more proper in telegrams to an autocrat, as delicately suggesting that the resulting success had better be "assumed" too.

This reference to lack of results does not mean that no movement ever succeeds. On the contrary a retrograde movement nearly always succeeds the assumption of the offensive. Nor does it mean that nothing follows; for the Japanese invariably do.

The correct use of the term is traced by some to a passage in the *Anatomy of Melancholy*, where chess is described as "a testy, choleric game, and very offensive to him that loses the mate." Thus, in the game of war, a movement which results in the too sudden introduction of the enemy amongst one's camp-followers has received this technical name.

Mr. *Punch's* informant could not speak so authoritatively in naval matters, inasmuch as, pending the reintroduction of the river steamboat service, he was conscious that his nautical knowledge was rusty. He believed, however, that "offensive" was an expression applied to the random discharge of guns, especially following upon an "assumption" not justified by facts.

THE RUSSIAN GOLD RESERVE.—Is this to be regarded as Hoard de Combat?

A LOVE CHARM.

O LOVE-STRICKEN lady, beware if you can
Of attempting to capture the heart of a man
With a flash of bright eyes or a ravishing dimple;
Such arts are delusion, but here is a plan
Alluringly simple.

Let your hair blow at hockey all over your head,
Let your face be as beet-root (he dotes on it red),
Dash swiftly and eagerly into the tussle;
For your charm's in the main, after all has been said,
A matter of muscle.

And as for your costume you can't be far wrong,
If your skirt is cut short and your boots are made long
(And shin-guards are excellent aids to attraction);
Let the whole of your garments be scanty and strong,
Adapted for action.

For the harder you strive to exhibit your might
With frenzied resolve in the midst of the fight,
The more your opponents surround you and shove you,
The louder you yell, the more fiercely you smite,
The more will he love you!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

To his monumental task in the editing of the *Works of Charles and Mary Lamb* (METHUEN) Mr. E. V. LUCAS has added Volumes VI. and VII., containing the letters. They have through more than half a century been among the most precious possessions of mankind. Never before has the gift been presented in so complete and therefore so attractive a form. Mr. LUCAS has the good fortune to add to already abundant material much correspondence that has not hitherto seen the light. Amongst these are letters to members of the WORDSWORTH family; a batch written to MOXON, "a young lad with a Yorkshire head and a heart that would do honour to a more southern county," at the time in the service of LONGMAN, who was subsequently to make for himself a name as publisher; others addressed to friends and acquaintances whose descendants have treasured them in the privacy of their libraries. LAMB's letters are literature of the highest quality. Mr. LUCAS adds considerably to their value by a series of luminous notes attached to each as postscript. Editors of kindred works reserve their notes for appendices. Mr. LUCAS in this respect sets a fashion whose convenience is so obvious that it is likely to spread. If my Baronite owned a desert island, or could borrow one from a friend, these two portly volumes should be his chosen companions among books.

Writing of ALFRED WIGAN's father, Mr. COKE says: "His later years were passed at Sevenoaks, where he kept an establishment for imbeciles or weak-minded youths. I often stayed with him." My Baronite recognises one of the things that might have been said differently. There is nothing either weak-minded or weak-handed in the author of *Tracks of a Rolling Stone* (SMITH, ELDER). There are few men who have lived through a more widely varied life than has HENRY JOHN COKE. Sixty-four years ago, being then in his twelfth year, he joined, as cadet, H.M.S. *Blonde*, a 46-gun frigate, bound for China, where he first smelt powder. Coming home on leave a year later, he travelled by coach from Naples to Calais, there being at the time not a single railway on the continent. His family position gave him throughout a long life wide opportunities of coming into contact with notable people. He remembers CREEVEY, whose *Memoirs* all the world was lately reading. He fraternised in a country house with our JOHN LEECH. He was familiar with HARRY FOKER in the flesh, of which there seems to have been a considerable quantity. Here is a pen-and-ink sketch of

PENDENNIS's acquaintance. "ARCEDECKNE (pronounced 'Arch-deacon') was about 5 feet 3 inches tall, round as a cask, with a small, singularly round face and head, closely cropped hair, and large soft eyes. In a word, like a seal." Mr. COKE was present at the SAYERS-HEENAN fight. He breakfasted with ROGERS, fought an election in old Protection days, spent a week-end at Compiègne in the heyday of the Empire, and stayed in the same house with Mr. ARTHUR BALFOUR's father and mother when they were on their honeymoon. Incidentally he visited the West Indies, crossed the Rockies, and rode on horseback through Spain on the track of *Don Quixote*. These are rare advantages. Mr. COKE makes the best of them in a vivid narrative that recalls the colour of his sometime friend, Captain MARRYAT.

Duke's Son, by COSMO HAMILTON (HEINEMANN). This is a narrative of the risks run by a couple of card-sharpers, man and wife, belonging to and moving in the very smartest set of society, where vice, recognised frankly, pays tribute to virtue by assuming its outward semblance. In this novel "There is none that doeth good, no not one." Is this indeed a true picture of modern society, or is it simply to be taken as a modern romance founded on certain revelations made in a *cause célèbre*, and to be considered as the exception to the general rule of *Virtus et Honor* in the best of whatever is included as representative of English society? Did SHERRIDAN's *School for Scandal* reflect the manners and the morals of his day? Did THACKERAY satirise a class, or did he pillory only notable examples, when he gave us those strong scenes in the lives of *Becky Sharp*, the *Marquis of Steyne*, and *Ravdon Crawley*? Well, here in *Duke's Son* you have in *Lord Francis Delamere* a superior *Ravdon*, with just his uneducated faults in orthography, and a girl who might have been a *Becky*, but for her original simplicity of character and her single-hearted devotion to her husband whose one redeeming point is his fidelity to her when she has become his wife. The Baron will not continue these prefatory remarks—all he will say is that, for his part, he finds this book is not for boys and girls, though it may be read with chuckling pleasure by such old boys and old girls as might be able to startle not a few of us with their own reminiscences. COSMO HAMILTON knows how to tell a plain unvarnished tale with dramatic force, and epigrammatic dialogue. He does not stop, as THACKERAY did in the case of *Becky* and of *Barry Lyndon*, to moralise satirically. He leaves little to the imagination. It is a remarkable work, and having once taken it up its reader's attention will be held until the very end. In the *bonâ-fide* attachment between "*Baby Sheen*," *Sir Edward Sheen, Bart.*, and *Billy Honour* the good-hearted comedy-opera artiste, there is that touch of nature that enlists our sympathies for the irregular couple, and makes us rejoice at the apparently cruel touch of the hand of fate which unites them in wedlock and then separates them for ever. The Baron commends the book for its literary skill; but can he recommend it to everyone?—That is a question he is unable to decide.



FOR THE MAP OF LONDON.—Now that Mr. H. B. IRVING has made his successful *début* as *Hamlet*, if it be true that MESSRS. BEERBOHM TREE and MARTIN HARVEY are also to appear simultaneously at different theatres as the *Prince of Denmark*, then London may be, theatrically, considered as the Little Village divided into three hamlets.



INVERSE RATIO.

Small Boy (suddenly). "WHAT ARE HORSES MADE OF, UNCLE?"

Uncle. "OH—FLESH AND BLOOD, OF COURSE."

Small Boy. "I THOUGHT THEY WERE MADE OF CATS'-MEAT."

CHARIVARIA.

"ROZHDESTVENSKY has cleared for action by throwing overboard all unnecessary woodwork," reports a cable. It looks as if his officers had lost their heads once more!

Togo is said to be in hiding. We guess that ROZHDESTVENSKY will shortly get that hiding.

The Third Baltic Squadron has an interest all its own for the student of naval evolution. From the various items composing it, it is possible to trace the gradual rise of the modern battleship from its earliest beginnings.

Another snub for the KAISER! Mr. PIERPONT MORGAN, who was in Sicily at the date of the Royal visit, left without granting His Majesty an audience.

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER explained that, if the surplus had been £200,000 more, it would have been possible to take a penny off the Income-tax. A correspondent now writes to ask whether it is too late to open a Mansion House Fund to raise that amount.

A handy little case containing everything necessary for rendering first aid in case of accidents is the latest motor-car accessory, and there will now be really no excuse for travelling slowly.

At Bristol a man has been sent to gaol for six months for frauds on solicitors. The punishment is none too severe. Innocent and helpless persons must be protected.

Almost ready. In the "Highways and Byways" Series. *Walks in the Tube*—by the Manager of the Central London Railway.

The *Express* publishes an article showing how much better convicts are treated in American than in English prisons, and alien criminals at present in this country are indignant.

A proposal is on foot that, now that the Mad Mullah has come to terms with us, we should in future call him merely the Mullah.

"The Volunteer shooting season at Bisley begins to-day," announced a contemporary last week. We all know that

Mr. ARNOLD-FORSTER thinks there are too many Volunteers, but to dispose of them in this way seems inhumane.

Three Englishmen and one Frenchman attempted to cross the Channel in balloons last week, but only the Frenchman succeeded. We congratulate the Frenchman on his British pluck and perseverance.

A circular snuff-box, said to have been made from the mulberry tree which SHAKESPEARE planted in his garden at Stratford-on-Avon, has made its appearance, and a new and full life of the Bard is now to be written.

It is reported from the Riviera that sharks are infesting the territorial waters in that neighbourhood. Can their presence have anything to do with the announcement that Mr. JOHN TRUNDLEY of Peckham is travelling on the Continent?

A Learned Ass.

LADY has nice-looking donkey, suitable governess to take out children, good goer, warranted sound.—*Exchange and Mart.*

THE COMING OF THE PIGMIES.

[Colonel HARRISON has arrived at Khartum with six pigmies from the Stanley Forest (Congo Free State). At home they wear hardly any clothing, but the Sirdar and several officers paid them a visit and helped them to make good this defect. The pigmies, who come of their own free will, are to reach London in the middle of May, and will probably elect to take up a permanent residence in England.]

FORTH from the forest primeval that shadows the sultry Equator,

Causing a palpable gloom, scarce to be cut with a knife;
Where, in the matter of founts that are sunny and sand that is golden,

Features recalled in the hymn, Afric is not at her best;—
Lo! to the gate of Khartum (as I learn from the *Mail's* correspondent)

Led by the hand of the suave HARRISON, hunter of game,
Numbering six, all told, four men and a couple of women
(One of the latter, I hear, quite a presentable shape),
Bulgy of nose and of lip, zallow-cheeked, and of limited stature
Ranging from 3 ft. 8 up to a yard and a half,
Clad in the garments that Nature provides for a tropical trousseau

(Add but an apron or so just for the look of the thing)—
Pigmies! ye come from the wild to the purlieus of civilisation,
Into the well-tilled lands late of the MAHDI, deceased,
Where ye are seen by the Sirdar, who robes you in decent apparel,

Sending his aides to select stuff from the drapery stores—
Lest ye should openly wound the fastidious taste of the Tommy,

Pe an offence to the Sphinx, or to the Dam an affront,—
Stuff to suffice till ye land and a loftier sense of decorum,
Stern as our rigorous clime, calls for additional clothes.

What is the cause of your coming? O why were ye fetched from the forest?

Why were ye booked to explore Town in the middle of May?
Lured from the homely delight of assaults on caravan bearers
(Lately ye killed, I am told, seventeen such at a scoop)?

What can we give to compare with the chase of the cursive okapi?

Will it console you to play croquet on Hurlingham lawns?
You who have daily conversed with the colobus genus of monkey,

How can you fail to be bored here with Society's best?
True, ye have chosen a land where the immigrant ever is welcome,

One that is famed for her arms open to all but her own;
One where the Liberal Party will stand on the wharf to await you,

Yes, you have heard by report who are the Alien's friends,
Relative giants in size and in intellect absolute Titans

(Yet to their generous hearts anything dumpy appeals)—
So you have seen them in fancy, the practical masters of England,

Pending the summons to power which they regard as a cert.

Pigmies! your innocence haunts me!—I too have a touch of the savage—

Therefore I offer you free two little words of advice:

First—If you wish to remain as a permanent fixture among us,
Pluck the acceptable hour, now ere the season is full,
Pluck it, for no one can tell when the Tory may wake from his coma,

Come to his senses and so carry an Aliens Bill;

Second—You mustn't mistake for a mark of political giants]
Heads that are swelled to about twice their habitual bulk.

O. S.

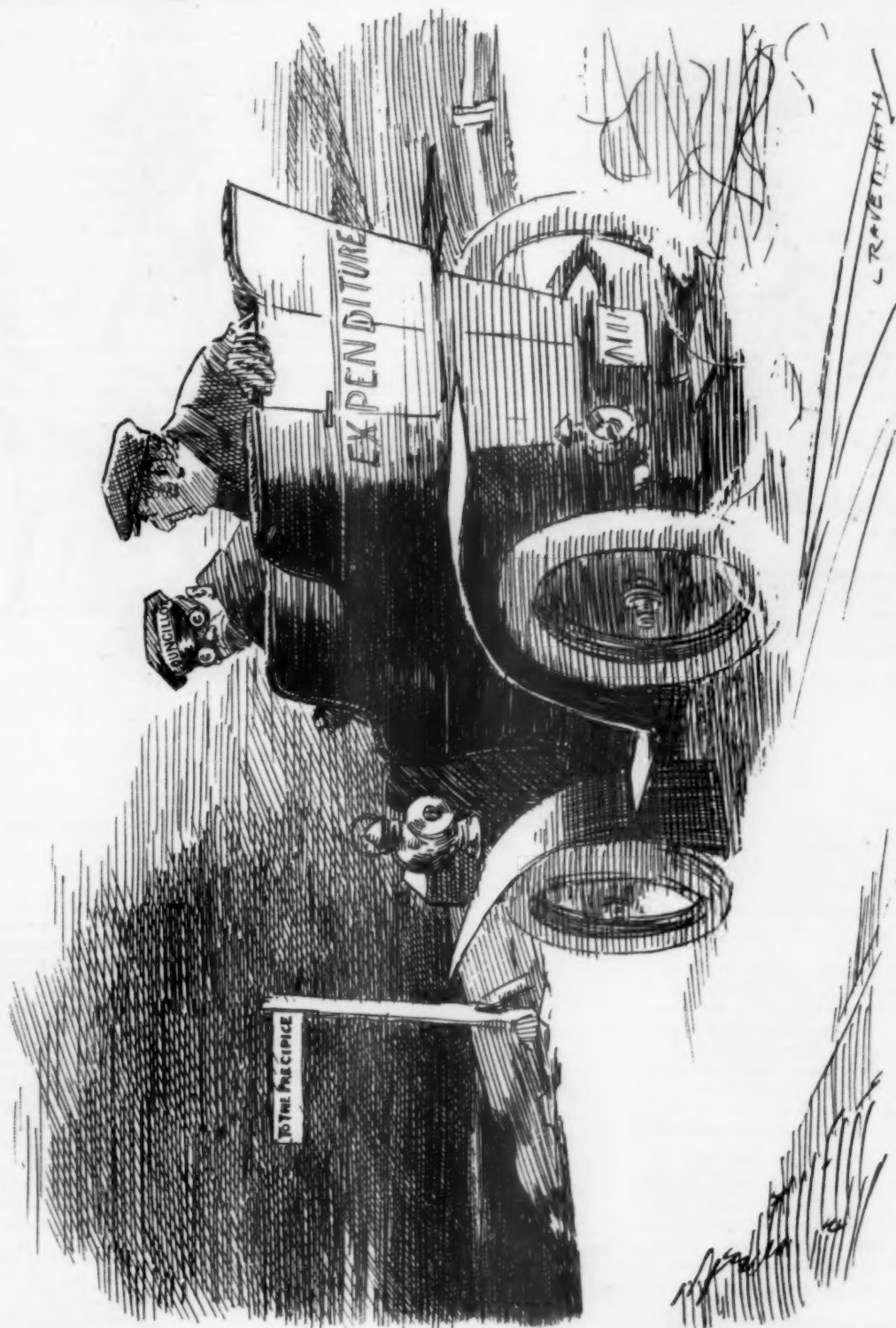
NEWSPAPER CIRCULATIONS AT MUGSBY.

(Respectfully dedicated to two London evening journals.)

From the "*Mugsby Evening News*" of April 3.—"Nowadays the greatest organs of public opinion recognise that frankness on the subject of their circulation is the due of both reader and advertiser. Unlike certain decaying journals, the *Mugsby News* has nothing to hide. Its books are open to public inspection, but lest some can scarcely spare time for the gigantic task of checking our office records we publish for the benefit of the world the exact figures of our circulation for the week ending April 1. A distinguished firm of Chartered Accountants certify that for this week the *Mugsby News* had an average circulation of 32 copies per day (not including the copy kept by the Editor for his private perusal). On the night of April 1 a novel scheme impressed the inhabitants of Mugsby with the all-pervading influence of our widely-circulated organ. Our issue on that night was printed on blue sugar-paper (obtained from the emporium of Alderman PUGSTILES, to whose advertisement of unique bargains in sardines and tinned pears we invite our readers' attention). Half an hour after the publication of the *Evening News* we venture to say that Mugsby was painted blue. Derby night or election time were nothing to it. As our Editor walked down the High Street to make his weekly survey of Mugsby industry he was gratified if not surprised to see the deep blue tint of the True-Blue paper in every hostelry, from the "Spotted Dog" at one extremity of the High Street to the "Bull and Anchor" at the other. From the well-known restaurant of Mr. TUBBIS the gilded youth of Mugsby sallied. Each of them bore in his hand a slight reflection of fried fish wrapped in blue paper. A distinguished citizen was so absorbed in our blue pages that he unconsciously walked into the town pump. A lady on her way to the establishment of Mr. BOFFINS carried a large parcel wrapped in blue paper. In fact all Mugsby was of the hue of the empyrean. It would have gladdened the heart of a RECKITT."

From the "*Mugsby Star*," April 4.—"We do not care to boast of our circulation, but when a rival paper makes an impudent claim to be the leading journal of Mugsby, we cannot, we will not, keep silence. The *Mugsby News* claims that its circulation for the week ending April 1 averaged 32 copies daily. Why was this week chosen? Because it was a week of stirring events, when newspaper circulations leapt to their greatest height. Monday was the day of the Annual Pig Show; on Tuesday ex-Alderman JORKINS was summoned for being drunk on licensed premises; on Wednesday the Mayor's parlourmaid fell down the area steps; on Thursday the Mugsby Vampires played the Grimstone Rovers at Mugsby and gloriously defeated them; on Friday P.C. SMIRKINS checked an incipient dog-fight in the market-place; and on Saturday there was a free distribution of the *Mugsby News*. We repeat the words—free distribution. With his own hands the Editor of the *Mugsby News* left a copy of his blue journal at every licensed house in Mugsby. Then we have proof that two paupers on their day-out from the workhouse were hired to parade the High Street reading the blue paper. It is for our Board of Guardians to prevent such cruelty to our poverty-stricken citizens in the future. By such base methods was the town painted blue and this fraudulent circulation certificate secured.

"The *Mugsby Star* has no reason to procure blue paper (the cost of which is to be taken out in free advertisements for a certain grocer) to advertise its merits. Its certified circulation for the Year ending April 1 is 33 copies daily."



THE MUNICIPAL ROAD TO RUIN.

NERVOUS RATEPAYER. "I SAY! ISN'T THIS RATHER AN EXCESSIVE RATE? AFTER ALL, YOU KNOW, IT'S MY CAR!"

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO





A MATTER OF HABIT.

Lady (engaging new cook). "ONE THING MORE. I ALWAYS LIKE MY SERVANTS TO DRESS QUIETLY."

Applicant. "OH, THERE WON'T BE ANY TROUBLE ABOUT THAT, MA'AM. I'VE GOT A QUIET TASTE MYSELF."

THE FROZEN SOUL.

["MME. CATULLE MENDÉS relates how the author of *Scarron*, after a year's meditation, wrote for fourteen hours a day till the masterpiece was done. Then he read it to her. 'He read it in the glow of creation, the triumphant joy of a task achieved. It was night. Everybody was asleep in the house. All was silent in the garden and on the high road. I heard only the sonorous voice, reciting the verse, felt only the palpitation of souls out of the historic past, troubled and torn, bitter or brutal, in their new kingdom of art. Ah! what incomparable hours!'"]—*Daily Chronicle*.]

Ah, for that rare and priceless pearl,

A sympathetic soul!

A sweet appreciative girl

To play a wifely rôle!

To listen through the livelong day,

To watch my mobile features play,

And tireless hear with bated breath

My new-born tale of life and death.

But, MARY mine, when I propose

To read my last MS.

You take at once to darning hose

Or cutting out a dress.

If I insist, your freezing frown

Chills my poetic ardour down,

And at the parts where you should weep,

O MARY mine, you fall asleep.

Instead of sitting there, with grief

Incarinate in your look,

Why, MARY, not extract a leaf

From Madame MENDÉS' book?

Why not, in wonder rapt, rejoice

Hearing the music of my voice,

And in my noble rage still find

The magic of a master mind?

Had I a soul with mine to glow,

A heart with mine to thrill,

What *Hamlets* and *Macbeths* would flow

From my inspired quill!

Whenever flint and steel unite

The spark is born—a flash of light:

Were you in sooth my proper mate,

How would my pages coruscate!

Then publishers, who now look shy

When I presume to call,

In eager rivalry would buy

Whatever I might scrawl;

Great crowds would gather in a cue

When any work of mine was due,

Till with the millionaires' would rank

My princely balance at the bank.

Ah, why not teach your heart to swell,

Your eye with fire to glance?

Why make me sigh and think how well

They manage things in France?

Yet after all, amid my pains

One crumb of comfort still remains:

If now and then my Muselet snores,

The fault is far less mine than yours.

SHAKSPEARIAN NOTE.

Q. From what passage in *Hamlet* may it be inferred that the *Prince of Denmark* was addicted to borrowing clothes from his personal friends?

A. From his reply to the *Queen's* un-called-for remark—and certainly ill-timed as being made in public before the Court—as to the "nighted colour" of his costume, where he says,—

" 'Tis not a loan my inky cloak, good mother,"

Act I, Scene 2, 76. This reading, it must be candidly admitted, is *not* found in the first Quarto, which was "a small Quarto, barbarously cropped," but may be found in the Imperial Pinto of 1605.

EXTRACT from report of a case dealing with a fatal motor-car smash: "The jury found that the motorists were not to blame, as they did all they could in the matter."

PLAYING THE GAME;

Or, The Art of Conversation.

SCENE I.—At the Dinner-table.

SITUATION.—MR. PLUMLEY DUFF, a middle-aged bachelor with a well-earned reputation for social tact and fluency combined with extreme polish, has been sent in to dinner with Miss IMOGEN PUREFOY, an obvious ingénue. Her youthful charm, however, has induced him to overlook any intellectual inferiority, and, even on the stairs, he has so far unbenet to impart some highly valuable information concerning the state of the weather for the last few days, besides confiding the intelligence that the Parliamentary Session is responsible for many more people being in Town than usual. Miss PUREFOY has received these utterances with a reverential assent which only confirms him in an impression originally favourable.

Miss Purefoy (after declining fish—to Mr. P. D.) Aren't those salted almonds over there? Could you reach them for me?... Thanks so much! I absolutely adore salted almonds! (She selects three.) I can't think what people did at dinner-parties before salted almonds were invented. Can you?

Mr. Plumley Duff (conscientiously applying his mind to the problem while adopting a tone of playful levity). You are inviting me to embark upon a—er—field of highly interesting speculation. But, on the whole, I should be inclined to hazard the opinion that in—er—that benighted period people probably—er—did without them.

Miss P. (humbly). I suppose it was a silly question. I ought to have known that when there weren't any salted almonds people simply had to do without, poor dears! Still, do you know, I can't help thinking dinner-parties must have been more cheerful, somehow, in—well, in Queen ANNE'S time, for instance.

Mr. D. (with a kindly but superior smile). If we may draw any inference from contemporary records, such as the works of SWIFT, the table-talk of those days was neither remarkably brilliant, nor—er—particularly edifying.

Miss P. Oh, but I meant because of the costumes. Everybody was so picturesquely dressed then, even the men, weren't they? Wouldn't you love to wear nice coloured velvet and satin with ruffles and things, instead of just plain black and white, as you do now?

Mr. D. Now, my dear young lady, our sex is content to serve as useful foils to the magnificence of yours. But, by way of compensation, if our—er—habiliments are, as is doubtless the case, less becoming, they have at least the merit of being considerably more—er—economical.

Miss P. (regarding him with the innocent brown eyes of a squirrel). I never thought of that. It's quite a new idea to me! Did men's clothes cost so very much more in those times?

Mr. D. Let me give you a few facts. OLIVER GOLDSMITH—with whose immortal *Vicar of Wakefield* you are possibly familiar?—(Miss PUREFOY murmurs an intelligent, but vague, assent)—is known to have paid as much as fifteen guineas—which at that time was probably equivalent to at least double the present value of the money—for a simple suit of "Tyrian bloom" coloured satin. Now, I don't suppose I pay—

[He discourses here at some length on the precise sum per annum his evening clothes cost him, while Miss PUREFOY listens with rapt attention.]

Miss P. Really! How interesting! And I suppose there were all sorts of other expensive things they had to wear, besides?

Mr. D. (pleased with her intelligence). Why, if you merely take such indispensable items as a silver-hilted sword, a lace

cravat, a snuff-box, shoe-buckles, and so forth, they would represent a serious outlay. Not to speak of Wigs, which frequently cost as much as thirty or forty guineas.

Miss P. (as she absently pushes one of her salted almonds over the edge of the brocade "table-centre"). Not really? How glad you must be that you can keep your money to spend on more sensible things! Motor-cars, perhaps? For I'm sure you go in for motoring?

Mr. D. (flattered, but a little disconcerted by this abrupt change of subject, as he was about to give her an instructive catalogue of the various wigs that characterised the eighteenth century). I confess I do not. Quite apart from all questions of a pecuniary nature, I should decline to give any countenance to a form of conveyance which, in my opinion, will soon render the horse as extinct an animal as the—er—dodo.

Miss P. Ah, the poor horse! But perhaps he won't mind being extinct so very much! I mean, I've often thought it rather unfair that he should be chosen to draw us about, and not some other animal.

Mr. D. (delighted by her ingenuousness). Nature has her injustices, I am afraid. Possibly her excuse in this case would be that no other quadruped is so well adapted for the—er—particular purpose. But you are mistaken in assuming that the horse alone has been so employed.

Miss P. Why, of course! How idiotic of me! I was forgetting the Donkey!

Mr. D. Also the Dog, the Bullock, the Reindeer, and—for heavy artillery, if for no other vehicle—the Indian Elephant.

Miss P. (with sparkling eyes). You make me feel so ignorant! Though of course I might have remembered them. But I can't think of any other animal that is used in that way. And I don't believe that even you can, either!

Mr. D. (in quiet triumph). I think I can. Unless I am greatly misinformed, Zebras have been successfully trained to go in harness.

Miss P. Zebras! Isn't it wonderful! (She deposits a second almond by the side of the first.) Is there anything you don't know, Mr. DUFF?

Mr. D. I daresay I could tell you a few further facts about Zebras which may be new to you.

Miss P. They're quite certain to be. You see, I've never learnt any facts. I've been so shockingly educated. Like all women!

Mr. D. (bowing with the courtly grace that he has found effective on former occasions). No woman can be badly educated when she has learnt to render herself an agreeable companion to Man.

Miss P. (pouting). Ah, I see what it is! You despise women. (As Mr. DUFF protests gallantly) Oh, yes, you do! You don't believe they can do anything as well as men can. You would prevent them even trying to—if you only could!

Mr. D. I would prefer to put it in this form. While I allow that your—er—charming sex is capable of attaining a certain proficiency—I will go even further, and say, excellence—in the Arts, I frankly own that I have far too high an admiration for Woman to endure to see her unsex herself by stepping into the arena to engage with Man in the sterner conflicts of what I may describe as the serious Business of Life.

Miss P. But don't women make rather good clerks?

Mr. D. I will grant you that the superior suppleness of the feminine hand—(with a glance at Miss PUREFOY's, which is idly fingering a third almond)—may give a woman some small advantage in manipulating purely mechanical instruments like—well—Typewriters—but Great Heavens! is such slavery as that a fitting career for—(He enlarges on this theme with real eloquence, until he is brought up short by the discovery that her mind is elsewhere, and that she is frivolously attracting the notice of somebody whom he cannot see across the table to three salted almonds, which she has amused herself

by placing side by side). I fear I have failed to retain your entire attention!

Miss P. How can you think so! Why, I've been most awfully interested! You don't know how much you have helped me! You've said exactly what I wished you to say! But you must tell me the rest another time. Because, do you know, your other neighbour has been trying to get a word from you for ever so long—so I'm afraid I must be unselfish and give you up to her.

[She turns to the man on her right, who monopolises her during the remaining courses.

Mr. D. (later, seizing his chance just before their hostess gives the signal). I observe, Miss PUREFOY, that, notwithstanding your—er—professed adoration for salted almonds, you are leaving the few you took absolutely untouched.

Miss P. You are too frightfully observant, Mr. DUFF! I see I had better confess at once that I didn't take them to eat—only to play with.

Mr. D. (to himself, as the ladies rise). Rather an attractive child—but immature at present. A mind that merely requires forming, though.

SCENE II.—In the Drawing-room.

SITUATION.—The men have come upstairs; Mr. PLUMLEY DUFF, who was hoping for a further opportunity of sounding the depths of Miss PUREFOY'S engaging ignorance, finds himself intercepted by his hostess, and presented to another young lady—a Miss PEGGY BLOUNT.

Mr. Duff (with heroic affability). The er—gaities of the Season are beginning early this year. I daresay you are already up to your eyes, Miss—er—BLOUNT, in what one may perhaps be permitted to term the Social Whirlpool—dances, dinners, and so forth—h'm?

Miss Blount. Oh, I don't know. Not many dances, so far. Another dinner-party though, only next week—(with a little grimace)—worse luck! Don't tell anybody—but I simply loathe dinners!

Mr. D. At your age, my dear young lady, one has not yet commenced to dine. But I infer from your tone that you have not been entirely fortunate in your partner this evening. Or am I mistaken?

Miss B. Well, he might have been worse. I wish he had been. Then I should have had a chance of winning.

Mr. D. A chance of—? Pardon me, but I don't quite understand.

Miss B. How could you, when you don't know! But I'll tell you, if you'll promise faithfully not to give me away. (Mr. DUFF promises.) Well, a girl-friend and I have invented a game for getting through dull dinner-parties without being bored. We each try to get the man who takes us in to mention certain



PROGRESS.

(Overheard in Kensington. TIME, 9 A.M.)

Fair Club Member (lately married, to friend). "BYE, BYE! CAN'T STOP! MUST RUSH OFF, OR I SHALL BE SCRATCHED FOR THE BILLIARD HANDICAP!"

things, and the one who does it first wins. Now do you see?

Mr. D. (amused). Perfectly. And I must congratulate you on a most ingenious device for avoiding boredom.

Miss B. Isn't it? But this evening Miss PUREFOY (my friend's name, you know) won in a perfect canter. By two salted almonds!

Mr. D. By two—?

Miss B. We use them to score with, you know. That is, when there are any. There generally are—but bread pills will do instead. And, as soon as each of the three things is mentioned, one of us puts an almond where it can catch the other's eye.

Mr. D. And is it allowable to ask what those three things were, on this particular occasion?

Miss B. Let me see. The first was

"Wigs," the second "Zebras," and—what was the third? Oh, I know, "Typewriters." And just imagine! Miss PUREFOY managed to make her partner mention all three before dinner was half over. It's a record!

Mr. D. (acidly). Miss PUREFOY must be a young lady of quite exceptional ability.

Miss B. She did awfully well at Newnham in the History Tripos. Still, I expect whoever took her in this evening must have been—well, rather a duffer. I couldn't see who it was, because of the flowers between us. I wonder if you noticed, and could point him out to me?

Mr. D. (stiffly). I'm afraid it is not in my power to oblige you.

[He takes his leave as soon as he can, without making any further attempts to stimulate the intelligence of Miss IMOGEN PUREFOY. F. A.]

MIXED BAGS.

[NEW YORK, April 12.—"A telegram from Frederick (Oklahoma) says that President ROOSEVELT killed a six-foot rattlesnake with a short riding-whip. The snake made four vicious strikes before being killed. The President also caught a live wolf."—*Lafan*.]

LATEST advices from Hayling Island state that the Premier, during his recent visit to these popular links, had a rather narrow escape of being bitten by what appeared to be a poisonous snake. It appears that Mr. BALFOUR, after playing thirteen strokes in a bunker, disturbed the reptile, which was lying concealed under a large stone, and suddenly attacked Mr. BALFOUR's caddie, a boy named ALFONSO BUSBY. With extraordinary presence of mind the Premier struck the snake several smart blows with his niblick, and finally despatched it with his Schenectady putter. The caddie, who was in a state of collapse, was assisted to the club-house by Mr. BALFOUR and his partner, and after a stiff jorum of sloe gin professed his readiness to continue the round. The extraordinary part of the episode was that on examining the mangled remains of the reptile it turned out after all to be only a sloe worm. This, however, did not complete the lethal activity of the Premier during the day, for in the afternoon he drove a low ball off the thirteenth tee with such violence that it killed a frog in some marshy ground in the neighbourhood of mid on.

Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN, while recently out hawking in a governess cart, was attacked by a mad bull of the most exacerbated character. Mr. AUSTIN was entirely unarmed save for a thin roll of MS., but with perfect presence of mind he began to recite "Jameson's Ride" in his strong unfaltering baritone. He had barely reached the third stanza when the bull uttered a piercing bellow and dropped down dead. On the way home, it should be mentioned, Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN quite inadvertently drove over a valuable guinea-pig, the property of a retired artificial-eye-maker, thus bringing up the cost of his day's sport to £105 6s. 8d.

While fishing at Lelant in Cornwall during a recent week-end visit to that salubrious health resort, Mr. SIDNEY LEE caught thirteen conger-eels in three hours with the aid of an explosive harpoon. The largest conger-eel measured 7 feet 3 inches from the tip of the tail to the tip of the nose, and 8 feet 4 inches from the tip of the nose to the tip of the tail. On the same day, going out across country with a rook-rifle, Mr. SIDNEY LEE shot thirteen blackbirds, two bantams, a piebald field-mouse, and a ring-tailed stevedore.

Mr. MAX PEMBERTON, who is indefatigable in the quest of local colour,

has lately taken to cub-shooting in April with remarkably sensational results. The other day, after shooting two fine rocketers, he was attacked by a very savage bagman, but floored him with a well-aimed shot with his boomerang, without which Mr. PEMBERTON never travels in the Provinces. On his way home, it should be added, Mr. MAX PEMBERTON caught a live tortoiseshell cat, and brought down a fine peahen with his pea-shooter, a splendid weapon presented him by the Emperor MENELEK.

A MODERN LUCIFER.

["The emanations of N-Rays from the human body may be classified as follows: Deep blue, deep thought. Orange, ambition. Pale green, individuality. Grey, anxiety and depression. Deep red, passion."]

Mrs. Northesk Wilson.

"You'll never shine among your fellow-men,"

My master oft would say, with gloomy brow.

It troubled me, for I believed him then—
I would that he could see his pupil now,
And notice how I sometimes fairly blaze
With brilliant pyrotechnical displays.

When moistened towels my throbbing
brain assuage,

When I for long have toiled, in drear
futility,

To write, O *Punch*, for thine historic page
A poem of considerable ability,
I find each finger gleam with rays whose
hue

Rivals the firmament in purest blue.

When Pegasus to lofty heights would rise,
Seeking the outermost ethereal space,
Vague luminosities from out mine eyes
And each projecting point upon my face
Do emanate in orange-coloured spires,
With glimmerings kindred to St. Elmo's
fires.

And when I write, with swift and facile
pen,

All in mine own inimitable style,
Haloes of palest green surround me then,
Flashing from each particular hair the
while.

In fact, I splutter forth N-Rays *ad lib.*,
Like some gigantic animated squib.

'Tis done, and I have sent my verse away.

The world once more assumes its normal
state,

Save that I glimmer fitfully and grey,

The Editor's acceptance while I wait.

But, if he send rejection note instead,—
By Jove! I bet I'll make the landscape
red!

Ars longa, vita brevis.

To STAMMERERS.—Those who stammer or are interested in the subject should read a Book by one who cured himself after suffering over 35 years.—*Advt. in Standard.*

OUR DENTAL DEFICIT.

Mrs. JOHN LANE has been complaining in the *Fortnightly* that the English have not the habit of going to the dentist, and that, in this respect, we have much to learn from America. We commend her remarks to the British tooth-doctor and to the fortunate possessors of native teeth, and suggest that means should promptly be taken to increase the attractiveness of dentistry, active and passive—especially the latter.

Children, for instance, should be trained from their earliest years to regard the dentist as a species of "funny man," and a visit to his sanctum as a substitute for a *matinée* at the pantomime, his jokes and by-play with the instruments being equally excruciating. A Certificated Dental Clown, armed with a forceps (which need not necessarily be red-hot), would be provocative of roars of laughter on the part of the audience of little ones.

Much also might be done to enhance the gaiety and sociability of the dentist's waiting-room. The back numbers of ladies' papers, which are the chief sources of mental distraction there to be found, would seem to lack a little in the matter of exhilaration, even when not more than a year old. Here there would be an opportunity for humorous electrophones, laid on, say, from Mr. Justice DARLING's Court when trying a *Cingalee* case, or from Mr. PLOWDEN's Variety Entertainment. SHAKESPEARE's dictum about the inability of the philosopher to endure toothache patiently would be speedily falsified. Philosophy might perhaps have an occasional difficulty in listening to the receiving end of the instrument, but, on the whole, such an installation would tend to mirthfulness and add to the drawing powers of the L.D.S.

"Progressive Tooth Parties" might easily become a popular form of entertainment. Persons would score according to the number and soundness of their teeth, and any player who could exhibit a complete set of thirty-two would take a prize with a "flush" or "corner," or some such appropriate term. You would hold a "jaw" instead of a "hand," and anybody revoking would go straight to the qualified dealer's chair and discard three teeth as a penalty there and then. We have here the nucleus of an entirely new and original pastime, which is surely calculated to remove the stigma just laid on the British nation.

A Poacher's Paradise.

ABOUT AN HOUR FROM TOWN.—Charming Bijou Residence . . . grounds adjoin a large pheasant preserve; owner going abroad.—*Advt. in Standard.*



THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS.

Mabel. "Now, MR. SPORTY, SUPPOSING YOU WERE PARIS, WHICH OF US THREE WOULD YOU GIVE THE APPLE TO?"

Mr. S. (thinking he sees a brilliant way out of a difficulty). "WELL—YOU SEE—THERE'S SUCH A SAMENESS ABOUT YOU ALL!"

PASSIVE RESISTANCE IN MUSIC.

THE recent decision of nineteen leading musical publishers to cease publishing music, as a practical protest against the system of piracy now rampant in our midst, has been fraught with momentous results. A spirit of protest is in the air, and in almost every department of the musical world abrupt and uncompromising resolutions are being taken.

DURING KUBELIK'S recent successful *tournee* in Spain, a Spanish journalist, in an otherwise eulogistic notice, introduced a disparaging reference to the famous *virtuoso's* illustrious twin offspring. He observed, "KUBELIK is undoubtedly a very marvellous performer, but we should like to hear a little less of his twins and a little more of his fiddle." Deeply wounded by this outrageous observation, the great violinist published a statement to the fact that unless the offending journalist committed *hara-kiri* within a fortnight, he (KUBELIK) would have his hair cut in three months. The consternation that has been caused by this decision can better be imagined than described, especially when it is added that the journalist has refused to

terminate his miserable existence, and, now six weeks after the offence, is still pursuing his usual avocations on the banks of the Guadalquivir.

We understand that the continued popularity of the pianola and the gramophone has led to a general strike on the part of the German bands in this metropolis. At a largely attended meeting held in Notting Dale on Thursday last, it was unanimously resolved by upwards of 400 Teutonic wind-instrumentalists that, in view of the deplorable state of affairs created by the introduction of mechanical appliances, and the absence of any legislative restrictions calculated to abate the nuisance, the German bandsmen of London would for the present and until further notice cease entirely from any public performances in the streets. It was further determined to send a copy of the resolution to the German Ambassador, in the hope that diplomatic pressure might be brought to bear on the Liberal leaders so as to secure a pledge of Protection for foreign street music as against the home-grown counter-attraction.

It is reported that FLORIZEL VON REUTER,

the wonderful boy composer, conductor and violinist, exasperated by the competition of rival prodigies, has formally announced that if a single fresh wonder-child ventures to make his *début* during the forthcoming summer season, he (FLORIZEL VON REUTER) will retire from public life until he is old enough to wear *teasers*.

Meanwhile, the suggestion has been made, and is widely supported in the best non-musical circles, that, as a protest against piracy, no music whatever should be played for twelve calendar months. Only thus, it is urged, can people be made to understand how monstrous are the enormities of the pirates.

In this connection we might remark that, a rumour having gained currency that literary copyright is also in a queer and questionable state, a number of authors have pledged themselves not to produce any new novels for a fortnight. Among those who refuse absolutely to sign this drastic agreement are MR. LE QUEUX, MR. RICHARD MARSH, "LUCAS CLEEVE," ANNIE S. SWAN, MRS. L. T. MEADE and MR. HENRY JAMES.



AU PIED DE LA LETTRE.

Buttons. "PLEASE, 'M, COOK SENT ME UP TO CLEAR THE TABLE!"
[And he was carrying out her instructions as rapidly as possible.]

THE WOMAN'S WORLD.

(With acknowledgments to "Lorna" of the
"British Weekly.")

WOMEN ON THE BENCH

THE strange behaviour of the prisoner at the Leeds Assizes who, after being convicted of the theft of 1000 cigarettes, hurled a bottle at the head of the Recorder, furnishes a striking object lesson in the dangers to which women would be exposed if they were eligible to judgeships and other similar posts. Of course the difficulty could be got over by the use of a *grille*, but for my own part I never wish to be called upon to put on the black cap.

A GRACEFUL COMPLIMENT.

I hear it on good authority that the Sisters FINNEY, whose wonderful natatory exploits have recently caused such excitement at the Tivoli, have been elected honorary Associates of the Mermaid Society.

THE UNDERGROUND AS A SANATORIUM.

The electrification of the Underground proceeds apace, but though the change is desirable on most grounds let us remember that, as Madame SARAH GRAND once wittily said, it is a good wind that blows nobody ill. The sulphurous atmosphere of the Underground, erroneously supposed to promote pulmonary disorders, is in reality so wholesome that the staff are believed never to suffer from consumption or bronchitis. Could not the Directors contrive, just for old sake's sake, and in the interests of hygiene, to work one section of the line on the old system?

OLD MARRIAGE CUSTOMS.

The Bishop of CARLISLE's wish that there might be some means of punishing people who throw orange peel on the footpath reminds me to observe that orange blossoms as an essential adjunct in bridal toilettes are decidedly going out of fashion. Another sign of the

times is the abandonment of the old custom of pelting the departing couple with rice and old shoes. When Miss DOROTHY McMURDLE, the charming daughter of the Rev. Professor HAMIS McMURDLE, was married the other day, the absence of all missiles, granular and otherwise, was generally commented upon.

THE REVIVAL OF BATH BUNS.

Quite one of the features of the winter season has been the renewed popularity and increased consumption of Bath buns. Lady hockey players, I am told on good authority, find them the most sustaining form of refreshment after a hard match, and in more than one photographic group of hockey teams I have noticed that some of the players were engaged in munching their favourite comestible when the picture was taken.

SMOKED BEAUTIES.

["Is the sulphur that finds its way *vid* smoky chimneys into the air of London the secret of the London complexion? . . . Put a London girl beside a country girl, and ten chances to one the London girl's complexion is the better."
—*Black and White.*]

O WIVES and maids of London Town

Who value your complexions,
Rejoice when "blacks"
From chimney-stacks
Fly out in all directions!
What though the soot assails your gown?
In *Black and White* it's hinted,
'Tis flies that reek
Which make your cheek
So delicately tinted!

Though Beauty-Doctors boast their skill.
Have done with them for ever!

The City's gloom
Will bring a bloom
That beats their best endeavour !
Go forth and wander where you will,
Unveiled and unenamelled—
Leave tender Time
And London grime
To do their work untrammelled !

Heap up your fires (though coals are dear)
And make the heavens duller !
Let London choke
In smuts and smoke—
They beautify your colour !
And if your men-folk interfere
With rash, sulphuric speeches
You need not care,
The worse the air,
The more you 'll look like Peaches !

Turning Turtle.

FROM the *Standard*:—

"The Third Baltic Squadron, under Admiral Rozhanski, sailed yesterday in a westerly direction under perfect conditions."

The second line looks very ominous.



SMALL PROFIT, QUICK RETURN.

BROTHER B-L-F-R. "WHAT, BROTHER, BACK TO THE FOLD SO SOON?"

MISSIONER J-S-P-H. "WELL, DO YOU KNOW IT HAS BEEN BORNE IN UPON ME THAT OUR SUCCESS WILL BE MORE COMPLETE THE LONGER IT IS DELAYED!"

[Ironical cheers from the Cassowaries.]

[In his speech of April 12, which has been interpreted as "a tactical withdrawal to Mr. BALFOUR's base," Mr. CHAMBERLAIN said, "I hope the great Liberal Unionist Organisation will not be cast down by any opposition or temporary check, but that they will pursue this great policy to a success which will be the more complete the longer it is delayed."]



THE GREAT BRITISH MUSEUM

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ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



EASTER AFFINITIES; OR, IMPROBABLE ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

[Our Artist hears, on authority which he has every reason to doubt, that Mr. Wanklyn and Mr. Winston Churchill propose to spend the holidays together in Paris studying the subterranean "oubliettes" recently devised for President Loubet and the French Ministry by Bonapartist conspirators, with a view to similar constructions at Westminster. Lord Hugh Cecil, says the same authority, goes to Highbury for the Easter Recess as the guest of Mr. Chamberlain, while Mr. John Redmond and Lord Rosebery, who are quite inseparable of late, pay a round of visits together in Nationalist circles in Ireland.]

House of Commons, Monday, April 10.—Time was, within memory of many seated here this afternoon, when Budget Night was the central attraction of the Session. Every Bench was filled; side galleries were peopled; a throng of late-comers were content to stand through succeeding hours at the Bar. There were giants in those days. DIZZY, GLADSTONE, LOWE, JOKIM and SQUIRE OF MALWOOD filled in turn office of Chancellor of the Exchequer. To-day, by strange concatenation of circumstance, Son AUSTEN finds himself thrust to the front with mission to bend the bow of Ulysses.

Achieved his task admirably. ARNOLD-FORSTER, taking a day off, marvelled how a Minister could speak for hour and a half and so rarely employ first person singular. As the MEMBER FOR SARK says, If CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER did not supply many i's to dot, he crossed off twopence from his Tea.

In current circumstances this a bold thing to do. Surplus seemed in amount specially designed to permit of reduction of Income Tax by what Mr. Mantalini was accustomed to allude to as a "demnition copper." Income-tax payer, ISSACHAR among bondsmen to the Exchequer—"a strong ass couching down

between two burdens," Direct and Indirect Taxation—was last year definitively, unreservedly, promised this relief. In time of what LORD CHANCELLOR would call "a sort of peace," AUSTEN had clapped on a penny to an already insufferable burden.

"But only for a year," he airily explained. "Very first time I find a penny in my pocket, will give it you back with thanks."

Here was the penny and a comfortable sum to carry over after its repayment. With Dissolution imminent worth while mollifying that multitudinous elector, the Income-tax payer. If ever there was certainty on eve of Budget it prevailed this morning.

Son AUSTEN, however, withstood temptation. Waving the banner of sound finance, he insisted that first thing to do is to pay off your debts. So he set aside a million in augmentation of Sinking Fund designed for wiping off National Debt. Residue not sufficing to meet amount involved in remission of penny on Income Tax, he knocked off 2d. a pound from tax on Tea.

Everything comes to the man who waits. To the Income-tax payer, long waiting for remission of his burden, there comes rebuff. CHARLES LAMB used to say that if he *was* habitually late in

turning up at his desk at the India Office he made up for it by going away early. Thus the Income-tax payer, the first citizen on whom a Chancellor of Exchequer in need of funds preys, is, when pressure slackens, the last to be relieved.

That a matter of policy. Its adoption just now not lacking in heroism. As to the speech and its delivery, both excellent. Conscious of the shadows of the giants of other days looming in the historic Chamber, Son AUSTEN wisely refrained from suggesting comparison with their larger manner. He made no effort to rise to height of eloquence such as Mr. G. was wont to revel in when expounding his Budget; nor did he beautify his speech by quotation from the classics as was BOB LOWE's wont. He had a scheme to expound, a message to deliver. That was his appointed work; he accomplished it with a modesty and lucidity that disarmed captious criticism.

Business done.—Budget introduced.

Tuesday night.—First allotted day for debate on Budget, a little affair involving expenditure of £142,000,000. Might be supposed benches would be crowded by representatives of the people who find the money. As matter of fact, debate carried on, with contribution of speech

from CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, in presence of less than a quorum.

Counter-attraction prevailing in Committee Room upstairs. Twopence in the pound off tea; a million set aside to pay off old scores incurred on account of short-weighted jam, guns that wouldn't fire, and horses no man cared to remount; disappointment of Income-tax payer at non-fulfilment of pledge solemnly given a year ago—these things nought by comparison with the heroic self-devotion of WILLIAM ARROL, Knight.

Pity the story must needs be told in prose. Poignant sorrow that the pen which recorded in deathless verse the early matrimonial processes of Young Lochinvar has been laid down. The bald facts are that the wedding day of the sexagenarian knight coincided with an hour of peril for the Government. Amendment moved to the Address threatening its existence; the price of every vote above rubies. A prosaic person would either have put off his wedding or snapped his fingers at the Ministerial Whip. The man who flung a bridge across the Firth of Forth and tamed the turbulent Tay with girdle of iron rose high above conventionalities.

The peculiar, apparently insuperable, difficulty lay in the fact that the wedding bells were appointed to ring in far-off Ayr, nearly a ten hours' journey by rail. But the thing could be done, and the brisk bridegroom decided it should be. Train leaves Ayr at 1.5 P.M.; due at Euston 10.45; division not expected much before midnight.

No momentary enthusiasm should induce omission of acknowledgment of the advantages the resources of civilisation provide in these interesting cases. Young Lochinvar was, for different reasons, hurried into preparations to get away with the lady he was resolved to make Mrs. L. Through all the wide border his steed was the best; but its pace could not compare with that of the Scotch express, with accompanying luxuries of reserved compartment, luncheon hamper, tea basket, generously spread dinner table, and the brougham awaiting arrival at Euston Station.

Nevertheless, the Ayrshire knight's achievement a notable one. The train was punctual; the brougham attendant; the blushing bride compliant with the call of duty, trumpet-toned from the lips of Empire. Arriving breathless in the Lobby, he was in time to vote in the division, "and," as PEPYS wrote on many pages of diary recording less heroic deeds day by day, "so home to supper."

This afternoon something like two hundred Members assembled in Committee Room upstairs to present the bridegroom with token of their admiration. PRINCE ARTHUR presided, making

a speech that moved some of the younger unmarried men to tears. Then, as at Austerlitz and Wagram NAPOLEON with his own hand pinned the cross of the Legion of Honour on the breast of a gallant comrade, PRINCE ARTHUR, preserving his gravity to the last, handed to the indomitable bridegroom a silver mug on which was inscribed record of his derring-do.

ACLAND-HOOD hears that, since the movement was set on foot which culminated in to-day's proceedings, quite a number of marriages have been arranged by Members of the Party, varying in age from 25 to 70.

Business done.—Tea Resolutions in Budget scheme carried.

Friday night.—During a week daily devoted to discussion of Budget scheme

presence of the Sovereign who was then Prince of WALES, listened with satisfaction to SON AUSTEN making his second effort, recognising in it a vast stride since the first essay. RITCHIE, making his re-appearance on the Parliamentary scene after a bereavement in which he had the sympathy of the whole House, shrank to a back bench. On a corner seat behind Treasury Bench another veteran ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer, hight ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS (so called from angelic sweetness of temper), listened approvingly.

But on Budget nights or other nights the SQUIRE of MALWOOD's place knows him no more.

Business done.—Land Values Assessment Bill.

THE TWO VOICES.

I SAID unto Myself: "Tis ten
And after, and the sons of men
Have long been going to and fro.
Get up and toil. You ought, you know."

But thus Myself did make reply:
"You know you're just as glad as I
That we're still comfy here in bed.
You get such notions in your head!"

But I replied: "O hapless one,
Where are your childhood's morals gone?
The man that does not early rise
Grows neither rich, nor well, nor wise!"

But he: "Much stock I never took
In maxims from the copy-book:
Howe'er sublime and true they be
They're quite devoid of charm for me."

And I undaunted: "Is the day
A thing for slaves to snore away?
Think how upon some upland lawn
The smiling rosy-fingered dawn——"

But he: "The day begins at ten,
And even later now and then:
The sun can work itself, and dew
's a thing I've never taken to."

And I: "Incorrigibly bad!"
And he: "Precisely! Aren't you glad!"
And then, the daily battle o'er,
We slumbered noonwards as of yore!

GALLOPING CONSUMPTION. — That the habit of water-drinking, like other good things, may be carried to excess, is shown by a case to which notice has been called by the Directors of the Sutton District Water Company. These gentlemen have recently issued a circular, in which they complain of "a Consumer," who had been "found to be taking water through his Hose and Sprinkler continuously night and day for some time during last summer at the rate of no less than 600 gallons per hour, to the serious inconvenience and detriment of his neighbours."



A PAST MASTER IN BUDGETS.
Jokim in the Peers' Gallery.
(Viscount G-sch-n.)

Members have been conscious of a great gap on Front Opposition Bench. It is the first time these twenty years that on Budget Night, and at subsequent stages of the Bill, the stately figure of the SQUIRE of MALWOOD has not stood at the Table, cheers and laughter following on his sharp criticism. Sometimes it has fallen to his lot to frame and introduce the Budget; notably one that, as he used humorously, with undercurrent of bitterness, to complain, enabled DON JOSÉ and his colleagues to carry on the war in the Transvaal, with its accompanying colossal extravagances in the Equipment and Stores Departments.

Only last year the SQUIRE was at his post, failing in strength, broken in voice, bravely conscious of the coming end. On Budget night JOKIM, enthroned in seat in Peers' Gallery associated through many years with the pleasant



THE LATEST HUNTING CASUALTY.

SCENE—The last Meet of the Season. Local Photographer engaged for the occasion. AWFUL RESULT OF A WELL-MEANING BUT MISGUIDED PERSON, BEHIND THE PHOTOGRAPHER, EXCLAIMING "TALLY-HO!" JUST AT THE CRITICAL MOMENT.

A BEGGAR FOR "BART'S."



RARELY does it happen, and then only on a very exceptional occasion when urgency is pleaded on behalf of some charitable object whose merit is undeniable, and its imminent need unquestionable, that *Mr. Punch* stands in the market place, cap in hand, an importunate beggar. In this guise *Mr. Punch* now addresses one and all, adding his voice to swell and strengthen the appeal, now being widely and powerfully made, for immediate

assistance to be given to the ancient Hospital known as St. Bartholomew's, or more familiarly, "*Bart's*."

Not only is this appeal addressed primarily, as is fitting it should be, to the Citizens of London, but it is made to all, whoever or wherever they may be, whose purses, whether quite full or only fairly well-filled, are readily open to every honest appeal for alms, especially when the gift is to benefit those indicated to us by Providence as fit objects of our active compassion. Many, out of their wealth or moderate means, will gladly seize this opportunity for benefiting themselves, as they will benefit others, by their unstinting charity, and not a few, whose means are scarcely adequate to supply their own wants, may earn the reward that follows upon any self-sacrifice, however slight it may be, that adds a mite to the general fund of FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND POUNDS, the sum absolutely required for the erection of the new buildings which will insure the effective continuance and full development of the inestimable services the Hospital of St. Bartholomew has hitherto rendered to the sick poor who resort to it for relief.

The Hospital, which has had eleven Kings for its Nursing Fathers, is under the highest patronage, the Prince of WALES being its present President, in succession to his Royal father who, after holding the office for thirty-four years, is now, as Patron, evincing the warmest interest in its welfare, a fact that will go far to amend the grievous wrong done by that rapacious monarch HENRY THE EIGHTH, who seized upon its revenues, and held them for ten years, when, on certain conditions, the Hospital came into its own again, and the City of London restored it to something approaching its former good estate.

Let all give; let Colonial donors join with their brethren at home, for all are interested. St. Bartholomew's is a national institution, not merely a local charity. There has been no extravagance, no mismanagement, and the Mansion House Committee of Inquiry has placed upon record their opinion "that the administration of the Hospital has been conducted by the Governors in a wise and enlightened spirit, with a due regard to economy, and in the best interests of the patients."

For more than a century and a half no appeal for public aid has been made by St. Bartholomew's. So now that it is made, says *Mr. Punch*, let it be responded to with such thoroughgoing generosity as may prevent "*Bart's*" asking for another penny for the next two or three hundred years to come.

[Donations should be sent to the Right Hon. Lord LUDLOW, Treasurer, St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London, E.C. Cheques should be crossed the "Bank of England."]

First Workman (on Budget night). What's off, Mate?

Second Workman. Tea.

F. W. Ho! Thought it would have been off the Death.

S. W. Well, anyhow, it won't worry me and you.

A DRAMA OF DRUGS.

(A hopeful anticipation in view of the lamentable decline of Tragedy.)

BEHOLD a slump! Our artless problem plays
And melodramas have become monotonous;
And yet the Tragic Muse her chance delays,
Melpomene appears to have forgotten us.

But why? The pushful temper of the time
Knows of a remedy for every fracture;
One that would save this really quite sublime
Department of poetic manufacture.

Our Posters tell by many a painted lure
How nobly Art to useful aims is rising;
Our Daily Press proclaims that Literature
Lives as a medium for Advertising.

Then why not Tragedy? The serious Stage
Is little suited to an idle mummer;
Let Actors learn the Spirit of the Age,
And lend their talents to the rôle of "drummer."

The medicine-quack shall draw his crowded house
Duly promoting Drama and Digestion,
And prove the pathos of perverted nous:—
"To buy—but what to buy? that is the question."

And lo! the future hero. Not for him
Your ancient war of Human Will with *Ate*;
A cosmic "Force," a transcendental "Vim,"
Will furnish motives more supremely weighty.

The plot will thicken when his soul rejects
A Cereal Breakfast with untimely loathing;
The grim *dénoûment* come when he neglects
A purchase of Hygienic Underclothing.

He shall not move in murder or divorce,
But passions equally intense, though quiet:
His struggles of repentance and remorse
Will follow on a misdirected diet.

He'll read the moral, "Do as ye are bid;
Man must obey: another time perhaps you'll
Sever the Printed Notice from the Lid,
And not forget the Caution on the Capsule."

Till finally,—when fools alone deny
That Life depends on patent foods and potions—
The Tragedy of Trade shall "purify
By means of Fear and Pity our emotions."

THE MOST YOUTHFUL HAMLET AND THE ARTFUL OPHELIA.

"To be or not to be" is the anxious question for a new *Hamlet*. What of the old tradition shall he retain and what discard? Thoughtful and intelligent student of his art, H. B. IRVING has decided well and wisely, in my humble opinion, both as to the amount of ancient tradition he has retained, and as to the novel aspect in which he wishes to represent this much-discussed and—to many—still strangely puzzling character.

Hamlet is a young man fresh from the University of Wittenberg, where he may have taken his degree, or, being a Royalty, may have had it conferred upon him; and presumably, by academical computation, he may be, by a year or so, the senior of his *aqualis* Horatio (surname unknown), who is older than *Hamlet* by some four years and is still at College, having delayed to take his degree; or perhaps he may be holding a scholarship. So far this is according to

an Oxford and Cambridge measure; just as in our time his MAJESTY, when Prince of WALES, was an undergraduate, and had with him an *Horatio* or two, somewhat older than himself. But at Wittenberg, as at Heidelberg and similar foreign universities, an undergraduate frequently has his semi-military duties to perform, for which he must absent himself from College for certain definite periods, and, desirous of an extension of leave, he may be able, as at an English University, to obtain an "exeat" from his tutor. Such an academical ticket-of-leave as I am supposing would precisely satisfy the "truant disposition" of *Horatio*, and account for his presence at Elsinore.

Now *Horatio* speaks of his Prince, his College chum, as "young *Hamlet*." Nothing more natural in an elder, who has arrived at being a "scholar" of his College, when ordinarily mentioning the youthful sprig of royalty who had been confided to his care, and to whom he, being to a certain extent his responsible guardian, had become sincerely attached.

By the way, that he should be a "scholar" would render his obtaining an "exeat" in term time all the more feasible, and if he be a Bachelor he is free to do as he likes, needing no "exeat." Of course it may be the long vacation, and *Hamlet*, who has been down some time and who has had more serious matters to occupy his mind, may have forgotten the fact. I do not suppose that SHAKESPEARE troubled himself much about such details. But some of us like to explain SHAKESPEARE to himself.

Be this academical theory as it may, *Horatio* turns up accidentally at Elsinore, and *Hamlet* heartily welcomes his greatest friend, who is probably some years his senior. What age then does this give *Hamlet*? and what *Horatio*? *Hamlet* is eighteen or nineteen, *Horatio* is twenty-two, *Ophelia* just on seventeen—sweet but sly; while the vain and weak *Queen*, who married when she was about nineteen, is a very well-preserved woman of thirty-nine, of considerable personal attraction, specially for the elderly, unprincipled and uxorious uncle, *Claudius*.

Now here you have just the cast of *Hamlet* as it is now given at the Adelphi. Miss CHESTER represents the very sort of *Queen* indicated above, a good-looking, fond, foolish, and somewhat skittish matron.

The *Ophelia* of Miss LILY BRAYTON is a thoroughly natural representation of the clever young lady-in-waiting, who will not—she feels certain—have to wait long before a morganatic marriage between herself and the youthful Prince becomes inevitable. When this apparent certainty, for which she has lived and loved, is blown to fragments by the act of her lover in killing her father, her life is a blank; she realises the inner meaning of *Hamlet's* previous hint as to her seeking retirement in a nunnery, and, in a second, her health is shattered, her brain is turned, she becomes a *Madge Wildfire*, and an irresponsible suicide; though, after her death, the fact of her irresponsibility, strange to say, has evidently not been made clear to ecclesiastical authority. Her untimely end impels *Hamlet* to confess his deep passion for the unfortunate *Ophelia* to his confidential friend *Horatio*.

H. B. IRVING's *Hamlet* is the very young Prince who would have devoted his whole life to *Ophelia* had not his "noble mind," first unhinged by his suspicions as to the tragic circumstances of his father's death, been completely "o'er-

thrown" by the supernatural confirmation of his doubts revealed by the "honest" *Ghost*.

In this performance at the Adelphi, the contrast between the real and sham lunacy is brought out into bold relief: *Hamlet* pretends to be mad; *Ophelia* is genuinely mad. *Hamlet* has one fixed idea; *Ophelia's* ideas are a kaleidoscopic muddle. And there is another strong contrast, between *Hamlet* as a young inexperienced conspirator, and the *King*, his uncle, as an old hand at Machiavellian plots.

Mr. OSCAR ASCHÉ as the wily, sensual *Claudius*, a thorough *faux bonhomme*, is in every way the very opposite of *Hamlet*. If indeed one could realise *Hamlet* as SHAKESPEARE himself describes him, by the mouth of his mother, the *Queen*, as "fat and scant of breath," then, had he survived the killing of his loved *Ophelia's* father and brother, and of his own uncle, and the spectacle of his mother dying of poison, he himself might have developed into a *Claudius* with improved methods, in which case Messieurs *Rosencrantz* and *Guildestern* would have had a bad time of it.

Mr. H. B. IRVING shows us *Hamlet* as the inexperienced youth, who, feeling he has a mission to set things right, lacks the means to the end. Sometimes he boyishly chuckles all these bothers aside, and, when one of his seriously intended practical jokes—such as is "the play"—succeeds

beyond his most sanguine expectations, his waving of arms, his delight, his shouting and almost capering, are such exuberant expressions of triumph as might be evinced by a public-school boy at Lord's after his own side had won a match. With this conception of juvenility H. B. IRVING's *Hamlet* is consistent throughout; and indeed this theory seems to afford the only rational explanation of the character's extravagances. He is a very youthful student of the elements of philosophy; he crudely reproduces what he has rapidly read; he has

yielded to a strong passion for the captivating *Ophelia*, which passion she has encouraged; and it would have developed into true love but for her shallow duplicity (she is as sly and as stupid as her father in this respect), which *Hamlet* detects and with boyish brutality resents. *Ophelia's* madness, as depicted by Miss LILY BRAYTON, tells the whole story of the Prince's *amour*. But that, in the earlier scenes when she is sane, this *Ophelia* lacks the note of tenderness, even of artfully simulated tenderness, it would have been throughout a striking performance.

Mr. LYALL SWETE is not "the tedious old fool" at Court, nor is he the wise parent at home that *Polonius* ought to be. The consequence is that the contrast between his obsequious courtliness and his admirable advice to his son *Laertes*, is not as marked as it should be. "Pity 'tis, 'tis true."

The stage-management, if generally good, in several important scenes might have been very much better.

"WHY ARE YOUR WULLIE?" &c.—We are glad to know that the question of the authorship has been settled, once for all, by the *St. John's Wood Advertiser*. "*Hamlet*," it says, "by Mr. Oscar Asche, is the event of the week." It further goes on to say, very graciously, that *St. John's Wood* "has an interest in this play," derived from Mr. ASCHÉ's residence in the neighbourhood. Happy *Wood* that boasts so stout an Ash!



THE SUNDAY-CLOSING MOVEMENT IN THE JUNGLE.

The Crocodile. "WHAT! TRYING TO GET A DRINK ON SUNDAY, EH? I'LL HAVE TO PULL YOU IN."

WHEN MACCALLUM SLEEPS!

"Sleep is to a man what winding up is to a clock."—Schopenhauer.

I HAVE heard the lion roaring, I have heard a drowning yell,
But to hear MACCALLUM snoring is a sound a' by itself,
As it comes from depths unfathomed at the evening's gentle close,

For MACCALLUM's nasal organ diapasons from his toes;
And like infant peals of thunder with a rumbling choked and vile,

Is the great MACCALLUM's slumber—*Champion Snorer of Argyll*.

I have heard the rock-bound coast-line booming back the angry sea,

And a can of shaken chuckies,*—they are music matched with thee,

As thy lusty leathery larynx grinds a pandemonic noise
Till each bone within thy framework holds a trembling equipoise.

I have watched thy heart, MACCALLUM, and have watched it with a smile,

Like a plumber for a burst pipe—*Champion Snorer of Argyll*.

In the sound of wild Kilbrannan, where the whales and pellocks play,

There is always storm at midnight, though there may be calm all day;

Where the storm comes from we know not, any more than where it goes,

But there's deep suspicion pointing to the great MACCALLUM's nose;

For from caverns in his bosom to his loft and peristyle
Gusty breezes start in tumult—*Champion Snorer of Argyll*.

Years ago the mighty CALLUM "at the herring" made a pile,
And he built a solid dwelling, in the best masonic style;
But it soon became a ruin, CALLUM razed it with a snore;
Now his soporific murmurs are conducted on its floor.

He erupts like any crater; he will make Kintyre an isle;
He's a rock disintegrator—*Champion Snorer of Argyll*!

* Pebbles.

POST-OFFICE TRIUMPHS.

From the latest batch of examples of the inspired sagacity of the officials at St. Martin's-le-Grand in elucidating cryptic addresses we select a few of the more tremendous feats.

A letter was recently posted at Edinburgh addressed to

Mr. BROAD RICK of Hindustan, England's Capital.

Will it be believed that after several weeks of zealous enterprise the Post Office officials were able to deliver it safe and sound to the Secretary for India? BROAD RICK meant BRODRICK; Hindustan was a clue to the particular BRODRICK who was meant, and England's Capital, after some study, was revealed as London.

At a telegraph office in Eastcheap the other day a poor Portuguese handed in a message which ran thus: "Is are 8." For hours and hours the entire staff battled with these words rather than send them off. At last they were rewarded. The foreigner meant, "It's all right." The telegram was then sent, but, unfortunately, was too late to serve its purpose. None the less the shrewdness of the Post Office was abundantly illustrated.

A little while ago a letter bearing the Russian stamp reached London addressed to

Nine feet eight, The Circus, London.

There was a puzzle worth thinking about. But nothing is too hard for St. Martin's-le-Grand. The sleuth hounds set to work, and in a fortnight or so the missive was placed satisfactorily in the hands of the Russian Giant at the Hippodrome, whose height is nine feet eight inches to the tick.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IN *Coventry Patmore*, latest addition to HODDER AND STOUGHTON'S "Literary Lives," Mr. EDMUND GOSSE presents an interesting study of one man and much poetry. He has at his finger ends the work of all the masters of verse, and his allusiveness makes charming reading. Probably there are few, if any, who, in these days when Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN is Poet Laureate, read PATMORE. Mr. GOSSE, loyal friend, admiring chronicler, admits as much. Under shelter of this confession my Baronite ventures to confess that he never succeeded in the attempt to read *The Angel in the House* all through. Terrible to tell, this, the most popular and most ambitious of the poet's work, occasionally reminded him of Mr. TUPPER at his best. The reminiscence comes back in reading the passages quoted in this volume. It reached, we are told, a sale of a quarter of a million copies. In that competition Mr. TUPPER won by a long neck. There is nothing more comforting in a wide range of amiable households than conviction of really understanding and enjoying reflections and observations printed in the same form as the outpouring of SHELLEY, KEATS, or WORDSWORTH. M. JOURDAIN'S shrill delight at discovering he had all his life been talking prose is poor compared with the pleased consciousness that suffuses the being of Mr. and Mrs. ALLCHICKEN when, on quiet Sabbath afternoons they, soothingly stirred in somnolence, find they are enjoying poetry. That COVENTRY PATMORE, in spite of *The Angel in the House*, had the soul and touch of the poet is testified by two charming odes, quotation of which enriches the volume. One is "The Toys," the other "The Azalea." Like PATMORE'S better known work they are domestic in their topic but exquisite in workmanship. Several portraits of a pragmatical personality, taken at different periods of a quarrelsome career, add interest to the book.

The Baron will not in the least discount the absorbing interest that every reader will take in the strange story by Mr. HARRIS BURLAND, entitled *Dr. Silex* (WARD, LOCK & Co.), when he expresses his well-founded opinion that those who love such adventures as are described in the works of JULES VERNE, ROBERT STEVENSON, VICTOR HUGO, RIDER HAGGARD, and ANTHONY HOPE, will revel in this strikingly original and powerfully-written romance. The author has given free reins to his imagination, his uncurbed Pegasus gallops straight ahead, clearing all obstacles; and his rider's difficulty must have been to determine the exact point where the fiery steed should be brought to a halt. From the first moment of the reader's being brought under the mysterious influence of the gentle yet awe-inspiring heroine, he becomes her bond-slave, the zealous partisan of her cause whatever it may be, and ready to do or die that "She who must be obeyed" may be placed upon the throne of her ancestors. In spite of his enthusiasm the Baron ventures to deprecate the *dénouement*, as he, being the heroine's devoted follower, would not have allowed this sweet lady's fair fame to have been ever so lightly touched by the faintest breath of calumny, and still less would he have permitted her to own its truth. This is a pity: but 'tis too late to alter it, too late to deny the lady's solemn asseveration. To do this effectively would require another volume. It may be that the Baron is too sentimental. Let those who, following his advice, read this book, judge for themselves, and, be their decision what it may, they will thank him for this recommendation of *Dr. Silex*.



SPRING-CLEANING HINTS.

(With acknowledgments to the "World and his Wife.")

HOW TO MAKE OLD PICTURES LOOK NEW.

MANY houses have pictures darkened with age which only need a little drastic treatment to make them as fresh and bright as new oleographs. The surface should first be soaked in a strong solution of hydrochloric acid and then rubbed with an old nail-brush. Any paint that should chance to be removed can easily be supplied by a local artist for a few pence. We heard of a Sir Joshua Reynolds which was treated like this the other day in its owner's absence, and on his return was mistaken by him for a Christmas supplement.

TO REVIVE KID.

Give the kid a stiff brandy-and-soda.

A PRETTY USE FOR OLD BOOTS.

It is a mistake to throw away old boots as useless, or to waste them on newly married couples. A most charming effect can be obtained by planting a fern in the heel and hanging the boot from the ceiling in the window. Any kind of fern will do.

TO REMOVE STAINS ON THE CEILING.

The best thing to do is to re-white-wash the whole surface, which is done by lying on one's back on the top of the bookshelves and dabbing away steadily. But if the stain still shows through it is best to spill water systematically on the floor of the room above until you have stained the ceiling uniformly, leaving it a russet brown. After all, why should ceilings be white?

TO REDDEN LOBSTER.

Take a saucepan of boiling water and plunge the lobster in. It will emerge quite red and lovable.

TO RENOVATE BLACK LACE.

Wash in beer, beat between the folds of a linen cloth, and, when nearly dry, iron with a cool (not cold) iron. It is not advisable to drink the beer unless you are very thirsty. Good housewives find a way of getting it back into the kitchen cask.

TO REMOVE INK STAINS FROM THE FINGERS.

Fill your mouth with spirits of salt and then suck the fingers thoroughly.

TO REMOVE STAINED PATCHES FROM THE WALL PAPER.

This cannot be done. The only things to do are (a) re-paper entirely, or (b) re-arrange the furniture to hide the places.

TO REVIVE OSTRICH FEATHERS.

Soak the feathers in the best Austr-

**EJUSDEM GENERIS.**

Farmer's Daughter (to *Easter Holiday* cyclist, who has just finished drinking a glass of skimmed milk). "WOULD YOU LIKE SOME MORE?"

Johnnie. "ER—NO, THANKS—ER—I SHOULDN'T LIKE TO DEPRIVE YOU OF IT."

Farmer's Daughter. "OH, DON'T MENTION IT. WE GIVE IT ALL TO THE CALVES."

lian wine (Emu brand), and then bury them up to the hilt in the sand. If the feathers still remain unconscious apply a hot-water bottle.

TO EXTRICATE MOTH FROM FUR.

Stimulate the moths by smelling-salts, and when they begin to show signs of activity remove the furs into a dark room lit by several strong wax candles. The moths will immediately quit the furs and rush into the flames of the candles.

TO REMOVE MARMALADE FROM VELVET.

Immerse in a lather of white soap in hot water, and, after rinsing and dabbing firmly for five minutes, apply benzoline with a nutmeg-grater. If the marmalade then refuses to go, send for the police.

HOW TO LIGHT A FIRE WITH CELLULOID COLLARS.

Heat the collar over a gas jet until it begins to crack, then apply a fusee and

thrust the collar between the bars of the grate.

Commercial Candour once more.

FROM an Advertisement in the *Daily Mail*:

The 3/- TWEEDS which we are selling at

PER $1\frac{3}{4}$ YARD

Will only last this week.

THE risk that one runs of being identified by inscriptions on one's clothing is once more proved in the case of a supposed thief of the name of HANSON, who seems to have left an article of dress behind him while in the act of making off with a sporting dog. A Yorkshire paper publishes the following reference to this episode:—

Lost, Black RETRIEVER; detainer prosecuted; name on collar—"Hanson;" reward.

PLACANDA EST CHICAGO.

[Mr. HENRY JAMES, who is on a visit to his native country, and has been revising his estimate of the inhabitants, is reported to have expressed the opinion that the American girl lacks elusiveness. It is said that Chicago Society particularly resents this remark, and is preparing a warm reception for its gifted author.]

O HENRY JAMES, this is a shock!

One has to pay for being fair,
But you have dealt a nastier knock
Than we have ever had to bear!

Critics, who like an easy prey,
Have been from time to time abusive,
But none, till now, was known to say
The Gibson girl is not elusive.

We therefore wish to have a few
Plain, but emphatic, words with you.

Envy of our unrivalled race

May prompt the alien's vulgar sneer:—

"It is her fortune, not her face,
That captivates the British Peer;"

But here is one of Western birth,
Though stamped with various foreign stigmas,
Who doubts that we, of all the earth,
Present the most profound enigmas!

We take the view that this is not
Becoming in a patriot.

Nurtured within the Eagle's nest,

From babyhood you must have heard

How many features we possessed

Common to that elusive bird;

Brought up beneath the Stars and Stripes

(Another strangely subtle symbol),

You knew by heart the type of types,

How fine its nerve, its brain how nimble;

(No true American is blind

To our agility of mind).

Yet you, whose art has nobly earned

The right of being misconstrued,

Allege that we have never learned

That primal law: *Thou shalt elude!*

Master of riddles most obscure,

Expert in periphrastic fiction,

Whose devious characters abjure

A too pellucid style of diction—

Could it escape you, HENRY JAMES,

That we can play those little games?

Perhaps your brain was overwrought

With analysing woman's lore

Over in London, where you caught

That British brogue we so deplore;

Well, anyway, when you appear,

We have a word to say in season,

And, speaking for the hemisphere,

Will see that you recant your treason,

And own that what you said in haste

Betrayed a lamentable taste.

We shall not hug you, cheek to cheek

(Our way with heroes as a rule),

But make you sit, demure and meek,

Upon the penitential stool;

And all Chicago's pure *élite*

(No other set is so exclusive)

Will ask you from the judgment seat,

Are we, or are we not, elusive?

And you, before that awful bar,

Will say, *You are! Of course you are!*

O. S.

WATER ON THE BRAIN.

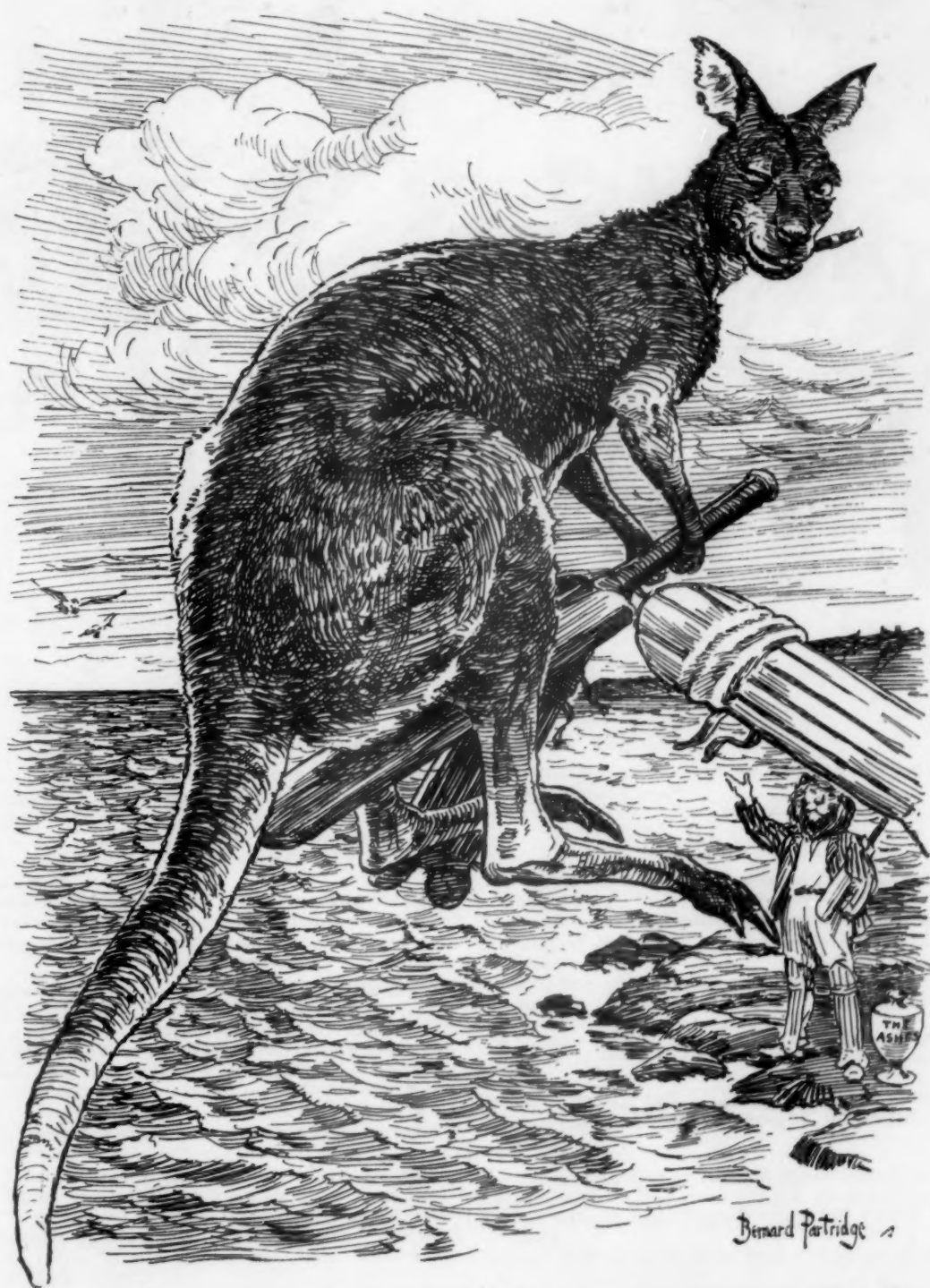
LOCALITY—any of the rather numerous provincial towns in which, owing to last year's drought, the water-supply is inadequate. SCENE—The Town Hall. OCCASION—a rate-payers' meeting, called to consider the merits of a new water-supply scheme. Two or three members of the Town Council are seated by the Chairman, and stare impassively at the rather hostile audience. At the back of the hall is a knot of gentlemen who have apparently been compelled by the scarcity of water to make use of other liquids. When Mr. Punch's Casual Observer enters, the meeting has been already in progress for an hour or so, and Mr. A.—in his ignorance of their names the Observer must label this and the following speakers with letters of the alphabet—is embarked on his peroration.

Mr. A. . . . And upon what, Sir, is the reputation of Poppleton built? Sir, it is securely based upon the solid foundation of soft water! (*Loud cheers; no one smiles at this remark.*) To-day we stand at the parting of the ways. Shall we embark upon the golden sea of prosperity, or shall the waves of misfortune engulf us, owing to the total lack of water? That, Sir, is the question to which, as I am convinced, my fellow-citizens in no uncertain tones must answer yes and no. (*Cheers.*)

Mr. B. What I wish to ask, Mr. Chairman, is how far these gentlemen (*he points scornfully to the Members of the Town Council*) are worthy of our confidence? Some of us remember that little job of the railway-bridge. (*For a reason unknown to the Casual Observer this allusion delights the audience, who shout enthusiastically, "That's your sort!" "Good old BILL," &c.*) Well, I'll just say a few words on that subject—ah, would you! (*as the Chairman endeavours to suggest that the topic is hardly relevant.*) Gag us! Stifle us! Stop our right of free speech! (*Great cheers; the Chairman tries to look unconcerned.*) Concerning that railway-bridge,—what I say is . . . (*he talks about it for a quarter-of-an-hour.*) Then, six months later, there were the sewers—we will now go thoroughly into them! (*This unsavoury invitation is accepted with loud cheers by the audience. The sewers are gone into for the space of twenty minutes.*) But it is time that I approached this water-question. (*The Chairman is understood to assent with emphasis.*) Well, I can put that before you in a nutshell! I was born in Poppleton! (*Hear.*) I was bred in Poppleton! (*Applause.*) Man and boy, I've lived in Poppleton thirty-nine years this month! (*Great cheering.*) And now, Mr. Chairman (*triumphantly*), I should like to know what the answer is to that? (*Tremendous applause, amid which the Casual Observer rainily tries to grapple with the conundrum.*)

Mr. C. In my early days, Sir, I had the privilege—I had the privilege, I say, Sir—to enjoy the friendship of Sir OWEN AMMONITE—Sir OWEN, the great geologist, Sir. And Sir OWEN, he talked to me on this very question—this very question he talked, Sir. And what did Sir OWEN say, Sir? I will tell you what Sir OWEN said. It was a fine September afternoon in '69, and I'd cut a bunch of roses to take to my wife—(*amiably*)—my wife as now is, of course; she being in those days at home with—(*the audience, which has been anxiously awaiting the scientist's verdict, grows restive*)—well and good, gentlemen, well and good. Sir OWEN—ah, a learned gentleman he was—he said to me—and I shan't forget it either—he said, "The springs are sure to be low at the end of a dry season." That's what Sir OWEN AMMONITE said—but—(*bitterly*)—of course some of you gentlemen set yourselves up to know a sight more than him!

Mr. D. Deeply conscious, Sir, of the grave responsibility resting upon me as a citizen of this great Empire—(*irreverent cries of "Rats!" from the back of the room*)—and as a resident in the beautiful town for the welfare of which we all are so deeply concerned, I feel bound to assert as my deliberate



"ON THE BAT'S BACK I DO FLY
AFTER THE ASHES MERRILY!"

Cl. The Tempest, Act V., Sc. 1.

(With Mr. Punch's sincere welcome to the Australian Cricket Team.)





THE HUNT STEEPLECHASE SEASON.

Owner (to rider of beaten horse). "I'M NOT SURE, OLD CHAP, THAT YOU QUITE TIMED YOUR FINISH TO SUIT THE OLD HORSE, DON'T YOU KNOW?"
Gentleman Jock. "DARE SAY NOT. YOU SEE HE FINISHED TWO OR THREE FIELDS BEFORE I BEGAN!"

opinion—(more interruption)—upon this momentous issue that—(angrily)—you'd better shut your silly heads and listen to sense!

[Derisive cheers. The Casual Observer decides that he has had enough of the meeting—a conclusion which by this time the reader will undoubtedly share.

BECALMED HISTRIONS.—After *The Tempest* at His Majesty's some little time ago it was indeed a pleasure to see the following modest advertisement in the *Times*: "MR. AND MRS. KENDAL IN STILL WATERS," with the additional information that next week this popular couple would be in Blackpool. The name of this place is certainly suggestive of Still Waters of a very gloomy character, but no doubt the presence of our favourite comedians would bring sunshine to its blackness.

MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE, the well-known librarian, has declared himself delighted that his niece NANCY (Mrs. HEVER) should have married a sober, moral riding-master, rather than "some worthless Duke." The lady herself, on being given the option, is said to have remarked: "How happy could I be with HEVER!"

Member of the Lyceum Club. Have you read Tolstoi's *Resurrection*?

Member of the Cavalry Club. No. Is that the name of MARIE CORELLI's new book?

THE WANDERER.

Oh English air is fresh and pure, and English homes are bright;
But I must wander far away and set my course to-night.
The English breeze will stir the leaves, but I shall not be here
When Spring goes tripping coyly out and Summer crowns the year.

The Summer-sounds I love so well I shall not hear again:
The merry children running free and shouting through the lane;
The liquid flutes of little birds, and, melting in a dream,
The whisper of the swaying boughs, the murmur of the stream;

The wagons rumbling up the road, the droning of the bees,
The parliament of busy rooks that caw about the trees.
The air will fill with English songs, but I shall hear no more
Till God shall bid me steer for home and set me on the shore.

Oh, then I'll wander back again, and seek the place I knew
When all the world was young and fair and all the tales were true;
And I may find a hand or two that keep a grip for me,
When I come back to English earth from tossing on the sea.

THE NICETIES OF BRIDGE.

(A few replies to beginners, by our Bridge Expert.)

HOME CIRCLE sends the following, difficult position: "Last night, when we were playing in the nursery after tea, RACHEL, though it was not her turn to declare, suddenly exclaimed, 'I make hearts trumps.' I said, quite by accident, 'May I play to No hearts?' (because RACHEL so often makes No trumps, and I did not recollect myself in time). Aunt SUSAN, who was my partner and does not hear very well, replied, 'Diamonds? I double diamonds'; while Cousin SOPHY, who was playing with RACHEL, said, being confused, 'If you leave it to me, RACHEL, I make it spades.' RACHEL, who is, I must tell you, a very particular player, said there ought to be a penalty somewhere; but we do not know what it ought to be, as in a way we had each made a mistake."

The situation is not one for which there seems to be any case stated. Our researches, which have been very carefully made, do not reveal any exact precedent at the Portland Club, nor do the new rules provide for such a difficulty. We think the dealer would have the right under the circumstances to elect whether the deal should stand or not.

LITTLE EMILY writes as follows: "Last holidays MAY and I were playing against BOB and ARTHUR, on the night before they returned to school, and I am quite sure something went wrong. Now is this fair? BOB made it 'No Trumps,' and MAY and I had wretched hands. That was bad enough, but what made it worse was that ARTHUR, who was BOB's partner, doubled 'No Trumps,' and then ARTHUR re-doubled, and so they went on until between them they made it 100 each trick. Then ARTHUR said by the New Rules you had to stop when a trick counted 100, for which MAY and I were very thankful. Of course, they had all the aces and all the kings and they made a Grand Slam and scored 700 below and 80 above. Luckily mother won't let us play for money, so it did not so much matter; but it doesn't seem at all fair, because we did not want them to double. We kept saying that we were content, which wasn't exactly true, but they took no notice."

Of course this was quite wrong. We have looked up the rule, so we can speak with certainty on the point. Only an opponent may double a declaration.

NINE YEARS OLD writes: "Such a funny thing happened last week when we were playing Bridge in the school-room. Grandmamma, who was managing the two hands, four times took up a trick without playing her own card to

it. So that at the end, when all our cards were gone, Grandmamma had four left in her hand. We could not make out at first what in the world had happened, and Grandmamma was as much puzzled as anyone else. At last we agreed that we should simply put the four cards together, and they should make another trick to Grandmamma, as of course we couldn't win it, not having any cards ourselves to do so. I asked Cousin JACK what the penalty was, and he said he thought it was a free kick, but was not sure. But he so often makes jokes that he may not have been speaking seriously; besides, we couldn't very well have kicked Grandmamma, if that was what he meant."

Your cousin was clearly thinking of football when he replied as he did. In point of fact we fear you condoned your Grandmother's offence by allowing her to gather tricks which only contained three cards. We have frequently emphasised the importance of not concentrating your attention too exclusively upon your own cards. In this case neither you nor your partner can have been following the play of the hand as closely as is necessary if you wish to excel.

HUMILIATED writes: "Yesterday when we were playing Bridge in the drawing-room after dinner (for which I was allowed to sit up), my partner, Mrs. JONES, who is our vicar's wife, trumped a spade which was led. I said, just as I had heard Colonel STOPFORD say, 'Having no spades, partner?' To which Mrs. JONES, greatly to my surprise, replied very severely, 'When I was your age, child, I was not allowed to speak to my elders in that manner. Of course I have no spades. I should not have trumped the trick had I held a card of the suit.' Naturally I felt a little hurt, because I did not mean it rudely. Well, that was not all. For directly afterwards she played a little spade, the three I think it was. And when that nice Captain VIVIAN said, 'Hullo! what have we here?' Mrs. JONES gave me such a look, as if it was my fault. Later on, when she had gone, without bidding us Goodnight, Captain VIVIAN said to me, 'You scored there, I fancy.' Which was not the case, as they had counted three tricks for the revoke. But was not I justified in asking Mrs. JONES?"

Perhaps not, as she was your vicar's wife. The best Bridge players always suit their style to their partner's game.

SUBURBAN sends, upon Athenæum Club paper, this problem: "Would nine revoke by the same man in one hand count nine times over against him? It was to some extent our fault, as we had not advised Professor SHARP of the necessity of following suit. We added up at

the end the number of times he omitted to do so. He played the hand with great cleverness and judgment, but the fact of his not following suit would no doubt detract somewhat from his value as a partner."

It would have been kinder to have drawn the Professor's attention at his first error to the rule which obliges a player to follow suit. As it was, the other side would apparently gain twenty-seven tricks.

THE SIMPLE LIFE.

I ASK not wealth or high estate;
The burden of too large a hoard,
The constant strain of being great,
Would only make me bored.

More houses than a man can use
Were almost worse than none at all;
And quite the last that I should choose
Would be a Gilded Hall.

Besides, I'd rather not have land.
Enough that I might settle down
In a small cot in Surrey, and
A little flat in Town.

A few nice rooms—just here a book,
And there a picture—decent wine,
Good carpets, and a skilful cook,
And I should not repine.

My tiny coach-house might contain
For night a brougham, for day a cart;
I should not mind their being plain
As long as they were smart.

(The hovel "on a rising plat,"
Bosomed in trees, but not too dark—
I like a bracing air. The flat
Should overlook the Park.)

Of horses, both to ride and drive,
Three at the utmost ought to do;
And, at a pinch, one might contrive
To get along with two.

I would not have their mouths too light;
If I may use a "tan-yard" term,
Although my seat is far from tight,
My hands are very firm.

(I would not have my hut too far
From my more central *pied-à-terre*
For me to use my motor-car,
And save the railway fare.)

I have no love of vain excess;
To one that wants to make a show
The income I would fain possess
Would sound absurdly low.

The theatre I find a source
Of pleasure; music serves to fill
The yawning soul; and then, of course,
One has a tailor's bill.

(Not that I care for fine array:
Five suits are just as good as ten
To me; but one would like to pay
The creature now and then.)

A little sport at times—a change,
Say, twice a year, to novel scenes,
These I should like within the range
Of my exiguous means.

With cheap amusements such as these,
My life would be a quiet song,
It would not be a life of ease,
But one should rub along.

I only ask what may suffice
For simple fare and low degree;
As long as I can have things nice,
It's good enough for me.
DUM-DUM.

CHARIVARIA.

THE fact that Admiral ROZHDESTVENSKY is affectionately referred to as "ROJ" on our halfpenny-paper placards has led several Russian publicists to suppose that English sympathies are veering round.

Another nasty hit at Russia, and from Germany this time! On the monument to Field-Marshal von MOLTKE the KAISER has directed the following inscription to be placed: "The dice of God fall always on the right side."

COUNT TATTENBACH, the interim German Minister at Tangier, says that Germany's watchword in Morocco is "Advance dauntlessly." The Sultan of Morocco is pleased to hear this. He is badly in need of an advance.

Aston Villa won the Cup Final by 2 goals to nil. Business-like Birmingham naturally saw the folly of sending goals to Newcastle.

To judge by the Police Court charges which followed on the Crystal Palace meeting, the Cup, unfortunately, cannot be said to be one that cheers without inebriating.

MISS CORELLI complains in her new book that it is becoming quite a common thing for men and women to talk about "Little Mary." They are, of course, wrong; what they ought to talk about is Little MARIE.

By-the-by, Miss CORELLI would like to see Stratford-on-Avon restored to its former beauty. But who was its former beauty? Miss CORELLI should be as explicit as she is modest.

"£5 for a kiss" is a not uncommon *obiter dictum* in the Police Court, but at Christie's last week £150 was given for a HENRY THE EIGHTH spoon.

At the laying of the foundation stone of the new C. M. S. School for Girls at



THEIR WANING HONEYMOON.

She. "HAVE YOU GOT THE TIME?"

He. "YE-E-S. DO YOU WANT IT?"

She. "NO-O-O-H!"

Khartum by the Archdeacon of Egypt, a copy of the *Daily Mail* Overseas edition was placed under the stone. Personally we see no harm in the paper.

We trust there is no truth in the rumour which reaches us of a grave Passive Resistance scandal. It is said that the anonymous payments of rates, of which we have heard so much lately, have in many instances been made by the individuals who were summoned for non-payment of them.

MR. DANE, of the Afghan Mission, has left Bombay for London. It is satisfactory that he at any rate will not play *Hamlet*. Having got all he wanted from the AMEER, he finds it impossible to be a melancholy Dane.

Chicago now has a theatre which is owned by a negro, and all the performers are negroes. But we understand that, when the cast for *Othello* was selected, it was felt that some distinction of colour should be kept up as between the Moor and the others, and accordingly the title rôle will be filled by a white man.

The *Motorist* recommends motoring as a cure for sleeplessness. If it is the victims that are referred to there is some point in this. The cure is frequently instantaneous.

The Dawn of Womanhood.

WANTED, Correspondence with Lady having outgrown Clothes for boy (10 years).—*Advt. in Daily News.*

DOGS AND DODGES.

"DEAR HARRY," wrote GLADYS, "I'm showing *Mopsy-Mo* on Wednesday, and have set my heart on taking a first. The worst of it is, DORA RADLETT is showing that horrid little rat of hers in the same class—did you ever hear such impertinence?—and calling it *Radlett Robin* for the occasion. If she gets the prize I shall cry my eyes out. Do come and see fair play; you know how catfy she is. Yours affectionately, GLADYS.

"P.S.—I comb *Mopsy-Mo* each evening from 6 to 7, and am always glad of help."

GLADYS and I are huge pals, and we had a simply ripping time every evening for a week before the show. So did *Mopsy-Mo*, but I got rid of the tangles like smoke after we had muzzled her, and by Wednesday her coat was perfect, though she seemed a little sore in herself.

We arrived at the show at 9.30 A.M., GLADYS carrying *Mopsy-Mo* in her muff—they were both the same skin, only the muff was fluffier—while I carried a pale blue cushion, a baby's down quilt, a striped blanket, the satin curtains for the cage (hand-painted), and the toilette basket in pale blue and valenciennes. DORA RADLETT was already there, looking awfully doggy, but she turned her back when she saw us, and put as much expression into it as possible. Her cage was next but one to ours, and as she and GLADYS are not on speaking terms this month it was rather embarrassing. However, at GLADYS's instigation, I went to inspect *Mopsy-Mo*'s rival, and found him in an amber silk interior looking a little the worse for a week's wear and tear. There had evidently been temper over the combing, for his coat appeared moth-eaten in places, and DORA had two fingers bandaged. They both seemed a bit woolly when I stroked him with a bit of stick, so I returned to GLADYS with my report, which bucked her up wonderfully.

"But, oh HARRY!" she sighed, as she parted *Mopsy-Mo*'s back all over again, while I heated the curlers, "I've got such a dreadful foreboding that something's going to happen to my darling, and I really half wish I hadn't brought her."

"Skittles!" I said; "all you've got to worry about is how much you'll take for her when she's a winner—you'll get lots of offers."

"Shall I?" she exclaimed, brightening up; "how lovely!" and popping *Mopsy-Mo* back in her cage with the parting half made, she began to jot down a list of things she could buy with a possible twenty guineas.

Next moment, however, I saw a horri-

fied look cross her face, and following her glance I saw a fierce-looking military chap greeting DORA with effusion.

"Oh how do you do?" said DORA, rather absently; "are you showing?"

"Oh yes," he replied in a big deep voice, "I'm a Great Dane."

"Oh indeed," she said with more interest, "I'm a Pekinese Toy, and such a terrible thing's happened," and she lowered her voice and they conversed in undertones.

"We're done for!" groaned GLADYS; "that's Captain PARKYN—an awful man. *Mopsy-Mo*'s no chance now he's come. He's awfully keen on DORA, and he'll get the prize for her by fair means or foul—see if he doesn't."

"And what will I be doing?" I inquired.

"You dear old thing!" she said sadly, "it's a comfort to have you, but you don't understand. You see he wants to marry her, and if he gets her the prize she's pretty well bound to consent."

"Why that's just our position," I said.

"Oh don't be so absurd, HARRY," cried GLADYS, turning very red and trying to look angry, but just at that moment Captain PARKYN approached, and raising his hat said in a conciliatory manner—

"Excuse me, but a friend of mine who is showing in the same class has unfortunately mislaid her liver. Would you kindly oblige her with a small piece of yours?"

"I'm afraid I can't," I replied, in obedience to a frown from GLADYS, "I have given so many small pieces of mine away already that I have hardly any left for myself."

"How clever of you!" whispered GLADYS as the Captain retired discomfited. "They don't want any really. DORA never feeds *Radlett Robin* on liver—she swears by minced chicken. She just wants *Mopsy-Mo* to look pinched and starved when the judges come round. I know what DORA is. Mark my words, HARRY, if we don't keep a sharp look-out they'll do *Mopsy-Mo* an injury. Just look how they are glaring at her."

But I re-assured her by saying any amount of glaring couldn't disqualify a dog, while tampering with *Mopsy Mo* was out of the question; she was always the centre of an admiring crowd, sometimes as many as three people. *Radlett Robin*'s cage, on the other hand, was quite neglected, and DORA began to look horribly malignant, and the Captain, poor chap, didn't seem to be gaining much ground. The judging was progressing very slowly by all accounts, if at all, and as there were lots of classes still in front of us it was rumoured that probably long-haired Toys would not be taken to the ring, but be judged in their cages, and by their coats alone.

It was directly after hearing this that

DORA and the Captain became engrossed over something, sitting with their heads so close together that GLADYS insisted on my trying to see what they were up to. In the course of a casual stroll by, I discovered that the Captain was busy collecting *Radlett Robin*'s combings, or any other cast-off tangles of the same shade, while DORA fluffed them with her irons and sewed them over *Radlett Robin*'s thin places. GLADYS, of course, was righteously angry when she heard it, and insisted that the committee ought to be told; but as *Radlett Robin* insisted on scratching himself violently at his various darns they gave up mending him and took to glaring again. The suspense and the excitement gave GLADYS a nervous headache, and she got so white about the gills that I insisted on her going for a change of scene to the refreshment-room with Mrs. WAGTAIL-BARKER, a doggy old dear who was great on Toys—promising on my word of honour not to leave *Mopsy Mo*'s side till her return.

For a time I stayed there as good as gold, munching dog-biscuit, for I was faint for want of food, when all of a sudden there came sounds of tumult from the great hall. Somebody had let a rat loose in the terriers' bench, and all I can say is, the next quarter of an hour was one of the liveliest I ever remember. We had a great time, man and dog, and the committee were just complimenting me on my promptness and courage—when I remembered *Mopsy Mo*, and tore back to the Toys for all I was worth. The first thing I saw was Captain PARKYN, walking along with his Great Dane on the lead; the next, that *Mopsy Mo*'s door was open and she was peeping through, evidently about to jump to the floor. Just as she made up her mind to go, the Great Dane put his head in the way and opened it.

What followed I can only conjecture, for Captain PARKYN's bulky figure came in the way, and next moment the man and the big dog moved on, the latter gulping strangely, and disappeared through the curtains at the end just as I reached *Mopsy Mo*'s cage. It was empty, and all that remained of *Mopsy Mo* was the blue bow which she wore on her head to distinguish it from her tail. With one look at DORA, who met my glance with an expression of scornful triumph, I was on the point of rushing after her confederate when the curtains were pushed aside and the judges entered in a great flurry. The vision of GLADYS's disappointment and my own perpetual bachelorhood unmanned me, and I collapsed, sitting on something soft as I did so. At first I thought it was *Mopsy Mo*, but I found it was only GLADYS's muff. All of a sudden a brilliant thought flashed



-A.T. SMITH-

COMPLIMENTS ONE MIGHT IMPROVE ON.

Mrs. Mudge. "I DO ADMIRE THE WOMEN YOU DRAW, MR. PENINK. THEY'RE SO BEAUTIFUL AND SO REFINED! TELL ME, WHO IS YOUR MODEL?"

Penink. "OH, MY WIFE ALWAYS SITS FOR ME."

[Mrs. Mudge rises in Mrs. Penink's opinion.]

Mrs. Mudge (with great surprise). "YOU DON'T SAY SO! WELL, I THINK YOU'RE ONE OF THE CLEVEREST MEN I KNOW!"

[Mrs. Penink's opinion of Mrs. Mudge falls below zero.]

through my brain like a rocket. With a furtive glance round I picked up the muff, and, pinning the bow among its long glossy fur I curled it round in a natural position—it was one of the long-shaped ones—deposited it in the corner of the cage, and retired in disorder. The judges were hurrying through their business as much as they could with decency, and were certainly getting through the Toys in record time.

Pausing before *Radlett Robin*, I saw them stick an ominous ticket on the bars of the cage, and I groaned in spirit. Then as they reached *Mopsy-Mo's* cage and stopped before it my heart failed and I turned my face to the wall. It was five minutes before I dared to look round. The judges had passed on; all was quiet again, except where DORA was tearing down the yellow hangings and packing up *Radlett Robin* with more haste than tenderness—and

the reason was clear. The ticket on her cage said "Commended," the ticket on ours said "1st Prize." I stood before it, trying to believe my eyes, when a deep voice sounded at my shoulder.

"Allow me to have a look at your dog, Sir," said Captain PARKYN, fiercely. "I am inclined to question the judges' decision." I faced him.

"Perhaps you prefer the magistrate's," I said. His face turned green.

"What do you mean?" he stammered.

"That I happened to be looking when you gave your Great Dane his last meal."

"It was an accident; on my honour it was," he faltered, in a blue funk by this time. "I was just coming round to explain."

"You may either explain through your solicitor, or buy the dog," I said, "which is valued at fifty guineas."

He murmured something about rather a big price, but when I reminded him

she was a prize winner he wrote the cheque without another word. Then, with one hang-dog look at DORA, he made himself scarce, and I had only just time to snatch the muff out of the cage when GLADYS came hurrying up. She gave a little broken cry when she saw the "1st Prize."

"Oh, HARRY!" she said, and I saw she wanted to kiss something, possibly me. "Where is the darling?" she exclaimed.

"She's gone," I replied. "I sold her immediately after the judging."

"Can't I give her one kiss?" she pleaded.

"Impossible," I said. "The gentleman took her away with his other dog. That's what I got for her," and I put the cheque in her hand.

"Oh, how darling of you!" she cooed.

"What shall I buy with it?"

"Your trousseau, of course," I replied.



A THING OF BEAUTY.

"OH, MUMMY, DO BUY ME A NOSE LIKE THAT ONE THE MAN'S GOT!"

THE HANSOM BELLE.

A GREAT discovery has been made by the *County Gentleman*. It is that no woman ever looks ugly or even plain in a hansom. "She sits," says our contemporary, "framed by the cab, looking out of an open window, and while she can see most comfortably and completely from her seat can be seen by those she passes most charmingly enshrined." When once this striking fact is generally made known, we expect the same to lead to important social and economic results.

To begin with, it means a new lease of life for the oft-threatened and much criticised two-wheeler. In view of the new and popular beauty-cure, West-End Jehus are unanimously setting up as specialists in the business of creating female loveliness. There is already a slump in nose-machines, anti-frown straps and double-chin reducers. Five thousand or more perambulating beauty-doctors are speedily driving the Bond Street Venus-factories to shut up shop.

The leading photographers are now taking the *Fair à la* cab-window, which is an obvious development of the old-

fashioned *carte*. Every well-appointed studio will shortly have a news department. Portrait-painters also have seized on the idea of the Shrewsbury-and-Talbot frame, as will be seen at the forthcoming Academy.

Mr. SARGENT is now painting Society ladies—at any rate those who have weathered a few London seasons—at the cab-rank near Tite Street, so as to get a *plein air* effect.

Quite a panic is reigning among eligible *partis*, who have been noticed lately to fly up side-streets and into public-houses or any haven of refuge, rather than face the glorified spinster approaching in her new environment.

The members of the Lyceum and other ladies' clubs have lately petitioned their landlords to alter the shape of the windows looking out on the street to a more desirable and fashionable pattern.

Meanwhile mere men, unable to get a hansom for love or money, will soon be clamouring for the blood of the *County Gentleman*.

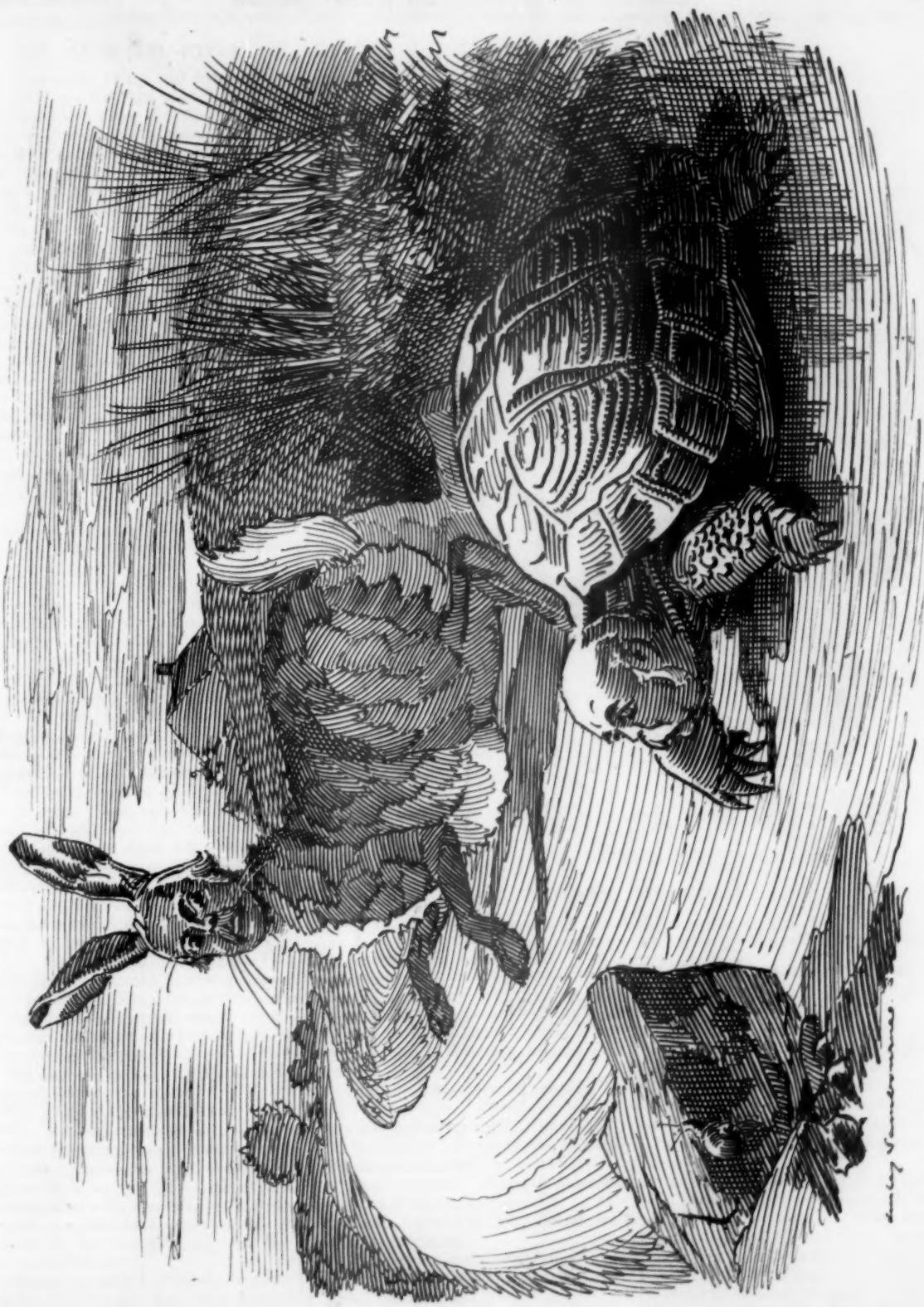
THE DECADENCE OF THE HOME.

(Notes from a Woman's Diary.)

. . . MET such a dear child in the Park. So delighted with her that I could not keep myself from rushing up and kissing her. . . . On asking nurse who child was, found—most curious thing—it was my own. Asked the woman if I had any more like it, and was informed there were two others equally charming. Really delightful to think one has such nice children. Shall certainly call in at the nursery—I suppose we have a nursery—and see the others. I might take them some toys—I believe children like toys—only I don't know what these particular ones have already. Perhaps it would be safer to take chocolates.

. . . By the way, the disagreeable person I met in the hall a few mornings ago turns out to be my husband. I had quite forgotten about him. He was pointed out to me at the play last night.

. . . Visited children this afternoon. Quite an adventure. Wandered about a lot at first. No idea had such a big house, and at last found myself in kitchen. Discovered most obliging person, who offered to show me where nursery was situated. Children rather shy at first, but soon came up to me to make friends. Wanted to know where I lived and what was my name. One of them seemed to remember meeting me in the house a long time ago—must have been when children were the smart thing. Couldn't stay long, as they don't seem used to cigarettes in the nursery, and I was due at the Club for Bridge. Shall certainly call again when I am less busy. Quite decent children.



WEARY WORK.

DISAPPOINTED TORTOISE. "OH LOR! HE'S OFF AGAIN! THOUGHT I WAS GOING TO ROMP IN. BUT I SHALL CATCH HIM NAPPING LATER."

THE HISTORY OF THE
NORTH AMERICAN
INDIANS

I

THE HISTORY OF THE
NORTH AMERICAN
INDIANS

I

AN AERATED IDYLL.

I WISHED the thing had happened at the Carlton. I wished that I had been supping there after the play, and that she had floated in—a shimmer of silk and lace and diamonds and anything else that had a call to shimmer. I wished it had been so, for one can hardly do justice to a town romance unless one is in evening dress. I do not need to point out that one does not wear evening dress in the King's Road A. B. C. Besides, it was in the afternoon.

I ate my scone and read the *Evening News*. I was so absorbed that I did not notice Her until the waitress banged down a cup of coffee and splashed my scone. Then I looked up angrily—and swallowed what I was about to say.

She was opposite.

It is useless to describe her, for I could not do justice to her sweet face, her graceful figure, her wistful smile. She was dressed, I noticed, in black; poorly yet neatly. From her pocket she took the *Evening News*—ah! that bond of sympathy between us!

My brain whirled. It was her dear coffee that lay on my scone. With difficulty I resumed my meal.

The waitress stopped again at our table, wrote out our bills and hurried on. Involuntarily I glanced at hers. It was fivepence; mine was sixpence. I had the tact to turn away lest this difference in our social positions should embarrass her. But almost immediately I heard a gasp, an exclamation!

I looked up. The girl had dropped her *Evening News*, and was looking in front of her with an expression of horror upon her face. She went red, and then white, and then red again. Evidently something in the paper had caused her this shock.

In moments of emergency I am at my best. I took up my paper, and as I did so I felt certain that in the "Stop Press News" I should find the cause of her trouble. Some important and terrible piece of news it would be, that had arrived too late for insertion in any other part of the paper. . . .

Yes, here it was. "Bank Rate Unchanged."

Poor girl! A banker's daughter, no doubt; she had come into this place five minutes ago, happy and free from care. She had ordered her meal, and had sat there with her paper, quite innocent and unsuspecting. Then suddenly her young dreams are ruthlessly disturbed; she realises to her horror that the Bank rate is unchanged!

I longed to take her by the hand and comfort her, to tell her that I would protect her from the wickedness of a world that wouldn't change its Bank



A WARM WELCOME.

Distracted Hostess (to Uncle George, who has arrived unexpectedly). "Oh, I'm so glad you have come! The conjuror I had engaged hasn't turned up. So you'll do some tricks to amuse the children, won't you?"

rate. To persuade her that the thing could not go on for ever, that they would be sure to make some alteration in it soon. But an absurd diffidence came over me.

"After all," I argued to myself, "you may be wrong. Would a banker's daughter pay fivepence for her meal?"

"Why not?" I returned. "I only paid sixpence myself."

"There you are! A penny more, and your father isn't a banker."

"Well, supposing her father isn't, her lover might be."

"Oh, if she's got a lover," I said disgustedly, "the whole thing's off."

That annoyed me.

"I don't believe you know what a Bank rate is," I said with a sneer.

"All right then. Go and take her hand and see what happens."

I leant forward to do so, and then I noticed that she had picked up her paper again, and was studying it carefully. Now I think I have shown already what an able student of *Sherlock Holmes's* methods I am. Here was a fresh deduction to be made. I drew back and considered.

A Bank rate is changed or unchanged. One looks at the paper and makes the discovery in an instant. After that the business is at an end. It may be a matter for remorse or grief; but a further glance at the papers gives no fresh news. Now in the case of a tragedy (murder or what not) one naturally searches the pages for all particulars, in the hope

that the case has been exaggerated. The girl was now scanning the sheet in her hand, and therefore it was legitimate to deduce that something other than the immutability of the Bank rate had caused her distress.

I took up my paper. "Great Japanese Victory," I read. "Thousands of Russians decimated." Could her brother IVANOVITCH have been decimated? But no. This was a fair English maid before me.

The English team against Scotland? Had her uncle been left out?

The Parliamentary news? Had her nephew voted on the wrong side by mistake?

Had she missed the box of sardines given away to advertisers?

And then suddenly I knew. I folded the paper and read: "STEVENSON 1000 ahead. DAWSON falling rapidly behind."

Yes, that was it. I leant across the table.

"Miss DAWSON," I whispered, "have courage. He will win yet."

She rose indignantly and made for the door. Then she stopped. She came slowly back, picked up her bill, and looked at it in an undecided way. She turned very red.

I understood.

I handed her five coppers and my card.

"It might have happened to anyone," I said. But I was glad then that it wasn't the Carlton.

THE LIFE STORY OF A BLACKBEETLE.

(Taken any month from any Magazine.)

His parents had given him the name of Blackie. It was not a very original—perhaps even rather an obvious name—yet it suited well his glossy sheen. But when he grew a few weeks older "Pride of the Scullery" was what his comrades called him—as well they might. The title came to him unsought, and none was found bold enough to contest his just claim to it.

Let me not linger over his juvenile moments. Let me rather pass them by with the readiness of one whose knowledge of the domestic habits of young blackbeetles is not as detailed as it might be. Come we rather to his days of adventure, when he scaled the back staircase, and learned the bitter truth that every man's foot is against the blackbeetle.

It fell out thus. He was light-heartedly climbing up the topmost stair, when the flash of a candle gave him pause. It was the kitchenmaid descending to fetch *The Crime of the Countess*, a realistic work of fiction which she designed to finish in bed. A hasty exclamation from somewhere far above convinced Blackie that he was discovered.

"Sakes!" a voice cried aloud, "if 'ere ain't one o' them 'orrid beetles on the stairs."

The crisis was a momentous one, and Blackie summoned all his wits to his aid. He recollected a fugitive piece of advice given to him by his grandsire, on the very night that he was (purposely, I fear) trodden on in the pantry by the second footman. "If it's a man," the old fellow used to counsel him with a chuckle, "run away from him: if it's a woman run towards her. Remember that, my boy."

His choice of the bolder course was instantly made. Even as his assailant lifted her slipper to strike he darted like a flash of sombre lightning straight for her. As she sprang aside with a piercing shriek, he slipped dexterously under the bathroom mat, and crouched there panting. His pursuer's search was the more perfunctory as she observed several of Blackie's relatives toiling behind him up the stairs.

"Master talked about getting a 'edgeog,'" was all he heard her mutter as she retired, and the friendly darkness again enveloped the upper passage.

His rash expedition, while it ended triumphantly, yet brought, as rashness will do, an ill-effect in its train. The words of the kitchen-maid, although they conveyed no meaning to him, had a dire fulfilment. A night or two afterwards a terrible rumour ran through the basement that there was something—a devastating something—moving about in the small hours. The hedgehog had arrived, and Blackie's nocturnal rambles, once so full of observation and enjoyment, were at an end. Here was a monster who moved with the swiftness of an avenging fiend—a monster who had the bad taste to relish black-beetles—who positively enjoyed meeting them. Oh! those were melancholy nights—nights in which the diminution of our hero's family circle became painfully perceptible.

"One knows where one is with a boot," sighed Uncle Dusty as he moped behind the wainscot, "but this creature, confound him! is neither here nor there."

"He's usually both," rejoined Blackie with a hollow impudence, as he remembered a particularly narrow escape of the night before. It would not do to let his friends see that his spirit was daunted by this weird peril of the darkness.

"I don't call it cricket," grumbled his uncle peevishly. "It's precious dull in here, and it's not safe to take a turn outside."

The day of relief came at last when Spot, the fox-terrier, discovered the hedgehog curled up behind the flour-box. For though his nose was scratched he succeeded in making the hedgehog very unwell, and in future whenever old

Prickles, as they called him, went out hunting, he always had his weather-eye open for Spot, so that he could not give the same attention as before to his ruthless business.

A freedom, the more welcome after previous privations, followed, and again the Pride of the Scullery led the way into the ash-pan, to examine the eggshells there. He was now in the prime of beetlehood, admired by many, yet disliked, as all strong characters are, by others.

The ending of a life, crowded with adventure, had a doleful *bathos* of its own. The survivor of hairbreadth escapes from the foot of the master when he came to see if the gas was turned out, immune from every species of insect poison, a connoisseur indeed of the better-advertised varieties, he owed his death to his own greed. It must be confessed with a pang that but for his appetite he might have been living yet.

A campaign against Blackie and his class—a poor persecuted class—was begun upon a more complete scale. White-aproned men arrived with tubs of cement and started a work, the progress of which Blackie in the innocence of his heart watched with a mild interest. It was only when he found that the new crevice, which he had lately acquired upon a long lease (oh, the pathos of it!) was securely cemented up, with himself inside it, that he began to feel uneasy. His anxiety communicated itself to his fellows behind the skirting-board, for all the exits were closed—what was to be done?

Let us draw a veil over the concluding scene.

A WIRELESS MESSAGE INTERCEPTED.

SHE tripped along with fairy feet,
A vision that the heart beguiled,
Bewitching, roguish, dainty, sweet,
And as she came she smiled.

She smiled—at me. (Oh, foolish heart,
This eloquent commotion hush!
Forbear, thou crimson tide, to dart
In cheeks like mine a blush!)

Again that glance! What joy to feel
That I, whom thronging years beset,
To Beauty so divine reveal
Attractions even yet.

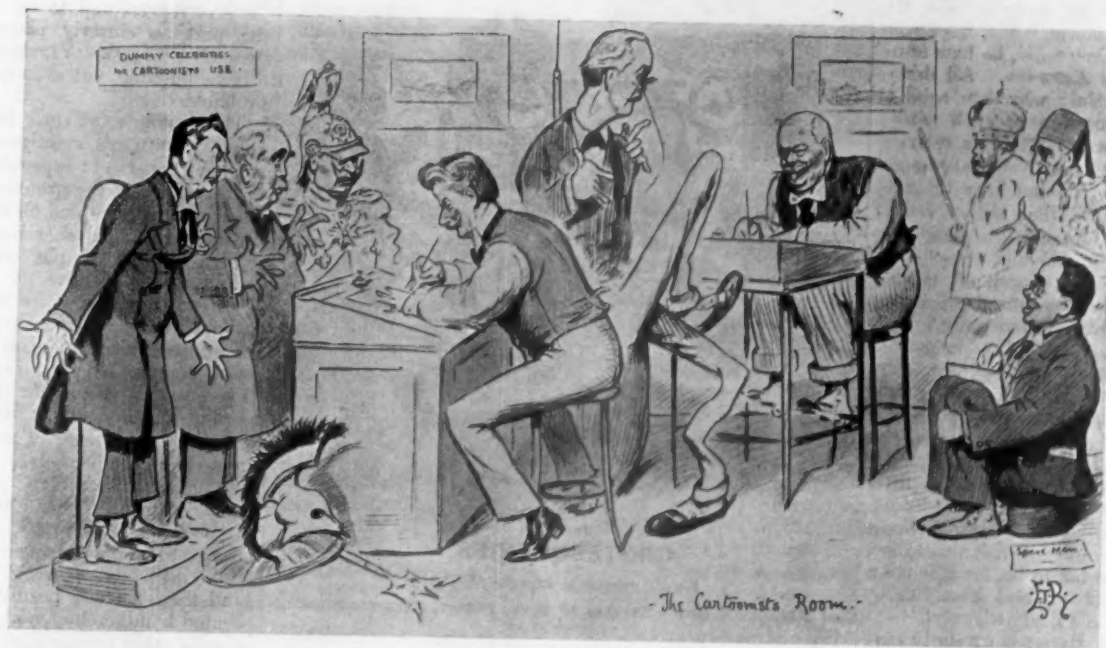
We meet . . . Alas, the usual fall
Occurs to Pride, the dull and blind;
Her smiles were not for me at all,
But someone else behind.

Jack Ashore.

Lost, Navy Blue Gentleman's Overcoat.—Advt. in *Sheffield Daily Independent*.

HOW
A GREAT
WEEKLY PAPER
IS
NOT MADE.

(With acknowledgments to
the colossal advertisement
in "The Times.")



À LA MAISON DU BARRIE.

At the Duke of York's Theatre Mr. BARRIE occupies the bill with two fantastic pieces. The first, *Pantaloön*, is a delightful idea which could have been worked up into a perfectly polished dramatic gem, without a flaw, had Mr. BARRIE been true to his original happy thought. At its commencement we are led to believe that the private life of *Harlequin*, *Columbine*, *Clown* and *Pantaloön* is to be revealed to us; not the life of ordinary mortals playing these parts on the boards of a theatre at so much a night, but that of the real original fantastic beings in the imaginary realms of Pantomimia, where inanimate objects obey the magic touch of *Harlequin's* wand, where, as long as *Harlequin* has his vizard down and can use his bat, he, being an invisible agent, can transfix his enemies by a flick of his wand, and, while they are rooted to the spot and in amazement lost, can lightly lift *Columbine* from the ground, and, placing her across his shoulder, carry her off as easily as did Mr. OSCAR ASCHÉ when, impersonating *Petruchio*, he bore away *la belle Katarina*. All this is delightful; why then spoil it by dragging in such sordid mundane matters as salaries, poverty, and theatrical engagements? What have these to do with the Magic Realm where *Harlequin's* wand can work miraculous transformations and supply all needs? Mr. BARRIE's whimsical inconsistencies are irritating.

Mr. GERALD DU MAURIER is admirable as *Pantaloön*. Mr. WILLIE WARDE, a thorough pantomimist, in the very best sense of the term, is a true loving *Harlequin*, and Miss PAULINE CHASE a sweet little *Columbine*. A. W. BASKCOMB is the mean sneaking *Clown* to the life,—which this *Clown* ought not to be, for it is not a real story,—and Miss ELA Q. MAY is a lively *Clownlet*.

Mr. BARRIE is wrong in supposing that *Clown* was ever the lover of *Columbine*. Such is not the tradition. He was originally the stupidly cunning peasant servant of *Pantaloön* who, as *Columbine's* father, objected to her marriage with such a gadabout as Mr. *Spangles* the *Harlequin*. The piece, partly in dumb show, partly in dialogue, with musical accompaniment, suggests that Mr. BARRIE has not been unimpressed by *Pagliacci* and *L'Enfant Prodigue*, and, like the eminent journalist in *Pickwick*, who wrote a work on Chinese Metaphysics after reading an article in the *Encyclopædia* on China and another on Metaphysics, he has "combined the information," which results in "*A Plea for an old Family*."

And with the next piece it is much the same. Is it serious? is it burlesque? A little of both. Mr. BARRIE's queer but clever medley of farce, burlesque, and a spice of tragedy, entitled *Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire* (a quite irrelevant title) may remind some elderly theatre-goers of WATTS PHILLIPS's

Woman in Mauve in SOTHERN's time, and of that odd mixture, *Captain Dieppe*, which, being excellently rendered, might have scored a big success for its author, Mr. ANTHONY HOPE. Miss IRENE VANBRUGH as *Amy Grey*, the melodramatically stage-struck young lady (a character not very new, by-the-way) is excellent as representing the intense earnestness of this absurd part. The piece owes its success to its admirable interpretation, to the unique personality and popularity of Miss ELLEN TERRY as *Mrs. Grey*, to the masterly performance of Mr. AUBREY SMITH as *Colonel Grey*, and to the artistic rendering of *Stephen Rolls* by Mr. KENNETH DOUGLAS. Mr. A. E. MATTHEWS gives us a perfectly natural sketch of a lad who is qualifying for the Navy on board the training ship *Britannia*.

Most of it is nonsense, but it is Mr. BARRIE's clever nonsense, and it is a capital satire, a trifle belated perhaps, on the modern Society drama, and on such young persons, if they exist outside Mr. BARRIE's imagination, as are likely to be influenced by what they see on the stage. That one in five hundred could become such a monomaniac as *Amy Grey* is represented to be in the part so cleverly played by Miss IRENE VANBRUGH may be possible, but it is not probable.

The cast is excellent. Mr. DION BOUTICAULT's stage-management is perfect: especially in Act II, where the grouping about the fireplace and all the business, the "*jeu de scène*," is ingeniously simple, and therefore most effective.

Of course if this *Alice Sit-by-the-Fire* be admittedly an intentional skit on a class of piece represented by *Lady Windermere's Fan*, for example, where ladies, who, imitating my *Lady Teazle*, have hidden themselves in gentlemen's chambers, behind screens, or even in bachelors' bedrooms, are allowed to escape unperceived, while invariably leaving behind them a fan, a peculiarly scented handkerchief, a glove, or some other convincing evidence

of their guilt, supposed or real, then Mr. BARRIE's amusing scheme is most adroitly contrived and very cleverly carried out. Also, his star being in the ascendant, he is most fortunate in the interpretation of his play at the Duke of York's. If, on the other hand, this piece is not meant to be a burlesque on the class of play above-mentioned, but is put forward as a comedy of real life, then does Mr. BARRIE's eccentric cleverness show even more resplendently, since it is a comedy in disguise, and the disguise is perfect.

The title is weak; in fact *Alice Sit-by-the-Fire* should be the title of some other and quite different sort of play to this. The description does not apply in the least to the BARRIE-TERRY *Alice* we see before us on the stage of the Duke of York's. The BARRIE-TERRY *Alice*, at any time of her younger life, might have been an *Alice in Wonderland*, but never could she have been, never can, nor ever will she be, an



GROTESQUES.

Words wanted to express feelings.

WHEN YOUR MOTOR REFUSES TO MOVE, TWENTY MILES FROM THE NEAREST TOWN.

Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire. On the contrary, she is *Alice-All-over-the-Shop*, and she is delightful. There are other characters in the piece, of course, whom I have already mentioned, but when we talk about this eccentric play of Mr. BARRIE's there is only one individuality that must remain dominant in everyone's memory, and that is Miss ELLEN TERRY as *Alice, the Merry Wife from India*.

In certain remarks on *The Scarlet Pimpernel* (April 12) it has been pointed out to the writer that in his enthusiasm for Miss JULIA NEILSON's performance that charming actress was elevated from the rank of *Lady Blakeney* to that of *Madame La Comtesse de Tournai* in the French peerage, a part in the piece carefully rendered by Mrs. WALTER EDWIN.

APRIL ANTIDOTES.

In the nonage of the year,
When anemones appear,
And the buffets of the breeze are soft as silk,
When each sparrow spars and heckles,
I begin to think of freckles,
And of bi-chloride of mercury and milk.

When the silver slanting shower
Hangs the almond-blossom bower
With a fringe of diamond dew and crystal link,
When the azure brooklet dimples
I begin to think of pimples,
And of benzoin and precipitated zinc.

When the mellow sunset hue
Paints the features of the view,
And incarnadines a fleet of baby ducks;
When the mavis trills harmonics
I begin to think of tonics,
Of cascarrilla, phosphorus, and nux.

When beneath the feathered breast
Lie the treasures of the nest,
When the sap begins to turn the birches red;
When the lambs grow energetic
I apply a new cosmetic,
Made of potash, camphor, glycerine and lead.

Then I care not if it snows,
I've a powder for the nose,
And a veil of chiffon warranted to cling;
While my armour on I buckle,
I acknowledge with a chuckle
I'm hermetically sealed against the Spring.

MORE LETTERS ON THE CRINOLINE REVIVAL.

THE interesting manifestoes of Mlle. SOREL and Madame SARAH BERNHARDT on the subject of the Crinoline revival have prompted Mr. *Punch* to obtain further authoritative expressions of opinion from several representative men and women in this country.

Mr. H. G. WELLS pronounces himself a whole-hearted supporter of the revival, on utilitarian as well as decorative grounds. To begin with, as he points out, the crinoline enables its wearer, if a balloonist or a passenger in a flying machine, to dispense with a parachute and leave the vehicle when in motion without any untoward results. Secondly, crinolines, as he has himself proved by practical experience, are of immense advantage in single combat, and almost equal to a knowledge of the principles of ju-jitsu. Thirdly, they constitute a perpetual safeguard against overcrowding, the great and growing danger of urban communities, and



A CHOICE OF EVILS.

Tommy (dressed for evening party). "MOTHER, SHALL I WASH MY HANDS, OR PUT ON GLOVES?"

one of the chief causes of the physical deterioration of the race. "My hope for the future of England," concludes Mr. WELLS, "resides in the adoption of garden cities and the crinoline—the one to enlarge the communal and the other the individualistic radius."

Lord KELVIN, on the other hand, regards the innovation—or rather, revival—with feelings of unmingled disapprobation. The case of Mme. CURIE, in his opinion, is a sure sign that an increasing number of women will in future be enrolled in the ranks of electrical experimentalists. This being so, it is imperatively necessary that they should not be hampered in their researches by the adoption of a costume in which metal apparatus plays so important a part. The disturbance caused to electrometers by the wholesale use of the crinoline might lead to the most disastrous results.

Mr. BRODRICK views the revival with something approaching equanimity. When he was at the War Office, so he informed our Representative, he appointed a small committee to inquire into the possibility of devising a crinoline which might be worn by the Guards in case they were ever engaged in conflict with the Amazons of Dahomey. Several remarkable designs were submitted, but the committee were unable to arrive at a unanimous decision, and since Mr. ARNOLD-FORSTER's accession to power the scheme had been indefinitely hung up.

Canon LYTTELTON, the new Head-Master of Eton, writes briefly to contradict the report that it is his intention to render the wearing of crinolines obligatory on all Wet Bobs.

"It's not the cherries I like so much as the spirit in which they are sent," as the man said when returning thanks for a present of the fruit preserved in brandy.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

To his "Connoisseur's Library" Mr. METHUEN has added a unique work on *Miniatures*. Mr. DUDLEY HEATH, who writes the treatise and has been successful in enriching it by reproductions of a collection of masterpieces, speaks modestly of his task. Its result is a notable addition to the English library. Here, for the first time, we have brought together, artistically reproduced, the counterfeit presentments of men and women whose names are writ large on the page of history. It is possible, more particularly in the Georgian school, that the artist did something to improve upon nature when dealing with more or less lovely woman. In the schools that flourished in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and that which established itself under the Stuart dynasty, the portraits evidently have the ferocious fidelity of a photograph. There are two miniatures of HENRY THE EIGHTH, one attributed to HOLBEIN, the other undoubtedly from his brush. If His Majesty had not been sedulously engaged in working off his wives, he might have been expected to cut off the hands that presented such a face for the contemplation of posterity. To do him justice, HOLBEIN was equally ruthless with his own quaint countenance. At the hands of ISAAC OLIVER, a less well known miniaturist, Queen ELIZABETH, the Countess of Essex, and ANNE of Denmark, equally suffer. My Baronite has not before come across such a conjunction of female ugliness either in nature or in art. The value of the miniatures is increased by the fact that the reproductions are of precisely the same size as the original, and, where they are coloured, we see the exact scheme of the painter.

The title chosen for their recently issued haphazardly paper-covered pamphlet by the authors of *Wisdom while you Wait is Change for a Halfpenny*, the price of which is marked by its publisher, Mr. ALSTON RIVERS, at one shilling. So, as is evident, the confiding purchaser who pays his twelve pence for a copy will find himself the happy possessor of elevenpence-halfpenny-worth of amusement, plus the ha'pennyworth for which he has bargained. Puzzling as a mere calculation, but profitable alike to punster, publisher and purchaser. Why have the two authors and one artist omitted to declare themselves, in the true sort of *Merry-go-round-Alice-sit-by-the-Fire* style, as *Messrs. From-Graves-to-Gays with Look-as-lively-as-you-can and How-are-you-George-Tom-morrow?* This omission is hereby rectified by the Baron. Their fun is inexhaustible. It is all about *Napolio!!* "Fancy that!" as ISEN's characters exclaim. And, having said this, nothing is left for the Baron but strongly to recommend everybody to administer to himself a "dose of Napolio," which can be found only in this publication, and to sit in the "easy chair of gastronomy" while listening to the tunes played by a "Pink Hungarian Band for Pale Pupils," and for Pupils outside the Pale whom they have in their eye. And so forth, or so third, or what you will, and Hooray for Hanwell! On we goes again! It is political, polemical, poetical and parliamentary; and it has an Auto-char-acter all its own. They harp on one plaintive string, "It's your money we want." But why want money, seeing that the pamphlet is full of notes? The "Elastic Hat for Swelled Heads" is an advertisement that could only have suggested itself to an expansive mind. From Expansive to Expensive is but the change of a vowel, which is avowal of a change. Vivent Easter Eggs from Colney Hatchings! The "Napolio Syndicate" proposes re-issuing the *Times* as a "bright and beamy farthing Daily." The Publishing advertisements are excellent. The Baron will not quote, but will adopt the Saturday night Meat-market cry of "Buy, Buy, Buy!" Old puns are served up with such piquant new sauce that you won't know 'em again till after you've swallowed 'em whole. The artist's portraits of celebrated persons in motor costume are to the very life. But how is it

such notes have escaped them as "Advice to card-sharpers: when in doubt, play Napolio"; and the quotation from *Hamlet*, "Napolio, or I do forget myself!" And where is their advertisement of the new treatise on "The Philosophy of Bean Feasts, by BACON"? They offer a patent which will "clean your own chimneys," and for this "Mr. FREDERIC HARRISON" writes to them, "Your boon has quite revolutionised home life. It enables me to make the most sweeping assertions with impunity." A pretty strong dose of cayenne in this, which gives it hot, and deservedly so, to the Philosophic Freddy. The Baron heartily wishes success to such capital nonsense, artfully leavened, as this is, with much excellent sense.

The labour of two years and a half is crowned in the publication of a little book entitled *Author and Printer* (HENRY FROWDE). The author, Mr. HOWARD COLLINS, describes it as an attempt to codify the best typographical practices of the day by way of a guide for authors, editors, printers, correctors of the press, and typists. A literary haggis, it presents some fine confused reading, jumping from line to line with such varied pieces of information as, "*Lais*, a Greek beauty," and "*Laitance*, soft roe of fish." As he proceeds, Mr. COLLINS corrects many persistent errors with respect to spelling, printing, the use of italics, hyphens, and capitals. He is specially enthusiastic in insistence on the suffix *-ize* in place of *-ise*. In support of this he quotes a letter from HERBERT SPENCER, who protests that "our language is irrationally unphonetic still" (meaning, my Baronite suggests, that "our language is still irrationally unphonetic"), "and this is done (*sic*) wherever *s* is used in place of *z* in such words as 'authorize' and 'apologize.'" For pressman or literary man the volume is a handy desk companion. When in doubt about a word or phrase, instead of asking a policeman, look up *Author and Printer*.

"Trouble, trouble, toil and trouble," and all to very little purpose in the instance of *The Secret Passage* (JOHN LONG), a melodramatic sensational novel by FERGUS HUME. It commences with a mysterious situation as cunningly devised as any admirer of Sherlockian and Leccocquian literature could wish. And then within a few chapters the canvas is overcrowded, and all the characters, individually uninteresting, simply do a kind of football scrimmage with the plot. Even the Skipper and his boy would not care to be called in for this job, as the Skipper would find the exercise too much for him, and his boy would incontinently "chuck" it.

The Adventures of Louis Dural, as told us by MARGUERITE BRYANT (S. C. BROWN LANGHAM), is a story that rouses a queer sort of interest in its development, arising out of bewilderment on the part of the reader as to what it all means and a natural desire to penetrate the mystery. Where is the locality? Are the natives Turks? Who is the mighty ruler? What, in a general way, is all the row about? Who's who? and what's what? But the place is as real as Zenda and Ruritania, and some of the descriptions, notably that of the storm in the forest, are written with a power that is strikingly graphic. The stirring adventures of the active and artful hero are good reading in themselves, and the Baron feels that, having hinted at the difficulties in the reader's path, he may heartily recommend this romance to all lovers of "moving accidents" and "hairbreadth escapes."



THE TINKLING SYMBOL.

[“I do not know another country where there is a piano in every house, as there is here, and that piano, though often cheap and poor, and sadly misused, is yet the symbol of a great musical people.”—*Mme. Blanche Marchesi*, in the “*Young Woman*.”]

WHERE is the home throughout the land
In which there's no piano cherished,
Although it may be second-hand
And, possibly, its strings have perished?

The youngest child in England knows,
Before his ma incites him to it,
The way to “spank the dominos,”
And stands upon a chair to do it.

And when my neighbours, little dears,
Proceed to CZERNY'S Exercises,
I carry wool inside my ears,
And think of all it symbolises.

For though I petulantly knock
Upon the party-wall, it's patent
Those sounds are symbols of the stock
Of genius that's lying latent.

The patriotic man should love
To hear the family performing
With vigour in the flat above,
Instead of going up and storming.

When MARY JANE, with rigid wrist,
Sits down to have a *forte* frolic,
She may not be a female LISZT,
But recollect that she's symbolic.

With energy she thumps the keys,
Until she drives the neighbours crazy,
Sustained by her desire to please
Herself—and Madame BLANCHE MAR-
CHESI.

And, at the sound, the passers-by
Glance up with proud appreciation
(If they are patriots) and cry,
“We are a great artistic nation!”

“AS SHAKSPEARE SAYS.”

“WHAT is that you are reading, my child?” asked the dear old gentleman. “Let me hear a line or two that I may conclude whether you are improving your young mind or no.”

Thus adjured, the youngster commenced to read. “Look here upon this picture and on that.”

“Stop!” cried the old gentleman, “I can tell in a moment that those lines are from the works of a very famous poet, and am indeed glad that you have chosen such a good book to peruse, though perhaps it is as yet slightly above your head. What is that I see?—a frontispiece! Where are my spectacles?—Ah, I cannot put my hand on them at this moment.—But that, my child, is a likeness of the author, one SHAKSPEARE, the man who bears the greatest name in literature; study it well.”



PAST RECLAIMING.

Brixton Barber. “REVIVAL SEEMS TO BE IN THE HAIR, SIR.”
Customer. “NOT IN MINE!”

The child observed the engraving with interest.

“Note,” continued the dear old gentleman, “the lofty brow, the dignified air, the firm yet pleasant mouth, the rolling eye. Take another glance at that ample forehead where lurks the mighty brain that thousands have wondered at, yea, almost worshipped.”

The child, following his instructions, observed the engraving still more closely.

“I see there are two pictures, and both are probably like this king of writers, and good enough for their time of day. I myself favour the Chandos portrait: as you will see,—though without glasses I cannot point it out,—there is a wonderful sweetness about the expression of one, that the other scarcely shows.”

“I notice that too, grandfather,” said the young student.

“This book, my child, contains more

thought than has ever been collected in so short a space by any one intellect: keep it, and read it by day and by night. As SHAKSPEARE himself has said, if I do not err,—‘Read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest it.’”

“That’s what it says,” replied the infant, catching the last words and still observing the picture curiously; “but is this really the poet SHAKSPEARE?”

“Of course, child; that marvellous genius, who—.”

“Then why does it say underneath, ‘JOHN SMITH, Esq. of Bermondsey, before and after using our Digestive Tablets?’”

“Admiral ROZHDESTVENSKY has crossed the Rubicon, and he must press forward now to the final battle.”—*Daily Telegraph*.

This recalls very pleasantly the Board-school definition of a river as a “piece of water that juts out into the sea.”

THE RESTORATION OF ENGLAND.

(A reply to the pessimist.)

How oft in minds the most serene
Some little jar will gender doubt,
A vernal frost that nips the spleen,
A lunch that puts the liver out—

And lo! a blight obscures the sun,
And earth assumes her greyest robe,
And even patriots—I, for one—
Question our claim to rule the globe.

I take and turn my sallow face
Against the nearest wall and groan,
Wondering if the British race
Does, after all, stand quite alone.

I ask myself if other lands
May not conceivably exist;
And am as putty in the hands
Of any puling pessimist.

They tell me "England's day is dead!"
The fruits of that commercial grit
Which painted half creation red
Are now the Teuton's perquisite.

With spies in every English town
He sees our army's rotten state,
He knows that we are laying down
One battleship instead of eight;

He scruples not to make his boast
That in a dozen years from this
His tars will have us all on toast,
And tramp through our Metropolis.*

So speaks the pessimist; and I
Feebly adopt his point of view,
And cannot give his words the lie
Till I have had a pill or two.

Then suddenly the prospect clears,
I mock the Teuton bagman's taunt,
Cry "Pooh" to all dyspeptic fears,
And bid the pessimist "Avaunt!"

"Croaker!" (I call him that aloud),
"Croaker!" I say, "I'd have you know
That, if we are beneath a cloud,
That cloud will shortly have to go.

This German plague which you deplore
Will run its round and soon be spent—
A brand of measles, nothing more,
Bred of a Tory Government.

Let but our BANNERMAN arise,
With MORLEY as his martial Aide—
They'll win us back, in Europe's eyes,
The old respect so long mislaid.

They'll quickly clean our 'scutcheon's stain,
And bend the Teuton's stubborn knees,
And make Britannia once again
A Holy Terror on the seas."

O. S.

* One of Mr. Punch's Representatives announces elsewhere (p. 320) his intention of investigating on the spot the truth of such allegations.

THE SIMPLE LIFE.

MR. PUNCH, ever on the alert to assist his contemporaries, has collected a number of letters on this subject, with the idea of helping the readers of the *Daily Graphic* to come to a decision on the great question, Should life be simpler than it is?

"I am entirely a believer in the simple life," writes Mr. COULSON KERNAHAN. "It suits me absolutely. In my young days I was as elaborate as the late Marquis of ANGLESEY. There was nothing I did not do. I even rode my own horse in the City and Suburban and took every jump but the last. I was famous. But now I am all for simplicity. Oddly enough, my conversion, as I like to call it, came through an innkeeper. It was in Epping Forest. In the very heart of it I found an inn and ordered my customary magnum of Chartreuse. As I quaffed it I asked the landlord if he were not very dull.

"Dull!" he said in surprise, and I give his exact words: 'why, no, Sir. There ain't so many pleasures in life, are there now? I'm very fond of a cheese and onion, or of a bit o' b'iled mutton, and of a 'ug from my wife, and of a kiss from my little gal, and of a friendly chat over a pipe and glass. I've got 'em all 'ere, and I couldn't enjoy 'em more, not if I was a bloomin' dook in 'Ide Park—now could I?' I did not explain, as I might have done, being a great wag in those days (it was before I wrote my little book about the blackbeetle), that it was scarcely the custom of dukes to lunch or dine, caress their offspring, or 'toy' with their matrimonial Amaryllides 'in the shade' of Hyde Park; but I saw that he was right. I came away convinced that to be an innkeeper in Epping Forest was the only way. Nothing but my duties as a lecturer and author have kept me from it. Only innkeepers really understand simplicity."

I live the simple life consistently, and have always done so. The simple life tempered by the theatre—that is my line of country. All day long I cultivate literature on a little oatmeal, and at night comes my relaxation. Were it not for the contrast afforded by the play I should not perhaps properly appreciate the healthfulness and sweet sanity of my daylight routine.

WILLIAM ARCHER.

One has heard the simple life praised all one's life; but I am confident that simplicity is a noxious fad. The complex life is the real thing. No man can be said to be really doing his duty as a citizen of this world unless he gets himself involved in as many difficulties and entanglements as he can. Only cowards live the simple life. To pass from complexity to complexity, to defy all social institutions and reap whatever whirlwind results—that is the brave experimentalist's course. Every man should be an experimentalist. We should take nothing for granted, but try everything for ourselves. To try everything for ourselves is the antithesis of the simple life.

G. BERNARD SHAW.

A well-known Peer writes from Penrith:—"I am surprised that none of your correspondents should have called attention to the admirable example of unselfish endeavour set by the German EMPEROR. It might have been expected that a monarch such as WILHELM II. would have preferred to delegate the most arduous and irksome duties of his exalted position to his subordinates. As a matter of fact such is his consideration for others that he seldom allows anything to be done for him by anybody, no matter how willing or competent. Thus he invariably writes his own speeches, and on occasion I have actually witnessed him conducting the Court orchestra. In his yachting trips to the coast of Scandinavia I am assured that he has often been seen paddling his own canoe in the picturesque fjords which indent the Norwegian seaboard, and when hunting the wild boar in the highlands of Westphalia has been known to administer the *coup de grâce* himself to the fortunate victim of his prowess."



VALE !

GANYMEDE CHOATE AND THE AMERICAN EAGLE.

[The present month will see the retirement of His Excellency from his duties at the American Embassy. *Mr. Punch's* benedictions follow him.]





GYNNING KING

Prof. Gimlet. "WHO IS THAT PRETTY GIRL THOSE MEN ARE TALKING TO?"

Miss Bradawl. "OH, SHE'S NOBODY; IT'S STRANGE HOW SOME WOMEN ATTRACT THE MEN; NOW THERE'S MISS BLINKINS OVER THERE, SUCH A NICE CLEVER GIRL, AND I HAVEN'T SEEN A MAN SPEAK TO HER THE WHOLE EVENING."

A Dowager Duchess writes:—"My own experience has been that the simplest life can always be lived by anyone who is sincerely desirous of doing so. To begin with the question of diet—I know one lady of high rank who for the last year has resolutely refused to partake of the early morning cup of tea in her bedroom, and has limited her daily consumption of cigarettes to six, except on Sundays, when she allows herself eight. I admit that in adopting this course she has been influenced by the express advice of her doctor, but none the less the sacrifice is deserving of praise. Then, again, good dressing can easily be accomplished without extravagance by getting good models and engaging a good worker as lady's maid. One friend of mine, who follows this plan, is nearly always the best-dressed woman in whatever company she mixes in, and to my certain knowledge she doesn't spend more than £750 a year on her clothes. In another respect, again, she sets an admirable example to her sisters by always driving her own motor-car, and so dispensing with the services of a highly-paid chauffeur. The £250 per annum which is thus saved forms quite a nice little nest-egg for investment, or entertainment, or other necessities of the strenuous life."

A well-known novelist writes:—"I am delighted to see Mrs. MEYNELL has illuminated this controversy by a practical suggestion that we should endeavour to revive a neglected pleasure, that of 'a cheerful and stimulating hunger.' Only yesterday—if I may be pardoned for relating a personal experience—having penetrated on my Panhard into the purlieus of Camberwell, I had the misfortune to floor a sandwichman

who was recklessly walking at least three feet from the kerb. He escaped without any broken bones, and on my taking him into an adjoining coffee tavern and asking what I could do for him replied, 'Capting, a cup o' corfy and a pork pie is all I arsk. And per'aps a hegg or two. I ain't 'ad nuffin to heat since yesterday, and I feel as hif hi could heat height heggs heasily.' Personally I was so much impressed by this touching recital and by the man's obvious enjoyment of his meal, that I have resolved to try the experiment of dispensing with afternoon tea once a week, in the hope of regaining an appetite which has of late years, I regret to say, suffered considerably from the strain of constant dining out."

A famous critic writes above the initials A. B. W.:—"The term simplicity, as ARISTOTLE would put it, can be envisaged either *ἀπλῶς* or *τωί*, and it is notorious that *dolus latet in generalibus*—witness the terrible example of SANCHONIATHON, AMADIS of Gaul, and Cardinal MEZZOFANTI. For my own part I hold that if a man be frugal in his diet and dress he may indulge in the wildest *ἀσυποκαλία* in his diction. Literature without *panache* is like caricature without CARAN D'ACHE. Even GOGOL, sombre genius that he was, indulged occasionally in bursts of *bravura* in his *Paralipomena Borussica*, and MIRZA SCHAFFY, though generally a confirmed teetotaller, would sometimes indulge in draughts of *Küchetischwein*. In short, the luxuries of one man are the necessities of another. Give me a crust of bread, a dictionary of quotations, and BEKKER's *Aristotle*, and *sublimi feriam sidera vertice*. Καλημέρα. Kolokol. Capo y espada. Etjen!"

THE DIARY AND NOTEBOOK OF A FIELD NATURALIST.

April 26.—Decided to investigate and elucidate the Mystery of Nature. To become Born Naturalist, Friend of Animals, Out-door Observer, Collector of Strange Facts and any Fossils, Coleoptera, Invertebrata, &c., I may come across. Shall thus hope to qualify for position on staff of *The Countryside*, the new Carmelite Nature weekly. Bought large notebook, red and blue pencils, cheap telescope, ditto microscope and pocket lens, two dozen empty hock bottles for specimens, fishing-rod, butterfly-net, pins, pill-boxes, jack-knife, climbing-irons and rope, also two pounds of moist sugar, dark lantern, false beard and nose for night work. Read *The Naturalist's Vade Mecum, or Every Man his own Darwin*. Slept soundly.

April 27.—Up at dawn and "sugared" four elms, one stunted willow, two apple-trees, a hencoop and pair of trousers, for moths. Then proceeded to observe from back window. First two hours noticed nothing unusual. At 9.30 A.M. suspicious hen (speckled plumage) crossed yard from north. Timed its steps. Sub-normal (indicative of fatigue or timidity). Hen evidently smelt sugar on coop and retired. N.B. Ancestral trait: Suspicion of Human being. *Vide Darwin*. Another long interval, broken by choleric outburst on part of owner of apple-trees coming to examine buds. Explained myself badly and removed molasses as requested with sponge and water. Chagrined to hear moth has nocturnal habits. Went to lunch. In afternoon hen reappeared. Laid one egg (white or pale cream-coloured) about five feet from coop and retired as before, head foremost, lifting each foot from the ground alternately and emitting characteristic chuckling note at frequent intervals. Drew plan showing relative positions of coop and egg and path taken by hen. Labelled it "Diagram No. 1." Spent remainder of afternoon listening for cuckoo. Disappointed. In evening wrote to *Nature*, re cuckoo and tabulated result of day's observations. No definite conclusions as yet.

April 28.—Took "Naturalist's Walk in the Country," as per book, furnished with net, rope, irons, knife, telescope, lens, microscope, rod, pins, boxes, bottles, notebook, pencils, umbrella and sandwiches, also pair of goloshes, in case of prey escaping on to marshy ground. Facetious neighbour suggested running-shoes, assuring me that some Lepidoptera fly like snipe. Ignored him. Decided to spend morning Observing, afternoon Collecting, evening Cogitating and Framing Reasons and Laws.

Morning: Considerably hampered by rope and climbing-irons, but managed

to walk about two miles, meeting seven men, three women and one child. Observed each carefully and endeavoured to ascertain names, ages, nationality, religion, idiosyncrasies, &c.

Males reticent to verge of rudeness; females exhibited distinct hysterical tendencies; child evidently an idiot, congenital. Unable to detect any characteristic markings.

When they had left me, climbed a tree and swept surrounding country with telescope, but found focussing difficult owing to foliage.

No noteworthy observations. Broke several bottles. Walked on further and came across a dog (*Canis*). Examined it. Dog examined me. Kept it off with fishing-rod and umbrella (N.B.—Butterfly-net useless for large specimens). Dog slightly damaged. Condition of teeth gave no indication of old age. Seized opportunity of examining own blood under microscope. Mammalian, as suspected. Arrival of owner, followed by heated argument. Eventually agreed to purchase confounded animal to avoid further discussion. Rope came in handy. Listened again for cuckoo, but difficult to make anything out owing to dog persistently barking at me from extreme end of rope. Observed several rooks in field, and climbed wall to obtain closer view. Exciting chase, greatly assisted by dog, only resulted in loss of valuable portions of outfit and nasty encounter with herd of fierce cattle (*Bos*). Strange I cannot find anything really tame to study.

Glad to get away and rest by roadside. Had lunch, dog obtaining greater portion of sandwiches by a canine feint.

Afternoon: Collected two hock bottlesful of grass to compare with that on lawn at home, one of earth to ascertain exact Period and Strata, some pieces of granite from road. ("The science of Geology is full of interest to the earnest student, and not unfrequently leads to most remarkable discoveries.") Found two odd boots, very much worn, and evidently dating from the Nineteenth Century. (Book says no object is void of interest to the skilled investigator.) Also found dead rat, traced and partially consumed by dog, broken ribs of umbrella, and several animal bones (see *Osteology: its Importance to the Morphologist*), an old tin (discarded), and some fragments of pottery of unknown antiquity.

Book says: "A little mud taken from a stagnant pond in early spring and put into a tank at home will often produce an unexpected number of Rotifers and Infusoria which are hatched from the dormant ova and germs."

Tested statement, but experiment futile owing to servant carelessly using tank-water for culinary purposes. Most

vexing. On passing through village on way home was amazed to see unique collection of birds' eggs in shop window. Entered with view of congratulating fortunate possessor, and found him willing to dispose of as many as I cared to buy. Had selected several distinct types before discovering they were filled with chocolates.

Evening: Arranged nucleus of Collection and started a Catalogue. Wrote to the *Field*. Planned formation of Naturalist's Library. Fed, observed and beat dog, and went to bed. Dog persisted in observing moon. Obligated to sacrifice majority of granite specimens and bones. Noticed remarkable greenish light in corner of yard. Went down to investigate and found it proceeded from rat. Query: usual or only occasional phenomenon?

April 29.—Found dog had escaped during night, after scratching up several beds in attempt to bury rat. Shall offer no reward.

On looking over Collection again to-day and perusing Notes feel convinced my observations are the very thing for *The Countryside*, and shall now send this first instalment to that organ.

CHARIVARIA.

The Petit Journal says that General STOESEL has been acquitted of blame for the surrender of Port Arthur. The guilty parties are said to be the Japanese.

According to *La Patrie*, England possesses at least one far-seeing Admiral. "We have definite proof," says this usually Anglophobe journal, "that Admiral FREMANTLE is following the Russian ships, and keeping Togo informed of their movements by wireless telegraphy." Now Admiral FREMANTLE is in England.

It has been officially declared at Berlin that the Herero rebellion is at an end. Some trouble is now being caused to those on the spot owing to the fact that the Hereros have not been informed of this fact.

There seems to be no limit to the pretensions of the halfpenny papers. Some of these referred to the recent earthquake as a "seismic disturbance," just as though they were penny papers.

A stringent order is said to have been issued to the HARMSWORTH BROTHERS by the head of the family that all mishaps to their motors are to be reported to him immediately they happen, and that on no account will a prize in any competition for the detection of persons responsible for these mishaps be awarded

OUR VILLAGE CRICKET CLUB.

AT OUR OPENING MATCH, SPINNER, THE DEMON LEFT-HANDER, WAS AGAIN IN GREAT FORM. HIS MASTERLY SKILL IN PLACING THE FIELD, AND HIS SOUND KNOWLEDGE OF THE GAME, REALLY WON THE MATCH FOR US.



"ABOUT THREE FEET NINE TO THE RIGHT, PLEASE, COLONEL—THAT IS TO SAY, YOUR RIGHT. THAT'S IT. BACK A LITTLE, JUST WHERE THE BUFF ORPINGTON'S FEEDING. THANKS."



"YOU, MR. STEWART, BY THIS THISTLE. JUST TO SAVE THE ONE, YOU KNOW."



HIS RUSES WERE MAGNIFICENT. WHEN THE SQUIRE CAME IN, SPINNER (WHO HAD PREVIOUSLY HELD A PRIVATE CONSULTATION WITH THE OTHER BOWLER) SHOUTED, "YOU WON'T WANT A FINE LEG FOR THIS MAX. PUT HIM DEEP AND SQUARE." AND THEN—



THE SQUIRE WAS NEATLY TAKEN FIRST BALL OFF A GLANCE AT FINE LEG BY SPINNER HIMSELF, WHO HAD CROSSED OVER (EXACTLY AS ARRANGED) FROM HIS PLACE AT SLIP.

to a member of the firm, and that this regulation shall be retrospective.

The *Daily Mail* has published a list of Members who did not vote during the last Session, together with their excuses. "Sir R. GUNTER—Very lame," reads more like a comment than a statement of fact.

"It is deplorable that one who might have developed into a distinguished statesman has degraded himself into a mere tricky politician," writes Sir JOHN LENG of Mr. BALFOUR. There is no truth in the statement that on hearing Sir JOHN's opinion Mr. BALFOUR cried like a child.

Lady WARWICK has declared to a meeting of Socialists at Northampton that it is not her fault that she owns 23,000 acres. Of course not; nor yet her misfortune.

There is no satisfying some people. The polar bears at the Hippodrome are said to have been dissatisfied with our Easter weather, which was supplied at such great discomfort to ourselves.

A party of men employed by the Marylebone Borough Council inspected the Paris sewers at Easter, and a number of Frenchmen visited London on Good Friday. It would be difficult to say which had the more lively time.

The announcement that a London cab-horse named *Lottery* has recently won eight races at point-to-point meetings has caused a thrill of excitement among his *confrères* in the Metropolis, and last week an animal attached to a growler ran away in the Strand. And it is being freely asked, Where is the motor-cab which can point to a record like *Lottery's*?

The discussion which has been raging in the columns of the *Daily Mail* on the subject of the management of public schools proved a great disappointment to the mass of the boys. One of their greatest grievances was not mentioned. They have to learn lessons.

The Royal Academy, notwithstanding the many efforts made to reform it, has again failed to satisfy those whose works were rejected.

Last year the Hanging Committee placed a piece of sculpture in the courtyard of Burlington House. This year another notable sculpture, the work of Mr. HAVARD THOMAS, was left still further out in the cold—all the way, in fact, to the New Gallery.

General KUROPATKIN is said to be

resigning because his salary has been reduced. He has certainly every right to be dissatisfied, for Admiral ALEXEIEFF is to receive £10,400 a year for life, or so it appears, for he is to retain his position of Viceroy of the Far East with that salary until the Kwantung peninsula is again occupied by Russia.

The first number of the *Burial Reformer* has appeared. It is published at the price of threepence, but *Punch* fears no rival.

"IF THEY HAPPENED—"

OR, THE LAND OF SHORT STORY.

THERE were several persons in the railway-carriage, the atmosphere of which was, by consequence, somewhat heavy. Mr. PEAGAM, who sat in the corner, laid down his Magazine and yawned, glancing with vague contempt at the faces of his fellow-travellers as they bent them over the sixpenny, fourpence-halfpenny, or even cheaper periodicals that they were reading. The covers of these publications were tediously familiar to Mr. PEAGAM. The *Fleet Street Magazine*, the *Piccadilly*, the *Imperial*—he knew them all and their probable contents by heart. "They don't happen," said Mr. PEAGAM to himself, referring to the contents; "all lies, every one."

He stared discontentedly at the spring landscape.

"If they did happen," thought Mr. PEAGAM, "if life was only arranged as the short stories make out——!"

This was his last conscious reflection before, from sheer boredom, he fell asleep.

He came to himself as the train was entering the terminus, and even in the moment of stepping out upon the platform he was conscious of something unusual and yet oddly familiar in the aspect of the station and the crowd that thronged it. In some curious way the whole scene looked (as Mr. PEAGAM expressed it to himself) out of drawing. He had stared about him for several minutes before he realised the suggestion that it conveyed.

"Bless my soul!" he said at last, "it's just like a rather bad illustration in a Magazine!"

He observed also that the passengers seemed divided into two totally distinct streams: one setting towards the expresses, and comprising soldiers in uniform, fur-coated diplomatists, and obvious representatives of the criminal and detective classes, while, on the other hand, the suburban trains were sought only by persons of a broadly humorous, not to say farcical, appearance.

"Curious!" thought Mr. PEAGAM as he

watched them; "but where have I noticed such a tendency before?"

At this moment a young man and a girl stopped immediately in front of him.

"And so," said the former, speaking in a voice that Mr. PEAGAM could not choose but overhear, "we part now—for ever."

"Nay," answered the girl, "not for ever. When in that distant land to which you go you have worked out the redemption of the past, then—will you not turn again—home?"

"Home!" echoed the young man, bitterly. "Where is my home?"

For a moment the girl hesitated, then, with a wonderful smile, she opened her arms to him.

"Here," she cried, "in my heart!"

Mr. PEAGAM was reflecting upon the unusual character of such behaviour in a public railway-station, when he suddenly perceived that with the utterance of the last words both the speakers had vanished. Greatly startled, he asked the explanation of a bystander.

The man, who presented somewhat the appearance of a cheap process-block, did not seem to have been at all astonished.

"They'd got to the end," he said.

"The end!" repeated Mr. PEAGAM perplexed; "end of what?"

"The end of the story," said the man.

Mr. PEAGAM was more mystified than ever, but before he could inquire further a fresh surprise arrested his attention.

"Hullo!" he cried, staring eagerly after a distinguished-looking youth who had just passed them, wearing a military uniform partially concealed by the coat and badge of a cab-driver, from beneath which his sword and spurs protruded with a slightly incongruous effect. "Surely—is not that his Royal Highness Prince——?"

"Hush!" exclaimed his companion, "of course it is. He's wearing those clothes so that his destined bride, who arrives by the next train, may love him for himself alone. All Royal betrothals are managed in that way now."

"Dear me!" said Mr. PEAGAM. "I had imagined that such things only happened in fiction."

"So they do," answered the other.

"That's why."

Then the explanation dawned upon Mr. PEAGAM. "Why," he exclaimed breathlessly, "I believe my wish has come true. You're all short stories!"

"Of course we are," said the man. "So are you."

"Me?" cried Mr. PEAGAM, startled.

"Naturally," said the man, "or you wouldn't be here. It's like *Alice* and the *Red King's Dream*," he explained. "The only question is, whose story are you? What's your name?" he added, suddenly.

"PEAGAM," answered that gentleman.

"Ah," said the man, "that settles it. I thought as much from your appearance, but the name decides me. Generally spoken of as 'Mister' PEAGAM, aren't you? I know. Little sketches of middle-class humour; very amusin' but getting a bit over-done."

"But," cried Mr. PEAGAM, his mind vainly striving to grapple with such a discovery, "do you mean to say that all those horrors in the popular Magazines might happen to me? I might be killed at any moment!"

"Not you," said the man contemptuously. "With that name you're safe enough. You're one of the comic sort; lose your return ticket, or sit on your hat—nothing dangerous. And here we have another popular type."

He indicated a third-class compartment in which Mr. PEAGAM perceived several working-men poking fun at an anæmic-looking curate who seemed strangely apprehensive of the dangers of travelling.

"Foolish of them," said his companion. "They should know by now that such behaviour always results in an accident, in which the curate saves their lives and is cheered by the passengers. It might come at any moment. Let us move further off."

But it was too late. Even as he spoke there was a cry of terror from the bystanders. Mr. PEAGAM had just time to realise that a collision was imminent and to catch that inevitable gleam of resolution on the pale face of the curate, when with a sickening jar—he awoke.

"And Heaven be thanked," said Mr. PEAGAM to himself, as he stooped to pick up his Magazine which had fallen to the floor, "that they don't happen, after all!"

The other passengers, perhaps for this very reason, continued to read placidly.

NAVAL MOVEMENTS.

Saigon, April 28.—A torpedo-boat destroyer is reported to have been seen by the P. and O. liner *Imaliar*, steaming in a north-easterly direction 4,500 miles from Singapore. Her nationality is unknown, but the report has caused considerable excitement. The captain of the P. and O. states that shortly afterwards he saw several empty packing-cases hull-down on the horizon.

Paris, April 29.—A telegram from New York states that three warships have been seen off Batavia. The correspondent believes them to be part of the Third Baltic Squadron under Admiral NEBOGATOFF, but this can hardly be the case, as the squadron in question was known to be at Jibutit only yesterday. However, we give the report for what it is worth.



AN OUTSIDE OPINION.

"THAT'S THE BEST OF THEM COURT DRESSES—YER CAN'T 'ELF LOOKIN' 'ANDSOME!"

Kamranh Bay (from Our Own Correspondent).—I was able to approach quite close to one of the Russian cruisers to-day, and rowed right round her while she was going at full speed. The officers and crew seemed to be full of spirits, and were tossing the empty cases overboard as a guide to the lame ducks of the fleet.

Shanghai, April 30.—A fisherman has just reported that he has heard heavy firing in the offing to-day, but no importance is attached to the rumour, which we merely give for what it is worth.

Jibutit (from an occasional correspondent).—The report that the Third Baltic Squadron has reached Kamranh Bay must be received with the greatest reserve. Heavy firing was heard in the offing yesterday.

Manila.—Three vessels have been seen off Corregidor Island, but it is impossible

to say to what nationality they belong. It is, however, considered probable that they are Russian, Japanese, British, Dutch or perhaps American. Intense excitement prevails here, and the usual fisherman has just reported that he has heard the sounds of heavy firing in the offing.

Diego Garcia (by special cable).—A warship of some kind passed here in the night. It is believed to have been a torpedo-boat destroyer, but of what nationality it is impossible to say. Inquiries, however, are being made, and meanwhile excitement runs high. A fisherman reports having heard sounds of heav— (Message incomplete).

"AS TREES WALKING."—"The trees are now coming forth in their spring foliage, and some beautiful tints of green may be observed walking up the Avenue."—*Southern Daily Echo.*



A SPARTAN.

"WHAT DO YOU SAY TO A DRINK, OLD MAN?"

"WELL, I DON'T CARE IF I DO. I AM A LITTLE THIRSTY."

"GREAT SCOTT! YOU DON'T MEAN TO SAY YOU EVER LET IT GET AS FAR AS THAT!"

THE POLICE TRAP INSURANCE CO., LTD.

MR. WILLIAM SIKES, Chevalier d'Industrie, has written enclosing an excerpt from the *Bystander* which advocates the establishment of a society for the Mutual Protection of Motorists against Police Traps. Mr. SIKES confesses to a very strong feeling in favour of a similar society for the Mutual Protection of Burglars. Unaccustomed to polite correspondence, he has thought it best to ask us to reproduce the actual language of

the article in the *Bystander*, with such trifling emendations as would make it applicable to Burglars instead of Motorists. These alterations are signalled by italics.

Wanted—500 Burglars to pay £3 3s.

A society is wanted to collect information with regard to police traps, and to issue due warning to all its subscribers. The first ventures of this organisation should take the form of controlling suburban villas and country houses in

the Home District. These centres of attraction are largely used by burglars, and they would be even more popular if the profession could feel themselves secure from police persecution while working them. If five hundred London burglars were to subscribe three guineas apiece, after paying the rent of a small London office and a clerical secretary's salary, about £650 would remain for actual work on each of these two classes of dwelling-place. Each class would be divided up into convenient sections of about ten to fifteen miles, each section would be entrusted to some receiver of stolen goods (or other agent) living on that section, and in return for a payment of, approximately, £1 to £1 10s. a week he would be expected to keep a sharp eye on the section allotted to him. If necessary, he would have to employ a boy, whose sole work would be to cycle up and down that particular neighbourhood and watch it carefully. All agents of the society would be connected by telephone with headquarters, and with each other. A burglar going into Surrey would stop at, say, Kingston, and would receive from the society's agent there a list of the traps brought up to date, and in the event of any fresh traps being set in any particular section during the day, the agents would hang out an unmistakable danger signal. Such a scheme may sound illegal, and almost immoral, to those who do not burgle, but the cost of police traps to the burbling community is so large, that, in self-defence, burglars would do well to adopt some such method of protection. Real co-operation is required this season from my readers. Early information of police traps is wanted for publication. I therefore offer a reward of 10s. 6d. for detailed particulars of any fresh police traps. I stipulate only that: (1) the trap shall be in England; (2) that it has not been published before; (3) that I pay only once for each trap—that is, to the person who first sends it in. N.B.—Policemen may compete.

THE UNIVERSAL JUGGERNAUT.—"Any-one," says the *Daily Telegraph*, "who has driven an automobile will know that it is quite impossible to run over a child and remain unconscious of the fact." Any one who has driven an automobile! Heavens! what a sweeping charge! Is there none innocent?

FROM police report in the *Glasgow Evening News*:—"After the boy had been admonished by the magistrate he was handed over to the care of his father, who gave him an excellent character." This use of the word "character," in the sense of a distinctive mark or cut, is now almost obsolete.



UNDESIRABLES.

CONSTABLE JOHN BULL. "WE'VE ADMITTED A GOOD MANY ALIENS BEFORE NOW—IN FACT I'M A BIT OF AN ALIEN MYSELF. BUT IN FUTURE WE'RE GOING TO DRAW THE LINE AT THE LIKES OF YOU!"

THE AUSTRALIAN TEAM.

Special Interviews.

WILL THE CORNSTALKS GET BACK THE ASHES?

With a view to obtaining some information on the burning question of the hour *Mr. Punch* proceeded to Lord's with his notebook. He was lucky enough to find Mr. P. F. WARNER at the nets, and after his practice that gentleman courteously spared him a few minutes.

"Now what do you think of the Australian team?" asked *Mr. Punch*.

"It has been greatly underrated," said the genial "PLUM." "You know that it is practically the same side that we defeated in Australia; and that," he added modestly, "was the best eleven that ever played for them. VICTOR TRUMPER is undoubtedly the best bat in the world at present, while DUFF is at least his equal. Then HILL, in the opinion of many, is the superior of both. Throw in NOBLE and you have a quartette."

"But there is a tail, is there not?"

Mr. WARNER laughed. "Three of the best bats in Australia at the present moment," he said, "are ARMSTRONG, HOPKINS and GEHRS. They are enormously improved, and safe to get runs on any wicket. Add to them DARLING and GREGORY; remember that KELLY is always good for a few; don't forget that HOWELL in Inter-State matches this year had an average even better than TRUMPER's; and bear in mind that COTTER is one of the most promising of the younger batsmen, and you will see that—"

"But at least the bowling is weak," urged *Mr. Punch*.

"That is where the critics make their mistake. I consider the bowling superior to the batting. With HOWELL, COTTER, NOBLE, ARMSTRONG, HOPKINS, LAVER, TRUMPER and HILL (all enormously improved players) as regular bowlers, and KELLY and GREGORY to fall back upon if necessary, the attack will be of the very strongest."

"And the fielding?"

"I think perhaps the 1905 team will go down to posterity as above all a fielding side. In conclusion may the matches be played to a finish, the luck evenly distributed, and may the best side win!"

Mr. Punch passed on, and was privileged to have a few words with Mr. NOBLE.

"Well, Mr. NOBLE, and what do you think of your chances?"

"We shall do our best," said "MONTY," with a smile, "and no man can do more. We are all triers, at any rate, and I think we can promise to give you a good game. Of course I hope that we



A CHOICE OF EVILS.

Holiday Excursionist (on seaside hack). "ERE'S A PRETTY GO! IF I DON'T GET HOFF I LOSE A GOOD TUPPENNY SMOKE, AND IF I DO GET HOFF, I KNOW I CAN'T GET ON AGAIN, AND I LOSE A SIXPENNY RIDE!"

shall win, but cricket is so uncertain that you can never tell."

"What about the bowling, Mr. NOBLE?"

"Well, I think we can promise to worry some of your batsmen. We are all triers, at any rate."

"And if the matches are played to a finish, and the luck is evenly distributed, you think that—"

"In that case I think the best side will win."

Thanking Mr. NOBLE most heartily, *Mr. Punch* prepared to leave. At the entrance he was lucky enough to run into Mr. JESSOP, and immediately asked for his views on the coming contest.

"Prophecy is difficult," said Mr. JESSOP, "owing to the proverbial uncertainty of cricket. Should Jupiter Pluvius be in the ascendant, I fancy that the trundling of WILFRED RHODES will enable us to put 'paid' to the Kangaroo's account. In the case, how-

ever, of the advent of Old Sol, there will be a different story to tell. TRUMPER may be trusted to notch a few, while DUFF will be as difficult of dislodgment as ever. Then COTTER will always be rattling in JOHN BULL's timber-yard."

"What about the fielding, Mr. JESSOP?"

"They are a grent side, and can stand a long spell of leather-hunting. DUFF is particularly good at mid-off. You may bombard him with shots for an hour on end, and he stops them all, and like *Oliver Twist* asks for more."

Mr. Punch paled.

"I must have misunderstood you," he said, hoarsely.

"What exactly did you say?"

"Like *Oliver Twist* he asks for more," said Mr. JESSOP.

"I will not imitate that indiscretion," said Mr. Punch, and grasping Mr. JESSOP hurriedly by the hand he fled from the ground.

TO BERLIN.

SIR, I propose to start this very night,

Crossing to Flushing by the Zealand mail;

And thence, if I have grasped the scheme aright,

Tearing through Holland while the stars grow pale,

And ever furing onward till I win

My undefeated way to proud Berlin.

I want to find what Germans really are

(Some say they are no better than the Russ);

And if in truth there really is a bar

Divinely made between themselves and us;

And what they do to those who come, like me,

To see them living by the sandy Spree.

I have, of course, a notion of their looks:

They're fair and stout and dreamy-eyed and rough;

I've read about their deeds in history books,

And know they gave old VARUS quite enough;

And (this was later) made NAP. III. feel silly,

And captured him and kept him willy-nilly.

And now, I'm told, they want to batter down

The last faint semblance of our naval force,

Annex our land, annihilate our Crown,

And treat us as a cabman treats his horse.

Britons, in short, should all be German-haters—

These are not my beliefs, but the *Spectator's*.

So I am off to-night to find things out.

Thursday shall see me struggling with a tongue

Which GOETHE spoke—of this there's not a doubt;

I took a course of it myself when young.

Think of me shouting, Hoch! Hoch!! Hoch!!! and so

Farewell, sweet Punch; 'tis time for me to go.

"TOM THE TOURIST."

WHY LIBERAL?

A CORRESPONDENCE has been raging in the *Standard* under the above heading, several correspondents asking how it is that the Liberal Party is called the Liberal Party when it is notorious that the Conservatives are the only real Liberals now?

As one of them says:—"It is not very likely that our opponents will discontinue such a taking name, but why should we help them to hold it? 'Radical' is their proper name, and we should call them by it; to call them 'Liberal' is insulting the Conservative Party."

This is a very novel view, and at first one hardly knows how to take it. Is it insulting the Liberal Party to call a Tory a Conservative? And how would one insult a Radical? Or perhaps that is not possible.

One or two letters on the subject have strayed into Mr. Punch's box.

"REVIVALIST" writes: "I venture to suggest a pleasant way out of the difficulty. Why not call the Conservatives 'Torreys' and the Liberals 'Alexanders'?"

"HAIRDRESSER" writes from Balham: "As a change in party nomenclature is imperative, I venture to suggest that the Conservatives should be renamed the 'Imperials,' and the Liberals the 'Wigs.'"

TOILET HINTS.

("A well-known woman writer has some excellent advice for the woman who would keep her youth 'Severe, critical, fault-finding, intolerant thoughts all sharpen the features and dry the cuticle and take the lustre from the eye.'"—*Daily Chronicle*.)

THERE are many many quacks abroad with soft seductive tongue,

Who persuade you they can aid you in the art of keeping young;

One will tell you with assurance you may confidently hope

For perfection of complexion if you only use his soap;

Number Two will pledge his honour to the solemn gospel-truth

That devotion to his lotion will ensure you lasting youth;

Number Three suggests a nose-peg that will give your pug a turn

Whence, he urges, it emerges a presentable concern;

While another has a corset which will keep you *comme il faut*

When your figure waxes bigger than you care to see it grow.

But, if people buy the rubbish that is only made to sell,

Why, the ninnies waste their guineas and their foolish pains as well,

And they ought to know that beauty lies far deeper than the skin,

That the features are the creatures of the soul that works within.

Are your thoughts severe and critical? Your cuticle gets dry,

And it crinkles into wrinkles, and the lustre leaves your eye;

Vulgar spite and petty scandal play the mischief with your hair,

Make your forehead dry and horrid, and your temples bald and bare,

While a tendency to slander makes your epidermis bag

Till it's simply hanging limply round a desiccated hag.

So, my ladies, when the mirror—candid critic—lets you know

That your colour waxes duller than in days of long ago,

Vain the golden transformations which you order from the Stores,

Vain the creaming and the steaming of your over-burdened pores;

Vain to rail at Father Chronos and abuse his wicked arts,

For your faces bear the traces of your own perverted hearts.

Would you boast the bloom of peaches, let your soul be pure within!

To be truthful keeps you youthful, and it lubricates the skin;

If your locks are growing thinnish, study poetry with care;

Read *Othello* and *Sordello*—they are matchless for the hair!

WE learn from the *Isle of Man Daily Times*, that at a certain meeting of the House of Keys, "only two members—Mr. HALL CAINE, who is abroad, and Mr. J. J. GOLDENSMITH, who is unwell—were present." Many people have remarked the physical resemblance between Mr. CAINE and the Swan of Avon, and we now have a further proof of his bird-like nature. He can be in two places at the same time.



OPENING REVELS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

(With our Artist's sincere apologies alike to those portrayed and to those performance omitted.)

LUNCH AMONG THE RUINS.

(A Sketch in a Baronial Stronghold.)

SCENE—the Courtyard of Cromlingbury Castle. On the left is the Gateway Tower; on the right, what remains of the Banqueting Hall. The walls facing us are neatly labelled: "Kitchen," and "Armoury." In the left corner is a stall where refreshments and pictorial postcards may be obtained. In the centre are three long tables, placed parallel to one another, with benches of an uninviting aspect. An elderly Female Custodian is discovered in a black bonnet, a blue print dress with white spots, a lilac apron, and low spirits.

The Custodian (bitterly, to her small grandson). Gettin' on fur ar-pas one, TOMMY, and not a livin' soul bin in yet—'cep' them two cyclissin' gents as couldn't stop fur no refresher-mints! The Publick is all fur novelties nowadays, siminly, an' Harchiology's quite hout o' date! Them rock-cakes 'll be flints by to-morrer, and milk turnin' soon as look at it this 'ot weather! . . . Was that wheels? (looking through window). A long waginette, with a young ladies' school inside of it! Orter git rid o' them rock-cakes now—young ladies gen'ally 'as good 'elthy happetites, bless their 'arts! (a bell inside the archway jangles rustily). They ain't got no call fur ter ring—the door's hopen wide enough!

[The Pupils of Pelican House, Groyneborough-on-Sea, enter by twos and threes, followed by Mlle. SIDONIE DUVAL, the resident French Governess, and Miss MALKIN, the Principal.

Miss Malkin (with guide-book). . . . precise date History is silent. On entering, the visitor cannot fail to be struck by the imposing—

Cust. The charge for hedjucation'l establishmints is threepence per 'ed, Mem, please, hordinary persons bein' sixpence. (As Miss MALKIN pays the sum demanded, and enters it as an item under the heading "Pleasure Excursion") If your young ladies was requiring hany refreshermints, I've some lovely rock-cakes, fresh baked this mornin', likewise noo milk and hother teetotal drinks.

Miss M. Thank you—we have our own provisions. But we shall want a few plates and tumblers—oh, and a clean table-cloth, if you have such a thing. (The Custodian departs with a sound between a sigh and a sniff.) A majestic ruin, is it not, Mamzell? Ah, if these grey old walls could but speak, what stories they might tell us!

Mlle. Duval (presuming, like BECKY SHARP, on her employer's imperfect familiarity with colloquial French). Mon Dieu, Madame, je n'en sais trop—un tas de choses joliment embêtantes, probablement!

Miss M. Vous avez raison. Quel dommage, donc, qu'ils sont—(forgets the French for "dumb") qu'ils ne peuvent pas!

Mlle. D. Puisque vous êtes ici, Madame, ce sera précisément la même chose!

Miss M. Oh! beaucoup moins intéressante, je crains! (To herself) French people certainly have a knack of putting things pleasantly! (To the Pupils) I think, my dears, we had better lunch before we explore the ruins. Be careful not to leave your eggshells about, and reserve your jam-puffs until after you have eaten the sandwiches. (They take their seats at the table on the left.) How wonderfully peaceful it is

here—one feels so remote from all the whirl and stress of modern life!

[A prolonged "toot" without, followed by a succession of snorts, pants, and clanks; the bell jangles, and presently a Motorist enters, with the condescending air of a god from a machine, accompanied by two rather flamboyant females.

Motorist (to Custodian). I—ah—s'pose we can lunch heah, what?

Cust. (cheering up). Cert'nly, Sir, arter payin' for hentrance—sixpence per 'ed is the charge, which it does not go ter me, but towards keepin' the ruins in repair. I've some nice 'ome-made rock-cakes, Sir, also noo milk and hother tem-p'rence—

Motorist (appalled). Good gad! (Calling to someone in gateway) Just bring that basket in, will yah.

[A Chauffeur staggers in with a huge luncheon basket, and unpacks a raised pie, cold chicken, champagne, &c., on the table farthest from the School.

Cust. (to herself, as she retires wounded). My vittles may be 'umble—but they are 'olesome!

First Flamboyant Female (pettishly). Why you should want to break the run here is beyond me! I loathe taking my meals in this scrambly way, and being stared at like wild beasts, too, by a pack of saucer-eyed school-girls!

Motorist. Won't hurt you to rough it for once, my dear girl! (To Chauffeur) ALPHONSE, here's a packet of food for you, and a half-bottle of fizz—you'll feel more at home with them in the tonneau, I daresay.

[ALPHONSE withdraws.

Second F. F. Champagne for a chauffeur! You are lavish, I must say!

Motorist (apologetically). Well, look what a pace he's brought us along at! Must do the fellah decently. Besides, between ourselves, it's

a different brand from this, what?

Second F. F. So long as it doesn't spoil him! . . . I call it rather jolly, lunching out like this in the open—more romantic than having it in a restaurant, anyhow.

First F. F. Don't see where the jollity comes in, myself—nor yet the romance. These mouldy old ruins give me the hump! What I like is a first-class hotel, with a band playing, and serviettes, and everything of the latest. That's my idea of comfort. Isn't there any jelly in that pie?—thanks—and a little more pigeon while you're about it.

Miss M. (in an undertone to Mademoiselle). Nouveaux riches—très-mauvais tong—un exemple détreissant de la luxe moderne! (To the Pupils) In such surroundings, my dears, we should endeavour—without, CECILIA, allowing our attention to be distracted by what is no concern of ours!—to call up a mental picture of this place as it was in the days of old. Try to fancy these ancient walls all hung with costly arras (or tapestry), those gaping window-frames glowing with painted glass, this courtyard full of men-at-arms and pages in rich liveries—(The Pupils stop munching, and allow their mouths to fall slightly apart under the mental strain; the bell jangles once more)—while through the archway, returning, perhaps, from some raiding or hawking expedition, there enters a gay and rollicking party. (Here a Tripper in gorgeous raiment makes an impressive entrance, attended by his "young lady," also in festal attire, an elderly couple in more sombre garb, and a sheepish youth with a billycock on the



The Lizard (to the Chameleon). "WAS IT YOU WHO STOLE MY BLUE-BOTTLE? AH, I SEE IT WAS! YOU'RE CHANGING COLOUR!"

back of his head.) I am wholly at a loss to imagine, EMMELINE TITTEN, what I can have said to provoke such immoderate and unladylike mirth!

Tripper (an inveterate farceur, to whom mediæval diction of the Wardour Street order seems to have suggested itself as the most appropriate medium for his facetiousness). A 'arty welcome, fair Uncle Josh, to thee and all thy kin! Would that me ancestral 'alls were worthier to receive ye! But the 'Ouse of 'ENERY URCH 'as come down in the world, and so 'tis many a long year since we last 'ad the old place prop'ly done up! *(His party endeavour to repress this exuberance by exhorting him to "beyave and not go acting the goat with comp'ny present;" Mr. HENRY URCH, however, observing an audience, is unable to resist playing up to it, and, on the Custodian's appearance, strikes an attitude of melodramatic recognition.)* But 'oom do I beyold? Is it—kin it be the fythful retyner of me noble family—dear ole Dame MARJ'RY, with 'oom, when I was but a che-ild and she still a sorey continarian, I used to ply at 'orses in the Harmy? Dost not reckonise thy young Master, Dame? *(The Custodian, with an expression of patient disgust, applies for the entrance fees.)* 'Ast thou the nerve to demand a tester from the last of 'is rice when 'e cometh to drop a tear on the 'ome of 'is boy'ood? . . . Thou 'ast? Well, well—ere is a broad 'alf bull ter pay thy charges. I bring distinguished guests—*(introducing his companions, whose resentment is only restrained by the fact that he is paying all expenses)*—Herl and Countess ODLUM, the Lady LOUEY EKINS—me intended bride—and 'er brother, the Lord 'ERR. We 'ave come from far and are a'nungered. 'Ast thou a cold boar's 'ed in cut, good Dame?

Cust. Don't you go a-good-damin' me. If it's refreshermints you want, you must put up with rock-cakes.

Mr. 'Enery Urch. Nay, Mistress, thou art spoofin' us! Kin I not beyold a party o' pilgrims partakin' yonder of a ven'sin parsty, also fair young gyurls engaged in samplin' 'ard-boiled eggs? . . . Oh? I see—my error! Harwell, 'twould ha' broke me proud ole parint's 'art, could he ha' seen his son, in 'alls that was once a byword for their perfuse 'orspitality, redooed to regale his guests on the lowly rock-kike! No matter—we will e'en 'ave a few on appro. An' now to tyble! *(He conducts the others with ceremony to the centre table.)* Lady EKINS will set on my right 'and, Countess ODLUM opposite—me noble Herl, I pritheeb unbuckle yer 'arness fer a blow-out. Me Lord 'ERR, do not scruple ter remove your 'elmet.

[They seat themselves, with feeble protests against any further tomfoolery; the motoring party affect a lofty unconsciousness; Miss MALKIN glares at the unfortunate EMMELINE TITTEN, whose pocket-handkerchief is wholly insufficient to stifle her untimely sense of humour; the other Pupils regard her over their jam-puffs with eyes of wondering disapproval.]

Miss Malkin. Il est évidemment un peu—er—élevé, Mamzell—une triste faillite de nos ordres inférieures en vacances! *(To the Pupils)* We will, I think, finish our lunches in

the Banqueting Hall. EMMELINE, I shall have a word to say to you later, when you are sufficiently composed to realise fully the impropriety of your behaviour.

Mr. Urch (endeavouring to divide a rock-cake). By me 'alidome, Dame, 'tis rightly termed! Could you oblige us with the loan of a battle-axe? But stay, we 'ave a noble thust on us. Whatto! a stoup o' Marmsey or Kinairy wine withal! What, no wines in the 'Ouse? Send 'ither ole SIMON the Cellarer, Dame MARJ'RY, and, an 'e perdooce not lickers in less than 'alf a non, 'e shall be striteway 'oofed inter the oobiliette! *(The Pupils disperse and purchase postcards; EMMELINE, by this time on the verge of hysterics, seeks sanctuary in the ruined chapel.)* Well, never mind, if he's out, we'll 'ave a noggin o' sparklin' cider instead, sime as what the party at the next tyble are 'aving.

The Motorist (to his ladies, but speaking at Mr. URCH). Fellah must be shockin' boundah not to know cidah from—ah—champagne, what?

Mr. Urch (to Uncle Josh, in a stage whisper). Did you 'ear that, Mr. ODLUM? Achshally drinkin' Shempine—with their lunch! I dessay, though, they don't know no better—'aven't 'eard yet that it ain't the classy thing to do, nowadays. *(To Custodian)* Fetch some flaggins of the rare ole gingerile as me noble Dad laid down to be broached the day I come of age!

[Custodian departs mystified.]

First F. F. (to the Motorist). I wish to goodness we'd gone to a hotel—they don't let horrid vulgar people in there! And they don't give you tough fowls to eat, either!

Mr. Urch (to Miss EKINS). 'Ave another rock-cake, Loo,—you needn't be afride of it—it ain't as if it was some old 'en we'd 'ad to buy, 'cause we'd run over it! *(The Motorist and his ladies decide to go and see what ALPHONSE is up to.)* Why, blest if we ain't got the place all to ourselves, now!

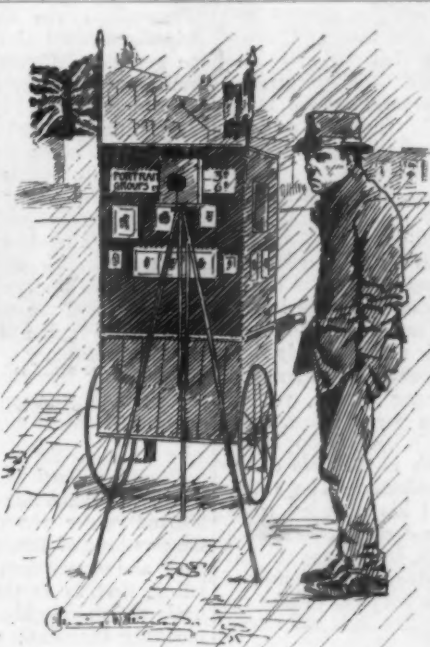
Miss Ekins (with some asperity). F. A.

Ah, that's the beauty of coming out for the day with you, 'ENERY. We do get privacy!

There's Many a False Word Spoken in Jest.

A PRACTISING physician writes to protest, gently but earnestly, against one of the "Spring-cleaning Hints" in *Mr. Punch's* last issue. The objectionable paragraph ran as follows: "To remove inkstains from the fingers—Fill your mouth with spirits of salts, and then suck the fingers thoroughly." Our correspondent predicts that, if this direction is taken seriously by some youthful reader, a prospect which he regards as being "well within the bounds of possibility," the result may be fatal. His apprehensions are increased by the reflection that "our enlightened Legislature at present permits anyone to buy such fearful corrosive poisons as spirits of salts, and these need not even bear a label." *Mr. Punch* humbly cries *Peccavi*; and hopes never again to run the risk of being taken seriously.

In an article entitled "Care of the Insane" the current *Quarterly* states that "The Lord Chancellor is the custodian of all other idiots and insane persons."



A MAN WHOSE BUSINESS IS QUICKLY
"DEVELOPING."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IN hitting upon *The Disciple's Wife* as the title for his novel (Duckworth & Co.), Mr. VINCENT BROWN will have puzzled a good many of his readers, whose number will not be small, seeing that his style of writing commands attention, and the plot of the story, originally conceived and well carried out, is essentially interesting. The author's fault is sermonising. He does not, as did THACKERAY, stop to animadvert, in a sort of satirical aside to the reader, on the conduct of his puppets, but he stops to point a moral which does not adorn the tale. Let the tale speak for itself: and permit the reader to read into it, or out of it, just the moral that best suits him personally. But, O Mister Novelist, don't get out of your chair, where you interest and amuse, to ascend to the pulpit, where you bore, and would scare us away from you, were it not that we await the resumption of your interesting narrative. As the original of THACKERAY's *Foker* was wont to observe, "Proceed, sweet warbler, your story interests me much." There are so many proserers in this novel that we do not want the author to add himself to their number. Philip, the husband of the heroine, is a good fellow but a proser; Mrs. Jonas, the handsome wife of the moody and musical carpenter, is a bit of a prig and inclined to preach; *Fabian Glyn* is a well-intentioned meddling prig. The heroine is a delightfully feather-headed, capricious, impulsive young woman, and *Clonard* is a very ordinary kind of gay *Lothario*, about whom the author has not troubled himself much; and, though I am not at all certain, quoth the Baron, that here the author is not absolutely right in his diagnosis of the commonplace scoundrel who succeeds in attracting a gay-hearted, lively young woman, yet the novel would be better if its villain were worse. But to return to the title, *The Disciple's Wife*. Who is the Disciple? There are two wives—which is the wife of the Disciple, and whose disciple is the husband? The author has no turn for comedy or farce, and his intended comic character of *Marth' Ann*, the cook, is a dreary person. The author cannot be much of a sportsman, by the way, to talk of two men "in hunting dress." He should have consulted *Jorrocks* or *Soapey Sponge* on such a subject. These are minor matters, and in toto the Baron commends and recommends *The Disciple's Wife*.

"But what has all this to do with Spain?" Mr. ROWLAND THIRLMERE, conscience-stricken in an early chapter of his *Letters from Catalonia* (HUTCHINSON), asks. My Baronite is bound to agree in the accuracy of his reply—"Nothing." Through the two stout volumes no improvement follows on this self-confession of discursiveness. On nearly every page Mr. THIRLMERE, presumably in Catalonia, goes off at a tangent. *A propos de bottes* he quotes and discusses HORACE, CERVANTES, "M. BLANC of roulette fame," Sir ROBERT GIFFEN, CHARLES THE NINTH of France, VIRGIL, PETRARCH, and eke Mr. HOOLEY. These and others left out, what Mr. THIRLMERE knows of Spain—and his knowledge is extensive and peculiar—might have been comfortably packed in one volume. The origin of the book is responsible for this fault, if fault it be. It is compact of letters addressed to one "VIOLET" (presumably a sister), to whom in published form they are inscribed. Inspired by brotherly love, the letters wander through space, making the most of straws found floating in whatsoever direction. This comment does not necessarily imply reproof. Breathing the delightful air of Spain in Spring-time, brother THIRLMERE writes in ever-flowing spirits, communicable and welcome to the jaded Londoner. Thoroughly understanding the native tongue, he mixes with the people wherever he finds himself, and conveys pleasant traits of their character and humour. Here is a little

touch which indicates his quality. Speaking of children met in the streets, he notes their "soft, unfathomable eyes like deep pools touched with starlight." That is good. Whilst successfully avoiding the literary style and business method of *Bradshaw* or *Baedeker*, Mr. THIRLMERE, with his sympathetic mind and scholarly taste, will be found a delightful companion for a leisurely tourist through Spain in Spring-time. Though his letters purport to be written from Catalonia, he with characteristic casualty spends half his time in Valencia, and Castile Old and New.

Of the four tales to which Mr. MAURICE HEWLETT gives the title *Fond Adventures* (MACMILLAN), my Baronite likes best "Brazenhead the Great." There is, truly, a smack of *Brigadier Gerard* about the blatant soldier, and if we trace the genesis of CONAN DOYLE's hero we shall discover it in reminiscence of *The Three Musketeers*. A very good model too, and *Brazenhead* is worthy of his far-off parentage. Here is a pen-and-ink sketch of him: "A wondrous hairy man; a forest on his nose; hairs on his lip and chin, and fierce hairs which push upwards on his throat like ivy on a stock. A loud talker, speaking of things which he knows little about, the loudlier speaking the less he knoweth." A courtly man withal, an almost unrivalled liar, who by dint of grace and art wins his way into the favour of a prim Prioress. Mr. HEWLETT's stories are set far back in the epoch he describes as "the youth of the world." There is much murder and rapine in all. Each is ablaze with local colour, and the vocabulary is strangely rich. One feels that if they did not talk like that in Toulouse, in Florence, in Padua, and on a pilgrimage to Canterbury in the olden time, they ought.

Peace on Earth is the title of a novel (ALSTON RIVERS) by REGINALD TURNER that cannot fail to interest even the lightest-hearted reader who does not willingly trouble himself with the problems of life. Here they are brought to him one by one; and sooner than he expects he will find himself speculating, first, as to the upshot of the marriage of the very lively and thoroughly natural girl *Cicely* with the dry-as-dust, plodding barrister; secondly, as to the influence of a gay man of the world on this wife; thirdly, as to the outcome of the socialist doctrines of an enthusiast and the vagaries of an eccentric philanthropist. The saddest part in this story of *La Vie Humaine* is the career of the boy *Paul*; and here it seems to the Baron that the author, who gives us confidentially the parentage of this lovable, impressionable waif and stray, has thrown away a rare chance of cleverly working out *Paul's* story to a dramatic finish, which might have been made as startlingly effective as the saving of *Barnaby Rudge* from the gallows, or the revelation of the identity of another *Paul*—*Paul Clifford*—with the child for whom *Judge Brandon* had searched in vain. The Baron is of opinion that the title is somewhat misleading and inappropriate, as the *Spodes*, to whom it is in no way applicable, are the protagonists of the main drama, while *Peace on Earth* is the declared aim of the Socialists, whose doings after all are only of secondary importance in the construction of this novel. It would have been artistically better had no revelation as to little *Paul's* parentage ever been made. The Baron recommends the book, although the portions of it "with a purpose" are somewhat wearisome.





WELL MEANT, BUT—

Motorist (with heated cylinders). "WHERE CAN I GET SOME WATER?"

Rustic. "THERE BEANT NOO WATTER HEREABOOTS—BUT YE CAN HAVE A SUP AT MY TEA!"

TO THE SUN.

SPRING has arrived; high o'er the boggy hollows
The sanguine cuckoo shouts his name afar;
I have not heard as yet about the swallows,
But Philomel turned up, and got catarrh.

And Thou, prime Orb, on whose reviving power
All things depend: whose duty 'tis to bring
Warmth to the flesh, and life to tree and flower,
Art thou aware, O Sun, that this is Spring?

'Tis May; yet still the storm-god's wanton malice
O'errides the crescent arduours of thy brow;
Our sodden lands await thy smile—but ALICE,—
Excuse my saying "ALICE"—where art Thou?

Full well I wot that far across the ocean
Many there be on India's coral strand
(Why "coral," as a fact, I have no notion)
To whom Thou dealest more than they can stand.

To them that face of thine is nowise cheerful;
Rather the other way—thy brassy glow
Leads them to language positively fearful,
And no one more so than my late C. O.

But here, O fond but most elusive charmer,
Robbed of thy smile, disaster crowns the May;
Even that optimist, the British farmer,
Weeps for his tender lambkins, and his hay.

The rude wind sweeps the blossom from the fruit-trees;
Our maidens fear to don their Spring attire,
Their Paris boots repose upon their boot-trees,
And they inhale ammonia by the fire.

Oh is this fair, great Orb, or even moral?
Must A. go chilled, while on the selfsame globe
B., on the strand mistakenly called "coral,"
Becomes a blind and blistered Heliophobe?

DUM-DUM.

Sale of Antiques.

FROM the *Field*: "A quarter of a century ago we recall seeing some fresh halibut on retail sale at Bridgnorth at as little as twopence a pound. A month later it had become appreciated" [we can well believe it] "and had risen to fivepence; and in these days double that price is more like its figure on the fishmongers' slabs."

By my halibut, 'tis a passing ancient fish!

A LOAN OF LONDON.—"After the service the wedding party returned to luncheon at —, and then Mr. and Mrs. — left in a motor *en route* for London, which was kindly lent for the occasion by Mr. —"—*Cork Constitution*.

ACCORDING to the *Yorkshire Post* "the umpires for the test matches have been balloted for." Duck's eggs, of course; and we can only express the hope that the Australians will have their fair share of them.

OUR COMING PREMIER.

["It is rumoured that at an important private meeting of prominent Liberals held yesterday, it was unanimously decided that Sir H. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN was to be recognised as the Liberal leader in any eventuality."

At Bala, before six hundred delegates from all parts of Wales, representing the Free Churches, &c., Sir ALFRED THOMAS said that they were about to have a grand reform in Parliament, and that he "looked for twenty years of firm Liberal Government after the General Election."
—Daily Mail of May 3rd.]

ALL hail, elect of your consentient peers !

On you the choice has fallen, has fallen on you !

And to the winds we toss our idle fears

Touching the many cooks that spoiled the stew ;

That painful pentalemma now is shivered,

On whose distracting horns we hung and quivered.

Some men are great before they grow adult

(SPENCER and ROSEBERY were that at birth) ;

And some achieve the same desired result

(LLOYD-GEORGE and WINSTON) by consummate worth ;

Others are dumped into the highest station

Without the least apparent provocation.

These have no stamp of genius on the brow ;

Greatness was never their predestined lot ;

Yet they arrive—no man can tell you how,

For reasons—none can say exactly what,

Though beaten rivals plausibly locate 'em

In some misprint or clerical erratum.

Not so with you. When first we heard your lips

Extemporising from the written page,

We knew the statesman whom the hour equips,

Who happens only once in every age ;

"That man," we said, "unless the fates are cynical,

Is almost bound to end upon a pinnacle."

Time proves us prescient. On a "flowing tide"

(The good old tag) your vessel sweeps to port ;

Pacing the poop, erect and eagle-eyed,

You watch the winking poll-star ; nothing short

Of some profound seaquake, past human plumbing,

Can now divert your long delayed home-coming.

Ah ! happy day that sees your stately form

Fixed in the Chair of National Defence ;

You who for England's need in calm or storm

Have never yet been known to spare expense ;

On whom (I said last week) we hang a sure hope

Of readjusting our prestige in Europe !

The situation calls for *savoir-faire* :

You must reform our diplomatic school,

And by a strenuous policy repair

The pitiful effects of Tory rule—

The French *entente*, the Japanese alliance—

And breathe the old Gladstonian world-defiance !

At home you'll harmonise the rival claims

Of Christian ushers ; by a smart combine

(Union with Separation) bring the aims

Of ROSEBERY and REDMOND into line ;

And mend the Party's wounds with oil and stitches

When Labour runs amok on Liberal pitches.

Not all at once—Rome took at least a week—

But give it time enough and Truth prevails ;

Did not Sir ALFRED THOMAS, Knight and Beak,

Remark when he addressed revolting Wales—

"I look to see our side enjoying twenty

Firm years of office ?" That, I hope, is plenty !

O. S.

IN BERLIN.

WELL, Sir, here I am in Berlin, and a pretty cheerful disappointment it is. You (I think it was you, but if you deny it we can put it on to TOBY, M.P.) had led me to expect a dull and gloomy military capital, swept by sand-storms and inhabited only by soldiers, officials and long-haired philosophers. You'll have to revise your ideas. Berlin is nothing of the sort. To tell the plain truth, it is one of the liveliest, pleasantest and handsomest cities in which a rolling stone like myself can pause and gather moss—it being understood, of course, that the moss in question is light beer of the frothiest, clearest, and most seductive sort. You, Sir, have studied at the University, and I daresay you think you know what beer is and how it should be drunk. Permit me to assure you that you don't—haven't a notion of it, in fact. I hadn't till I came here, but one learns (and drinks) a lot in a week, and, moreover, one learns without trouble and drinks with a minimum of alcohol. All the Berliners drink beer. They drink it in gardens, in restaurants, in kellers, in their homes—everywhere ; and they're all as jolly about it as mice in a larder. I haven't seen an angry Berliner yet, not even a policeman, and I'm fairly certain that their perpetual good humour is due to their devotion to beer.

As for my statement that Berlin is handsome, I can see from here that you don't believe it. "Pish," I can hear you saying (or words to that effect), "does the man want to make me think that these Prussians have any buildings worthy to be compared with the National Gallery, or any monuments fit to be placed side by side with the Albert Memorial, or any statues as noble as those in Trafalgar Square?" You need not believe anything you don't want to believe, but I'm bound all the same, being a truthful man, to say that Berlin is a city of magnificent palaces, splendid monuments, and great busy streets, flanked by rows of splendidly-planned and solidly-built houses—streets in which the tide of life streams in a flood of bustling humanity from morning—I was going to say, to night, but I correct myself, for no Berliner seems ever to take any sleep, and the streets overflow with animation all the night through.

One thing I am sure would delight you in Berlin, and that is the parade-step of the Prussian soldiers as they change guard every day at the little guard-house near the Royal Palace. At 12.30 the gentlemen who are in occupation of this house have the distant and listless appearance which seems inseparable from soldiery when no immediate duty presses. A few minutes afterwards they all become brisk and lively, for the strains of a band are heard as a regiment comes swinging along *Unter Den Linden*. The regiment drops a detachment, and the detachment marches into the yard of the guard-house.

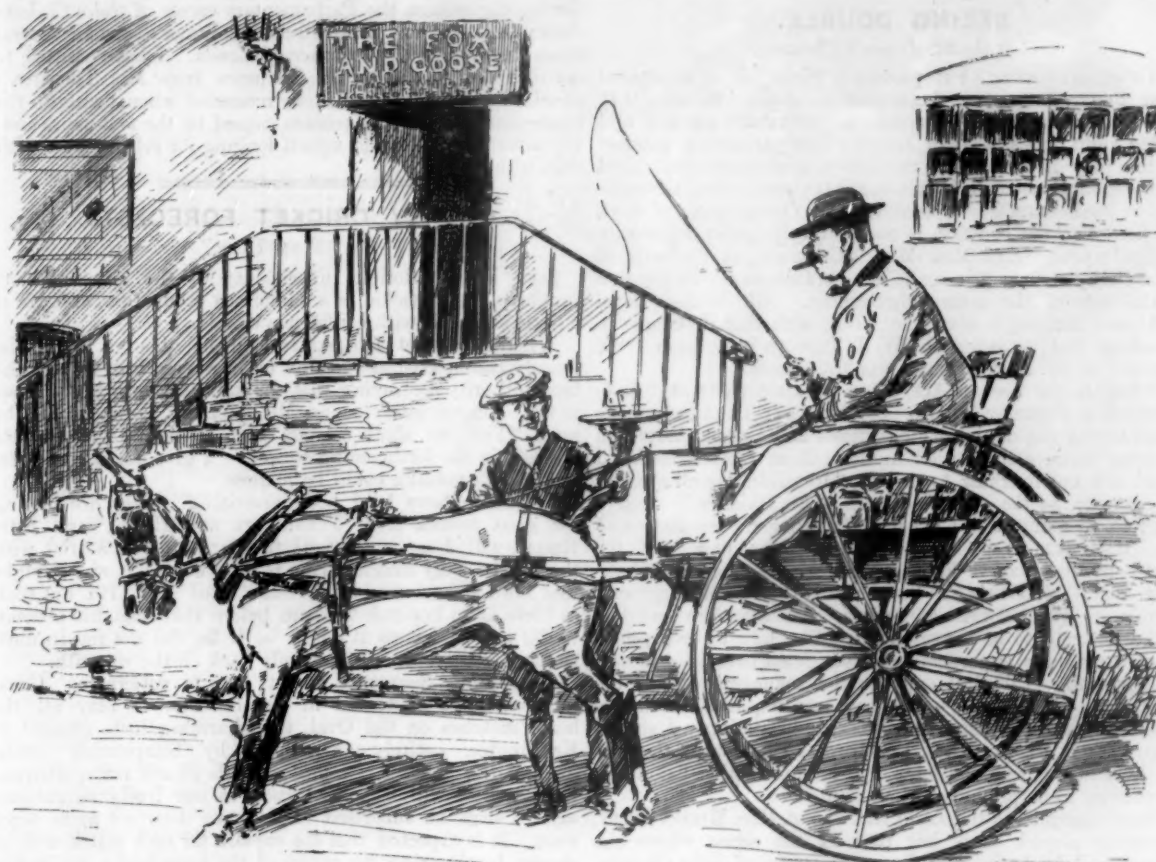
I suppose you fancy it's an easy thing to march. All I can say is that you don't know what parade-marching means to a Prussian soldier. Imagine, if you please, these thirty sturdy fellows with their eyes and teeth set, their helmets gleaming in the sun (we are having a good deal of sun in Berlin), and their rifles at their shoulders, all marching not in the everyday fashion, but all flinging out leg after leg in perfect unison high and to its full extent, with toes defiantly pointed straight out in the air, and then bringing down the boot with a bang that shakes the solid earth, and makes each soldier-cheek quiver like an agitated jelly. I never saw anything like it. Nobody smiled, not even when two privates, no doubt selected because they were particularly plump and their cheeks more apt to quiver than the rest, marched across the yard in this manner by themselves. It was a solemn and impressive spectacle.

I have been looking about a good deal for that hatred of the British which, according to some of our English writers, is prevalent here ; and, so far, I haven't found it. Please



THE DIGNITY OF THE FRANCHISE.

QUALIFIED VOTER. "AH, YOU MAY PAY RATES AN' TAXES, AN' YOU MAY 'AVE RESPONSERBILITIES AN' ALL; BUT WHEN IT COMES TO VOTIN', YOU MUST LEAVE IT TO US MEN!"



"More water glideth by the mill
Than wots the miller of."

Publican. "ULLOA! THAT'S A SMART PONY AND TRAP YOU'VE GOT. I THOUGHT YOU'D JUST COME THROUGH THE BANKRUPTCY COURT?"
Sinner. "RIGHT YOU ARE, MY BOY! BUT THE PONY AND TRAP WENT BOUND!"

believe me, in spite of everything that the editors of the *National Review* and other papers may say, that no blameless Englishman who comes here will be imprisoned or deported or pierced with a sword or otherwise insulted. On the other hand he can count upon a hospitality genially offered and profusely bestowed, and will be made to feel that he is a welcome guest. *Vive l'entente cordiale*, say I; but I don't quite know why we should go about our ententing with one nation in such a way as to make people believe that we do it less because we love that nation than because we want to prove our rooted dislike of some other nation. Anyhow, Sir, come and join me in Berlin and try the beer and watch the parade-step of the guards.

Yours, as ever,

"TOM THE TOURIST."

Black Game.

KITCHENMAID wishes situation; one with shooting preferred.—*Advt. in The Scotsman.*

Beetles, we presume.

"ANXIOUS RATEPAYER" writes enclosing an official ukase (in red type) issued by the Comptroller of the Metropolitan Water Board. The document says: "During the Financial Year commencing on the 1st April, 1905, and thereafter until further notice, water rates will be collected half-yearly during the periods ending the 30th September and the 31st March respectively, the rates being payable in advance by equal quarterly payments at Lady Day, Midsummer Day, Michaelmas Day and Christmas Day." Our correspondent would greatly like to know which of these instructions he had better obey. Ought he to pay "in advance by equal quarterly payments," or stay at home "during the periods ending the 30th September and the 31st March respectively," while the rates are being "collected half-yearly"? He would rather not do either, and flatly refuses to do both. We strongly recommend "ANXIOUS RATEPAYER" to consult Dr. CLIFFORD.

Another Infant Phenomenon.

"PLAYING for Caius College against St. John's, S. F. PESHALL, who is in his third year, scored 118."

SEEING DOUBLE.

(At the St. James's Theatre.)

'Tis an interesting, but puzzling, piece. It is an appeal from PHILIP, or rather ALEXANDER as *John Chilcote*, M.P. under the influence of morphia, to ALEXANDER clothed and in his right mind as *John Loder*. The perplexing interest of the play is centred in the two single gentlemen rolled into one, impersonated by GEORGE ALEXANDER, who, throughout, in both characters is excellent. No better piece of work has he done; the contrast is most carefully, most artistically insisted upon. And Miss MIRIAM CLEMENTS, as the wife of *John Chilcote*, gives us a really fine performance. Repression is the note of the acting throughout. All do their level best, and nothing is overdone. But, with due deference to dramatist and manager, Mr. W. J. THOROLD is no more "the double" of Mr. ALEXANDER than is Mr. *Punch*.

When, in the Second Act, at an evening party at "*Lady Bramfells*, Berkeley Square" (O *Jeames!*), I noticed on the scene among the distinguished guests Mr. ARTHUR APPLIN, in evening dress, *décoré*, titled in the bill as *Lord Bramfell*, I could not but murmur to myself, "Here, despite all attempt at disguise, is the real double of *John Chilcote*." And I am fain to admit I did expect this other representative of Mr. ALEXANDER to give a new turn to the plot. Of the novel, by the way, I know absolutely nothing. As, however, Mr. W. J. THOROLD is the accepted (by the Management) double of Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER, and therefore entitled, authoritatively, to be considered as "like him as two peas," of course a mere superficial observer must cave in and say, apologetically, "Well, I suppose the management and the author are right. Only—if I had been requested to choose a double for Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER, unhesitatingly I should have chosen Mr. APPLIN." However, as I have said, the note of the acting is reserved force, and here is another "double" in reserve, to be produced when wanted.

Captivating as is the *Lady Astrupp* of Miss MARION TERRY, earnestly played as is her part in the scene where she identifies *John Loder* with the impersonator of *John Chilcote*, M.P., what influence does she, with her discovery, bring to bear on the plot? What does she do? Nothing: except to dine *tête-à-tête* with *John Loder* after the curtain has descended on Act III. *Lady Astrupp* makes no use of her knowledge: nor does the fact of her identification of the pretender with her whilom lover *John Loder* weigh with *Chilcote's* double, whose sense of honour, kindled in him by his love, has determined him to tell the truth to *Chilcote's* wife, to give up the game, and to save *Chilcote*, if his salvation be possible. Without *Lady Astrupp's* discovery the result, as far as I can make out, would have been precisely the same, and therefore, except as affording a fine dramatic opportunity to Miss MARION TERRY and Mr. ALEXANDER, the character of *Lady Astrupp* is absolutely *de trop*.

That this is a fault in the dramatised version I affirm: whether it be an original defect of the novel I am unaware. Without this suggestion of some sort of disreputable intrigue in the history of *John Loder* and *Lady Astrupp* the play might have been dramatically dull. Pity, by the way, that on a kitten, not mentioned in the bill, should depend most of the few "laughs" that brighten up this play. Such "business" as this may be "enough to make a cat laugh," but *non tali ingenio* should any such distracting merriment be introduced.

The dialogue is, as Mr. *Toots* might have said, "of no consequence," but with the acting throughout of everybody concerned not a fault can be found.

A good, or bad, twenty minutes might be cut out of it somewhere, which would considerably lighten the play, and increase the chances of the public continuing to take their seats in the House to hear the speeches, and applaud,

during the session the Parliamentary career of *John Chilcote* ALEXANDER, M.P. for King Street, St. James's, cousin several times removed to *The Prisoner of Zenda*. I have omitted to say that the play is by Mr. THURSTON, from Mrs. THURSTON's novel, a fact of which I was only reminded when, owing to the excitement and nervous tension caused by the two-hours-and-a-quarter drama, I found myself longing for refreshment, with such a thirst on!

COUNTY CRICKET FORECASTS.

By "PLUM DUFF."

SUCH is the glorious uncertainty of the game that to prophesy about cricket is a dangerous occupation, and yet if anyone can do it with confidence it is I.

Whether or not Lancashire will be able to retain the County championship remains to be seen; but I have the best authority for saying that the gallant White Roses mean to try. On my interviewing Mr. MACLAREN the other day, he said, "Yes, we shall do our best to retain the premier position in the forthcoming season." I give his exact words, than which nothing could be plainer.

Yorkshire have long been practising. They are hoping for good results from TUNNICLIFFE and HURST; and little RHODES will, I am authorised to say, be given a trial with the ball in every match. This is good news. It was thought that Lord HAWKE would not return until May 11th, but that, as there is no important fixture before that date, his absence would not be felt as it might be if he did not return until October. However, he is already back on the warpath.

Concerning Surrey it is not easy to vaticinate. Great satisfaction is expressed at the decision to play all the home matches on the Oval, the charming little ground at Kennington entirely surrounded by Temperance hotels. Such of the county's old professionals as are not qualifying for Somerset will be *en évidence*, as our lively neighbours say. I shall be surprised if HAYWARD does not make some runs. It is expected that the captain for each match will be chosen by throwing the names of the team into a hat before play begins. This is obviously much better than the old way of appointing one captain for the whole season, as Yorkshire and Lancashire do. It has been arranged to have one of the neighbouring gasometers filled with ink, so that the supply may never run short on the Oval.

Of Middlesex it does not become me to speak in superlatives. I will therefore content myself by calling the team a collection of A1 clippers. Weather permitting, and all things being equal, the team should do well; but if they do not they are sportsmen enough to take it like men and brothers. Most of the old stalwarts will again be available, and no doubt the schoolmaster brigade will yield a recruit or two when August comes. I have special authority for saying that the stumps at Lord's will neither be raised nor widened this year.

Somerset will again have the services of the genial and exuberant SAMMY; and what could be better? Owing to the fact that HIRST and TYLDESLEY, JOHN GUNN and J. T. HEARNE are not yet qualified to play for them, they will not be so strong as they might be; but I confidently expect to see them pull the fat from the fire again and again.

Sussex will have occasional help from her Indian Prince, and Mr. FRY will again be captain. Whether or not Mr. FRY comes off in the test matches remains to be seen. That he will if he gets set, I am convinced. Interviewed the other day, as he was leaving the office of his magazine, Mr. FRY said, "Yes, the season is just beginning, and I hope it will be a fine one." So do we all.

Meanwhile all the best players are busy sharpening their pencils or filling their fountain pens, a feature of the coming season being a literary activity which in its hectic feverishness

will leave other seasons nowhere. Each member of the Australian eleven is provided with a special 20-h.p. descriptive writer, whose duty it will be to chronicle every stroke played, or ball bowled or fielded, and to whom the cricketer will be a hero.

A project is afoot to cremate one of W. G.'s bats at the end of the season and enclose the ashes in a golden casket, to be retained by the winners of the Test rubber. As an amendment it is proposed rather to cremate those cricketers who write too much about the game; but to this I am naturally opposed.

THE SECRET OF A GREAT PICTURE.

FAMOUS ARTIST INTERVIEWED.

THE HON. HENRY PITMAN's thrilling picture "Not Out" is the staple of conversation in all cricket pavilions during the luncheon and tea intervals.

The canvas, as visitors to Burlington House are well aware, depicts a scene at Lord's. The batsman has just cut a ball into the hands of Point. The fieldman has evidently brought off a smart catch, and from the jubilant expression on the countenance of the bowler—ALBERT TROTT—it is clear that he has made a confident appeal to the umpire. How then can one reconcile the title with the picture?

The opinion of the experts being unanimously in favour of the view that the title is a misnomer, Mr. Punch's representative determined to go to headquarters for a clue to the mystery.

"To me," remarked Mr. PITMAN, "it is self-evident, though I am quite prepared for the

PUNDITS OF THE POPPING CREASE

to scoff at it because it is so perfectly simple. But first let me tell you how I came to paint 'Not Out.' It has always been a matter of poignant regret to me that there are so few scenes in modern life which lend themselves to the art of the really thoughtful and earnest painter. And yet I have always felt that the true artist should not turn his back on modernity and bury himself in the conventionalities of mock archaism. 'Forward, forward let us range'—has always been my motto, and that naturally suggests football. But the difficulties of painting a really attractive football scene are almost insuperable. The costume, to begin with, is not picturesque, the boots are too big, and the emotions it evokes are apt to be almost primitively violent. I wanted something that would give me an opportunity of depicting the dramatic and the realistic, and of simultaneously appealing to the Man in the Street and the members of the Royal Society. And so I naturally thought of cricket—



AN EVIDENT ALTERNATIVE.

"SHE MARRIED HIM IN SPITE OF GREAT OPPOSITION, DIDN'T SHE?"

"YES. IF HER MARRIAGE DOESN'T TURN OUT WELL, SHE'LL ONLY HAVE HERSELF TO BLAME."

"GOOD GRACIOUS, WHY? WHAT'S TO PREVENT HER BLAMING HIM?"

the great national pastime, denounced by Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING but apotheosized in the historic words of the Iron Duke. The only drawback in this choice," continued Mr. PITMAN, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "is that I have never played cricket myself—I was a Wet Bob at Harrow—and know nothing of the rules. However, this proved but a trifling obstacle. Thanks to the coaching of a few cricketing friends, I speedily mastered the main features of the game, and was able to present in a simple form the

PROFOUND PSYCHOLOGICAL TRUTH

which I wished to drive home. Now I am not going to enter into justification of the title. I merely wish to observe that if you look at the pointsman's hands

—that, I believe, is the technical term for the man who occupies his position—you will observe that the ball is of irregular shape and small size. Also, that if you look behind him you will see on the grass at a little distance a small red object. Now all I have got to add is that if, as I am assured is quite possible, a batsman were to strike the ball with such violence that it broke in two and the fieldman only succeeded in catching the *smaller* fragment, there could be little doubt as to the verdict of the umpire."

The broken ball! Such, indeed, is the obvious solution of this wonderful pictorial conundrum, which has taxed the ingenuity of the brightest wits in the cricket world for the last fortnight.

"PAPER" IN THE STALLS.

(AS ESTIMATED FROM THE PIT.)

Readers are asked to imagine themselves—just for once—in the Pit of a first-class London Theatre. They will be relieved to find that they are perfectly comfortable, and can see and hear admirably. Not that there is anything to see or hear at present, as the doors have only just been opened, the lights are down, the orchestra vacant, and the white backs of the stalls suggest an Arctic region of frozen waves. In the middle of the front row of the Pit are a quartette whose conversation we, being immediately behind them, cannot avoid overhearing. They are a typical party of Modern Pittites, with nothing in their appearance, manner or accent to distinguish them from the occupants of the Dress Circle, though they are either less well off, or else they go to the play so frequently as to make the price a matter for consideration. It evidently does not occur to them—as why should it?—that there is the slightest reason for feeling ashamed of being young and lighthearted enough to extract enjoyment even from a long wait outside the Pit doors, and an equally long one within the theatre. JACK and MAUD; PERCY and ETHEL, are brother and sister respectively, and, if they are not actually two engaged couples as yet, it is probably only a question of time.

Ethel (daintily patting her hair, after pinning a very becoming hat to the partition in front. N.B.—Ladies in the Pit now invariably remove their hats as a matter of course—an act of gracious courtesy and consideration to those behind them to which no lady in a stall at a matinée would ever dream of condescending.) There don't seem to be very many in the Pit, so far. I thought this piece was such a success? All the critics spoke highly of it, didn't they?

Percy. Yes—called it "a thoroughly sweet and wholesome English comedy." Enough to put most people off it!

Jack. Rather a sell for us if it turns out to be absolute footle!

Ethel. I don't mind. I always love ADRIAN BRACEGIRDLE, whatever he's in. Still, I do hope he hasn't got a failure!

Percy. We shall soon find out if he has—by the amount of "Paper" in the Stalls.

Ethel. Paper in the Stalls? What do you mean?

Jack. PERCY means the people who come in without paying—with orders, you know.

Ethel. But how is one to tell from here whether they've paid or not?

Percy. Nothing easier. I'd back myself to spot 'em every time.

Maud. Then you shall point them out to us—it will be rather fun.

Percy. No necessity to point 'em out. They give themselves away. For one thing, they always arrive with morbid punctuality—long before the orchestra. Why, I don't know, unless the Management makes a point of it. (An Attendant enters by the Stall Entrance on the left.) There's some Paper on its way already—I know it by the elevation of that young woman's nose. (A pair of depressed elderly females drift forlornly in, and have to be shepherded out of the wrong row of stalls and into their appointed seats.) There you are, you see! Those red and white woolly things are peculiar to Paper—anti-macassars by day, and "clouds" by night.

Maud. There's another couple just coming in—from the right. Are they Paper, too?

Jack. I should say so. But if he does wear side-whiskers, he might run to a white tie!

Percy. He's got one at home—a made-up bow. Only, you see, the elastic loop went wrong, and his wife—the lady in the blue plush opera-cloak—said there wasn't time to mend

it, and besides, a black tie was full-dress anywhere: she had noticed several quite smart young men wearing them at Cricklewood dances. So he put it on, and stuck a red pocket-handkerchief inside his waistcoat as a finishing touch—and here he is, no end of a buck!

Maud. Can't say I admire the lady's taste in frocks. Sulphur is decidedly not her colour!

Ethel. Especially with turquoise bows and machine-made lace. Oh, but do look at those queer people coming in now. Do you see?—the pale young man in a soft felt hat and a caped cloak. Now he's taken his hat off and is running his hand dreamily through his long hair.

Jack. Must be something in the poetical line. What does PERCY think? Is he "Paper"?

Percy. He's Paper right enough. Got in by presenting his card at the Box Office. He's on the Stage. "Walks on," as they call it. Just now he's resting.

Maud. And what about the girl with him—in a kind of Grecian robe with long white mittens, and a gilt laurel wreath in her hair?

Percy. She's a member of the Profession, too. She has great gifts. Played *Juliet* once at the Bijou Theatre, Bayswater, and would be a leading lady now, only Actor-Managers at the West End won't engage her for fear she'll play them off the stage. So she recites "The Fireman's Wedding" at Acton "At Homes" instead. They will both be tremendously down on the piece and the acting—particularly the acting.

Maud. How can you possibly know all that?

Percy. Oh, well—anyone who wears gilt laurels in her hair naturally would recite "The Fireman's Wedding."

Jack. I say—more Paper! Look—stout old party in black satin, with a white shawl and a magenta feather in her cap! How does she come here?

Percy. Theatrical landlady—the meek little chap with the rebellious shirt-front is her husband—waits at parties if required, so he's quite at home in faultless evening-dress.

Maud. I feel quite sorry for this next couple—that poor old husband and wife who are coming in now. I'm sure they'd be ever so much more comfortable at home on a night like this. What could have induced them to come out?

Percy. Oh, they received an order from the Management—"theirs not to reason why!" &c. If the summons had been to the Upper Circle they might have hesitated—but they couldn't resist Complimentary Stalls. That would have fetched them even if they'd been at their last gasp—they'd have managed to put off their decease and turn up somehow. As it is, if only there are no draughts in the Stalls, and the cab windows fit fairly close, they mayn't be much the worse for their outing to-morrow.

Ethel. Well, I hope they'll enjoy themselves now they are here.

Percy. They don't look as if they expected to. But Paper generally is pessimistic. Result of bitter experience, I suppose.

Maud. Gracious! What a ghastly, cadaverous-looking creature that is over there—do you see him yet?—in the ulster and cloth cap. No—not that side—by the pillar on the right.

Percy. I've got him now. Yes—still more singular instance of the tremendous power an order has over the confirmed "dead-head." He's come up all the way from Brookwood, which is his present address—I suppose the order was forwarded. Well, you'd hardly think it would be worth his while—but they tell me the place is rather quiet, not much life in it, so probably he felt he wanted a change. Anyhow, here he is—he'll go back to-night by the last Necropolitan from Waterloo.

Maud. You're not to be grisly. But really, why do Managers send stalls to such a very quaint set of people?

Percy. Well, one is generally told it's done to convey a



NOT QUITE WHAT HE MEANT.

Joan (on her annual Spring visit to London). "THERE, JOHN, I THINK THAT WOULD SUIT ME."
 Darby (grumblingly). "THAT, MARIA? WHY, A PRETTY FIGURE IT WOULD COME TO!"
 Joan. "AH, JOHN DEAR, YOU'RE ALWAYS SO COMPLIMENTARY! I'LL GO AND ASK THE PRICE."

false impression to the rest that the show is such a brilliant success that it's attracting all the smartest people in London. But of course a Manager isn't really so simple as that. He'd have 'em properly made up if he really meant to deceive. It isn't that.

Maud and Ethel. Then what is it done for?

Perey. Merely to provide the Pit and Gallery with a little mild entertainment till the orchestra is ready to begin.

Jack. Sort of free Exhibition of Freaks. But the orchestra is beginning—no more Freaks now!

Maud. I'm so sorry. I should like to see some of them come in all over again!

Perey. Ah, pity they don't know the impression they've made. F. A.

Anti-Vivisectionists, please note.

YOUNG LADY desires re-engagement as Clerk; five years' experience; used to dissection.—*Portsmouth Evening News*.

It is reported that adders are multiplying in Norfolk. Is this a direct result of the *Daily Mail's* "Breakfast-table Problems"?

CHARIVARIA.

THE President of the Royal Academy complained, at the Banquet, of the ugly garb in which the Army is dressed at the present moment; and, as the Royal Academy is an influential body, it is thought that art ties will shortly be served out to our soldiers.

Sir LAWRENCE ALMA-TADEMA, it is said, is to receive £14,000 for "The Finding of Moses." This sum exceeds the highest prize ever won in a Hidden Treasure Competition.

"A well-known painter," not a member of the Royal Academy, has divulged to an interviewer that he is in favour of an extension of membership.

As usual, the exhibition at Burlington House reflects our passing foibles. Not only is there the "Bridge" picture, but "Pit" is also represented. There is a canvas entitled "A Corner in Rye."

The halfpenny papers have started publishing reproductions of some of the

pictures in the Royal Academy. The printing difficulties, however, seem to be almost insuperable, and it is said that the painter of *August Sunshine* received a request from one of these journals for permission to change the title to *November Fog*.

Hamlet has again been successfully rendered without scenery. But, considering our present high achievements in the art of scene-painting, if you must dispense with one of the two, why not dispense with the acting?

It is semi-officially denied that the leading feature of Mr. STEPHEN PHILLIPS' forthcoming play, *Nero*, is to be a real fire-engine dashing on to the stage.

At a recent meeting of the Glasgow Town Council the Lord Provost declared that he had received a letter from Mr. HALL CAINE, but had either dropped it into the waste-paper basket or thrown it aside. Mr. HALL CAINE is of the opinion that the improbability of this story is so obvious that it is unnecessary to take any notice of it.



OUR VILLAGE.

Village Dame (describing various aches and pains). "MY THROAT 'E DID GO TICKLE, TICKLE, TICKLE, TILL I SES, 'I MUST BE AGOIN' TO BE ILL.' SO I 'OLDS UN TIGHT W' MY 'AND, BUT THAT DIDN'T DO NO GOOD; THEN I PUTS MY OLD STOCKING ROUND UN, BUT THAT DIDN'T DO NO GOOD. SO IN THE MORNIN' I TALKED IT OVER WITH MRS. GILES NEXT DOOR, AND WE THOUGHT AS WE'D SEND OVER TO THE 'WHITE 'ORSE' FOR THREEPENNORTH O' GIN, 'COS I SES, 'PRAFS IT MAY DO I GOOD, AN' PRAFS IT MAYN'T. BUT EVEN IF IT DON'T,' I SES, 'YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WHEN YOU BE DEAD!'"

This is an age of reprints. According to one of our contemporaries some publishers are even bringing the books up to date, for the journal in question acknowledges the receipt of a popular edition of *Tom Browne's Schooldays*. We presume that *Fielding's Tom de Jones* will follow in due course.

We are sorry to have to complain of the manners of an earthquake which visited North Wales last week. Not only did it throw several privates in the Shropshire Militia out of bed, but it "rudely disturbed" one of their officers. All that can be urged in mitigation of this gross impertinence is that the officer was at the time sleeping without his uniform, and his rank was therefore not apparent.

One of the provisions of the new Aliens Bill is a power to expel aliens already resident in this country when convicted of an offence for which they could be imprisoned without the option of a fine.

As a natural result, in certain parts of London an immense demand for a list of such offences has been created among those aliens who are anxious to commit all the others.

We learn from the *Irish Independent* that men imprisoned in Cork Gaol for resisting the police at an eviction have been serenaded by a brass band. It is indeed a pleasant change to find law-breakers being discouraged in "Rebel Cork."

A Sydney gentleman has patented a scheme for supplying fresh air to households from the clouds by an arrangement of captive balloons and tubes. The inventor has submitted his plans to local doctors, who have advised him to take a rest.

A correspondent writes to the *Daily Mail* to enquire whether there is any foundation for the belief that by collecting a million old stamps one can obtain

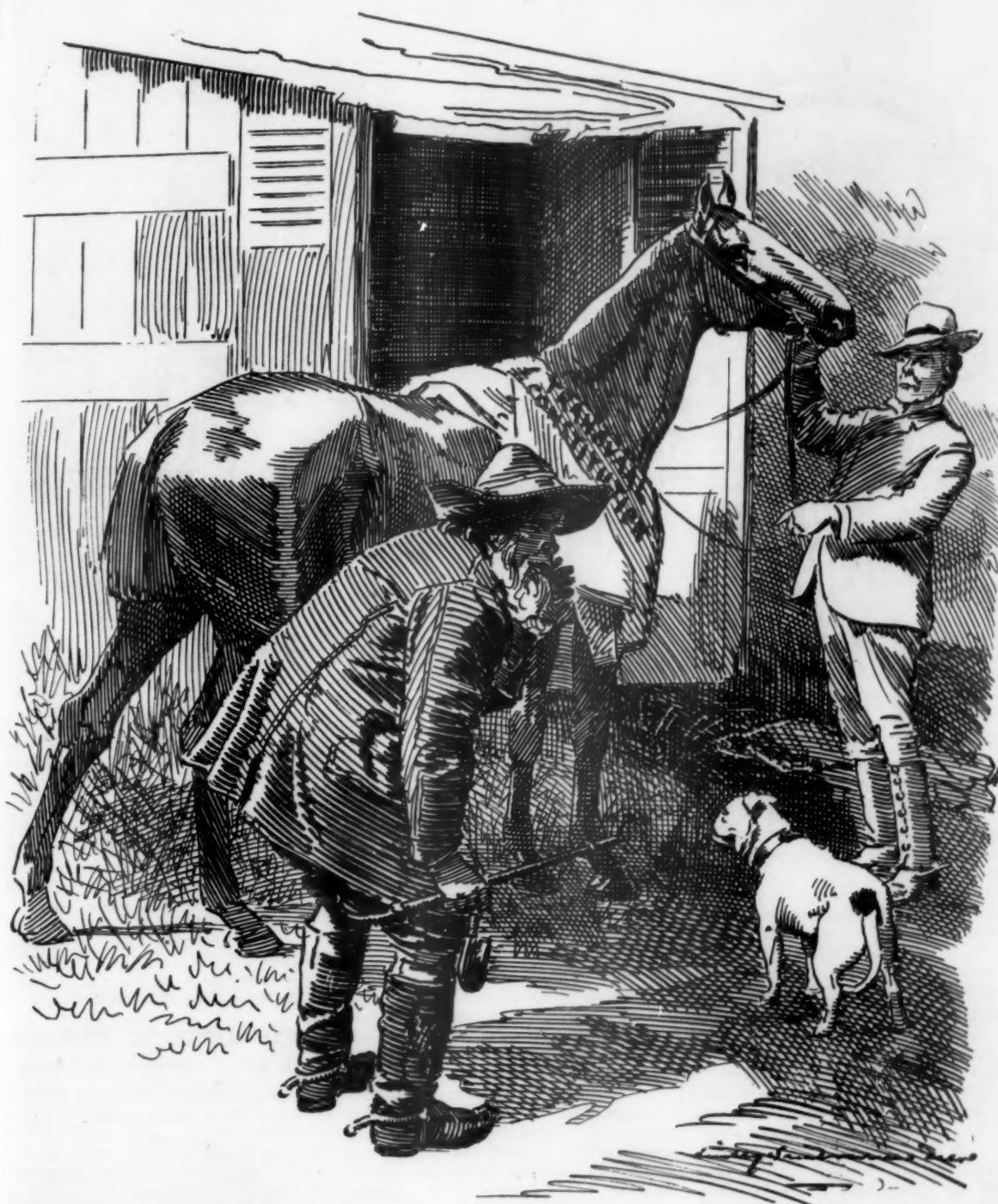
admission to some charitable institution. As we have explained before, such a collection carries with it the right of entrance to certain lunatic asylums.

The Czar has conceded religious freedom to all his subjects except the Jews. Still the Jews must be thankful for small mercies. They retain the right to die for their Czar in Manchuria.

The Army boot-workers on strike have announced their intention of marching on the War Office. This is really too bad. The War Office has done nothing.

A new motor street-cleaning machine which is about to be placed on the market will, it is claimed, even sweep up dogs (with the exception of St. Bernards).

Our pretty May Day customs die hard. A demonstration by Social Democrats and their ladies was held as usual in Hyde Park on the 1st inst.



THE GIFT HORSE.

RIGHT HON. ALFRED LITTLE (COLONIAL SECRETARY). "THERE, MY BOY, THAT'S SOMETHING LIKE A HORSE! HE'LL CARRY YOU TOPPINGLY FOR SOME TIME TO COME."

TRANSVAAL BURGER. "H'M—MUCH OBLIGED. (Aside) DOUBT IF HE'D PASS DE VET!"



THE CITY OF NEW YORK

THE CITY OF NEW YORK, FROM A SKETCH BY J. M. W. TURNER, 1840. THE CITY OF NEW YORK, FROM A SKETCH BY J. M. W. TURNER, 1840. THE CITY OF NEW YORK, FROM A SKETCH BY J. M. W. TURNER, 1840.



HE KNEW HIS WORK.

Proprietor of Travelling Menagerie. "ARE YOU USED TO LOOKING AFTER HORSES AND OTHER ANIMALS?"

Applicant for Job. "YESSIR. BEEN USED TO 'ORSES ALL MY LIFE."

P. O. T. M. "WHAT STEPS WOULD YOU TAKE IF A LION GOT LOOSE?"

A. F. J. "GOOD LONG UNS, MISTER!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Tuesday, May 2.
—After Easter's fitful holiday PRINCE ARTHUR sleeps well. For the matter of that so does his young friend the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. Vain, envious critics are apt to accuse His Majesty's Ministers of lack of business capacity; to see these two lay themselves out to sleep on Treasury Bench as soon as debate on Aliens Bill got under way finally disposes of the imputation.

Surroundings certainly soporific. Members' hurry to get off to holiday equalled only by their lethargic gait in returning.

Overtaking straggling groups crossing Palace Yard one remembered

the whining schoolboy, with his satchel, And shining morning face, creeping like snail Unwillingly to school.

C-B. boldly put in appearance at Question time; debate as it progressed too much for him. Whilst EVANS GORDON (known in the family circle by the name of his classic work, *The Alien Immigrant*) spoke, as became a veteran soldier, in battalions as compared with companies, C-B. hastily rose and fled, followed by full measure of scanty attendance of his colleagues.

"What attitude are the Leaders of the Opposition going to take on this Bill?" sternly asked the gallant Major at the close

of the first hour of his luminous speech. Pausing for reply, lo! he found the Front Bench tenantless. Even Sergeant HEMPHILL, who never wittingly spares himself five minutes of the delight of attendance, had, as they say of the fox, "gone away."

PRINCE ARTHUR, awakened by the laughter that followed EVANS GORDON'S consternation on discovering the effect of his eloquence, looked up.

"Indomitable Major!" he whispered to AKERS-DOUGLAS, who was adding fresh note to already unmanageable sheaf. "We have long known him implacable in efforts to prevent Immigration; behold how irresistible he becomes as promoter of Emigration."

Only DON JOSÉ alert, strenuous, full of fight. Judiciously spared himself the first four hours of debate, a full fourth appropriated by THE ALIEN IMMIGRANT from Stepney. No one expected him to speak; rose in nearly empty House; as usual the Benches filled up when the signal "Joe's up" was flashed to Reading Room, Smoking Room, Library and other resorts of Members who like to arrive at decision on important public questions without being prejudiced by argument urged in debate.

Amid scene suddenly transformed into one of bustling life and animation, DON JOSÉ, with one eye on PRINCE ARTHUR, now wide awake, slyly applauded the Government measure as a step towards greater things. One more stride from a Bill which kept out Alien Labour, and they would land on the larger and more beneficent barricade that prevented foreign goods coming into competition with the product of the British workman.

In fervour of moment DON JOSÉ made a slip that would have covered an ordinary man with confusion. It was as the champion and friend of the oppressed working man he interposed.

"Who are the people," he asked, "whose incursions into the country this Bill is designed to check? Why, they are men who come here to snatch at wages they cannot earn in their own country."

Swift as a dart the watchful Opposition fell on this weak spot. DON JOSÉ's stock argument, trumpeted in Parliament and out, is that introduction of Protection into Great Britain will increase wages of working man. These Aliens come in from countries where Protection has been established for generations. Why, bloatedly prosperous beneath its blessed rule, should they leave hearth and home in search of better wages in a foreign land under Free Trade domination?

Rare to catch DON JOSÉ without ready retort. Jubilantly asked to explain this little matter he, unnoticed, talked of something else.

Business done.—Aliens Bill read second time.

Wednesday.—Sir THOMAS BARTLEY sitting in his familiar corner seat, thinking that the stock of really well-managed Penny Banks will soon exceed the market price of Consols, was disturbed by unusual sound of a Member softly singing to himself. Turning sharply round discovered THOMAS CORBETT, Member for North Down, in the very act. Hon. Member was humming

As it fell upon a day
In the merry month of May.

Impulse irresistible. As matter of fact May had set in with its usual severity; but it was poets' Maytime in the soul of the Member for North Down.

Favoured by fortune at the Ballot-box, he had secured first place at the evening sitting, and was contemplating discussion of Resolution designed to cause his beloved countrymen in Nationalist camp to sit up.

Time was, in memory of some of us, when NEWDEGATE used every Session to bring in motion for appointment of Commission to inquire into Conventual and Monastic Institutions. Those were field nights through which the honest old Tory, the uncompromising Protestant, stood at bay whilst the Catholic Irish Members howled around him. After long interval ELISHA CORBETT clutches at the mantle of the departed prophet, and proposes to blow up again the embers of the old sectarian fire. This is why that song of Maytime bubbles to his lips.

Whilst yet he sang, TAY PAY rose from Nationalist camp and asked leave to move adjournment in order to discuss as matter of urgent importance the engagement of one of His Majesty's ships to convey an armed force to Dursey Island to assist in eviction of a tenant. Half a hundred Members backing up the request, it was forthwith acceded to.

"The merry month of May" froze on the parted lips of the controversial CORBETT. In place of it now was the winter of his discontent. He knew full well what the move meant. TAY PAY and his friends, taking precedence when the House resumed at 9 o'clock, would hold the field for the rest of the sitting. His hardly won, fondly cherished opportunity was snatched from him almost at the moment of its realisation.

ELISHA CORBETT went forth a stricken man. He vaguely remembered how he had secured the very corner seat on the fourth bench below the Gangway, whence once a year NEWDEGATE held forth. So that nothing should be lacking to the *renaissance*, he had privily possessed himself of a snuffbox and a large red pocket-handkerchief, such as NEWDEGATE flourished when the howls of the angered Irish imposed upon him temporary silence. In the altered circumstances they seemed but mockeries. He hid them in the recesses of his locker, in company with the MS. notes of his speech and the terms of his Resolution founded on NEWDEGATE'S. Then he went out and moodily paced the Embankment till the sound of Big Ben announced the adjournment of the House for dinner.

Business done.—Report of Supply.

Friday night.—"And when," I ventured to ask PRINCE ARTHUR, finding him in his room in comparative Friday afternoon leisure, "are you going to reply to DON JOSÉ's overtures on Tariff tactics made before Easter?"

"Do you ever dally with DRAYTON, TOBY mio?" he said, picking up a book he

was reading when I entered. "You know him probably by his *Shepherds Garland* and his *Piers Gaveston*, if indeed you never made the acquaintance of his *Poly-Olbion*."

"Never heard of the young lady," I frankly said.

"Ah, well," PRINCE ARTHUR continued, abandoning obvious intention of instruction, "I've been reading him lately, and came upon a sonnet which somehow haunts me with its musical lines."

And he murmured to himself:

"Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part.

Nay, I have done, you get no more of me;
And I am glad, yea glad with all my heart,
That thus so cleanly I myself can free.
Shake hands for ever, cancel all our vows,
And when we meet at any time again
Be it not seen in either of our brows
That we one jot of former love retain."

"Exactly. Very pretty indeed. But I was thinking about DON JOSÉ and your promised reply."

"So was I," said PRINCE ARTHUR. "By the way, how are they getting on in the House? Have they vetoed 'old Scotch'?"

Business done.—Scotch Liquor Traffic Bill.

CRUMBS OF COMFORT.

WHEN GLADYS comes a whisper wakes,
A sudden thrill prevails,
She holds the eyes of men, and takes
The wind out of our sails.
In spite of every art we use,
Their bosoms she transfixes,
And yet I'm glad to know her shoes
Are unromantic sixes.

The frocks that LEONORA wears
Are absolutely sweet,
She practises such Frenchy airs
It's hopeless to compete.
Her lace is fine, her silks are thick,
Her sables make one sicken;
And yet, though LEONORA'S *chic*,
She's certainly no chicken.

DIANA has a sporting bent
And not a little side,
She's hot upon a screamin' scent
And knows the way to ride.
Her doggy tendencies would please
A print like Mr. STRACHEY'S,
But, though she drops her final g's,
Her father drops his h's.

A Relative Term.

Tommy. Will no "undesirable foreigners" of any kind be allowed to live in England once the Aliens Bill has passed?

Father. No—I don't think so.

Tommy. Hooray. Then Mamzell will have to go!

From the Far East.

WHEN Fleets joined Fleets then was the Togo War.

THE PICK OF THE PICTURES.

(Our Burlesquington House Show.)



387. THE SPEECH.

"Wooden and oleaginous friends! Unaccustomed as I am to public *sneaking*, I beg to move the adjournment on a matter of definite urgent public importance."

1832. Homer, Sweet Homer; or the Accordion-pleated Minstrel.

183. H.H. the Khedive waiting on the top of the building for the high trapeze; or, "Whaur's yer Wullie Hohenzollern noo!"

384. "Call yourself a soldier! Look at me!"

299. Moonstruck on the Doggerbank; or, What Rozhdestvensky thought he saw.

256. The Colour-Sargent presents new colours to the Marlborough Family.

256. (Our Artist's Private View of this picture.) Charmed with the arrangement of Mr. Sargent's portrait of the Marlborough Family, Mr. and Mrs. Bounder, of Upper Tooting, decide to follow suit,—if they can find an artist willing to take commission.

260. Ariadne in Naxos, or even less than that.



THE PICK OF THE PICTURES.

(A helpful guide for the use of Visitors to the Royal Academy.)

L'Ouverture de la Saison, with harmonies in colour, is synonymous with the Opening of the Royal Academy Exhibition at Burlington House. We are not of those who gird at the Royal Academical authorities, but, on the other hand, we are "girders," and staunch ones too, as supporters of those in authority who have achieved their position by that capacity for attending to details which is the better part of genius. A Committee of fifteen, or thirteen, experts does not pronounce an opinion at haphazard. The decision of a majority of experienced Judges in the Highest Court of Appeal settles a matter in Law; and so also should it be with the Fine Arts. If a work of art be pronounced inadmissible to the Annual Exhibition by a majority of our leading Academicians, such verdict ought to be accepted as final, and the minority, recording a protest, would gracefully yield. With this profession of faith in the powers that be, and heartily congratulating Sir EDWARD POTYSTER and the Academy on their most recent acquisitions under the terms of the Chantrey fund, we proceed with our summary of the Year's Pictorial Show at Burlington House.

At the Annual Banquet the Prince of WALES made an excellent, straightforward speech, which was enthusiastically received, especially by H.R.H.'s "friend FIDES," who bore his brushing honours bravely, humming to himself the ever popular air of "My Queen! My Queen!"

And now—to business.

10. *A Stock Exchange Allegory*. Awkward for the Bears. A work on which a SWAN (JOHN M., R.A. Elect) may plume himself.

15. FRANK DICKSEE'S, R.A., "*Ideal*" of a Nightmare. *Cherchez la femme!*

35. "*The Woodman*" who has not spared the trees, after cutting his stick away from home is now returning thither. He is waiting for his STANHOPE (A. FORBES, A.) to take him.

51. *Signor Manuel Garcia*. Mr. SARGENT, having painted this admirable portrait, a singing likeness of the renowned centenarian musical professor, ought to have been most particular as to its being numbered 100 instead of 51.

64. "*Before the Rise of the Curtain*." Shakespearean characters grouped by BACON.

101. "*Vive le Roi Pacificateur!*" Portrait of His Majesty the KING, by HAROLD SPEED. In Sc. 5 of Act II. of *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, says Launce to Speed, "A man is never undone till he be hanged." Mr. HAROLD SPEED has boldly dared to take our good KING full-length, life-size, and has been deservedly hung for his pains. But though he be "hanged" yet is he by no means "undone," although not a few grudging critics find fault with the artist for having given the public too much change for their sovereign. Now, although the right hand is weak and ungainly and the face but wishy-washy (which we wish it wasn't), yet a work by SPEED should not be judged in haste. It may be vastly improved by time and a pleasant residence at its destination, Belfast.

134. "*Collie-Webbling*," or "A Lost Dog," by BRITON RIVIERE, R.A.

146. "*Incedit Regina*." Her Most Graceful Majesty Queen ALEXANDRA. Heartiest congratulations to Lucky LUKE FIDES, R.A., for this admirable portrait of the Queen of Hearts, Diamonds, and Priceless Pearls. A full-length portrait and every inch a Queen.

162. *A Venetian Vintage*, or Wine from the Woods (R.A.): also *The High Street, Serra Valle, Veneto*, in the sun, and then *In the Shade of the Redentore*. All delightful. Quite unique: Woods in Venice.

167. *Scotch Cattle*. Herd and seen by PETER GRAHAM, R.A.

182. "*A Roman Triumph!*" By A. C. GOW, R.A. "Gow along with yer! it's the arrival of a circus!"

183. "*I am coming out strong!*" The important personage who thus addresses the public is "*His Highness*," in a very elevated position, "*The Khedive*." He is cleverly repre-

More probably there was a "mailed fist," that is, a gracious autographic letter of appreciation to the artist, ARTHUR S. COPE, A., expressing His Majesty's Imperial pleasure at the result, and adding that "he (the EMPEROR) is almost convinced that he could not have done it better himself."

256. "*La Famille à surprise!*" "The Marvellous Marlboro' Troupe." JOHN S. SARGENT'S, R.A., wonder-working company—consisting of the Long-necked Lady (saying, "I have a head, and so has a pin.") Master Chirpy, the Ventriloquial Boy, Snap the Mechanical Dog, and the Professor himself in his world-renowned act as Thoughtful Thammy, the curious calculating character—can be engaged for every evening during their stay at Burlington House, where, for the next three months, all communications should be addressed.

257. DAVID MURRAY, R.A., depicts a new industry. This is a Butterfly Plantation.

260. *A Pitiable Plight*. Awkward predicament of the bathing lady, who, having sent away all her clothes, is now awaiting the arrival of the costume promised punctually by the DRAPER (HERBERT J.).

327. Capital picture by J. H. F. BACON, A., showing two children, *The Little Sly-bootsies*, brother and sister, explaining to the artist how "they ought to be at lessons but prefer picture books."

358. Pictorial advertisement for "Professor HUBERT VON HERKOMER'S British and Bavarian tourist agency," showing the waiting-room of a station where the Professor's "personally-conducted tourists," while expecting the arrival of their "guide, philosopher and friend," pass the time in arguing as to the possibility of his being unpunctual. But they are quite safe, and may be perfectly satisfied, as everyone well knows the Professor has, long ago, "arrived."

376. "*A Vele Gonfie*." The interpretation of this title is, we believe, "with swelling sail." It represents a most bewitchingly-attractive lady casting a glance behind her, as if saying with NAPOLEON, "Let those who love me follow me! *Suivez-moi!*"

387. "*A Suspension Bridge*," or which is "*The Cheat*?" Something dishonourable has been done by somebody and is shown up in this picture by the Honourable JOHN COLLIER. Puzzle—to find out who is the cheat? Moral—"No Cards."

534. *A Birthday Present!* Another bit of BACON! Sir ALFRED GELDER considering what on earth he can do with this enormous pantomimic gold pencil which has been given him as a birthday present.

597. Delightful Lady, to whom we are introduced by Sir EDWARD POTYSTER, Bart., P.R.A. "Lesbia hath a drooping eye."

726. "*An Anxious Moment!*" Mr. HUGH G. RIVIERE gives a life-like representation of Lady CRITCHETT, all alone. In the gloom at back, a door is mysteriously opening! She dare not turn!—What is going to happen? (To be continued in next Academy.)

1826. *The Rt. Hon. Sir Antony MacDonnell, G.C.S.I., K.C.V.O.* Statue, marble, by GEORGE FRAMPTON, R.A. Skillfully characteristic both of the subject and of the artist. A good British Bull-dog type that can hold its own and stick to it. The statue is to be erected at Lucknow. May its original be in Luck now and always! N.B.—This is meant to be complimentary.

AT THE NEW GALLERY.



533. *Lycidas*, or *The Undesirable Alien*. I should have been delighted to have put in an appearance at Burlington House if my—ahem—clothes had arrived in time. But they're so dreadfully particular there. However, when I've got my pockets—well—perhaps my things may have come from the tailor's by the date of the Academy soirée.

sented by Mr. WATSON NICOL as about to take a step forward, which, it is to be hoped, will be in the right direction.

212. Sir LAWRENCE ALMA-TADEMA's latest "*Mo*." The discovery of *un petit bon mot*. One of the dams of the Nile has neglected her lambkin, which is adopted by an Egyptian Princess as an *enfant trouvé*. Notice native artists drawing water. N.B.—In store we are promised the "*Findings of several Judges*," to be presented to the Law Courts by Sir A. TADEMA, R.A.

235. See Mr. H. J. HUDSON'S *Miss MacNabb*. Suggestive name for "a great catch."

241. "*H.I.M.*" (of course it represents *Him*, and no mistake about it) "*The German Emperor*." No sign of the "mailed fist" here.

OPERATIC NOTES.



Arrival of Wagner, Walküre, Leit-motif Car, personally conducted by Hans Richter, escorted by Die Drei (but not very dry) Rheintöchter, followed by Alberich and Mime on the steam-dragon.

WAGNER for ever! Of course such is the battle-cry of the Wagnerians, and so also is it of those who, not having WAGNER on the brain, look askant at the Opera time-table which gives the starting of *Das Rheingold* express at 8 P.M. sharp, stopping nowhere, fitted up with WAGNER-lits (most comfortable) and arriving an hour short of midnight; and even still more askant at the slow trains *Die Walküre* and *Siegfried*, starting at 5 P.M., stopping *en route* one hour for refreshment, and the excursion *Die Götterdämmerung* (a name which somewhat strictly brought-up English ladies are chary of pronouncing) at 4.30, on a Saturday afternoon, the hour of arrival not being given. This time-table is a startler, and 'tis with feelings of relief that the ordinary Opera habitué, who is not a Patron of the Ring, sees on the way-bill so familiar a name as *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, and welcomes with delight the reappearance, let us hope as fresh as ever, of a very old friend, *Don Pasquale*.

Monday, May 1.—RICHTER's reception enthusiastic, which he Richterly deserves. An all-night sitting for *Das Rheingold*, from 8 till 11 without a break. Too much of WAGNER or of any music or play, whatever it may be, to take at one draught. Wagnerian audience cold; but this is *de rigueur*. Brilliant audience in dark auditorium; everybody of distinction in boxes, but nobody distinguished, as the House is in Wagnerian-Cimmerian darkness. It is enough to understand musically "what's what" on the stage, without noticing "who's who" in the auditorium.

Summary: RICHTER and orchestra perfect; Herr Wotan-WHITEHILL, *Loge*-BURRIAN, *Mime*-REISS, all good; *Donner*-SOOMER rather weak; *Alberich*-ZADOR, *Fasolt*-HINCKLEY, *Fafner*-RABOTH, very good. The three *Fräuleins*, *Woglinde*-BOSETTI, *Wellgunde*-ALTEN and *Flosshilde*-BEHNÉ, all very good; *Erda*-KIRKBY LUNN uncommonly good, and *Fricka*-Frau REINL, *Freia*-Frau KNÜPPER-EGLI decidedly good. And there's an end on't. Bid me discourse no more.

Tuesday. Pedestrian exercise, *Die Walküre*. Darkness visible. Same evening dress as last night, but starting at 5 P.M. Hope soon to get accustomed to these habits. Great night. Splendid performance. Sleepers awakened. Enthusiasm. All artists in best form, and Mme. FLEISCHER-EDEL (*Sieglinde*), Frau WITTICH (*Brünnhilde*), at, to put it anglo-germanically, their *verry-beshtesht*.

Thursday, *Siegfried*.—Covent Garden has a lot to learn from the Lane. Since WAGNER insists on pantomime, the

Management should contract for the best that can be had. Their Dragon, never a great achievement, was this time quite contemptible. He showed no fight, except to make a little play with a red tongue that pointed upwards at an angle of 45 degrees, and kept sticking out long after he was stone-dead. In shape it looked rather like a Geneva red-cross—a cowardly sign for a beast of that size to hang out; almost worse than a white flag. Herr KRAUS, a *Siegfried* of remarkably robustious proportions, sang well within himself, as if he were afraid of displacing the foliage. He should distinguish, by the way, between a horn for winding and a horn for drinking. In employing the former instrument he throws back his head and holds the thing vertically over his mouth as if he were tossing off its contents. Herr ZADOR as *Alberich* sang and acted with great vivacity, and Herr REISS extracted the last ounce of humour (humour is not WAGNER's strongest point) from the character of the treacherous *Mime*. Mr. WHITEHILL's splendid voice was some compensation for the stodginess of his part as the *Wanderer*. Signorina BOSETTI, invisible up a tree, made a delicious bird; while Madame KIRKBY LUNN, singing faultlessly as *Erda*, electrified the underground. In the last Act, where *Siegfried* falls in love with his strapping aunt (in the cavalry), Madame WITTICH sang the part of *Brünnhilde* with fine sonorousness, but her gesticulations, always a difficult matter in the waking-scene, fell short of perfect spontaneity. Herr RICHTER's orchestra carried off the honours. The house was full and appreciative, but kept its enthusiasm nicely under control.

Friday, May 5.—Substitution of the Barber for *Don Pasquale*. The delightful *Barbiere*! House full—of enthusiasm for the excellent acting and singing of Mlle.

BOSETTI (who rejected the encore for her rendering of "The Queen of the Night's" song) and of M. GILBERT, who was a perfect *Dr. Bartolo* in spite of an ill-fitting wig which, if supplied by *Figaro*, would not be a good advertisement for that Barber's establishment. It was perhaps this sense of responsibility that somewhat oppressed M. MAUREL, as ordinarly gay and light-hearted *Figaro*. M. MARCOUX was a fairly good *Basilio*, but we have seen a brighter *Almaviva* than Signor BRAVI. Alas! Mlle. BAUERMEISTER is no longer in *Dr. Bartolo's* household as *Bertha*. Who will replace her in all the varied rôles hitherto associated with this invaluable artiste?

Signor MANCINELLI conducts himself, and his merry men, as well as ever.



WELCOME REAPPEARANCE OF TWO GREAT DOGS, ANNOUNCED FOR TUESDAY, MAY 9.

Mr. Punch (delighted). "Ah! Don Pasquale with Don Izetti. Not seen you together here for twenty-five years!"

THE HEAVILY INSURED.

IN reference to M. PADEREWSKI's distressing illness, it is interesting to recall that, like all other great musical performers, he has always been heavily insured against all kinds of risks that might temporarily prevent him from appearing on the concert platform. His two hands are permanently underwritten for no less than £10,000, so that if either of them sustained such an injury through accident or disease as would prevent him from playing for the future, or so impair his powers as to render his performances of less value, he would qualify for the large sums named. Of the other most famous concert performers, KUBELIK is generally understood to be one of the most heavily insured. He has stated that he pays £300 premium for insurance in respect of his bow-hand alone, so that if prevented from fulfilling a single engagement he would receive £2,000 compensation. For a total disablement of this hand he would receive £10,000. In the case of JOSEF HOFFMANN, not only each hand, but each individual finger, is separately insured.

Such insurances are by no means confined to musical performers. Each of the Australian cricketers is insured against any injury that would incapacitate him in the field, while most of the leading English players are protected in this way against the penalties of writer's cramp.

Mr. BEEBOHM TREE insures not only his general health but also his left hand and his left hip. If anything should occur to prevent these two portions of his anatomy from coming into picturesque conjunction he would receive a cheque of considerable dimensions. Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER, in addition to his voice, insures his trouser-press.

Mr. HAROLD BEGGIE pays a heavy premium on his adjective box, and if at any time he failed to produce the required epithet while writing one of his charming articles he would be entitled to handsome compensation.

Mr. FLOWDEN's tongue is heavily insured, and he receives quite a handsome sum from a leading office whenever a sitting at the Marylebone Court yields no opening for a joke; but this is very seldom.

Mr. BERNARD SHAW's insurances are numerous and weighty. For instance, it is stated on the best authority that he pays no less than £500 premium to indemnify him against the humiliating consequences of official recognition, such as elevation to the ranks of the Order of Merit, election to the Athenæum Club under the Distinguished Rule, or inclusion in the ranks of the British Academy.

Amongst eminent publicists who have insured themselves heavily must be reckoned Mr. LEO MAXSE, the gifted editor of the *National Review*. Thus it is an open secret that in the event of his ever being converted to the Free Food heresy he would immediately become entitled to an annuity of £1500 a year, while if he were ever so unfortunate as to find himself at a dinner party in company with Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL he would at once be in a position to claim a sum of £2000.

Furthermore, it is interesting to know that Mr. ST. LOE STRACHEY, the Editor of the *Spectator*, pays a premium of £200 to guard against the loss of prestige which might be sustained by his paper if he were in a moment of inadvertence to accept the Order of the Red Eagle from the German Emperor.

Mr. BALFOUR's intellect, so we understand, is permanently underwritten for no less a sum than £20,000. Thus if he were ever compelled to give a definition or make a statement the interpretation of which should be unanimously agreed on by Mr. CHAPLIN, Mr. ASQUITH, Lord GEORGE HAMILTON, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and Mr. ARTHUR ELLIOT, he will at once qualify for the sum mentioned.

Mr. HALL CAINE, the eminent Manx novelist, has taken out a policy of £5000 against being mistaken for BACON.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

My Baronite turns with expectation of pleasure to anything signed with the mark of "Q." *Shining Ferry* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) from one point of view varies the record. Purporting to be a novel of the ordinary six-shilling design, it is actually a series of episodes and sketches of character strung together on the slimmest thread. It opens well with description of *John Rosewarne*, the hard-headed business man, with his love tragedy hidden in a heart whose secrets are jealously kept from the world. But the promise of a drama that would hold the reader in thrall fades away to the futile ending of a marriage between *Hester Marvin* and *Tom Trevanthen*. Strewn by the way are charming chapters illustrating the manners and speech of the Cornwall folk whom "Q." knows so well. One of the most delightful is *Nicky Vro*, the boatman of the Ferry, whose adamantine incredulity at the idea that the world in general, and Troy Town in particular, could get along if he were dismissed from his post, is told with rare touch of pathos and humour. The probability is that these cameos were originally prepared separately, and on afterthought strung together on the thread aforesaid. It is a case which varies the rule about second thoughts being best.

In *The House of Barnkirk* (Duckworth & Co.) AMY McLAREN, its author, gives us a commencement sufficiently attractive; whereupon the guileless Baron, on the point of congratulating his faithful servants the Skipper and his boy on their having at last obtained a rest, pauses, gives the word to "stand by," and ere he has completed a bold attempt at steering a straight course through another half-dozen chapters is forced once again to set to work both Skipper and boy, that by their aid, through meandering creeks, avoiding several dangers, nicely turning many corners, or getting out and taking a short cut from rock to rock, the Baron may reach that haven of rest called *Finis*. Arrived, he regrets that, on the working out of what promised to be a really good plot, so much capability should have wasted itself in commonplaces of conversation and repetition of situation: moreover, that whatever was slightly weird should have become wearisome, and the possibly tragic, troublesome. The Baron, improving on the words of the *Crown Prince of Denmark*, exclaims, "Oh what a noble purpose was here o'erthrown!"

The Leading Actor would have been a title for Mr. OPPENHEIM's romance more respectful to the Thespian profession than *The Master Mummer* (WARD, LOCK & Co.), though, even then, it would not be correctly descriptive of this story, where the principal tragedian is not so much its hero as is his daughter, to whom her unhappy parent has to act, as an American would pronounce it, "both as mummer and poppa." Those for whom dagger and bowl, air pistols, revolvers and knives, unutterably wicked Superioreses of strange foreign convents, naughty Barons, daring Arch-duchesses, cruel Countesses, hairbreadth escapes, sanguinary struggles with various violent villains, romantic rescues, and culminating *coups de théâtre*, still possess some charm, will find pretty well all the above ingredients in this melodramatic and, to the Baron, rather tedious, story.



EDITORS AND TRADE.

["The tailor's shop is mine," replied the editor. He was running the two businesses together. The combination of incongruous businesses is much more common in London than one might think."—*British Weekly*.]

ARMED with the suggestion thus thrown out by our serious contemporary, a representative of this paper set forth yesterday morning in one of the new four-wheeled hansoms bent upon discovering some of the secrets adumbrated by the *British Weekly's* contributor.

After a series of masterly manoeuvres in the neighbourhood of Printing House Square, for, as one may suppose, there is much secrecy to penetrate in these matters, our sleuth-hound ascertained that Mr. BUCKLE, the Editor of the *Times*, is by no means an idle man when off thundering duty. The great universal providing establishment in Leather Lane, which is famous all over the world as Strap's Emporium, is in reality Mr. BUCKLE'S. Mr. BUCKLE'S is the brain that directs all STRAP'S operations. But we cannot go so far as to state that contributions to the *Times* are paid by vouchers for STRAP'S goods.

Mr. BUCKLE is by no means alone. The Editor of the *Morning Post*, Mr. FABIAN WARE, has a large factory in the Potteries, and a retail house in town for the supply of crockery for Socialists. Mr. BERNARD SHAW buys all his plates and dishes of Mr. FABIAN WARE.

Pursuing his investigations in Wellington Street, our representative made the startling discovery that Mr. St. LOE STRACHEY, the Editor of the *Spectator*, keeps a cat and canary shop in Seven Dials as well as a gunsmith's establishment on Shooter's Hill for the manufacture of Lewis Morris Tubes and other lethal weapons employed by rifle clubs.

After a brief rest, rendered necessary by this momentous discovery, our special plenipotentiary made his way to the palatial offices of *T.P.'s Weekly*, and waited until the Editor emerged from the stately portals. Following the great publicist at a discreet distance for the space of several parasangs, he eventually tracked him down to a sumptuous creamery in Soho, where, under the genial pseudonym of PAT D'OVLV, the famous panegyrist drives a roaring trade in the richest and most nutritious butter.

A CORRESPONDENT sends the following passage from an auctioneer's catalogue:—"As a building site its value must be considerably enhanced by the matured condition of the land, the thriving fruit trees, and the buildings standing thereon." So the last scene in *Peter Pan* was not original after all!



PILOTS THAT WANT DROPPING.

AIR—"Ye Mariners of England."

[See note to Cartoon on opposite page.]

Ye mariners of Europe,
Who run our English seas,
And pouch, beneath the Union Jack,
Our native pilots' fees,
Under what flag do you propse
To play the warrior tar,
When the foe wants to know
The trick of channel and bar,
When the slim torpedo-craft steal up
Over the harbour-bar.

Dumped out of various countries
Abutting on the brine,
'Tis nought to you what noble names
Have led our battle-line;
Why should you care how NELSON fell
In the triumph of Trafalgar—
When the night shrouds from sight
Channel and buoy and bar,
When the slim torpedo-craft steal up
Over the harbour-bar.

Wherever Mr. BULL works,
In bank or shop or mart,
You aliens enter in and learn
His business by the chart;
So here he trains you up to be
His rivals' guiding star
When they creep, while we sleep,
By channel and buoy and bar,
When the slim torpedo-craft steal up
Over the harbour-bar.

To you who share our seaways
On every ebb and flood,
The bond of British comradeship
Is not the bond of blood;
Nature, more close than foster-ties,
Would prove what race ye are,
When the keel of kindred steel
Slides in by channel and bar,
When the slim torpedo-craft steal up
Over the harbour-bar.

We spare, transpontius pilot,
To write you down a spy,
And yet—you scarce could change your heart
Then when you changed your sky;
And, since we fain would keep our ships
Intact of bolt and spar,
You must go, ere the foe
Slips in by channel and bar,
Ere the slim torpedo-craft steal up
Over the harbour-bar.

O. S.

FROM "The Country Day by Day" (Daily Mail):—

"Daily the interest of our thronging bird-life grows.

"See the whitebait, slim and tiny, a wanderer from the far south . . .
attitudinising like some famous tenor on the top of a bramble twig."

Can any of our readers quote similar cases of a minnow,
say, or a smelt, performing on a hedge like a *prima donna*?
There is of course the famous Horatian example of fishes
finding themselves up a tree in time of flood:

Piscium et summa genus hæsit ulmo;

but these were ordinary, not singing, fishes.

THE VISCOUNT AND THE BIG GAME.

(With acknowledgments to Lord Mountmorres' articles in the "Globe.")

A JOURNALIST in Central Africa would indeed be dull if he had no interest in fauna. There must of necessity be long periods between one's despatches when little happens, either in the way of Belgian atrocities or other phases of tropical industry, when, were one to be totally careless of the surrounding animal life, time would hang heavily on one's hands. But given a *flair* for monkeys, or any skill with the gun, and one's life becomes a dream of delight. I found Central Africa teeming with big game. Wherever one struck off the main lines of communication one was safe to light upon elephants, buffalo, bush cattle, and an enormous variety of antelope, leopards, and a kind of cheetah with very sticky hoofs and a long brush, known in French as a gluepard. I shot specimens of these all day; and I never ceased to be amazed at the ignorance of Central Africa which is displayed in England and at the Natural History Museum.

In connection with one of my feats I may tell a curious story. Strolling out one morning with my walking-stick rifle (which, by-the-way, is also a camp-stool and umbrella), I bowled over a brace of fine bull elephants, which I at once skinned. When I came to unpack my case in this country, I discovered the two elephant skins had disappeared, and in their place were two other skins belonging to a little mammal which forms, I believe, a kind of connecting link between two such distinct species as the guinea-pig tribe and the mammoth. The only way in which this substitution could possibly have come about is that during my stay at Avakubi, immediately before the case of skins was finally packed, I was comparing specimens with the resident official of the post, and by some error these skins must have got exchanged. But isn't it odd?

And monkeys. Of the larger Simians, one meets with practically unlimited baboons of all sizes, from those no larger than a cat up to those as large as a twelve-year-old child, and as powerful as a full-grown chauffeur. Then, to the west and north-west, more particularly in the French Congo, gorillas are fairly plentiful, but they are so preposterously delicate that I made no attempt at bringing any down country alive, as I was warned by everyone that I should never achieve it. I shot however great numbers. Moving eastward, the gorillas gradually give place to the chimpanzees, and in STANLEY'S forest and in the forest immediately south of the Uele they are very plentiful. One extraordinary fact about them and about several of the varieties of the smaller monkeys is the attraction which the white man, especially a lord, appears to have for them. They will have nothing to do with the native, but display an extraordinary curiosity concerning and attachment for the European. I found, over and over again, that in a day or two after catching a perfectly wild monkey, especially the younger ones, and more particularly those of the blue-faced (SCHMIDT'S and RECKITT'S) varieties and dog monkeys (which bark like a European dog), I was able completely to domesticate them. I have quite a houseful in England at this moment, some of which are being trained to write Cricket Notes for the morning papers. There is nothing they cannot do.

Snakes too . . .

[Enough, enough.—Ed.]

"ALAS! POOR YORICK!"—"The letter from the Variety Touring Company, London, requesting permission to bring a company of entertainers to Inverness, was remitted to the Parks and Cemeteries Committee, with powers."—*Highland News*.



RIGHT MEN IN THE WRONG PLACE.

SHADE OF NELSON. "WHAT DO YOU CALL THESE, MA'AM?"

BRITANNIA. "OH, THEY'RE SOME OF MY ALIEN PILOTS."

SHADE OF NELSON. "WHAT, IN BRITISH WATERS? H'M—IN MY DAY WE KEPT OUR SECRETS TO OURSELVES!"

[“Gravest of all was the risk arising from the fact that fifty-nine foreign pilots are employed on our coasts. British ships abroad were compelled to take native pilots, and he wished to see an Act passed that no alien should be granted a pilotage certificate for English waters.”—Report of Admiral Sir N. Boscawen-Smith’s Speech at the Royal United Service Institution.]



RIGHT SIDE IS THE WRONG WAY

THE RIGHT SIDE IS THE WRONG WAY. A group of people, including a woman in a long dress and a man in a top hat, are standing together. The image is faint and appears to be a reproduction from an old book.



REALISTIC.

Mr. Inksplodger (the celebrated novelist, in search of ideal rustic week-end country cottage). "WINDOW ON THE FLOOR, EH! QUEER PLACE FOR A WINDOW, ISN'T IT?"

Cottage. "WELL, IT BE RATHER LOW, SIR; BUT 'TIS A NICE VIEW IF YOU COULD JUST LIE DOWN AND LOOK OUT."

THE MIGHTY PEN.

"With this little instrument that rests so lightly in the hand, whole nations can be moved . . . When it is poised between thumb and finger, it becomes a living thing—it moves with the pulsations of the living heart and thinking brain, and writes down, almost unconsciously, the thoughts that live—the words that burn . . . It would be difficult to find a single newspaper or magazine to which we could turn for a lesson in pure and elegant English."—Miss Corelli in "Free Opinions Freely Expressed."

O MAGIC pen, what wonders lie
Within your little length!
Though small and paltry to the eye
You boast a giant's strength.
Between my finger and my thumb
A living creature you become,
And to the listening world you give
"The words that burn—the thoughts
that live."

Oft, when the sacred fire glows hot,
Your wizard power is proved:
You write till lunch, and nations not
Infrequently are moved;

'Twixt lunch and tea perhaps you damn
For good and all, some social sham,
And by the time I pause to sup—
Behold CARNEGIE crumpled up!

Through your unconscious eyes I see
Strange beauty, little pen!
You make life exquisite to me,
If not to other men.
You fill me with an inward joy
No outward trouble can destroy,
Not even when I struggle through
Some foolish ignorant review;

Nor when the press bad grammar scrawls
In wild uncultured haste,
And which intolerably galls
One's literary taste;
What are the editors about,
Whom one would think would edit out
The shocking English and the style
Which every page and line defile?

There is, alas! no magazine,
No paper that one knows
To which a man could turn for clean
And graceful English prose;

Not even, O my pen, though you
Yourself may write for one or two,
And lend to them a style, a tone,
A grammar that is all your own.

I see the shadows of decay
On all sides darkly loom;
Massage and manicure hold sway,
Cosmetics fairly boom;
Old dowagers and budding maids
Alike affect complexion-aids,
While middle age with anxious care
Dyes to restore its dwindling hair.

The time is out of joint, but still
I am not hopeless quite
So long as you exist, my quill,
Once more to set it right.
Woman will cease from rouge, I think,
Man pour his hair-wash down the sink,
If you will yet consent to give
"The words that burn—the thoughts
that live."

THE decoration conferred on one of the
Raunds strikers in the Strangers' Gallery
was the Order of the Boot.

A LITERARY LETTER.

(Being an attempt to get erudition into the columns of "Punch" in the manner of "C. K. S." in the "Sphere.")

THE MURRAY'S new edition of *Byron* is now complete. It is a pity I was not asked about this work while it was in progress, because I could have added to the value of almost every page. I have, for example, in my collection a menu card on the back of which *BYRON* made a number of comments on the speeches of the evening. It is unfortunate that the names of the speakers are not given; but I venture to hold that the reproduction of these notes in facsimile would materially increase the intimate interest of the work. The cover also is far too light a blue; but this probably is a snobbish reminder that *BYRON* was at Eton and Cambridge.

I find that, by a slip of the pen, I referred last week to my life-long friend J. QUILLINGTON SUMMERS, the accomplished poet and critic, as E. SUMMERTON QUILLS. This is one of the slips incident to the life of a man who has taken all knowledge for his province.

Silly men and sillier women whose main reading would seem to be the foolish fiction of the hour do not recognise that much of the dull fooling of SHAKESPEARE'S clowns is utterly out of date, and that the feudal standpoint of SHAKESPEARE is not part of his permanent claim on our devotion. They love to quote a boyish sonnet of MATTHEW ARNOLD'S:—

Others abide our question: Thou art free.

We ask and ask: Thou smilest and art still
Out-topping knowledge.

Whereas SHAKESPEARE abides my question as completely as any. A genuine study of his works has made him as familiar to me as MILTON is familiar or my friend Mr. MAX PEMBERTON.

I have received a cablegram from my friend Colonel CYRUS K. WIGGSBATCH saying that he is just putting the finishing touches to a new novel which, when completed, may be published in this country either by the LANES or the SMITHS AND ELDERS.

One of the most interesting items in my library is a series of bound volumes of *The Athenæum*, with marginal corrections in my own handwriting. Every journalist should make a point of setting a paper right whenever he can. Of course not all are able to. Some day I think of asking the METHUENS to publish these *corrigenda* of mine in a volume for the pocket for pedestrians, uniform with their *Borrow*.

I am glad to see that my friend Mr. G. BERNARD SHORE has been setting GOETHE in his right place at last; although incidentally he has put many journalists, all friends of mine too, by the ears. GOETHE (whose name is pronounced to rhyme to "thirty" and not "floweth") did well enough up to a certain point, but there are dozens of living poets who, had they the mind, could write *Faust* to better purpose. Much of GOETHE'S reputation comes probably from his boyish appeal, as he lay dying, for "more light." There is nothing that so much impresses the Man in the Street as a death-bed utterance, and, owing to the inferior quality of the gas and electric light which Londoners have to put up with, this aspiration touches a common chord.

THE IMPORTANCE OF DAILY DETERGENCE.

[These notes on H₂O have spilled over from a recent independent investigation made by a member of a well-known Advertising Staff.]

THERE is one thing which is the best in the world, says PINDAR, and it fortunately exists in abundance. Authoritatively, it has been placed by Alexandrian physicists of the second century B.C. as third among the four cardinal elements. Still further back in the history of Greek philosophy, we learn that THALES of Miletus, who was born about B.C. 640 and died in 550, at the age of 90, maintained as the vital doctrine of his system that this particular fluid substance was the single original *stoicheion* from which everything came and into which everything returned.

If we turn to Israelitish folk-lore we find a distinct allusion to the balneatory aspect of this liquid in the statement that Moab was a synonym for a wash-pot. NOAH, again, must at one time in his career have been deeply impressed by its universal prevalence, and, had he been conversant with the American language, would undoubtedly have described himself as being in the middle of a very "big splash." It is true that, through the process of the ages, some degenerate tribes have lost the instinct of lavation. The Esquimaux, for instance, have such a horror of this commodity and are so averse from its outward or inward application, that in their expressive idiom it is taboo as *alukmikiuknikiksagik* or "Pail Poison for Pink People." Many of the Inuits and other glacial troglodytes have never beheld it except in a solidified condition, and ridicule therefore the idea of any possible detersive qualities. It must be confessed that similar opinions appear to be held by their vodka-soaked cater-cousins of the

East End dumping-grounds, where the surroundings are not conducive to any waxy morbidezza on the alien visage.

As a solvent, H₂O is in the highest degree efficient, there being few substances in the physical or financial world that are not to some extent affected by it. In a free state, its constituents are derived in minute quantities from the atmosphere, such as ammonia, carbonic acid, nitrous and sulphurous acids, and are sometimes largely charged with gas, and the exuviae of certain insects such as caddis-worms, or, occasionally, dead puppy-dogs. It is 825 times heavier than air, and when converted into steam expands to nearly 1600 volumes. One cubic centimetre at 4° and under a pressure of 760 mm. of mercury, weighs 15.432349 grains or one gramme, the unit of weight in the metric system. We have personally verified these details in a popular encyclopædia. To quote a single instance of its occurrence in the botanical world, we need only allude to the Pitcher-plant (*Nepenthes distillatoria*), which has a fistular green body occupying the place and performing the functions of a leaf, and closed at its extremity by an operculum. Within this vessel is a fluid, to all appearance *aqua pura*, which often proves fatally attractive to rats and other small animals seeking to assuage their thirst. This carnivorous plant is a native of Ceylon, and was introduced into English greenhouses in 1789. Sir JOSEPH PAXTON says it is easy of cultivation.

It is questionable whether, in its application to household uses, people properly understand the treatment of H₂O. A vast deal of it must be wasted. Though it is one of the primary virtues to be clean, it is equally a duty to be economical. A wasteful H₂O is the highest form of extravagance, while that of a good quality is always the cheapest, no matter what its price. It gives the wettest results, removes the maximum of dirt, and simply *will* wash clothes. In the history of the world there has never been a time when H₂O has been so good and so cheap. There is, generally speaking, too great a familiarity with the amazing output and spontaneous presentment of this liquid for it to be appreciated at its true value. A gallon, for instance, of the Hammersmith Waterworks H₂O, which would be a veritable godsend to the sun-baked native of the Sahara, is an everyday affair in West Kensington, and scarce regarded. Yet if it is considered as a priceless treasure by the poor fuzzy-wuzzy, it must be equally a treasure to the rate-ridden householder, for it does the same work in each instance. Realising this fact, the next duty is, naturally, to utilise the best means at hand.

Incidentally, we have made mention

of the Hammersmith H₂O, a detergent very well known, and with a stagnation of sixty years to recommend it. In the next ten articles we propose to explain how, where, when and why it is produced, proving that a canful of the same is 50% more aqueous than any other H₂O in the market. ZIG-ZAG.

CHARIVARIA.

WHILE not wishing to detract from Admiral ROZHDESTVENSKY's historic victory off the Dogger Bank, we would point out that the recent Russian success off Vladivostok was an even more brilliant affair. In this case—where a Japanese trading vessel of the size of a trawler was sunk—the Russians had not a single battleship: the whole thing was accomplished by four torpedo-boats.

The KAISER, according to the *Times*, caused much ill-feeling in Venice by his big steam-launches rushing down the Grand Canal at a speed forbidden by the local laws. WILHELM II. is not the first Moorish celebrity who has created a commotion in this well-known watering-place. There was, of course, *Othello*.

Since the publication of Admiral FITZGERALD's article, the British Navy has been doing its best to reassure the German people. Our ships have been running aground in the most light-hearted fashion, just to show that we really are not dangerous; and our Grand Manœuvres have been postponed, "as they may cause inconvenience if carried out."

The expression, "the Admiralty Boom," is misleading. It applies only to the device for closing Portsmouth harbour. In the matter of the laying down of battleships there is a pronounced Admiralty Slump.

MR. ARNOLD-FORSTER has assured Sir HORATIO DAVIES, M.P., that nothing has been settled in the matter of the removal of the Royal Engineers from Chatham. Nevertheless a panic was caused when a couple of big pantechicon vans appeared in the town one day last week.

The feeling of discontent, rage, and jealousy among those sculptors whose work was not rejected by the Royal Academy continues to grow.

"Learning Languages by Telephone," is the title of an article in the *Daily Mail*. Telephone girls, we understand, have learnt quite a lot of language that way.

The Dutch for "Spotted Fever," a contemporary informs us, is "Hersensviesruggemerksonsteking." This looks



!!!
Prize Idiot (who doesn't know all the family). "BEASTLY SLOW HERE. I'M OFF. WHICH WAY DO YOU GO HOME?"
Son of the House. "I'M THERE NOW."

as if there is some foundation for the belief that, if Dutch be allowed in South African schools, progress will be retarded.

We understand that the dust heap at Kensington where a number of Georgian sovereigns were recently found is at once to be floated as a gold mine by a group of clever City financiers.

To judge by certain of its own advertisements, the *Evening Standard* regards itself as peculiarly the paper for Flats.

We have a much better opinion of our contemporary than that.

Theatrical managers are so often accused of being unable to break with tradition, that it seems only fair to point out that several of them have recently produced plays, in which the character of *Hamlet* does not appear at all.

"A considerable demonstration of approval greeted the fall of the curtain." How are we to take this?

SOMETHING TO SEE.

Leah Kleschna is the title of Mr. McLELLAN's drama, which has achieved an immediate success at the New Theatre, mainly due to the powerful acting of all the principals in the exceptionally strong and well-chosen cast. And to this result Mr. DION BOCCICAULT's artistic stage-management has largely contributed. It is a drama with only the slightest temporary relief introduced by two minor characters, *Valentin Faure*, a poseur and eccentric young journalist, well rendered with all the necessary exaggeration the part requires by Mr. BERTRAM STEER, and *Sophie Chaponniere*, his intended, a young person whose lively coquetry, being very naturally depicted by Miss BETTY CALLISH, serves as an artistically-contrived contrast to the severe gloominess that oppresses the heroine *Leah Kleschna*, with whom, for one short scene, she is brought into contact.

The piece, which will remind many of such well-known stories dealing with crime as *Monsieur Lecoq*, *Sherlock Holmes*, and *Oliver Twist*, is excellent serious drama as far as it goes, that is up to the end of the Fourth Act, where with *Leah's* breaking the chain that has hitherto bound her to her companions in crime her career comes suddenly to an end. It is abrupt, powerfully dramatic: and it should suffice. If there is to be any further development, if it be necessary to gratify the aroused curiosity of "our friends in front," then ought the future not only of *Leah* to be revealed but also, in order to satisfy poetic justice, the fate of her atrociously criminal father, of his slave and pupil *Schram*, and of the dastardly *Raoul*, should be made clear; otherwise, unless this gang be exterminated and not one of the wicked trio remain alive, how can there be any prospect of peace and happiness for *Leah*, or for her husband *Paul Sylvaïne*? If the scoundrels continue to exist, her father will be in penal servitude; and subsequently, either as an escaped convict, or as one who has served his time, he will return to blackmail his daughter and son-in-law. On such a hypothesis either there should be no Fifth Act, or it should be of a totally different character. If the villains are dead, the welcome news escaped me; but even then the Fifth Act achieves nothing, as it, most inartistically, commences a new love story, with possibilities, wherein there is a peasant girl, *Frieda*, prettily played by Miss DORA GRAY, who is jealous because a sturdy villager, who ought to have been her own lover, has lost his heart to *Leah*, whose departure with *Paul Sylvaïne* he broken-heartedly witnesses. Such is the Fifth Act: it is *de trop*.

As to the acting there can be nothing but the highest praise for everybody. Miss LENA ASHWELL, impersonating *Leah Kleschna*, has superb moments, intensely tragic, always pathetic. Mr. LEONARD BOYNE, the ordinarily brusque, rollicking hero of careless comedy, is unrecognisable as the high-principled christian philanthropist and ardent lover, *Paul Sylvaïne*. It is a very fine performance: as also is that of Mr. HERBERT WARING representing the miserable dissipated sneak and bully, *Raoul Berton*. These characters are admirably contrasted.

As the man *Kleschna*, whose sense of right and wrong is utterly perverted, who is a beast of prey—savage as a tiger, tender, as if by a maternal instinct, towards his motherless child, only as long as she does not thwart him in his criminal designs, Mr. CHARLES WARNER has a part where his rare gifts of keen artistic insight into character, his power of swiftly passing by a sudden passionate impulse from lightest comedy to deepest tragedy, matured and perfected by experience, serve him to such purpose, that it would be difficult, if not impossible, to name any actor who could play this part so effectively; and it is the recollection of CHARLES WARNER as *Kleschna* that will indelibly impress the production of this melodrama on the minds of all who have the good fortune to

see it. His performance detracts not one jot from the excellence of the others, yet, if we consider for a moment, with a weak or mediocre *Kleschna*, how vain would be the best efforts of the heroine! The significance of her part depends on the strength of the actor who plays her father. His influence has to pervade the scenes in which he does not appear. He is the scheming *Fagin* of *Oliver Twist*, without the cowardice and treachery; he is *Bill Sikes*, without his brutal coarseness. Just as *Leah* is a *Nancy*, but possessing virginal innocence that has never been tampered with, and which finally triumphs over all obstacles. *Kleschna* is the hardened criminal: his creed is, "*Ni Dieu ni maître*;" he has the bravery of a Newfoundland dog; he has generous instincts, but to him darkness is light, he is a thief, a burglar of the very first class, and he glories in it.

Able seconded is he by Mr. WILLIAM DEVEREUX as *Schram*, his pupil, accomplice, confederate, and slave. And there is good in the slouching *Schram*: he loves *Leah* with a tamed, but naturally savage, animal's devotion to its young mistress. Mr. DEVEREUX gives us a remarkably impressive representation of this character, and in the strongest situations his art is invaluable. Mr. J. G. GRAHAM is well in the picture as *General Berton*, the straightforward soldier in authority, who has no sympathy with fads concerning the reclamation of criminals. But—all are excellent. There are spots on the sun, and if there are defects here, they belong to the piece, and are not to be attributed to its present representation, which I strongly recommend to the attention of all whom the perfection of acting on the English stage delights and exhilarates.

IN BERLIN.

I AM writing this on May 9, the hundredth anniversary of the death of SCHILLER, and here in Berlin, as well as throughout Germany, the day is being celebrated with great pomp and ceremony. I notice that the writer of an article in the literary supplement of the *Times* doesn't think very much of SCHILLER, who, he complains, had no sense of humour. That may be; though it is well to remember that tastes in humour differ. Eighty millions of Americans are at this moment travelling through life sustained by the proud conviction that, whereas Americans have a keen sense of what is humorous, every Englishman is mere ditchwater for dullness: is, in fact, an abhorred vacuum so far as humour is concerned. I need not pause to consider what an Englishman thinks of the subtle and delicate jokes about Jews and negroes which form the staple humour of the American comic paper. Jests about married life and mothers-in-law, quips on which the flies have gathered and bred for a hundred years, are still honoured and beloved in the dear land of liberty over which Mr. ROOSEVELT presides.

Germany, however, doesn't bother her imperial head with the question whether SCHILLER had humour or not. She honours in SCHILLER the noble poet who in dark days gave expression to great ideals of national manhood and German unity. This, at any rate, seemed to be the motive that inspired a *Kommers*, or social gathering, of Berlin students at which I was privileged to be present the other day.

You, Sir, have of course attended many a *Kommers* in the course of your varied and beneficent career; but to me the festival was a new experience. It was held in the great hall of the *Friedrichshain Brauerei*, and began at half-past eight. The vast expanse of this hall was filled with tables at which were ranged the students, one or two tables being reserved for the professors. On a platform raised well above the assembly sat the chiefs of the various *corps* into which the students are divided, while in the galleries running round the hall were gathered fathers and mothers and sisters and cousins of much the same sort as Cambridge attracts during



INTUITION.

Ethel (to Mary, her bosom friend, who has been admiring the diamonds, and now hears for the hundredth time how it all came about). "I DON'T KNOW EXACTLY WHAT IT WAS; BUT SOMEHOW I FELT, FROM THE MOMENT WE MET LAST NIGHT, THAT HE MEANT TO PROPOSE. SOMETHING ABOUT HIM—SOMETHING IN HIS VOICE—"

Mary. "Ah, I SEE, THERE WAS THE TRUE RING IN IT!"

its May week in June. All the students wore the caps of their different *corps*, red caps, yellow caps, green caps, caps of dark blue and caps of light blue; and no single student, and, for the matter of that, no professor, was without his glass of beer. As one looked down from the gallery one saw what looked like an immense plantation of gigantic and brilliant flowers, all provided with a patent automatic apparatus for irrigating themselves with beer. The flowers were thirsty; the beer was excellent. There may have been a thousand varieties of human tulip, crocus, hyacinth or poppy. I cannot think that less than eight or ten thousand glasses of beer went to their irrigation in the course of the evening. How different from our own studious young men, I can hear you saying. I am assured that only the other day, in the hall of a great college where more than a hundred men were dining, fifteen pints of beer were found enough to mitigate the rigours of University life. *Autres pays autres mœurs.*

In describing the colour of the caps worn by the students, I have not exhausted the variegated beauty of their costumes. There were, as I have said, chiefs who sat exalted on a platform. One or two of these, moreover, were allotted to each table in the body of the hall, and all wore a magnificent uniform. Imagine a youngster bearing on his slashed face the record of his honourable duels. Invest him in a Hussar tunic

of the *corps* colour, white breeches and jack-boots. Perch on the top of his head a little round cap jauntily set to one side; give him a pair of white gauntlets and a long sword, and you have the gentleman complete. When they all unsheathed their swords, rapped them on the table and called for a "Salamander," or united cheer, the effect was terrific.

There, then, they sat, placid, good-tempered, but not without a formal solemnity due to the importance of the occasion. There was music; they sang SCHILLER's poems, and poems in honour of SCHILLER, and sang them remarkably well and with wonderful animation. A Professor delivered an eloquent address, the *Festrede*; swords were rapped, glasses banged in unison on the tables, and perfect happiness and good humour prevailed everywhere. In honour of the celebration the feuds of the *corps* had been laid aside, and a reign of universal peace had been established by decree for one night only. When I left at midnight the official part of the programme was not yet finished. There was an unofficial part, but how long that lasted I cannot say. Probably it is still proceeding.

CONCISE AND EXPRESSIVE.—A much worried, conscientiously rate-paying, citizen, on sending his cheque in answer to the "Demand Note," headed the envelope, addressed to the Collector, with this forcible abbreviation, "For General Rate, D.N."



RATHER LOUD.

"WHEN I LOOK AT THAT FELLOW'S WAISTCOATS, I WANT TO PUT COTTON WOOL INTO MY EARS!"

"THE SIMPLE LIFE" DAY BY DAY.

THE Simple Life movement is spreading by leaps and bounds. The Guild of the Simple Life, which owes its establishment to a luminous suggestion made by a contributor to the *Daily Graphic*, already numbers upwards of 700 members, including many Society leaders and scores of the best people, and negotiations are on foot with a view to obtaining the lease of a fine mansion in the heart of Mayfair as the clubhouse and rendezvous of the Guild.

In such a campaign much if not all depends on the force of example, and the splendid and self-sacrificing efforts of Lady BLUMENSTEIN, who recently appeared at the Opera with no other

ornaments but a garnet brooch and a tiara of Abyssinian diamonds, can hardly fail to give an immense impetus to the revolt against exorbitant expenditure. An even greater sensation has been created by the fearless announcement of Mr. LEO McSLANGERMAN, the famous Scoto-African millionaire, that after this season his *recherché* Bridge parties will under no circumstances be continued after 3 A.M. It is also rumoured that Lord ROTHERHITHE has given notice to his fourth chauffeur, and reduced his petrol stud to seven cars and two racers.

The craze for economy and the reduction of unnecessary luxury is to be observed on every side. We are assured on excellent authority that several of the leading hostesses of Belgravia have entered into a solemn compact not to

provide claret *ad libitum* for their domestics, and, more remarkable still, to resist the embargo which has hitherto been laid on rabbit in the *menu* of the servants' hall. Needless to say this Draconian resolve is not likely to be accepted without a struggle by those most directly concerned, and a meeting of protest will be held in Hyde Park next Saturday afternoon, at which several hundred butlers and footmen will be addressed by Mr. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM, Dr. MACNAMARA and other champions of the oppressed.

A drawing-room meeting was held last Wednesday evening at the house of Lady BONANZA FITZBOODLE, the subject of debate being: Is the cult of the Simple Life compatible with the consumption of caviare? After an animated discussion an amendment was carried to the effect that no inconsistency was involved provided the consumer did not pay for the delicacy. The entertainment was concluded with a delightful concert, at which KAREL CZARNIKOFF, the wonderful boy violinist, MADAME CORTINA D'AMPEZZO (of the Théâtre de la Monnaie) and M. PAPADIAMANTOPOULOU, the famous Bœotian basso, were the chief performers, their united fees for the evening amounting to no less than £450.

The hostess was most picturesquely gowned in very pale maize soft satin with tiny bouquets of samphire and pimpernels, and wore an imitation cuckoo clock in her hair. Madame GORDIGIANI, who has been rather delicate this winter, was dressed entirely in pale pink, and Lord SUCTUP created a sensation by arriving in a four-wheeler and a dinner-jacket. Lady GUZLA, in very pale blue taffetas, brought her daughter, Miss FATIMA GUZLA. A wonderful sit-down supper was arranged in the dining-room, with plenty of hot quails, strawberries, Imperial Tokay, and other good things. We understand that, in view of her services to the cause, the Committee of the Simple Life Guild have unanimously elected Lady BONANZA FITZBOODLE as an honorary life member.

A Musical Record.

THE London Correspondent of the *Manchester Courier*, in reporting the first performance of an "Oriental Ballalika orchestra" at the *table d'hôte* of a London hotel, says that it played "so well that the dinners were moved to applaud vigorously—a very unusual hotel incident." It certainly sounds quite exceptional. Even ORPHEUS, who charmed living beasts, was never known to draw applause from a roast duck or a saddle of mutton.



BELATED NEUTRALITY.

FRENCH GENDARME. "PASS ON, PLEASE. SORRY, BUT THOSE ARE MY INSTRUCTIONS."
RUSSIAN ADMIRAL (conducting *Ship of the Desert*). "DON'T APOLOGISE. WE FILLED UP AT YOUR LAST PLACE."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 8.—For full ten minutes the mere Saxon had opportunity of realising the possibilities of an afternoon in Parliament House, St. Stephen's Green, when Home Rule shall be established in Ireland. Mr. DEVLIN (he does the devilin' for JOHN REDMOND) had improved the shining hours of the week-end by preparing a shorter Catechism designed to stir up Ulster men as with a long pole. Blameless WALTER LONG was utilised for the beneficent purpose.

It appears that on Easter Monday, according to pleasing local habit, the Orangemen and Catholics of Portadown had quite a good time. Incidentally a man was shot and many heads were broken. That only testifies to the general success of the merry-making. DEVLIN's question prodigiously long; built up of succession of accusations against law-abiding Orangemen. One alleged that, early on all Easter morns, a particular thoroughfare at Portadown is taken possession of by the Orangemen with intent to carry conviction of religious error to the minds of the Catholics through the media of half bricks, paving-stones, and, at close quarters, shillelaghs.

Of course, if the Catholics stayed at home, went to chapel, or took their walks abroad in other directions, the controversialists lying in wait would find the situation tame. But what Irishman would, in such circumstances, refrain from putting in an appearance? Certainly not the Catholics of Portadown. So on Easter Day they trooped to the rendezvous, with the consequence hinted at.

In its way there was a repetition of



"ONLY JEFFREYS LEFT."
(The Deputy-Speaker.)



AN ADVOCATE OF LISSOLUTION (AN OLD STOLY APPLIED).

Joe (the pushing "undertaker") to Arthur B. "Why drag on a miserable existence when you can be comfortably buried for £3 10s.?"

the scene in the House this afternoon. Below Gangway to right of SPEAKER the Orangemen were massed, their pockets full of brickbats, their hearts bleeding with desire to convert their erring brethren to the true faith. Immediately opposite the Nationalists mustered, profoundly moved by anxiety for the welfare of the souls of poor Protestants, and liberally provided with chunks of red sandstone. As soon as Mr. DEVLIN put his question the Orangemen rose in protest against what they described as abuse of the rules of the House committed with the object of getting in the allegation about the Easter morn mustering of devout Orangemen.

With wild shout the Nationalists resented the interference. In vain Mr. JEFFREYS, mildest mannered man that ever sat in the Chair, essayed to speak. Amid the clamour below the Gangway on either side his voice did not rise to the height of a whisper. Half-a-dozen Orangemen were on their legs at the same moment; an equal number of Nationalists confronted them. After some moments of wild excitement, lacking only the actual flight of brickbats to realise the Easter day scene at Portadown, the Deputy-Speaker found opportunity for remarking that the particular section of the Question objected to had better have been omitted.

"Why," screamed Mr. DEVLIN, "it's the very thing I wanted to get out."

Thanks to assistance of the Ulster men, he succeeded beyond his most sanguine expectations.

After this, debate on second reading of Scotch Education Bill a little tame. Speaker still absent through illness, and now LOWTHER (J. W.) has gone on sick list. Only JEFFREYS left; Parliamentary man of all work, Speaker and Chairman too. If he fell ill the shutters must perforce go up, and then what would the Empire and the world do? As Mr. NANNETTI says, "the Speaker's Chair has now only one leg to stand upon."

Business done.—Scotch Education Bill read a second time.

Tuesday night.—Two reappearances on the stage. The Scapegoat of the Government returns from the wilderness in the person of GEORGE WYNTHIAM. WILLIAM O'BRIEN, who, as we had all forgotten, was months ago elected for Cork City, takes the oath and his seat.

By comparison with old times the latter turns out to be a respectable-looking, grey-bearded, gentle-mannered person, not without suspicion in the eyes of the casual onlooker of possibly being a churchwarden. This transfiguration evidently resented by the stalwarts in Nationalists' camp. What business has the WILLIAM O'BRIEN they used to



THE ETHICS OF FISCAL MOTORING.

"Kick up a lot of dust and they can't make out your number!"

know to wear his Sunday coat on a Tuesday, to sport a carefully-trimmed beard, and to refrain from glaring at the Deputy-Speaker?

Suspicion of going to the bad in other respects confirmed when the once Wild Zebra of the Macgillicuddy Reeks spoke a word of sympathy for GEORGE WYNDHAM, cracked up C.-B., and delivered himself of the preposterous, really traitorous, declaration that he did not care for Parties.

"Whoever does good work for Ireland," he said, "is good enough for me."

If that principle be carried into action, what is to become of JOHN REDMOND's Party, with its monopoly of working out the salvation of Ireland, its Leader, its Whips, and above all, its Parliamentary Fund? Murmurs from back benches broke in on O'BRIEN's speech, interrupting the rise and fall of its cadence, drawing forth a pitiful appeal for toleration on the ground that his voice had been silent in Parliament for full two years.

As for GEORGE WYNDHAM, he rather amazed than pleased the House by exceeding humility. Here was a Minister, most popular and most capable among his colleagues, sacrificed in order that they might continue to live. In the prime of his powers, in the full bloom of a successful career, he was cut off at the bidding of a numerically small, fanatically strong, section of the Party. There were peculiar circumstances connected with the affair that added to its bitterness. Of three men working in the field, one was taken and two were left. The Chief Secretary was hustled out of

office; the Lord Lieutenant was overlooked; and the Under Secretary—*Deus ex machinâ*—refusing to go was grumblingly permitted to remain.

Never since Cabals disturbed the political world has there been anything quite equal to the success achieved by the gallant Ulster Members. Here was GEORGE WYNDHAM's opportunity of taking revenge. Would he do it? the crowded House asked, watching him on the corner seat of third bench above Gangway, nervously turning over the pages of his manuscript.

He refrained. The Scapegoat only bleated—bleated assurance that he had never differed from his colleagues; that if there was ever an out-and-out Unionist, one who out-Antrimed Ulster, here he stood. He forgave everybody; bore no resentment even towards a former Private Secretary of his own, now his bitterest opponent. As for the Prime Minister, his loyalty and personal affection, so far from being lessened by what had happened, were immeasurably increased.

It was magnanimous, but it wasn't WYNDHAM.

Business done.—C.-B.'s demand for publication of documents necessary to elucidate mysteries on the MACDONNELL affair negatived by 315 votes against 252.

Wednesday.—There is about Brother GERALD a look of guileless innocence invaluable to a President of the Local Government Board. He is found on the Treasury Bench in charge of the business of his Department, transacts it when it is forced upon his attention, but somehow, in indescribable manner, sits

aloof from mundane affairs. There is a pretty fancy in an otherwise forgotten poem which pictures a babe in its cot with eyes closed but face smiling. To the unprejudiced male onlooker this seems rather inane. The fond mother explains it all by saying, "The angels are whispering to him."

The MEMBER FOR SARK, not obtrusively an imaginative person, always says when his glance falls on GERALD BALFOUR—noting his far-away look, ethereal by contrast with the countenance of VICTOR CAVENDISH by chance seated near him, "The angels are talking to him."

Perhaps we'd better not ask what they said if they happened to be present throughout the guileless GERALD's little effort this afternoon. House in Committee on Agricultural Rating Bill. It proposes to renew for four years the Act expiring next Spring. Government would, of course, like to make it permanent, and there an end on't. In deference to scruples of Opposition have, however, consented to limit term to four years. On that understanding Bill passed second reading. Now in Committee LAMBERT, an agriculturist first and a Liberal after, proposes amendment making the Act permanent.

In view of their pledge the Government could not support such a proposal. But there was, by rare exception, a way of eating the cake and having it which Brother GERALD swiftly perceived. Looking even more guileless than ever, he proposed to leave the matter to the decision of the House, Ministerialists untrammelled by ordinary obedience to the Whips. He begged the supporters of the Government not to put anybody's head under the pump—he meant not to vote for the amendment unless they privily pleased.

Consequence of adopting this proceeding obvious. The country party, naturally desirous of permanently retaining a boon conferred on their class at expense of general taxpayer, would vote for LAMBERT's amendment. It would be carried, and—dear me!—the Government, in spite of themselves, having done the fair and honest thing, would find forced upon them injunction to make the Act permanent.

Thus the guileless GERALD, upon whom straightway fell HENRY FOWLER, ASQUITH, and a dozen Liberals leaping to their feet with hot indignation at what they roundly called a breach of faith. In the end it turned out that in respect of its relations to syntax the amendment was inadmissible. It was dropped, and Brother GERALD went back to his quiet communion with the angels, who doubtless sympathised with him on his enforced contact with grosser natures.

Business done.—In Committee on Agricultural Ratings Bill.



BRIDGE PROBLEMS.—No. 1.

WHAT HAS THE DEA BE DECLARED?

OUR "NEW GALLERY" GUIDE.

5. "A Water Frolic." Mr. CHARLES W. WYLLIE represents a bevy of girls bathing in a secluded spot. From what Ladies' School or College they come is not clear, as no academical caps and gowns are visible. Certainly not from Girton, as there is nothing girl on about them. Query—where was the wily WYLLIE placed to make this drawing?

13. "The Mother." This clever picture should have been styled by Miss FLOA M. REID "The Judicious Mother," as the scene is in church, and she is carrying away the infant who has evidently been disturbing the congregation.

16. The Hon. JOHN COLLIER's handsome sitter must have been very much annoyed at the moment when the talented painter caught her expression. She is evidently saying, "It's too bad! Somebody has been chucking white-wash at the wall behind me!—fortunately just missed me!—But it does make me so wild!"

23. "Kathleen" Macourneen! Mrs. KATE FERGUSON gives the little girl her choice between a doll and an apple. True child of Eve she chooses the apple.

25. Mr. TOM MOSTYN shows us "The Travelling Doll," an old conjuring trick. It is wrapped up in a cloak, and its head comes off.

27. "A Real Darling!" Congratulations to JOHN LAVERY, R.S.A., and to Mr. Justice D-EL-NG.

59. "The Arun River." Capital, Mr. PRIESTMAN; ARUN's all right; where's MOSES?

72. The Hon. Mrs. WALTER JAMES depicts how "The Robbers tied the Princess to a tree and left her" at the New Gallery, carriage paid. "To be called for at the end of the season."

78. A Most Ladylike Mann. Portrait of his Missus by a good Mann and true (i.e. Mr. HARRINGTON MANN).

91. Miss ANNA ALMA-TADEMA calls her picture "Daun." It represents a charming young person just up (to anything), laying, as GEORGE MEREDITH would say, "finger to nose" to impress upon the spectator that she is very wide awake, and that now the explanation of something that had puzzled her has dawned on her, and she knows all about it whatever it may be. It needs no dawn to set off her pretty features, as she would be a beauty even when unadorn'd.

95. The White Cottage is a most peacefully rural retreat in a dell,—dellightful! "Far from the madding crowd," and only to be reached by a Carr (i.e. Miss DOROTHY COMYNS CARR).

"The world forgetting, by the world forgot,
Motors can't hit on a re-moter spot."

The Chauffeur.

105. Mr. GEORGE HENRY, R.S.A., calls this picture of a lady "The Satin Gown"; evidently meaning "the gown sat in by the sitter."

125. "In Anticipation." Lady ALMA-TADEMA presents a Dutch Marguerite trying on her Faust jewels.

160. "The Cathedral Doorway," or The Joke that Failed. Mr. SYDNEY LEE exhibits a black figure waiting outside a cathedral door to startle somebody whom he is expecting. But there is no one visible, inside. So his little practical joke won't come off.

191. The Morning After. Mr. HAROLD SPEED gives us a remarkable portrait of a pianist who, with his eyes shut and his head evidently splitting, is regretting the mixtures, with variations, of the previous jovial evening. "Oh dear," he is evidently moaning, "I can't play a note this morning!"

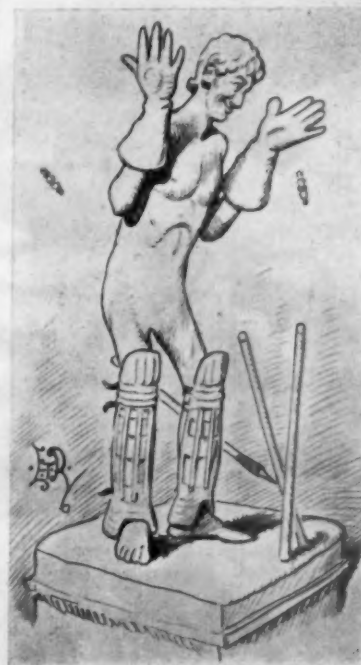
200. Mr. GEO. HENRY, R.S.A., sends a record

portrait of WILLIAM MOLLISON as "Pistol." Both artists have made a hit with this pistol.

201. The Queer Fish, or the Goggle-eyed Dwarf Dolphin. Mrs. RAPHAEL tells us how "Melisande" was puzzled by the appearance of a fishy freak floating on the water.

211. Mr. JOHN MACWHIRTER, R.A., signals "The Night Express—Crossing the Border." This should have been at Burlington House, and, of course, "on the line."

216. Trying to keep up Appearances. Mr. J. S. SARGENT, R.A., introduces us to a charming lady who is ready to take all the blame on her own exquisite shoulders.



ANOTHER INTERPRETATION OF "LYCIDAS."

Wicket-keeper. "Bowled him!"

230. "Nouronnihar." What's in a name?

"She's all my fancy painted her!"

"She's lovely, she's divine!"

"But, alas! she's WILLIAM WONTNER'S."

And (though I'm Willing, Want'n her)

"She never can be mine!"

(Old song adapted by Silas Wegg,
"dropping into poetry.")

235. "The Middle Marches," by the Hon. WALTER JAMES. Nothing to do with Middle-march. Will talented artist follow it up with "The Fairs of April," "Mid August," and so forth?

250. La Dame Blanche, par J. E. BLANCHE. After the ball, or too tired for anything, even to pick up that orange which they say is so refreshing before going to bed at 4 A.M. No matter, let the cat and dog have it. Non soir!

Mr. Punch is obliged to a correspondent who directs his attention to an article in the Bazaar headed, "The Effects of Travelling on Eggs." Pressure of business prevents him from reading the article, but he can easily picture the results for himself.

ON CHOOSING A HOUSE.

(With acknowledgments to the "Daily Mail.")

AN ARCHITECT TALKS ABOUT CRACKS, ETC.

In choosing a house, as in most matters, it is always well to be suspicious.

How many commencing householders, we wonder, have been forced to confess themselves bitterly disappointed after a few weeks' enjoyment of what they had described, in the first pride of possession, as the "sweetest teeny weeny little house."

A badly built house will sooner or later develop cracks, and for these you must constantly be on the look-out. The importance of a crack cannot be estimated by its apparent size; a small crack may in time be transformed into a

YAWNING CHASM IN YOUR DINING-ROOM,

big enough to post a letter in. Should this occur after you have signed the agreement, it is as well to face the thing boldly, call in a local builder, and actually make a letter-box of it, or if the size of the crack warrants it convert what would be an eyesore into a picturesque garden-entrance.

Always beware of pretty little rough-cast villas. Remember that rough-cast can be made to cover a multitude of sins, and insist on having it completely stripped off, in order that you may be assured that there are no cracks underneath. Many builders will refuse to comply with your request, and you will be able to draw your own conclusions.

One more piece of advice. Never think of taking a house without

GOING CAREFULLY INTO THE DRAINS.

A simpler way of testing them, however, if you prefer it, is to put in at one end a rabbit (of the diameter of the pipe), then put in a ferret and go and wait at the other end of the drain. If the rabbit comes out you may safely assume that the pipe is free from obstruction.

COMPLIMENTARY TO A LOCALITY.—Mr. H. B. IRVING, who has for some time past been an outlying Hamlet, has derived so much benefit from his recent sojourn at Herne Bay as to have seriously contemplated identifying himself, out of sheer gratitude, with that salubrious sea-side resort, by announcing that in future his initials "H. B." would stand for the name of the place, and that he would henceforth be known as "Herne Bay IRVING." He has however been dissuaded from carrying out this plan in consequence of the strong remonstrances made to him on the subject by all the other watering places along the Kent coast. [We have this on the undoubted authority of our old friend Ben Trovato.]

OPERATIC NOTES.

Tuesday, May 9.—Notable Night in Merry Musical Month of May. Saluta-



One of the Hits of the Opera.
Don Pasquale and Norina.

tions and heartiest welcome to *Don Pasquale*, back to the land of Light Opera in our Garden. Old times and old tunes revived! Fresh as ever they were when gay GAETANO DONIZETTI wrote them for LABLACHE, TAMBURINI, MARIO and GRISI in eighteen forty-three. Needless to say that at that date the present scribe and his *æquales* were, to quote the ever witty words of the worryingly wearisome Wagg, "left by their Pa's, squalling in the nursery," while they, the Parents aforesaid, joyfully went to hear *Pasquale* at Her Majesty's Theatre. How they made the tunes hum! Again, in 1855 (LABLACHE, the original *Don*, died in '58), and once more—with what east this deponent has not been able to ascertain—in 1882. From that time forth till now the *Don* has been resting. Now, in 1905, he comes out as sparkling as ever, most refreshing to all who have been somewhat over-dosed with Wagner and Rhine-water. Even to those who had never seen it played in London DONIZETTI's charming music is thoroughly familiar—"familiar, but by no means vulgar." A fortunate few, in the course of their travels, having made the *Don's* personal acquaintance in Italy, longed to meet him again and "as a stranger to give him welcome." Though



Cutting out the Matinée Hat.

unfettered to-night by Wagnerian conventionalities, which punctiliously repress any outward expression of delight, the house only gradually

recovered its power of giving vent to its bottled-up and corked-down sensations of pleasure. But enthusiasm will out; the Wagnerian wires were cut, corks flew, and by the time we had reached the delightful chorus, admirably rendered and acted by the "*Butlers and Maids*," in the second tableau of the Third Act, all hands were applauding. But for a misty cloud of decorous dulness that had not as yet been entirely dispersed, this chorus, tuneful and dramatic, would have elicited a genuine *encore* as truly hearty as it was thoroughly well-deserved.

All in to begin. MANCINELLI's tap turns on Overture. House hushed. Rapt attention given to the solo in orchestra, "*Com' è gentil*," not to be heard again until opera nearly over. It is kept as a great



VALUABLE REMINISCENCES.

First Ancient Habitué. "This brings to mind old times."

Second A. H. "Yes, and old tunes."

First A. H. "Ever see the *Don* before?"

Second A. H. "Never!"

treat in reserve, and let me here say that, when it did arrive, Signor BRAVI, as *Ernesto*, sang it so well nigh to perfection that but for the still lingering formality of stiffish Wagnerian etiquette, coupled with the lateness of the serenade's arrival at about 11.15, the modest tenor would have been compelled to come out of his ambush behind the scenes, and might have been induced to give us just one verse of it over again, as a specially sweet *souvenir* to take away with us.

The melodious overture finished, the curtain rises, and we are face to face with *Don Pasquale* himself, represented, and be it at once said, most humorously

and musically represented, by that sterling operatic comedian, M. GILBERT.



Duet *Con Amore*.
Ernesto-Bravi. Norina-Bosetti.

To him *Doctor Malatesta* (family name associated with tragic deeds in a sombre opera), who at once feels the pulse of the House, and well knows, as he commences his "*Bella siccome un angelo*" (words that, substituting "*Pura*" for "*Bella*," recall the first line of a well-known air in *Traviata*) that from now, up to the end of the evening, the entire audience have become the confiding patients of *Dottore Malatesta*, whose practice, on the stage, is carried on by M. MAUREL. What fun—that is the word—it all is! How droll is the *Don*, that dear old stout party, when he sings of hearts and darts, and anticipates with senile rapture the prospect of being a husband and a family man! To frivolous old age enters manly youth in the person of *Ernesto*, the *Don's* nephew, brightly played and perfectly sung by Signor BRAVI, to whom all are ready to cry out "Bravo!" Then follow aria, duet, trio, carrying us along on a stream of sweetly flowing melody until the curtain descends on the First Act. It is raised



Doctor Maurel-Malatesta.
A Night Call—before the Curtain.

again to the plaudits which will grow in heartiness as, bidding Wagnerianism for a while farewell, we return to our old very natural Anglo-Italian methods of giving vent to our feelings.

Impatiently we wait—and these waits are not to be lightly borne—until the electric bell is answered, and we are ushered into the private apartment of *Norina*, “a young widow” (surname unknown), who must have been left by her late lamented husband uncommonly well off, judging, that is, by the palatial appearance of the flat in the palazzo where we find her reading a book. She is quite ready to sing to us; and this Mademoiselle *BOSETTI* does sweetly, and with rare artistic finish. The part suits her better, dramatically, than does that of old *Doctor Bartolo's* ward *Rosina*. M. MAUREL and Mlle. *BOSETTI* have a fine comedy scene to themselves, throughout which flows a sparkling undercurrent of delicious orchestral melody that would inspire even *WAGNER's* ponderous dwarfs, dull demi-gods, blundering giants, and heavily armed matrons, to attempt tunefulness. What a relief for the merry musicians Donizettying away for all their worth under the *bâton* of Masterly *MANCINELLI*!

Listen to the orchestral accompaniment. It illustrates the emotions and actions of the parties to the signing of the contract of marriage (Act II., Sc. 3). And then the humour of the situation when, after *Norina* has become nominally *Madame Pasquale*, the *Don* discovers the truth of the old adage:

“Needles and pins, needles and pins,
When a man's married
His trouble begins!”

How brilliantly does the fifth scene of the Third Act finish with the great duet admirably sung by *Don* and *Doctor*. Immense!

But this enthusiastic scribe is outrunning the limits. When *Don Pasquale* is repeated, let not a single lover of melodious light comic opera fail to avail himself, or herself, of so exceptional an opportunity.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

A *Vagrant Englishwoman* (SMITH, ELDER) takes for her motto the shorter catechism from *Love's Labour's Lost*: “How hast thou purchased this experience?” “By my penny of observation.” Miss CATHERINE DODD's observation is keen and sympathetic. She notes the salient points alike of men and women, town, river and country, and has a pretty way of presenting them. Acquaintance opens in a German Pension kept by “a short dumpling of a woman with a wide mouth, thin grey hair, a smart cap, and a purple bow, and eyes that looked into you and felt for you, and somehow divined your woes.” The Frau is, in a few other lines dropped here and there, admirably portrayed, as is her small but varied circle of paying guests. The Englishwoman is at her best in a trip down the Danube, bound for Belgrade. Her narrative is full of light and colour, flashing on the canvas moving pictures of lustrous life. Not the least effective detail in a clever book is its plan of narration. Instead of the inevitably obtrusive appearance on the scene of the story-teller with his or her recurrent first person singular, we have “the Englishwoman,” demure, generally in the background, but ever keenly observant, round whom the narrative centres. My Baronite finds her character, unconsciously delineated, the most interesting in the little picture gallery.

The unhappy fate of the writer of a successful book is akin to that of *Frankenstein*. His creation remains anonymous, but to the end of his life he was unable to rid himself of its influence. Mrs. HEGAN RICE's child of fancy is uni-

versally known as *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch*. When she tries her hand again and gives us *Sandy* (HODDER AND STROUTON), the unreasoning mind straightway institutes comparison between the two. On that score my Baronite is content to say that *Sandy* should have been published first. Standing alone, without deterrent influence of comparison, the book would have made its mark. It is the story of a bright, dauntless Irish boy who crosses the Atlantic as a stowaway, falls in love with a girl of whom he catches a glimpse on the saloon deck, follows her to her home in Kentucky, wins his way to equality of estate, marries her and lives happily ever after. The difference between the two books is that whilst *Mrs. Wiggs* was unconventional, *Sandy* is not. The chasm is wide; but of its class the tale is pleasant reading.

Strained Allegiance (JOHN LONG), by R. H. FORSTER, will strain attention and patience pretty considerably. It should have been bound in a cover of bright orange, as the story is distinctly of that political tone. Some of the old materials, not unskillfully worked up, will probably please a certain class of readers not particular as to facts where they can get plenty of romance.

The Wise Woods is the title of a novel by Mrs. HENRY DUDENEY (HEINEMANN). Why the authoress selected this title for her work is somewhat of a puzzle: perhaps she may be contemplating a sequel to be called *The Other Wise Woods*. The heroine of the tale is the daughter of an ultra-ritualistic Anglican clergyman, who falls in love with a regular Romany, a wild gipsy girl, and, being himself of Romany-ising tendencies, he marries her. The Romany-ising clergyman dies when on an African mission, and his gipsy better half, who has stayed at home, also dies, leaving the baby, hebraically named *Vashti*, to the care of the parson's good sister *Elizabeth*. Thenceforth *Vashti* is the heroine of the story, which in certain portions descriptive of squalid Bohemian life suggests that Mrs. DUDENEY's method has not been uninfluenced by ZOLA. As, for instance, where the gipsy-blooded girl throws off decorum, and impersonating *nuda veritas* scampers about “the woods,” which are “wise” enough to be silent. There seems to be some sort of moral underlying the story, of which not a few excellent persons might avail themselves should they wish to illustrate the possible dangers of what may be termed the amateur confessional in certain given cases; as, for example, when there is an enthusiastic, impressionable parson playing the confessor, with a beautiful, ingenuous and irresistibly fascinating dark daughter of Egypt as his heathen penitent, whom the aforesaid confessor, not being bound to celibacy, converts at one and the same time into a daughter of his church and his wife. Apart from these peculiar people—who, as the authoress herself says of the imitation nuns in her story, “were all a little childish: they loved to play at make-believe”—the other characters in the story are well-drawn, carefully individualised possibilities. The authoress's style would be on occasion strikingly powerful, were it not so frequently marred by evident Zolaisms. Mrs. DUDENEY makes an odd mistake in spelling, which cannot possibly be a “printer's error,” when she writes, “There was a beggar on the curb; always beggars at the curb.” Had the beggar also a snaffle in his mouth? Of course Mrs. DUDENEY meant “the kerb,” the abbreviation of “kerb-stone.” There can be no doubt about it, as the context is, “On the pavements, flower-like women.”



CHARIVARIA.

NAN PATTERSON, the American chorus girl, has been released, and she will, after all, be able to play *Hamlet*.

King PETER OF SERBIA, it is said, will abdicate at an early date in favour of his son the Crown Prince GEORGE. It is not known in what way the youth has offended his father.

The KAISER has despatched one of his officers to Mukden to confer on General Nogi the Order "Pour le Mérite," and General Nogi will shortly have the right to head his note-paper, "Under the distinguished patronage of H.I.M. the German EMPEROR and King of PRUSSIA."

We live in revolutionary times. The representative of the War Office in the House of Lords has declared that a letter written by the Duke of WELLINGTON on the subject of national defence cannot now be considered up-to-date.

The Army Council, too, is awake to the danger arising from our shortage of officers. King ALFONSO of Spain has been appointed a British General.

The provincial journal which, the other day, published the following paragraph:—"Private letters from Madagascar state that two cyclists have visited the island, causing the loss of 200 lives and immense damage to property," and followed it up with a leader virulently attacking motor-cyclists, now informs us that the word should have been "cyclones." The printer has been warned.

Some members of the House of Commons are of the opinion that that institution is greatly under-assessed for rates. On the other hand there are outsiders who think it is very much over-rated.

Publicans are complaining of great depression in their trade. It is not, however, a fact that universal sympathy is felt for them, and the proposal that several heavy drinkers at present in gaol shall be released until the arrival of better times is only receiving lukewarm support.

Those who like to be up-to-date in what is the fashion and what is not will be interested to hear that Lady WARWICK proposes to give up wearing white kid-gloves when shaking hands with other Social Democrats.

Mr. BALFOUR has declared the invasion of England to be impossible; but, to make assurance doubly sure, the Aliens Bill will be persisted in.



AT THE ACADEMY.

Miss Jones. "HOW CAME YOU TO THINK OF THE SUBJECT, MR. DE BRUSH?"

Eccentric Artist. "OH, I HAVE HAD IT IN MY HEAD FOR YEARS."

Miss Jones. "HOW WONDERFUL! WHAT DID THE PAPERS SAY?"

Eccentric Artist. "SAID IT WAS FULL OF 'ATMOSPHERE,' AND SUGGESTED 'SPACE.'"

Personally, we think it would have been much better fun if Mr. BALFOUR had not let it be known that a successful invasion is impossible, but had allowed the invaders to come, and then defeated them.

Another boot strike has happily been averted. A woman fined for drunkenness at Hull made the attempt, but the magistrate just ducked in time, and the boot missed his head by an inch.

The latest rumour about *The Cheat* is that it is just a portrait group, and that the happy title (a picture ought always to have some sort of title) was only thought of at the last moment.

In reference to the theft of miniatures from the Royal Institute, some pain has

been caused to the artistes concerned by the assertion that the pictures were obviously stolen for the sake of their valuable frames and settings.

Answer to a correspondent:—Yes, formerly the House of Lords was our final Court of Appeal, but now there is the *Daily Mail*.

It is intimated that Mr. J. D. ROCKEFELLER is about to establish a fund of £2,000,000 for the benefit of superannuated ministers, and the hopes entertained by Liberals that the present Ministry will shortly resign have once more been revived.

"The Russian Army has worked like a machine," remarked a Russophil, the other day. A flying machine?

THE PSYCHOLOGICAL MOMENT.

[As Mr. Punch goes to press, signs are not wanting that Admiral ROZHDENSTVENSKY is alive to the journalistic situation exposed in the following lines.]

THIS to your new address, I can't say what,
Somewhere off Cochin-China (*avis rara*),
Either Honkohe or another spot
Along that Oriental Riviera,
(Not knowing more precisely where you lodge
Under the chatty *nom de guerre* of "Roj.")—

This friendly note I forward—*verbum sap.* :—
While thus you dally up and down the tropics,
There is a danger lest you overlap
The limit set to journalistic topics;
Except you go at once to face your doom
You will, I warn you, cease to be a Boom!

You had your chance a few brief weeks ago
During the precious Eastertide vacation;
Our founts of crystal fact were running low,
We had to live on mere imagination;
The House was up, the football season done,
And cricket (blessed theme!) not yet begun.

The Press could then have spared you ample space;
Her columns gaped to get a nine days' wonder;
But you from watering-place to watering-place
Pottered about—a most amazing blunder!
The vital hour that seldom comes again
You spent in filling up with sweet champagne.

For now the Tests are on us; in a week
Their opening round will claim our purplest patches;
From dawn to dewy eve the air will reek
Of COTTER's lightning hops, and JESSOR's catches,
Of FRY's intrepid nerve, of TRUMPER's charm,
Of WILFRED's curlers "coming with his arm."

Thereafter, with the Ashes still at stake,
Taxing the Pressman's every mental sinew,
No self-respecting Print would undertake
To show a more than casual interest in you;
Until, in fact, the rubber's won or lost,
Even the fiery Roj must be a frost.

Barely a week in which to take your knock!
Therefore, unless you much prefer the notion
Of being shelved among our Autumn stock
Of monstrous snakes careering round the ocean,
Now while the hour invites, good Roj the Rover,
In Heaven's name go on, and get it over! O. S.

Sympathy between Two Dumb Animals.

"On Saturday morning" (May 13) "a fire broke out in a mule at — and spread rapidly. The Corporation Fire Brigade turned out under Superintendent Gee, and extinguished the flames after about an hour's work. The damage is not stated, but it is estimated at some hundreds of pounds."—*Manchester Guardian*.

The high figure at which the damage is placed makes us fear that the mule may have been permanently disabled, or even utterly consumed. At the same time we sincerely congratulate the Gee on his efforts (of which we can only roughly estimate the h.p.) to save his poor fellow-creature.

THE Archdeacon of LONDON was announced to preach at Milford Church last Saturday to brethren of the Beauropel Lodge of Freemasons. We are very glad to learn from the *Derby Express* that "a dispensation to wearing clothing was granted by Grand Lodge." The weather has certainly been very warm.

IN BERLIN.

In the *Thiergarten* there is a broad avenue known as the *Sieges Allée*, the Avenue of Victory. At the end of it rises the huge column, topped by a gigantic figure of Germania, gilded and winged, which commemorates the triumphs of the Prussian soldiers in the wars of 1864, 1866 and 1870. As you approach this avenue you are surprised by flashes of brilliant white which dart out, as it were, from the young green of the trees that flank the paths on either side, and when you investigate the cause of these glittering appearances you find that they proceed from the thirty-two statues which line the avenue like so many marble sentinels. There in battle array, fronting one another, sixteen to each side, stand for ever the Margraves, Electors, Kings and Emperors of the great house of Brandenburg, from Margrave ALBERT THE BEAR, who died in 1170, down to the Emperor WILLIAM THE FIRST, whom many men still young can remember to have seen. The conception of this marble embodiment of all his princely ancestry was that of the present EMPEROR. The execution of it was entrusted to many eminent German sculptors. The work began in 1898 and was finished in 1901, and from that moment to the present the people of Berlin, who are a light-hearted and—it must be admitted—an irreverent race, have spent no small part of their energies in showering epigrams, witticisms and sarcasms on the sculptured effigies of those who formerly held rule in Berlin. They have been represented as duelling in pairs, as playing a football match against one another, as rowing races, or as avenging themselves by tortures (to which their swords and battle-axes and chain armour lent a considerable truculence) upon those who by carving them had condemned them to pose before the ridicule of later generations. At a certain *cabaret*, in which I was among the audience, the most highly-appreciated item of the programme was the solemn recitation to appropriate music of a parody of the *Erlkönig*, which represented the father and his child riding home late through the night and wind, and also, as it chanced, through the *Sieges Allée*. The child goes from terror to terror at the sight of the various statues, and finally, on coming to ROLAND of Berlin, he dies in convulsions.

Now to anyone coming fresh from the ideal glory of our GEORGE THE THIRD in Cockspur Street or our GEORGE THE FOURTH in Trafalgar Square, there is something almost graceless and wanton in the scorn devoted by the Berliners to their sovereign statues. ROLAND of Berlin, terrific and prodigious as he is, has not the solemn ineptitude that is inseparable from JOHN STUART MILL and ISAMBARD KINGDOM BRUNEL on the Embankment or from SIR ROBERT PEEL by the Palace at Westminster. As a self-respecting child I could meet ROLAND on any dark night with composure, but I should prefer not to come within the scope of the Duke of WELLINGTON on Constitution Hill. At the same time it must be admitted that among many finely conceived and nobly executed statues in the *Sieges Allée* there are some that do not err, let us say, either through excess of beauty or by a studied avoidance of the grotesque.

The Elector JOACHIM THE FIRST NESTOR appears to have ruled from 1499 to 1535. It is to the credit of his subjects that for thirty-six years they should have been able to endure the authority of a gentleman who, if his statue may be trusted, was the most supercilious and contemptuous monarch that ever drew a sword. His successor, JOACHIM THE SECOND, has bags under his eyes in which he could have carried a week-end kit with ease; and JOHN SIGISMUND, in profuse knickerbockers, is a Dutch delight of fatness. Another of these gentlemen, whose name I forget, is represented with a pair of well-curved legs crossed in an attitude of repose which is not unnatural, seeing that his heavily-moustached face is at least two sizes too big for him.

On the opposite side of the Avenue is the Margrave OTTO



AN OFFICIAL SEDATIVE.

JOHN BULL. "SLEEPING DRAUGHT, EH? WHY, I THOUGHT THEY WANTED ME TO WAKE UP!"
[Mr. BALFOUR's statement that "the invasion of England is impossible" threatens to discourage the development of the Home Defence movement.]



AS OFFICIAL SEBASTIAN

THE OFFICIAL SEBASTIAN

THE OFFICIAL SEBASTIAN

MARCH OF MUSICIANS ON LONDON.

STRANGE SCENES IN EAST ANGLIA.

(Exclusive Report.)

MUSICIANS being proverbially highly strung and sensitive people, it is not to be wondered at that the example of the Army Boot Strike should have met with speedy emulation. It will be remembered that an exceedingly successful meeting of village choirs was recently held at King's Lynn, at which hundreds of vocalists took part. Unfortunately a premature and inadequate account of the Festival appeared in the columns of a well-known London weekly, and this aroused such indignation amongst the choralists that it was unanimously resolved to march on London and demand an explanation from the editor. Arrangements for the journey were speedily made, knapsacks were packed containing sandwiches, sponges, tuning-forks, pitch-pipes and other necessities, and at 6 A.M. on Thursday morning a start was effected from the Corn Hall, King's Lynn.

Before this, however, Mr. W. H. LESLIE, the popular chairman of the Village Choirs Committee, addressed the demonstrators in a rousing speech, appealing to the tenors to maintain their pitch, whatever happened, and recommending them, if all other means of obtaining redress should fail, to serenade Mr. AKERS DOUGLAS with the "*March of the Men of Harlech*," arranged for double mixed chorus and drums. The children's choirs had begged earnestly to be allowed to take part in the march, but the County Inspector of Police, himself a *basso cantante* of no mean powers, was reluctantly obliged to intervene, and eventually no one under eighteen years of age was permitted to join in the march.

Telegrams received on Friday announced that the demonstrators had reached Cambridge on Thursday night. Their original intention had been to walk all the way, but on arriving at Ely in the afternoon, and finding a train in the station, the choralists decided on a *coup de main* and, overpowering the station-master and porter, boarded the carriages and forced the engine-driver to start. The authorities at Cambridge, however, were advised by wire of what had happened, and on the arrival of the train a *posse* of police arrested the entire body.

Fortunately, however, Dr. ALAN GRAY, the colossal organist of Trinity College, and other leading Cambridge musicians, got wind of what had occurred, a hasty appeal to the generosity of undergraduates was made, and the episode was closed by the payment of a lump sum of £20. The night being fine, the singers decided to camp out on Parker's

Piece, having previously given an open-air concert in the market place, at which the Brancaster Caddies' Junior Choir greatly distinguished themselves by their touching rendering of "*The Wearing of the Green*."

An early start was negotiated next morning, and excellent progress was made for about ten miles, when an unfortunate incident occurred. The Norfolk Minstrels were walking ten abreast in a serried mass singing STEVENS's noble glee "*The Cloud-capt Towers*," when they encountered some thirty athletic stockbrokers who were engaged in a walking race to Cambridge, and on their failing to realise the need of at once making way for the plutocratic pedestrians the two forces became inextricably entangled, blows were exchanged, and the leading tenor of the Heacham Senior Choir sustained a contused nose. Numbers, however, prevailed in the long run, the Dersingham basses in particular distinguishing themselves by the vigour of their attack, and after administering first-aid to the financiers, already somewhat exhausted by their exertions, the singers marched on with renewed courage to the strains of "*O who will o'er the Downs so free*."

Little doubt was entertained that the demonstrators would have reached their goal on Saturday night, had it not been for the extraordinary event which occurred in the neighbourhood of Stratford. This was nothing less than their encountering another and larger body of vocalists who were also engaged on a marching demonstration.

These turned out to be a majority of those who had taken part in the recent competition at Aylesbury, and who, being dissatisfied at the verdict of the adjudicators, had determined to march to Stratford-on-Avon to appeal to Miss MARIE CORELLI to espouse their cause. Unfortunately Mr. HENRY BIRD, who had kindly consented to accompany them on their march, confused Stratford-atte-Bowe with Stratford-on-Avon, and thus precipitated the collision which brought the march of the Norfolk demonstrators to a disastrous close. They cannot, however, be fairly charged with pusillanimity, for the Buckinghamshire forces undoubtedly presented a most formidable front. First of all came 100 sopranos singing "*With Verdure Clad*;" 78 altos followed rendering "*Voi che sapete*" in an impressive unison; then came 84 tenors chanting "*Deeper and Deeper Still*," and, lastly, 67 basses, all sonorously interpreting "*The Wanderer*," Mr. HENRY BIRD with masterly ubiquitousness accompanying all four detachments on a portable pianino.

After a brief parley—which made it clear that the Buckinghamshire vocalists

had now also determined to march on London—the leaders of the Norfolk forces decided that it would be hopeless to gain the ear of the London public in the face of such overwhelming rivalry, and regretfully resolved to retrace their steps to East Anglia. This determination, we learn, has since been carried out without any further casualties, the Borough Council of King's Lynn having contributed liberally to the repatriation of their heroic fellow Norfolkians.

ADVANTAGES.

By Luke Tapley.

A WOODEN LEG.

THERE is a curiously wrong-headed idea prevalent that a wooden leg is an inconvenience, an obstacle, a blemish, an eyesore, a limitation, a sign of incapacity, a confession of failure. Quite sensible men have been betrayed into this view; but how shallow and superficial it is a moment's careful thought will show. So far from a wooden leg being any deterrent, one might almost say that only the wooden-legged really know what living is. The profound student of life can see a thousand merits in a sound leg of good honest timber impossible to the fragile, transitory limb of flesh and bone upon which so many unenterprising mortals are content to shuffle to the grave.

The mere fact that one has a wooden leg at all is in itself a proof that the original limb, the clumsy flesh and bone affair, was a disappointment. Where is it, anyway? Gone, cut off, buried. Why, how was that? one asks. Wasn't it strong enough? Couldn't it resist the machinery, or the bullet, or whatever it was? No? What a poor, made-in-Germany concern! And you couldn't grow another, and so had to fall back on a poor old tree! It speaks well for trees anyway. Trees are best. You can count on a tree. If anything goes wrong with a wooden leg you can have another one on in a minute; but the supply of the real article gives out at once.

The usefulness of a wooden leg! Its resources! You can't take off a real leg and knock down a man with it. Long JOHN SILVER when in difficulties had his wooden leg off in a twinkling. You can't mend a real leg with glue. In a truly sensible world all male babies would be born with wooden legs, and so save half our trouble; especially babies who were going to be soldiers. You can't catch cold in it; it is subject to no rheumatic twinges; it reduces the number of blisters by fully fifty per cent. It halves one's boot bill. The wooden-legged man need never do such a boring thing as dance any more. He will be excused from being best man.

He is not likely to be asked to play lawn tennis. Some one will be allowed to field and run for him at cricket. When there is a good arm-chair it is odds but it will be offered to him. He can enjoy at once the pleasures of youth and the privileges of old.

There was once a wooden-legged man who was lost in the snow. He fought his way to a hut where a woodman had lived; but the woodman was dead and the hut was deserted. He had some matches and he found some twigs on the hearth, but no other firing. He lit the twigs and broke up a chair and burned it, and so got warmth into him. Then he broke up the only other chair. Then he burned the table. Still no one came. He ate nothing for hours and hours, hoping for relief. Then he ate his boot. At last all the furniture was burnt, but if he let the fire out he would die. So he took off his leg and burned that, and went on eating his boot. Just as he was swallowing the last piece of the upper, and the last fragment of the leg was smouldering in the fire, the search party arrived and saved him.

A critic who heard this story said that it proved little, because if the man had had two boots he could have held out longer; but then he would not have had a wooden leg at all, and would therefore have frozen to death in the midst of his plenty. One wooden leg is better than many boots.

There were once two men who met after each had returned from a solitary expedition far from civilisation. One was a wooden-legged man. When they came to compare notes they found that each had broken an arm. But whereas the wooden-legged man still had the use of his, the other's was gone. The circumstances were the same in each case. Each had shot a tiger, who had then sprung on him from behind and shattered an arm before he died. The man with two ordinary ineffectual legs had had to stagger to a native village many miles distant before he could be assisted, and then it was too late. The other man had quickly taken off his wooden leg, held it between his teeth while he cut splints from it, bound up his arm, and was now as well as ever. How beautiful this is, this instant altruistic readiness of one limb to come to the service of the other! But possible only where the limb is of wood.

A wooden leg can play a thousand parts. It is a hammer, as well as a club; a cricket bat on occasions; a hod for bricks; a camp stool; a support for the drowning; a jury mast for the shipwrecked; a flagstaff for a retired sailor; a soup ladle; a conductor's baton. It may be made hollow and filled with useful commodities, such as gold, ink, pemmican, testimonials, whiskey. No



TO KEEP HIS MEMORY GREEN.

He. "I WAS AN INTIMATE FRIEND OF YOUR LATE HUSBAND. CAN'T YOU GIVE ME SOMETHING TO REMEMBER HIM BY?"

She (shyly). "How would I do?"

man with a wooden leg is ever wholly destitute: he has his leg. L. T.

A FRANK APPEAL.

[The Petitioner is not sure of the pronunciation of the Great Name.]

PLEASE, wealthy Mr. CARNEGIE,
Give fifty thousand pounds to me.

But fifty thousand pounds to me gie,
And I will praise your name, CARNEGIE.

Dear charitable, kind CARNEGIE,
Do give me fifty thou., I beg 'ee.

Just fifty thou., for duns are plaguy,
And I "will ever pray," CARNEGIE.

THE *Petersburgski Listok* announces that General KUBOPATKIN is about to retire to his country seat. This craving for a final and uninterrupted retreat is, perhaps, not unnatural.

The Advertisement Literary.

THE high example set by Printing House Square in the matter of the advertisement literary (as Miss CORELLI would call it) is finding imitators in the Provinces. A Sunderland tailor issues the following prose fancy:—

"Progressiveness is the realization of success and from the inception of our Men's department a year ago, healthy expansion has been our forward movement. Up-to-date goods of superior quality at the keenest prices was its life germ which needed but the nurturing conditions to spring forth into withstanding strength. These have been employed: visibly by successively increasing space and service accommodation; diametrically by intelligent and continued supervision."

"BREVET-MAJOR W. L. FOSTER, D.S.O., one of the well-known Worcestershire cricketing family, has been posted to the 100th Battery, R.F.A., at Deepcut." Seldom have our military authorities shown a finer sense of the fitness of things.

WHY I HAVE GIVEN UP WRITING NOVELS.

(A Personal Explanation in Two Parts.)

PART I.

I HAVE presented the world with but one work of Fiction—and yet I have already come to the irrevocable resolution that my first novel shall be also my last! Such a decision is so unusual that I feel the Public is entitled to some explanation of the circumstances which have left me no other alternative.

First let me say that my reason was not that *Poisoned Porridge* (BELLONS AND BÖHMER, 6s.) was a failure in any sense of the term. Far from it. It was referred to as "the Novel of the Week" by so high an authority on literary matters as "TONEY TOSH"; both the *Clacton Courier* and the *Peebles Post* gave it notices so flattering as to be almost fulsome, while the *Giggleswick Gazette* pronounced the opinion that it "would serve to while away an idle half-hour which could not be better employed." I have preserved these and many similar press-cuttings, in case I should be called upon to prove my assertions. Moreover, I know of several friends who inquired for the work at more than one Circulating Library and were informed that it was "out." This being so, I have every reason for anticipating that my Publisher's statement of accounts, when furnished, will be found a highly satisfactory document.

But indeed I had never a doubt from the first that *Poisoned Porridge* would thrill the Public as intensely to read as it thrilled me to write it. Each successive Chapter, as it flowed like lava from my pen, came as a further revelation of the wondrous creative force that had till then been latent and unsuspected within me. Athene is recorded in the *Classical Dictionary* to have sprung in complete armour from the head of Zeus, but one character after another came out of my brain, and all endued with such super-abundant vitality that I was quite incapable of controlling their sayings and doings, which I could only record with breathless admiration.

This, I am aware, is quite a common experience with all novelists who possess the priceless gift of imagination, but the sequel in my own case was, I venture to think, rather more exceptional.

I should explain that I am a person of studious and literary habits, with a fixed income, and that I occupy a semi-detached villa-residence in a quarter that has acquired a considerable reputation for social exclusiveness—I allude to Upper Balham. It was here that *Poisoned Porridge* was composed (though the proofs, or at least the major portion of them, were revised in temporary lodgings fronting the Marine Parade at Bognor, Sussex).

Well, on a certain evening shortly after the work was published, I was seated in my study at Helicon Lodge, Upper Balham, when I heard the front-door bell ring violently, and presently my housekeeper announced that a young gentleman, who declined to give his name but declared that he was well-known to me, requested an interview.

I decided to receive him—not without misgivings that he had already absconded with the coats and umbrellas; but, when he was shown in, my first glance at his countenance told me the injustice of my suspicions. I could not be mistaken in that open brow, over which the chestnut hair fell in a crisp wave, that smooth-shaven face with the firmly chiselled lips and the square resolute chin—it was Cedric, the hero of *Poisoned Porridge*!

He was far too strong a character, as I realised at once, to be long confined within the covers of any book; he had burst his bindings, and naturally he felt that his first visit was due to the author of his being.

I gave him a cordial welcome (for I could not help feeling proud of the boy), and soon he was in a chair opposite mine,

enthusiastically pouring out all his youthful ambitions, dreams, and speculations into my sympathetic ear.

He continued to do so for several hours—until in fact the suspicion that he was a bit of an egotist (he never once mentioned *Poisoned Porridge*!) had crystallised into the conviction that he was no end of a bore. At last I had to hint that it was long past my usual hour for retiring, and that I must not keep him any longer from his own home. It then appeared that he had no home of his own, and no resources, which was why he had come to me.

I wished then that I had provided him in the novel with some regular occupation, or at least a competence (which would have cost me practically nothing), but I had avoided such prosaic details with an artistic reticence which I now recognise was overstrained. The result was that I had to put him up in the spare bedroom and finance him till he could find employment of some sort—which he never did.

The very next day a dear old lady, with snowy side-curls and cheeks like a winter-apple, drove up in a four-wheeler, which she left me to pay. She was Cedric's mother—and I might have known that she never could endure her son to be out of her sight for long, because I had made rather a point of this maternal devotion in the book. Obviously the only thing to be done was to resign my own sleeping-apartment, and put up with a folding-bedstead in the dressing-room. Even this, though, I never actually occupied—for that afternoon there was a fresh arrival: an attached old family domestic named Martha, who would not hear of parting from her mistress, wages or no wages. And, as the old lady liked her to be within call, Martha had to have the dressing-room, and I slept, fitfully, in the bath. In the novel, Martha had been one of my favourite characters, rough and uncouth, but with a heart of gold. She spoke a racy dialect which I had vaguely described as "Clodshire," a sort of blend of Dorset and Lincolnshire, with just a dash of Suffolk. I cannot say I always understood her meaning myself. She had a characteristic exclamation—"My tender kitties!"—which had struck me as quaintly humorous, in print. In actual life it soon grew slightly tiresome—but then I do think she overdid it.

Cedric's mother, too, was addicted to smoothing his rebellious locks as he sat at her knee, with a hand that Time had left as smooth and dimpled as ever. It was pretty and touching at first, but the mannerism ended by getting on my nerves. So did Cedric's habit of addressing her as "Mother mine!"—which was quite the correct expression, I know, and one I had (I believe) invented for him myself, but I didn't like the way he said it.

However, I was getting fairly accustomed to them—when Yolande turned up, quite unexpectedly. Yolande, it will be remembered, was the heroine in *Poisoned Porridge*. The poor child was homeless; I was responsible for her existence, so I could not well refuse to take her in—especially when Cedric's mother generously offered to share my bed-room with her. So there we all were—quite a happy family, so to speak. That is, we might have been, if Yolande had only shown a particle of common-sense. She was all that was adorable and enchanting, or she would have been no heroine of mine—she had a trick of raising a slim forefinger in arch rebuke which (for a while) was extremely engaging. But, with all her sweetness and amiability, she was a trifle trying at times. She had a positive genius for misunderstanding the simplest statements, and acting in consequence with an impulsiveness that was little less than idiotic.

For instance, she loved Cedric fondly, and he was passionately devoted to her. Yet, as often as he sought to declare himself, she would perversely conclude that he was announcing his engagement to another, and that it was her bounden duty to suppress her feelings under a mask of indifference or disdain. In the book this was all right, because otherwise I



UNCLE JOLLIBOY'S TOWN NIECES.

KEEPER SAYS PLACE OVERRUN WITH RABBITS. SUGGEST TO NIECES THAT WE MIGHT THIN THEM OUT A BIT. ABOVE PICTURE REPRESENTS EFFECT ON NIECES OF FIRST RABBIT KILLED! SUGGEST PICKING FLOWERS INSTEAD!

could not have kept the lovers estranged and apart through the necessary number of chapters. But in real life I had never expected that she would write a blotted note of formal farewell and leave the house for ever about every other day! It cost me a small fortune simply in rewards to the Police for her recovery.

Though, mind you, I blame *Cedric* almost as much. He invariably expressed himself with such ambiguity as absolutely to court misunderstanding, and his excessive modesty rendered it impossible for him to believe that *Yolande* could ever regard him with any sentiment but loathing. He would lament the fact to me, night after night, till I was nearly dead for want of sleep—but nothing I could say would convince him that his despair was wholly unnecessary. As if, forsooth, I didn't know the state of my own heroine's feelings!

But I am sorry to say that *Cedric*—in spite of his lofty brow and his strong jaw, and of the fact that in the novel I had invested him with an intellect far above the average—was, not to mince matters, a most particularly exasperating young ass. And this, although I had expressly stated in the book that he had received a liberal Public School and University education—blessings I myself had never enjoyed! Then he was so totally wanting in backbone, too, as to be utterly incapable of supporting himself in any walk of life.

I thought our little party was about complete, but it was soon reinforced by yet another addition in the person of old *Mr. Deedes*, the highly respectable family solicitor of *Poisoned Porridge*, with a peculiarity of wiping his spectacles and

blowing his nose vigorously to conceal his emotion before pronouncing any legal opinion. He did not know much Law—which was hardly surprising, as I knew none myself—and I had, again from a mistaken regard for artistic reticence, purposely refrained from assigning him an office in any specified quarter.

Consequently he came to me, and I could hardly object to allow him to use the breakfast-room for professional purposes, though the japanned tin boxes full of musty precedents and parchments that formed his stock-in-trade, so to speak, seemed a little incongruous in such surroundings. Have I mentioned that the heroine always called him "*Daddy*" *Deedes*? She did.

Still, I confess that I could not repress a certain elation. So unique an experience as mine could not be other than gratifying to the self-esteem of any author. For—without intending, without even being conscious of it at the time—I had created a set of fictitious characters who were so real and actual that they were literally living!

The one drawback I could see to such phenomenal mental fecundity was that they should all be literally living on me! The hour was at hand when this would seem but a trivial worry indeed, in comparison with what I was next called upon to undergo. But let me not anticipate! F. A.

CANNIBALISM IN SCOTLAND.—"Lady in Sandyford district would like 2 gentlemen for dinner daily."—*Glasgow Herald*.



BRIDGE PROBLEMS.—No. 2.

WILL DUMMY GO SPADES?

ODE TO SPRING.

BY A GOURMET.

HAIL, Heavenly Spring,
To whom the poets sing,
Chanting thy praises each returning year!

I, too,
That have more cause than they to hold thee dear,
Am moved to raise
My voice in praise
Now that I see thee here.

It is not merely that thy skies are blue,
Thy fields aglow
With cowslips and the flaming marigold,
Though that is so.
But other joys are thine
(And mine)
Still more deserving to be told.

For oh, Sweet Spring, thou meanest unto me
Far more
Than poets (a lean tribe at best)
Have ever properly expressed
Before.
Thou bring'st to us
The succulent asparagus,

The new potato and the early pea.

Thy gooseberry,
Lurking, divinely green, within a tart,
Makes glad the heart,
The swelling heart of me.

Thy lark that soaring high
Her liquid strain
Again and yet again
Pours forth in ecstasy
Maketh an even more ecstatic pie.

Thy little lambs
That frisk and bleat
Beside their dams
Are excellent to eat.
While in thy limpid streamlets lurks the trout
(I like him even better out!)

Therefore, Sweet Spring, thy name
Ever will I acclaim,
And while thy food
Remaineth good
I will exalt the same.

The Trail of the Motor.

"COLLECTOR. Young Man wants collecting."—*Advt. in Provincial Paper.*



W. G. Smith

FISCAL JIU-JITSU.

FIRST MOVEMENT.—The Friendly Approach.

ONCE YOU CAN PERSUADE A MAN TO TAKE YOUR HAND, AND LET YOU SLIP YOUR ARM UNDER HIS (FIG. 1)—

SECOND MOVEMENT.—The Chuck-out.

IT IS QUITE EASY, BY A LITTLE ADROIT LEVERAGE, TO REMOVE HIM FROM THE PREMISES (FIG. 2).



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TONY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 15.—Apparently there are few Sabbath afternoon exercises that give the Irish Constabulary purer joy, greater comfort, than rolling in the roadway one of the Representatives of the People. To set upon an ordinary shop-keeper or farmer may serve to fill up time; 'tis poor sport compared with the handling of one of the hon. gentlemen who go to Westminster and, in the sanctuary of the House of Commons, speak disrespectfully of their fellow-countrymen who answer for law and order in Ireland.

There are few Irish Members, even of the Party as at present constituted, who have not from time to time told a sympathetic House how on such occasions they fared. Under GEORGE WYNDHAM's rule there was surcease of this kind of diversion. Disposed to kill Home Rule by kindness, he discouraged Sunday afternoon athletics by the constabulary. A new era, or rather revival of an old one, appears coincidentally with the succession of WALTER LONG to the Chief Secretaryship.

Anyhow Mr. ROCHE this afternoon up and told how, paying a Sunday afternoon visit to his constituents in the musically named hamlet of Cappatagle, co. Galway, he was swooped down upon by the constabulary, who lifted him bodily out of the cart, dragging him along the road for fifty yards. "Me askin' thim to lave go," Mr. ROCHE added by way of making it clear that he was not a consenting party to the performance.

Owing to natural excitement, rapid utterance, and something quite novel in the way of brogue, it was difficult to follow Mr. ROCHE through the full details of the Sabbath afternoon scene. The conversation opened in dry, formal manner by a question on the paper. It invited the Chief Secretary to state whether he was aware that at the place on the date named "the Member for the

Division, while addressing his constituents, was dragged and pulled about by the police?"

This fashion of framing the question endowed it with a certain peaceful, prim formality. It appeared that Mr. ROCHE had no personal interest in the matter, was merely making inquiry on behalf of another Member. That was, however, a matter of style. Just as when Royal Proclamation is made the Sovereign is alluded to in the third person as "His Majesty," or as under the ancient French monarchy announcements were made *de par le roi*, so Mr. ROCHE, still smarting from his pummelling in the highway of Cappatagle, alluded to the victim of the outrage as "the Member for the Division." Later, when he supplemented the question by a speech, he disdained this courtly circumlocution and, fiercely facing the blushing Chief Secretary, challenged him to deny that "I was dragged about, me askin' thim to lave go."

That was ever Mr. ROCHE's strong point. An ordinary man, say a Unionist Member, thus dealt with by the police, might have quietly reconciled himself to participation in their Sunday afternoon service, might even have affected to have enjoyed his share in it. Not so Mr. ROCHE. He was not going to leave the criminal constabulary any loophole of escape on the ground that "the Member for the Division" was a consenting party. Several times during his fifty yards excursion down the main street of Cappatagle he "asked thim to lave go." Was the right hon. gentleman aware of that?

WALTER LONG, his blushes more than ever completing his resemblance to a maiden of seventeen, showed a disposition to rise and state the extent of his knowledge on this particular. But the Deputy Speaker was on his feet by way of indication that the incident had closed. By indulgence of House, Mr. ROCHE had been permitted to make a personal statement. No debate could follow.

Thereupon the unrelenting advocates of law and order in Cappatagle burst all bounds, turning House of Commons into den of wild beasts. The Deputy Speaker stood with copy of the Orders of the Day in hand waiting to name the first. Below the gangway on his left the Irish Members, tossing like the salt estranging Channel in a westerly gale, incessantly bellowed "LONG! LONG!" For fully two minutes the tumult lasted, the Deputy Speaker standing mutely waiting for an opening. At times the turbulent throng surged towards the Treasury Bench as if with intent to seize the Chief Secretary and afford practical illustration of the way things are managed at Cappatagle on Sabbath



POPULAR SONG—NEW VERSION.

Warder. "Bad-Elia! I'm goin' to steal yer,"
"Bad-Elia, Bad-Elia dear!"

(Sir Henry Fowler asked what authority was responsible for the refusal to allow the Rev. Charles Jennings, Passive Resister, to retain Lamb's *Essays of Elia* for private reading in Worcester Gaol.)

afternoons. Short of that, it seemed that the scene must have violent end.

It was WINSTON CHURCHILL who came to the rescue, adroitly suggesting that if the Chief Secretary desired to make a personal statement surely the House would hear him. The Deputy Speaker promptly followed this friendly lead. He had ruled, in accordance with unbroken precedent, that there could be no debate on a personal question. If the Chief Secretary had a statement to make on his own account he should be heard.

It was delightfully in keeping with the scene that WALTER LONG prefaced his remarks by emphatic declaration that he had no personal statement to make. Of course he accepted the hon. Member's narrative of what took place. His own was based upon the reports of the police.

"Then someone's a liar," cried Mr. KILBRIDE. With which incontestable summing up of the situation the storm cleared away and the mere business of the Budget Bill was taken in hand.

Business done.—Not much.

Tuesday night.—PRINCE ARTHUR really annoyed. Haven't for some time heard anything about that plagny Fiscal Question. To this desirable condition of affairs he has personally contributed a prodigious interval of silence. Before the Easter recess, as all the world knows, DON JOSÉ approached him with proposal of fresh terms, involving continuance of friendly relations on the basis of doing nothing just now. PRINCE ARTHUR politely received his right hon. friend and his comrades of the deputation, promising an answer "by me by."

That indefinite term not arrived. People beginning to forget the matter,



"ME ASKIN' THIM TO LAVE GO."

(Mr. Roche and his electoral anxieties.)

when up gets SOARES and abruptly introduces the sore subject. Worst thing about it is that St. JOHN BRODRICK is used as the instrument of attack. Been making a speech down in Surrey and, Army Corps and New Regulation Caps being now out of his line, must needs talk about Colonial Conference meeting next year, whereas PRINCE ARTHUR has repeatedly stated—one of the few definite declarations made by him on the matter—that during the existence of the present Parliament no steps shall be taken in direction of giving effect to Don José's Tariff Scheme.

How can the two things be reconciled? Liberals instantly on the alert; want to move the adjournment in order to have field night. This amiable effort LOWTHER (J. W.) frustrates. But there is angry talk, embarrassing questions, renewed necessity for saying nothing in rotund phrases that sound as if something were meant.

Worst of this kind of thing is that Leader of House, publicly questioned, cannot, as in case of loyal, loving friends, promise reply "hymehy." Must say something right off, the "something" to be as far removed as possible from answer to question.

So PRINCE ARTHUR airily said he "saw no inherent improbability in the hypothesis that before the last day of 1906 the Party now in power will be again returned at the head of a large majority."

That had calculated desired effect. The Liberals went off on fresh scent cunningly laid. Whilst they roared derision, PRINCE ARTHUR sat down and next question came on. As usual in kindred circumstances, he had been equal to the occasion. But why was the task forced upon him by a peripatetic colleague?

Business done.—Drear dull day in debate on Budget Bill.

Wednesday night.—A big day this for HERBERT GLADSTONE. BOBBY SPENCER has resolved to add a cubit to the stature of his shirt collar. After long labouring in a fruitless wilderness, coming up to the Table time after time, taking place to the left of the Ministerial Whips in token of fresh defeat in the Division Lobby, this afternoon HERBERT receives from the Clerk the paper in token that his side have won the day. Gulping down his emotion, leaning slightly on the stalwart form of BOBBY proudly erect on his left, he reads the figures. "Ayes to the Right, 266. Noes to the Left, 80." A majority of 186!

HARRY CHAPLIN, who had gallantly led the forlorn hope, "telling" for the minority, beat hasty retreat. Things not going well with him just now from any point of the compass. Told a sympathetic House an hour ago how he had reduced the rent of his tenants by steps leading up to—or down to—70 per cent.

"You must have overdone it at one time," said JOHN BRUNNER, who pays his shareholders only thirty-five per cent.

CHAPLIN's heart too heavy to retort on the jibe. Rents his private affair; the condition of the Tariff Reform crusade lay close by the nation's heart. Withdraw it, shattered by relentless foes, undermined by faithless friends, and the great heart, if it did not actually stop beating, would suffer grievous shock. Incidentally came this amendment to the Agricultural Rating Bill.

LAMBERT having from the Opposition benches moved an amendment continu-

ADVICE TO THE RHEUMATIC.

"The diet must be light . . . no wine should be taken, except, perhaps, a little dry champagne. Rubbing or shampooing the affected joints is beneficial, though painful."

WHEN 'gainst the pains of rheumatiz
You undertake a campaign,
Be sure that light your diet is,
And very dry your champagne.

And when the joints that ache and swell
The nurse proceeds to shampoo,
Be temperate in words as well,
And say (instead of "D——") "Pooh!"



QUITE UNIQUE; OR, WELCOMING THE DIPLODOCUS CARNEGIE.

Prof. R-y L-n-k-st-r. "Dear me! Most remarkable animal! You are very welcome."
The Diplodocus (enthusiastically). "Wal! If he ain't a daisy!! Quite 'n interesting specimen of the British Pro-fessor! Carnegie 'll just have to send a cast o' him over to the States right away!"

ing in permanency the Act that will expire next year, had run away, leaving his bantling on the floor of the House by Brother GERALD's feet. CHAPLIN picked it up, pressed it gently to his capacious bosom, carried it through the Division Lobby with the result recorded.

PRINCE ARTHUR, who last week dallied with the infant, encouraging expectation that Brother GERALD would officially adopt it, now discarded it. Led the bulk of his forces to swell the numbers of the Opposition, and so gave the long-suffering Liberal Whips one wild moment of triumph.

Business done.—Agricultural Rating Bill read second time.

Adding Insult to Injury.

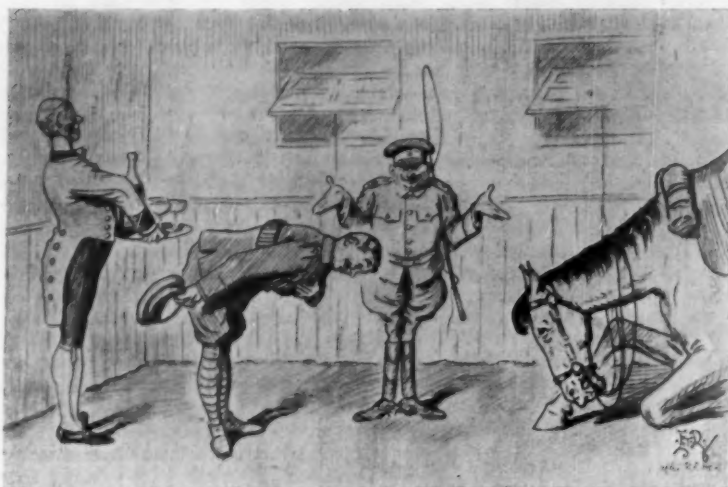
FROM the Official "Rules for Sub-Postmasters":—"Free medical attendance is allowed in respect of injuries sustained on duty at the hands of the Department's Medical Officer."

FROM a notice at the Cambridge Union Society:—"A debate was held on May 16, Mr. J. K. MOZLEY, President, in the chair. At 9.54 the President vacated the chair, being taken for the remainder of the debate by the Secretary." Another most unfortunate case of Mistaken Identity.



WORD-PAINTING.

Sportman (who has just lost a good fish). "THAT WAS A GOOD ONE, TIM."
Tim. "'DEED THEN IT WAS! HE WAS AS LONG AS AN UMBRELLA, AND HAD A SIDE OF HIM LIKE A SHIP SHUTTER!"



THE NEW RECRUIT TRAINING-SYSTEM FOR THE CAVALRY.

"THE RECRUIT WILL BE INTRODUCED TO HIS HORSE UNDER COMFORTABLE CONDITIONS WHICH INSPIRE CONFIDENCE."

A QUEER PIECE OF BUSINESS.

MR. TREE's impersonation of *Isidore Izard*, Financier and Newspaper Proprietor, in Mr. GRUNDY's carefully executed adaptation of OCTAVE MIRBEAU's play, *Les Affaires sont les Affaires*, entitled *Business is Business*, recently produced at His Majesty's, is a marvellous *tour de force*. There is but one way of rightly representing this odious character, and that way is Mr. TREE's. Artistically true in every detail to the type he has chosen as the original of the portrait, Mr. TREE spares no pains to make this highly charged picture of a coarse vulgar millionaire repulsively attractive. There are bright gleams of natural affection for his spoiled son, as also for his unsympathetic daughter, nor does he appear to be anything but ordinarily kind to his attached and timorous wife, a part played by Mrs. E. H. BROOKE with such domestic pathos as touches the heart and elicits the most sincere applause. Except for this rôle of *Mrs. Izard* the play is a one-part piece of a somewhat sombre tone, relieved by a few excellent bits of such character-acting as fall to the lot of Mr. ROSS HARWOOD impersonating the artfully silent German Professor *Gruggh*, to Mr. COOKSON as the cunning solicitor *Mr. Devenish*, and to Mr. FISHER WHITE as *Jennings*, the head gardener.

Mr. BASIL GILL, representing *Hubert Forsyth*, "a chemist in *Izard's* employ," has a difficult task to render the character either interesting or sympathetic. *Forsyth* owes his position to *Izard*, who, of course for his own ends and purposes, has rescued him from starvation, and not only does he fall in love with the millionaire's daughter *Inez* (a very trying part, by the way, for any young actress, even if possessed of greater experience than has Miss VIOLA TREE), but he marries her secretly, and these two, by remaining under the same roof with her parents and his employer, thus living a life of duplicity, court the punishment that discovery of the fact must sooner or later entail upon them. An audience can have no sympathy with such underhandedness, especially where there is an excellent old mother in whom the girl ought to have confided.

As *Cyril*, the spoilt son of *Izard*, spendthrift and snob, Mr. GEORGE TROLLOPE gives us a first-rate bit of character-acting, representing the gilded youth as a common heartless little beast, deficient even in ordinary gratitude to his father

for favours received. When the sudden death of this objectionable young man is announced, the only sentiment felt is one of curiosity as to the effect this shock will have on his father.

The millionaire has our sympathies when he turns the arithmetical and compound-interest tables on the two swindlers who have combined to cheat him: we quite appreciate the millionaire's gutter-snipe double-shuffle, expressive of triumph, so reminiscent of his earliest days in Bermondsey; so natural too in such a man are his exuberant spirits exhibited in whackings on shoulders, and horse-play with a huge paper-knife, which he digs point blank into his companions' ample waists, thus indicating the friendliness of his humour, much after the manner of *Mr. Quilp* when playfully encouraging his miserable slave *Sampson Brass*, attorney-at-law of *Bevis Marks*. His admiration of his own portrait: his confidential winks at it: in fact, all his utterly bad and disgusting manners, caddish in the extreme, are just part and parcel of such a man as the dramatist has

wished to describe, and the actor has determined to depict. His utter fury, when thwarted by the secret marriage of his deceitful daughter with the equally deceitful *employé*, is awful to behold.

Most artistic is the contrast between the aristocratic, but unfortunately impecunious, gentleman the *Earl of Hathersage*, played with great distinction of manner by Mr. DAWSON MILWARD, and the extra-vulgar, caddish, *nouveau riche*, as portrayed by Mr. TREE. The strong scene between these two is admirably played; and equal praise is due to the rendering of all the great scenes in the piece. Throughout, Mr. TREE's by-play is very striking, never out of the picture: in fact in dramatic parlance "his 'business' is business," and such exceptionally "good business," that if the front of the House does the same, the financial results ought to be exceptionally satisfactory.

A LITTLE WONDER.

MASTER MISCHA ELMAN is a wonderful boy. Only thirteen, and doesn't look a day older than that; if anything a little younger. A bit too old for toys, he plays with the violin, and his performance on this instrument is absolutely marvellous. We are not, as a rule, favourably inclined towards infantine phenomena, but Master MISCHA is the exception. All that he does is just perfect, without effort, quietly, no posturing, no sham exhaustion. Master MISCHA just takes his performance as part of his day's work, or play, then bows his thanks for plaudits, and retires, probably to a good and well-deserved "tuck in."

"So Orpheus played of old, or poets lie,
And as the beasts were charmed—"

But I will not continue the quotation. Certainly JOHN WILKES' motto will never be adopted by Master MISCHA, "*Arui meo non confido*." Musically armed, he will go out conquering and to conquer, bringing in captives, even among the Philistines, to his bow and his Strad.

WE are sorry to see that the *Westminster Gazette* is becoming tainted by the bloodthirsty instinct which characterises some of its evening contemporaries. What else can be the meaning of these headlines?—

THE MOTOR-BOAT FIASCO.

NOT A SINGLE LIFE LOST.

OPERATIC NOTES.

May 17.—Memorable for MELBA. Grand reception by *femmes, les femmes, il n'y a que ça!*—but in this instance "the



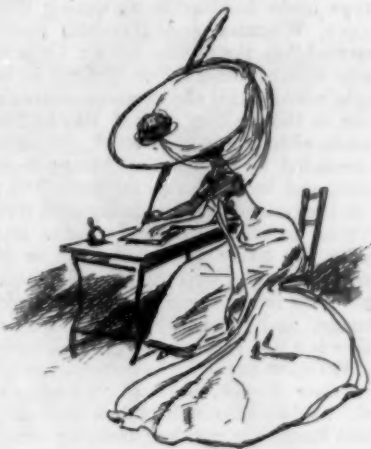
Alfredo collared. Papa Germont expostulates with his son on his reckless extravagance in boots and linen.

crowded house; and our ever welcome soprano quite at home to any number of callers. *La Traviata* is the opera, and MELBA as *Violetta* is in fine voice, singing like the sweetest warbler of wood-notes wild, and trilling us through with pleasure. *À propos* of trilling, why is not *Trilby* turned into an opera? It has all the humour and pathos of *La Bohème*, while to a dramatic artist and vocalist the character of *Svengali* offers chances not to be despised. Could Madame MELBA be *Trilby*? If she can play and sing *Mimi*, why not *Du Matriar's Trilby*? No extra charge for the suggestion (copyrighted), and libretto undertaken and supplied "while you wait," at the shortest possible notice.

Signor SCOTTI comes out strong as old *Georgy Germont*, the father "with a past," but Alfredo his son, as represented by Signor CONSTANTINO, does not act like his father; had he done so he wouldn't be in his present difficulty—"O les

donation of CONSTANTINE" signifies that this CONSTANTINE has been gifted with a grand voice and does full justice to VERDI's music.

The ladies and gentlemen invited by *Violetta* to her "at home" were not in their very best form, but Signor MANCINELLI and his merry men in the orchestra made up for most deficiencies.



Melba in her new Umbrella Hat.

The ancient tradition of the opera as to costume is still adhered to, the characters all appearing in such cavalier-like attire as is popularly associated with the play of *Don César de Bazan*; the only exception being the principal, *Violetta*, who is in advance of her time by some centuries. She is distinctly modern, attired in wonderful gowns, Worth providing, well Worth seeing, Worth of the occasion.

Our record of the singings and doings of Madame MELBA in this and other operas must be "continued in our next."



ALFREDO MAKES THE MONEY FLY.

Melba-Violetta (aside). "He can do what he likes with the property coins. I've always got my own notes, and no one can touch them."

DRURY LANE DRAMA.

In no character is Sir HENRY IRVING seen to greater advantage than as *Thomas Becket, Chancellor of England and Archbishop of Canterbury*, in TENNYSON's play of *Becket*, as arranged for the stage (of which the poet knew very little) by the actor for whom it was written. It is indeed a fine, a masterful performance, and from beginning to end Sir HENRY grips his audience. No wonder that Act after Act the curtain is raised at least five times in answer to the enthusiastic plaudits of a crowded and intensely interested audience. Mrs. CECIL RALEIGH as the injured *Queen Eleanor*

commands our sympathy, and it is difficult for us, even in most charitable mood, to make any excuse for the lax conduct of the Second *Henry*, well represented by Mr. GERALD LAWRENCE, who neglects the handsome *divorcée* of *Louis of France*, now *Queen of England*, for *Rosamund de Clifford*, however prettily played the part may be by Miss MAUD FEALY. But we quarrel not with history: *chacun à son goût*, and as the incident has helped to furnish Sir HENRY with one of the finest parts in his *répertoire* it is not for us to be captious critics of established facts. *The Merchant of Venice* is now on the bill, and between the Merchant and the Martyr the honours, for Sir HENRY, are equally divided.

NEW FRIENDS AND OLD FARCES.

It would not be an easy task to find a better company for a smart, give-and-take, rattling, knockabout Three-Act farce of a type made familiar to us during the time of the two CHARLES'S, WYNDHAM and HAWTREY, than that now being "presented" to the public by Mr. CHARLES FROHMAN at the Comedy Theatre, where *The Dictator* is being played, with the agile, neat-handed and mirth-provoking artist, Mr. WILLIAM COLLIER, in the leading part of *Brooke Travers*. His effects are made without apparent effort, yet he works hard, and is ably seconded by Mr. EDWARD ANELES representing his valet *Simpson*, and he is strongly supported by the talented members of the company, individually and collectively; by JOHN BARRYMORE as *Charley Hyne*, by petite MARIE DORO as *Lucy Sheridan*, by lively GRACE HADSALL as *Mrs. Bowie*, whose husband, *Colonel Bowie*, is strongly individualised by Mr. GEORGE NASH in the shape of a most truculent and designing personage, and by LOUISE ALLEN, whose *Señora Juanita Arquilla* is a fine specimen of genuine burlesque acting.

Mr. McGRATH as *Duffy* the detective, and HENRY WEST as the *Rev. Arthur Bostick*, assist in "keeping the tambourine a-rolling," as does FRANCIS SEDGWICK who, as "the Health Officer at Porto Banos," is not less amusing than is LOUIS EAGAN as *Señor José Dravo*, "Proprietor of the Hotel del Prado." This piece, described as "a Comedy in Three Acts," is simply a rattling farce of the ultra-farical order, reminiscent of many previous plots and characters which have all done good service in their time since the early days of *Bonsoir Signor Pantalón*, and *Twice Killed*. We know that *Señora Juanita* and her dagger; we know her and that blade which "comes from Sheffield;" in fact, we have the happiness to reckon pretty well "all the persons in the play" among our "auld acquaintance" that "should not be forgot;" and while admiring the audacious cleverness of the author, Mr. HARDING DAVIS, we heartily congratulate him on his great good fortune in having placed his cards with such skilled players that they appear to be all trumps. The *jeu de scène* never flags, the steam is kept up to highest pressure, and the dialogue is given so well and so clearly that not only is no single point lost, but many are made which might otherwise have been entirely missed.

Truly this author's "lines have fallen in pleasant places," and the popularity of the piece, as played by WILLIAM COLLIER and present company, is assured beyond all question.

The "curtain raiser" must come in for more than a mere word of praise. It is a duologue entitled *The Philosopher in the Apple Orchard*, by E. HARCOURT WILLIAMS, from a story by ANTHONY HOPE, and it is perfectly played by Miss LILIAS WALDEGRAVE and Mr. NORMAN MCKINNEL. It does not commence until 8.30, and plays for just half an hour, and to this slight piece the term "Comedy," misused as descriptive of *The Dictator*, can be honestly applied. The two characters are in capital dramatic contrast, and amateurs in search of a duologue requiring little scenery and no expensive costumes might do worse than turn their attention to this story of a pair among the apples.

A Parti-coloured Minister.

The Magpie Madrigal Society will give a concert this (Wednesday) evening at the Royal Horticultural Society's Hall, Vincent Square, in aid of the Westminster Hospital. Among other attractions will be a very piquant costume worn by the Colonial Secretary. The *Daily Mail* is our authority for the statement that "the lady members of the Society, who include . . . Mr. and Mrs. ALFRED LYTTELTON, are all attired in white dresses with a black zouave jacket to give a magpie 'effect.'" Did Mr. LYTTELTON ever play for the famous Clown Cricketers?

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

EIGHTEEN months ago Sir HORACE PLUNKETT published, through Mr. MURRAY, a disquisition on *Ireland in the New Century*. It evoked an outburst of resentment which incidentally sent it through three editions in as many months. Amongst its earliest and most influential condemnors was a Father of the Church, who, whilst placing the book in the *Index Expurgatorius*, confessed *more Hibernico* that he had not read it. My Baronite has, and admits that he is not surprised at the outcry. In temperate, and therefore effective, manner, Sir HORACE frankly discusses his fellow countrymen, extenuating nothing but setting down naught in malice. It is the talk of a wise, loving, but honestly implacable parent with a favourite child.

He took him by the collar, | And to his exceeding dolour
Cruel only to be kind, | Gave him several whacks behind.

Of course the child does not like it, but he would do well to consider the counsel, take to heart the friendly warning. To this end a cheap edition of the book is issued, with addition of an epilogue in which Sir HORACE shrewdly replies to his critics.

There is insuperable difficulty in the way of writing a sufficient and satisfactory biography of a man whilst the subject of the work is still alive. At best it cannot, save in length, differ greatly from the style and character of an entry in *Who's Who* or an interview on behalf of a newspaper. In Mr. ASQUITH (METHUEN), Mr. ALDERSON has done the best possible, producing an admirable account of a successful life. It principally takes the form of record of the ex-Home Secretary's political and Parliamentary career, with summaries of his principal speeches. The most interesting chapters in the book are the first four, which deal with his boyhood and college life. To these his old tutor and headmaster Dr. ABBOTT, and Mr. HERBERT WARREN, President of Magdalen College, Oxford, contribute personal reminiscences. Quotations going back nearly twenty years testify that our TOBY, M.P. from the first recognised the genius and foretold the pre-eminence of the brilliant Member for East Fife. When a man's name is in all the churches, appreciation becomes commonplace, and applause a matter of course. It is at the outset of a career that such encouragement is valuable, and is most gratefully remembered by the recipient.

Roger Trewinon, by JOSEPH HOCKING (WAIRD, LOCK & Co.), is a well-written but somewhat old-fashioned style of romance, dealing with strange family legends, weird scenes of witchcraft, phantoms, fights, and fantasies. The familiar story of the strife between younger and elder brother, the mother's pet versus the father's pride, is here used to some purpose, and a rather colourless heroine is treated in such a manner as, in the mistaken opinion of the author, to require a foot-note that guarantees the startling incident as a fact not to be gainaid by the most incredulous. This foot-note would have come in with far more authority had it been placed, as Sir WALTER SCOTT used to give his authority for anything peculiarly strange, at the end of the novel, or at the close of the chapter, on a page apart. The earlier portion of this story is so excellent that the reader is encouraged in expectations which are never thoroughly realised. There is repetition of incident which abates the interest. Yet those who love legendary lore, who know the ropes and the art of skipping, are sure to find themselves interested in this romantic tale.



A REMONSTRANCE.

(By an Indignant Liberal.)

["ISEN's political plays probably suggested the subject of OTTO ERNST's drama, *Bannermann*, the politician whom a career of uninterrupted success has converted from a statesman of genuine and Liberal principles to a merely tyrannical and corrupt party leader. The piece has some merit, but is marred by a conventionally happy ending."—*The Times*, Lit. Sup.]

SIR! Mr. Punch! Can what I read be true?
And has some Teuton dramatist indited
A shameless play (inspired by ISEN, too!)
In which our Liberal Leader's fame is slighted,
His character and principles aspersed?
Of all base outrages this is the worst!

Is it a slip of the Reviewer's pen,
Too much engrossed in one great Politician
To realise there may be other men
With other names holding the same position?
No, if the printed title-page you scan,
The name undoubtedly is *Bannermann*.

Who is this ERNST, this monster that has dared
To take the name we venerate in vain?
Had it been BALFOUR I should not have cared.
I should have laughed had it been CHAMBERLAIN.
But BANNERMAN.—To choose that sacred head!
No wonder that I doubted when I read.

Teuton, a score of damning facts disclose
Your ignorance of him whom you defame.
Three "n's" in all (not four as you suppose)
Go to the making of his honoured name;
While other obvious errors make it clear
You haven't really studied his career.

Tyrannical? The epithet's absurd.
No Party chief ever deserved it less.
Nor is "uninterrupted" quite the word
Best fitted for describing his success.
While, if it was sarcastically meant,
That I should almost equally resent.

There have been times when even Liberals deemed
The Party's leadership might well be altered,
There have been moments when it almost seemed
As if his followers' allegiance faltered.
The dramatist who fails to note this fact,
And set it down, is worse than inexact.

Teuton, one fact alone can save your play,
Which otherwise were wholly past defending:
It has one merit nought can take away—
It has, I understand, a happy ending.
In the last act—this half redeems your sin—
A Liberal Government is really in!

SHOULD MOTORISTS BE SHOT?

(OR, THE NEW QUEENSBERRY RULES.)

As the result of two narrow escapes within ten days, an inquiry was made last week by the Marquis of QUEENSBERRY of the West London Police Magistrate, as to whether he was at liberty to carry a revolver or rifle in order to defend himself and his family from being run over by the motorists of the Hammersmith Road. We sincerely trust that matters will not reach such a pitch as to necessitate the frequent production of lethal weapons from the hip-pockets of the Far West. The inhabitants of West Kensington are not all adept shots at the "running deer," which in this instance takes the form of a scorching road-hog. If the thoroughfares of that



A JU-JITSUOUS HINT.

Fair Victim. "PARDON, MR. SNOBBARTS, THIS IS A WALTZ, I BELIEVE, NOT A BOUT OF JU-JITSU!"

neighbourhood are to be transformed into local Bisleys, we fear that there will be a speedy shortage of ratepayers and other occupants of the side-walk. The butchers and grocers of the North End Road will have to wear bullet-proof cuirasses, and the other tradesmen will need their subterranean shelters when the quarry runs amok and the fur begins to fly. We must at any rate entreat the paterfamilias and the nurse-maid, great though the provocation may be, not to whip out six-shooters or level fowling-pieces until they have had some practice at clay pigeons or hard-driven partridges. It would also be unsportsmanlike to take pot-shots at motorists sitting, in the case of a break-down, unless recognised as dangerous specimens of *feræ naturæ*—and even then a game licence should be taken out.

On the whole, we do not recommend this method of dealing with rogue chauffeurs who have turned Turk, and cannot be corralled in a blind alley. A Texan lasso or Patagonian bolas might be introduced with advantage, and possibly harpoons or knobkerries would do at short range, but the present crowded state of the London streets will not permit of firearms, for anyone but BUFFALO BILL to shoot folly as it flies at double the legal rate.

HIS 29TH "TIME ON EARTH?"—"The tall Australian (KERMODE) was in rare form on the opening day, which happened to be the anniversary of his 29th birthday."—Mr. L. O. S. Poidevin in the "*Manchester Evening Chronicle*."

CICERO DE ORATORE.

[Lord ROSEBERY's Derby candidate is here supposed, on the eve of the race, to indulge in meditation upon his owner's career.]

TO-MORROW is the 31st of May,
And they will call me early for a spin,
To stretch my legs against the coming fray,
Which with a bit of luck I ought to win;
And by preoccupations much distraught
I shall have little space for quiet thought;
Therefore to-night before I turn to rest
Let me awhile consider calmly how
That Orator who owns me feels just now—
What sentiments inspire his noble breast
When he compares his Public Form with mine.

Does lost occasion make his heart repine?
Do my prospective chances—far from small—
On these memorial Downs (adjacent to
His own suburban residence) recall
The twin events of *Ladas'* record year,
When Man and Beast secured the Riband Blue
Each in his own peculiar kind of sphere—
Politics and the Turf? No doubt they do.
No doubt he wishes now, a touch too late,
That he had kept in training, done his share
Of morning gallops, whittling down his weight,
Gone through his trials like a Horse of Blood,
And scored a triumph for the Liberal stud,
Largely composed of platers. What a pair
We two had made for history's delight,
That loves repeating tales she told before.
O why, I ask, did he himself ignore
The rules of action he prescribed for me?
For, had he let my labours be confined
To solitary walking exercise
In arable country somewhere out of sight,
And taking, now and then, when so inclined,
An exhibition canter in the Row—
Does anyone suppose that I should be
The horse I am to-day in people's eyes,
And loaded to bear their bullion? Bless you, no!

Not that I'd have him entertain remorse
On my account. 'Tis true I cannot get
Reflected glory such as *Ladas* got,
He being what he was—a Premier's horse,
That had a Liberal Cabinet in trust
And carried all their hopes, while I am not
A Nonconformist Party's colt, but just
A simple unassuming Peer's. And yet
For worlds I would not stand in *Ladas'* shoes
And feel as he felt ere he went to bed
Upon the night before his classic race,
With such responsibilities to face,
Equal, in extra weight, to two stone dead.
For, if I win, why then I bring renown
On self and Earl; whereas, if I should lose,
At least I drag no Liberal Premier down
And set profanity a-gaping at
Our common ruin. I am glad of that.

O. S.

The Simple Life.

In a paragraph headed "The Simple Life," the *Yorkshire Evening Post* quotes a witness who said that "defendant walked along the public streets with his arm round his young lady's waist and neck." But surely this serpentine feat is not so "simple" a thing as our contemporary supposes.

A DEADLY PRODUCT OF AUSTRALIAN SOIL.—The Terror COTTER.

TO THE QUEEN.

MADAM,—It is announced that the Hurlingham Club have decided to abandon pigeon-shooting as an item in the programme of their sports. While it is the duty of those who are the subjects of King EDWARD at all times to lay before your feet the expression of their homage and affection, it is their privilege at this moment to approach you with a feeling in which gratitude and devotion bear even more than their ordinary share. The shooting of trapped pigeons is a hateful and a cowardly form of amusement, but it has been disguised under the name of sport, and men and women who would otherwise have turned from it in horror have allowed themselves to be deceived by the pretence, and have sanctioned it by their presence. Your woman's heart was moved by the tortures so wantonly inflicted on these bright and beautiful birds, the gentlest and most innocent of God's feathered creatures, and you made known your disapproval. It is for this that we thank you both in the name of humanity, which was outraged, and of sport, which was turned to base uses. Men and women of fashion are strange beings. They will endure for long a spectacle at which their better nature revolts, if only they can bring themselves to believe that the dictates of society sanction it, and that true sportsmanship requires its perpetuation. After your disapproval was made known they could believe this no longer, and thus it has come about that at Hurlingham there is to be no more shooting of pigeons.

In other places in the world, I may be told, this so-called sport will continue. That is true, but the example thus set under your gracious inspiration by an institution so distinguished as the Hurlingham Club cannot be without force or remain for long without followers. When it is known that the sportsmen of England, moved by their QUEEN, have frowned upon a pursuit and abandoned it, that pursuit cannot long remain in the category of acknowledged sports in any other country. But, be this as it may, our thanks to you are none the less fervent and sincere. Henceforth the brightness and calm of a summer's day—and where is it brighter or calmer than on the banks of the Thames?—will not be marred at Hurlingham by the wanton death or the miserable agony of birds. Here at any rate the mercy which it is the privilege of Royalty to exercise has not been without effect. I am, with all loyal devotion, Your Majesty's humble and obedient servant,

PUNCH.

CHURCH AND STAGE.

[“Mr. P. F. WARNER, the well-known cricketer, has consented to read the lessons at St. Mary-at-Hill, City, to-morrow evening.”—*Daily Mail*, May 20.]

THERE is much in this novel announcement that commends itself to us; for we see in it the germ of a new system of church finance capable of great and profitable development, and one that seems especially likely to supply a want in these days when bazaars are becoming antiquated and overdone, and appear to be getting a little “blown on” in ecclesiastical circles. We anticipate in the near future a series of announcements something like the following:—

The Australian Cricket Team have kindly promised to hand round the offertory bags at St. —'s Church next Sunday morning.

Messrs. ROBERTS and STEVENSON have graciously consented to act as pew-openers at the morning service at St. —'s next Sunday, and in the evening the Amateur Golf Champion will assist the management in this department.

The *corps de ballet* and lady-supers of the Aphrodite Theatre have promised to sit well forward in the front row of the gallery at St. —'s on Sunday evening next. The church is lighted by electricity.

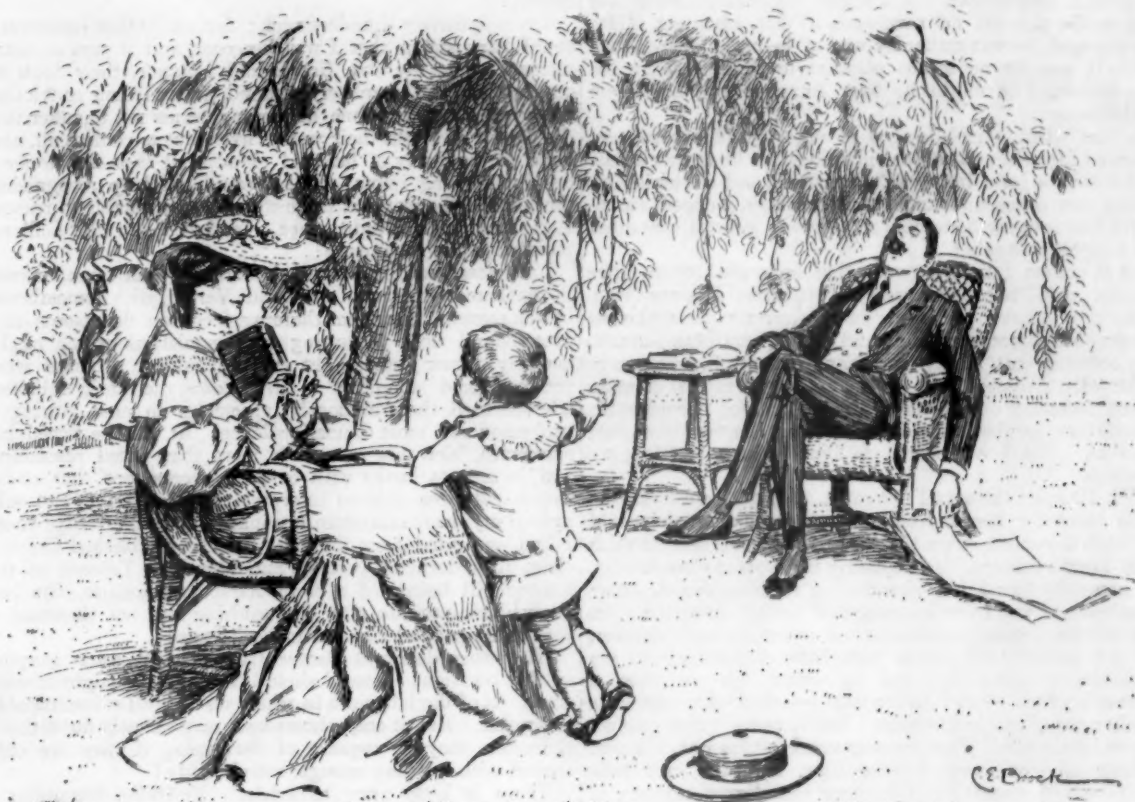


EXPERT OPINION.

LEOPOLD. "SILLY FUSS THEY'RE MAKING ABOUT THESE SO-CALLED ATROCITIES IN MY CONGO PROPERTY."
ARTHUR. "ONLY TALK, MY DEAR BOY. THEY WON'T DO ANYTHING. THEY NEVER TOUCHED ME!"



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A NATURAL INFERENCE.

"OH, MAMMA, I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN BY SOUND ASLEEP NOW. JUST LISTEN TO PAPA!"

WHY I HAVE GIVEN UP WRITING NOVELS.

(A Personal Explanation in Two Parts.)

PART II.

I HAVE already hinted at a period prior to which the troubles caused by my too fertile imagination can scarcely be said to have commenced. Personally, I should date this period from the ill-omened hour in which *Desmond McAvelly* first crossed my threshold. *McAvelly*, it is perhaps unnecessary to remind the reader, was the villain in *Poisoned Porridge*, and even the modesty of an author cannot blind me to the fact that he was a devilish good villain, as villains go.

He arrived in the powerful automobile with which for the purposes of the plot I had provided him in the novel, and, when he threw off his goggled-mask and fur overcoat, he revealed himself in irreproachable evening-dress, which seemed to indicate the drawing-room as the most appropriate place for him. It was accordingly placed at his disposal, and there he sat all day, consuming innumerable cigarettes, as he thought out his intricate and infernal schemes.

At meal-times, however, he joined the other residents at my board—for I was practically running a boarding-house, except that, as they none of them possessed any visible means of support, I made no profits worth mentioning.

I was pained to observe that he completely got round the

hero's mother, who persisted in believing that *McAvelly* was a cruelly misunderstood person, with excellent moral principles—indeed, the only time the dear old lady and I ever differed at all seriously was once when I ventured to warn her that he might possibly be other than he seemed. Considering that I could not give her my grounds for distrusting him, it would perhaps have been wiser to have held my peace. As for the hero (who really was more of a noodle than I ever could have anticipated), he fell at once under the spell of *McAvelly's* baleful glamour, and was absurdly flattered by his slightest notice.

Not so *Yolande*, who, I am proud to record, was true to my conception of her as the embodiment of guileless British girlhood, and shrank instinctively from his insidious advances. He took his revenge by poisoning her lover's mind against her, as of course such a villain would. How he managed it exactly I do not know, as I was not present, but the consequence was that *Cedric* soon began to treat her with marked coldness, if not actual aversion. She quitted our roof, determined to end her despair by suicide, rather frequently about this time.

Honest *Martha* could not, as she frankly stated, "thole" *McAvelly*, who invariably adopted towards her a politely ironical tone that no respectable elderly domestic could be expected to stand. I should have felt easier in my mind if I could have known precisely what he was plotting during the

long hours he spent alone in my drawing-room, because, in the novel, I had thrown out a vague suggestion (merely for effect, as the plot did not turn upon it) that, when not otherwise engaged, he was rather by way of being an anarchist of sorts. It was by no means pleasant to think that, in his spare moments, he might be busy compounding bombs on the chiffonier!

So that, when a middle-aged stranger in blue spectacles presented himself, and, after explaining that he was a chronic invalid with a pet cobra (quite harmless) and a passion for playing the concertina and eating hashish, begged me to receive him into my household as a paying guest, I consented with unspeakable relief.

For of course I knew at once that he could be no other than my great but eccentric amateur detective, *Rumsey Prole*. Some critics have professed, to see certain resemblances between this character of mine and one of Sir CONAN DOYLE'S. I can only say that, if any similarity exists at all, it is purely accidental. *Rumsey Prole* is an entirely original creation evolved from my own unassisted imagination. Besides, his methods are so absolutely different from those of the rival specialist. But I can afford to ignore these pettifogging criticisms.

With *Prole* on the spot I felt safer. I fitted up a box-room in the attics for him as a sort of snugger, where he could play with the cobra, or on the concertina, and chew hashish to his heart's content. I frequently went up to consult him, and generally found him absorbed in reading *Euclid*, which he maintained was more amusing and better illustrated than most of the popular magazines. I regret to say, however, that he seemed to attach but little importance to my suspicions of *McAvelly*, and in short behaved with a brusquerie which—had I known him less well—I might have mistaken for offensive rudeness. But it was a great comfort to have him about. That massive mind of his was, I knew, working all—or most of—the time, and the ease with which he had unravelled the rather complicated mystery of *Poisoned Porridge* seemed a guarantee that he would be fully equal to checkmating any fresh devilries *McAvelly* might attempt.

How it happened I can't explain—perhaps *Prole* took a little too much hashish—but *McAvelly* contrived to pull off his crime—whatever it was, for I never ascertained its precise character. I gathered, however, from *Inspector Chugg* (another creation of mine whom, for reasons of my own, I had not thought fit to invest with any excessive brilliancy) that it was something in the nature of Common Barratry—and a hanging matter. With truly diabolical cunning *McAvelly* had contrived to throw suspicion on the innocent and unfortunate *Cedric*, who, believing, though on insufficient grounds, that *Yolande* was the culprit, nobly took the blame on himself—which was only what I should have expected of him. He had done much the same thing before in the book. Naturally *Yolande* misunderstood his motive, and, being a thoroughly nice-minded girl, recoiled from a lover who had openly confessed himself a Common Barrator. But I was rather surprised when *Inspector Chugg* arrested them both, and, after subjecting them to a searching cross-examination, warned them that whatever they had said would be taken down and used in evidence against them at their trial.

In fact I was about to make an indignant protest, when, to my unfeigned delight, *Rumsey Prole*, having emptied his box of hashish, finished the first book of *Euclid*, and charmed the cobra into a state of coma by playing all the tunes he knew on the concertina, came down to the rescue.

This marvellous man, by a series of ingenious deductions from cigarette ashes, tea-leaves, a disused tram-car ticket, a marked farthing, and samples of fluff, all of which his trained eye had detected on the carpet, demonstrated beyond all

possibility of doubt that the actual culprit was no other than myself!

I was positively thunderstruck; for, up to that juncture, I could have sworn that I was innocent, and it was a bitter moment when my own *Cedric* and *Yolande*, their faith in one another now completely restored, avowed their conviction of my guilt, adjuring me in moving terms not to suffer this dark stain to blight their young lives, but to confess all, and hope for the mercy of heaven! I adjured them not to be a couple of young idiots. Still I could not help recognising that, unless the world at large were more amenable to reason, I was in rather a tight place. In fact I saw the Gallows plainly looming before me!

Fortunately, at the eleventh hour, a deliverer came forward in the homely person of good old *Martha*, who remembered by the merest chance that there were certain documents in a brass-bound desk belonging to her mistress which might possibly throw some light on the subject. These were produced and submitted to *Mr. Deedes*, the family solicitor, who perused them anxiously, spectacles on nose, during a prolonged and most dramatic silence. At last he wiped his spectacles, blew his nose with more than usual resonance, and, in accents husky with emotion, pronounced that, so far as he had been able to interpret the papers, they not only proved my entire innocence and incriminated *McAvelly* (whom I had suspected from the first) but also established *Cedric's* claim to a dormant peerage, and identified *Yolande* as the long-sought heiress of a South African millionaire, who had lately died intestate after bequeathing her ten thousand a year and a palatial mansion in Park Lane!

Altogether dear old *Deedes* trumpeted to some purpose on that occasion! Even I should never have thought of such a way out of the labyrinth in which we were all so inextricably entangled. But it only shows how marvellously an author's characters may be capable of developing if they are only started with a strong enough individuality!

There is little more to relate. *McAvelly*, humming a careless snatch and muttering horrible imprecations under his breath, had already evaded the strong arm of the Law by sauntering out of the house—and out of our lives, for ever! *Rumsey Prole* wrung my hand warmly, with the remark that the result was in exact accordance with all his calculations—after which he packed up his cobra and concertina, and left to lay in a fresh supply of hashish before proceeding to investigate another case that demanded his assistance.

Cedric and his mother, with *Yolande* and the faithful *Martha*, departed to claim the dormant peerage and occupy the palace in Park Lane. I made no attempt to detain them. Only good old *Mr. Deedes* was left on my hands, and, as I could not stand his practising as a solicitor any longer in my breakfast-room, I took an office for him in Bedford Row, where he can wipe his spectacles and blow his nose unseen and unheard—for I can hardly believe that any sane client will ever consult him professionally. I know I shan't.

I think I have now said enough to enable the Gentle Reader to understand how and why it is that, in spite, or perhaps I should say because of the unprecedented success that has attended my first humble effort in fiction, I am resolved that it must never be repeated.

Indeed, what I have gone through already has upset me so severely that my doctor has ordered me to take a complete rest, and I am just now staying (though only temporarily) at a Sanatorium.

The Medical Superintendent here is inclined—as I can see plainly, however he may endeavour to disguise it—to regard my strange experiences as more or less imaginary.

However, when he sees them in print, and in such a periodical as *Punch*, he will, I fancy, be compelled to take them seriously.

F. A.

CHARIVARIA.

SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN has prepared a list of nine reforms which his party will deal with when they come into office, and intends to add others when they occur to him. This is really Liberal.

At the moment when the DEPUTY-SPEAKER closed the sitting of the House on account of "grave disorder," several Irishmen were seriously considering the question put to us by a certain advertising firm, "With what shall we cover the floor?"

It is rumoured that, as an act of grace, on June 17, to celebrate the inauguration of the L.C.C. Penny Steamboat service, *Nelson and his Captains* is to be re-admitted to the list of school-prizes authorised by that body.

Scotland, meanwhile, is indignant at the exclusion of *Burns* from the list, and it has even been suggested that such exclusion is due to the insensate jealousy of a Member of the Council of the same name.

The cold snap ended last week after a short duration, and it is feared that, after all, it may be impossible to hold the Skating Championship of England this summer.

The approaching marriage of the German CROWN PRINCE promises to be an imposing affair. Nor has the amusement of the populace been forgotten. When the bride makes her state entry into the capital, her bodyguard will consist of the Guild of Berlin Butchers, who will be in evening dress, with white ties, white gloves, and silk hats, and mounted on real horses.

The want of facilities for the repairing of ships at Vladivostock is being commented on even in St. Petersburg. This acknowledgment that the heroes of the Dogger Bank ought to have accommodation in the dock is welcome though tardy.

The Russian bomb-throwers, as the result of constant practice, are improving even in their accidents. A premature explosion at Warsaw last week victimised two detectives as well as the owner of the bomb.

The *Daily Chronicle* is usually so careful in its spelling that we were surprised to come across the following paragraph, last week, in its cricket notes:—"It will be seen that, while HILL reappears, ARMSTRONG goes into retirement, with GEHRS, NEWLAND, and HOPKINS. The man who made 243 not out is suffering with a badly bruised toe, the result of his great



Itinerant Musician (to Jones, who has had a bad day). "WELL, GUV'NOR, YOU ARE A WELL-PLUCKED 'UN!"

feat." If, on the other hand, a *jeu d'esprit* was intended, it is an old one.

What is the difference between an Actress and a Chorus Girl? is a question which has been claiming the attention of the Courts. We should have thought that an Actress is one who speaks, and a Chorus Girl one who squeaks.

A picture by VANDYCK has been sold for fourpence. We are pleased to hear this, for we cannot help thinking that this is the way to put a stop to the growing trade in forgeries. If it were to become customary to sell old masters at such prices it would no longer be worth anyone's while to produce counterfeits.

Answer to a Correspondent:—It is considered pretentious to wear motor-goggles when riding on a motor 'bus.

Flogging in our Schools.

THAT at least one trainer of the young has no idea of sparing the rod in deference to popular clamour may be proved by the following excerpt from a prospectus (forwarded by a correspondent) in which the Head Mistress announces her intention to fortify (probably by splicing it) the weapon of correction: "By the Material Strengthening of her Staff Mrs. — hopes to be able to continue her system of individual attention in spite of increasing numbers of Pupils."

OUR CRICKETING SYBARITES.

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—The fact that the Australians have petitioned for shorter hours of play, and the action of one of our own first-class bowlers, who won a recent match for his side by going off the field for a bath, resting in the pavilion for an hour, and finally emerging much refreshed to despatch the tail-end of the opposing team, are sure to establish a precedent. Cricketers are not the hardy race they used to be. We may look for some such items of cricket gossip as the following during the remainder of the season:—

The sensational strike which led to the defeat of England by 386 runs in the last test match has, we are glad to say, at length been settled. A compromise has been arranged. Instead of iced drinks at the end of every third over, for which the professionals agitated, there will be—in addition to the luncheon and tea intervals—a cucumber-sandwich interval at 12.30, a cold snack at 3.15, a doze at 5.20, and a champagne-cup break at 6.30. These reforms having met with the approval of the strikers, it is expected that England will be strongly represented in the next match.

Messrs. CABBAGE AND SONS, Athletic Outfitters, announce a new Short Slip Deck Chair. Invaluable to first-class cricketers when the wicket is dry. Hustle is the curse of the present age. Take it easy. 10s. 6d. (or, with shandigaff fountain, 12s. 8d.). A Leicestershire professional writes:—"I used your Short Slip Deck Chair when we played Derbyshire, and managed to get through a whole innings without my usual forty winks in the pavilion."

Sport or Foolhardiness? Although the weather was extremely warm last Monday, Mr. C. McGAHEY successfully accomplished his feat of fielding all through the morning until the luncheon interval without lying down. Interviewed by our representative, he said that he was certainly fatigued, but was glad that he had gone through with it, as it showed that the thing could be done. As a proof of the dangerous spirit of emulation which this feat of endurance has aroused in cricketing circles, we may state that Mr. P. PERRIN has announced his intention of fielding through a whole afternoon without a rest. Where will this stop?

Little "SID" GREGORY was quite in his old form at the Oval yesterday. His 9 was marred by no chance, and he had bad luck in not reaching double figures. Exhausted nature, however, gave out, and the gallant little batsman was carried to the pavilion on a stretcher

after having been at the wicket for nearly a quarter of an hour.

I hear they want more Bovvim.—A famous batsman writes: "I take nothing else between the overs."—(Advt.)

Considerable amusement was caused on the last day of the Lancashire v. Yorkshire match by the appearance of HAIGH wrapped in a long bath-towel. He bowled two overs, dismissing the last batsman and winning the match, and then retired again. It seems that he had been in the act of taking the shower bath which is now looked on as a necessity by all fast bowlers, when he was informed that the last man was leaving the pavilion. As Lord HAWKE had asked him particularly to try and get back in time for the finish, he hastily slipped on a pair of boots and a towel, and resumed his place in the ranks of the Tykes. His good sportsmanship was loudly cheered by the crowd. Yours, &c.,

HENRY WILLIAM-JONES.

SETTLED CONVICTIONS.

[In an article in the *Daily Chronicle*, entitled "Tea Drunkenness," Dr. JOHN H. CLARKE says, "Persons addicted to tea do not always drink it; cases occur in which the tea-habitue eats it. In one case of this kind the victim actually developed *delirium tremens*. . . . It is a moot point whether tea does not do more harm in this country than alcohol."]

JEAN, wumman, frae my earliest day
I aye misdocted tea.

In vain ye socht
To change my thoct—
The tea was no for me:
A kind o' instinct seemed to say
Whene'er I saw your wee pot,
"Man, TAM, beware
An' hae a care!
There's Deith within yon tea-pot!"

A'boddy swore I was an ass;
But things are changin' noo:
In Lannan toun
They're comin' roun'
To tak' my verra view.
I canna but reflec', my lass,
Hoo wondrous wise is Natur'
That said, "Gie oop
The pisoned coop
An' dinna spare the craytur!"

'Tis gey an' ill the tannin sairves
Its foolish devotees.
I'll tell ye what
Is in the pot
Ye coddle on your knees:
There's indigestion, temper, nairves
An' drunkenness an' greetin's—
Ye little think
What sins ye drink,
My JEAN, at mithers' meetin's.

Ye'll soon be seein' rats, nae doot;
But dinna wauken me

In unco fricht
At deid o' nicht
To catch the beasts ye see.
An' dinna preach to me aboot
The dangers o' the bottle!
Na, JEAN; I've heard
The Doctor's word—
Henceforth I'm tea-teetottle.

MORE GASTRONOMIC DIVAGATIONS.

(With acknowledgments to the
"Cornhill Magazine.")

NOTHING stimulates memory so potently as the sense of smell. The fragrance of a Salonica cigarette will transport you to the silken East, the land of Turkish delight, of kabobs and kavasses, of lichees and *likin*, of paprika, papoutsia and goulash: the scent of a muskrose carries you away to the shores of the Muskrat Lake or possibly (if you have carefully studied the gazetteer) to the banks of the Muskingum river, formed by the junction of the Licking and the Tuscarawas, which flows S.E. to the Ohio, which it joins at Marietta in about 81° 28' W.: while the voluptuous odour of a Finnan haddie shall waft you as on a magician's cloak to the summit of the Finsteraarhorn, to the sumptuous parterres of Finsbury Park, or perhaps to the bailiwick of Finmark in the province and diocese of Tromsø, which is situated between the Arctic Ocean and Russian Lapland. With advancing years and concomitant loss of appetite these flights of gastronomic fancy are strangely compounded of pain and pleasure. But away with melancholy, to quote MILTON and Mr. WELLER. The broad fact remains that *ubi tres homines, duo gastronomici*. Dean STANLEY's failure to reach the episcopal bench was, I have little doubt, due to his never caring how he dined or whether he had dined at all, and the inferiority of the weaker sex is amply accounted for by R. L. STEVENSON's luminous generalisation that women, when left to themselves, almost always subsist on tea and cake. As ROSSINI wittily put it, woman is a creature of high C and high Tea.

But a truce to these preliminary meanderings. In gastronomy more than anything else it is necessary to cut the cackle and come to the dishes. Earliest recollections take me back to the Scots cuisine, which owes much of its refinement to the French alliance. To quote the admirable CRICHTON-BROWNE, "Scots wha' hae wi' FROISSART fed;" and obviously, as RUSKIN once remarked in one of his rare but engaging flashes of merriment, in the important sphere of bakery (*Ars pistoria*) the Land of Cakes has always appropriated the Abernethy. "We twa hae paidled in the burn," BURNS sweetly sings of his murmuring namesake; and I might echo him with

"We twa hae guzzled i' the burn." I well recall a schoolboy lark when with a truant comrade—one of the McGRUBERS of Strath Tuck—we gave our sorrowing families leg-bail and camped out for a couple of nights in the corries of Quinaig, bivouacking in a friendly shepherd's bothy. Our host contributed mushrooms and samphire pickle, and the *plat* of the evening—the *houplat*! as dear old MacBOTTLE, my faithful gillie, used to call it—was a dish of small brown fresh-water halibut, which we caught by tickling under banks and stones. (The halibut, I need hardly remind votaries of WALTON, is one of the most ticklish fish under the canopy.) They were sprinkled with *sal volatile* from a bottle which we had brought along with us, they were done slowly over a gas-stove with shreds of Bombay Duck which McGRUBER, whose father was an old Indian merchant, had thoughtfully stored in his Gladstone bag, and they had the inestimable advantage of never satiating. My record was just over 700, but McGRUBER, whose equatorial measurement was greater than mine, more than once got into four figures. From halibut to Ballyhooley, and thence to Ballinahinch and Castleconnell, the transition is inevitable, but the salmon of the Shannon are inferior to those of the Tay, and indeed, for the matter of that, to those of the Irwell, which are notorious for their iron constitution, and have a flavour and colour like nothing else in the whole repertory of mundane comestibles. The genuine recipe for making the best of an Irwell salmon is as follows: You crimp him on the bank, you plunge him into a powerful solution of carbolic acid, Condyl, ammoniated quinine, menthol pastilles and old brandy, and then send him by swift messenger, wearing a respirator, to the nearest Officer of Health.

Viewed merely as viands, the Irwell salmon must yield pride of place to those of the Tweed, the Tay and the Spey. Of the trout of the Harris Tweed I am not in a position to speak, but I understand that they have a subdued richness which is all their own. Rhine salmon is overrated, probably owing to the romantic associations of the Lorelei, though it is the best of continental fishes, the Bosnian pilehard and the Lusitanian catamaran alone excepted. But none of the foreign trout surpasses in vivacity those of the Dolomites, and in particular of the Titian country, which are remarkable also for their sumptuous colouring. I agree with BENVENUTO CELLINI that there is no sauce like a light flavouring of salsify and salicylic acid, which is also an unrivalled accompaniment to second-day sole. But you should never tamper with a sole fresh from the sea. For six months on end I breakfasted daily at Boulogne on a sole—not, of



THE EYE AS AN AID TO THE EAR.

Young Lady (repeating conversation to deaf old Gentleman). "MISS FRILLS SAYS IT GAVE HER SUCH A FRIGHT."

Deaf Old Gent. "EH? I DIDN'T QUITE—"

Young Lady. "SUCH—A—FRIGHT!"

Deaf Old Gent. "AH, YES—I AGREE WITH YOU—SO SHE IS!"

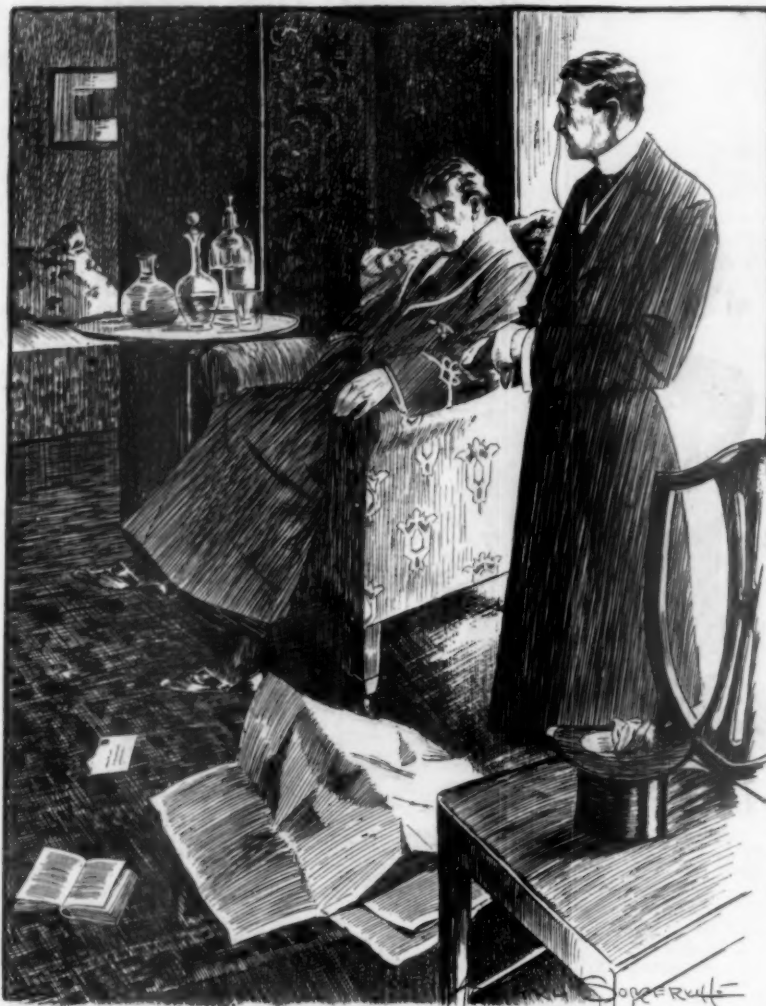
course, the same sole—sent up straight from the brown-sailed fishing-boat, with a simple squeeze of the lemon. But this is not to be confounded with a lemon sole, which is quite another pair of shoes.

The lemon suggests Lake Leman, the trout of Geneva, Swiss watchmakers, Waterbury watches, cuckoo-clocks, Dent's chronometers, the Temple classics, and other engrossing subjects; but, as the great Napoleon said, *il faut se borner*. It is a far cry from Chillon to Tweedmouth or Alnwick, but a good gastronome is *capable de tout*. Alnwick always reminds me of Sir MOUNTSTUART GRANT DUFF, with whom I once foregathered at

the Castle over grilled steaks of grilse and collops of venison. Needless to say, he was as prodigal of anecdotes as I say Alnwickdotes?—as usual. I remember his describing the bathing machines of our noble host at Alnmouth as *Persicos apparatus*, which I thought rather neat.

Much might be said of the woodcock of the sea—the red mullet—with trails as luscious as those of the landbirds, of the eel pots of Hedsor, of the impropriety of dressed crab, of haggis as a mode of *harakiri*, of the hams of Andalusia, and of spatchcocked mongoose—

[Thanks. That will do nicely for the present.—Ed.]



"UNFORTUNATELY POSSIBLE."

Physician Friend. "H'm, candle both ends again, I suppose! Ah well, we'll soon get over that. A man is either a fool or a physician at forty, you know."

Impatient Patient (not at all friendly). "Can't he be both?"

THE HORSE.

[From the article on this animal in the 30th edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, 2105.]

It is amusing to think—and not un-instructive too as a lesson in the steady patience and endurance of man—that for years, even centuries, before the motor-car was invented the horse was the principal agent of transit on English roads, not only for people but for goods. There are still standing numerous old houses in England, every stick and stone of which were brought thither by horse haulage. Perhaps we are apt not sufficiently to remember this; but at this time, so soon after the occasion of the unveiling of the skeleton of the *Equus domesticus* at the Natural History Mu-

seum, it is well to consider the claims which this almost obsolete animal once had on the human species.

A few living horses were still to be seen in England until within the last year or so. There was one in the Zoo and three or four on the estate of an eccentric nobleman in the north; but when he died they were allowed to die too. A very old man living in Wiltshire, who was a blacksmith in his prime, can remember as a youth the visit of a travelling circus to his village and his being called in to assist in making shoes for the performing horses; but his memory is very indistinct. His impression is that these shoes were made in the form of crescents and were nailed on the creatures' hoofs; but the story sounds

improbable. There was also living until quite recently a centenarian at Bridgewater, who recollected hearing his father describe the last race by horses for the Derby Stakes. The curious thing is that according to this ancient man's testimony the horses at the Derby were ridden by little boys in bright colours who were tied to their necks.

Old prints and photographs show the horse as a beast not only of draught but of burden. Both men and women in the barbarous times clung to its mane on occasion, but the usual thing was to sit in a cart or carriage and be pulled. There is, however, a record of some of the more hardy of both sexes riding, as it was called, for pleasure; but it is not easy for us, who are accustomed to the comfortable padded seats of the motor-car, to see where the pleasure was to be found. When used for draught purposes the horse was guided by leathern straps, which the driver, or chauffeur as we should say, held in his hands and pulled to the right or left as the case might be. For heavy loads as many as four horses might be driven at once.

As one may suppose, very little safety was insured with such a rudimentary mode of locomotion, and the records of accidents are numerous. In those days, a certain remnant of the old retrogressive courtesy still existing, it was customary for a driver who had knocked down a foot-passenger to stop and render assistance. With the advent of the motor-car and the reorganisation of the rights of pedestrians came the saving of all time that hitherto had been spent in such idle forms of politeness, and little accidents to walkers soon settled down as a recognised part of the day's routine, of no more account than changes in the weather.

History records that at first some resentment was shown by pedestrians at the loss of the old thoroughfares which for too long they had come to look upon as their property, to be shared with horses and horse-drawn vehicles; but these revolts soon settle themselves, and in course of a few years it was as natural for the roads to be empty of foot-passengers as before it had been for them to cluster there. The roads are of course for wheels. A man who is so eccentric or impecunious as to use his feet must find his way as he can.

An Invidious Distinction.

"To be had of all respectable tobacconists, also from — & Co. Ltd., Strand."—Advt. in the "Sketch."

Every Little Helps

"Nurse wanted, good needlewoman, to take charge of infant, who will help in housework."—*Church Times*.



A BIT BELOW HIMSELF.

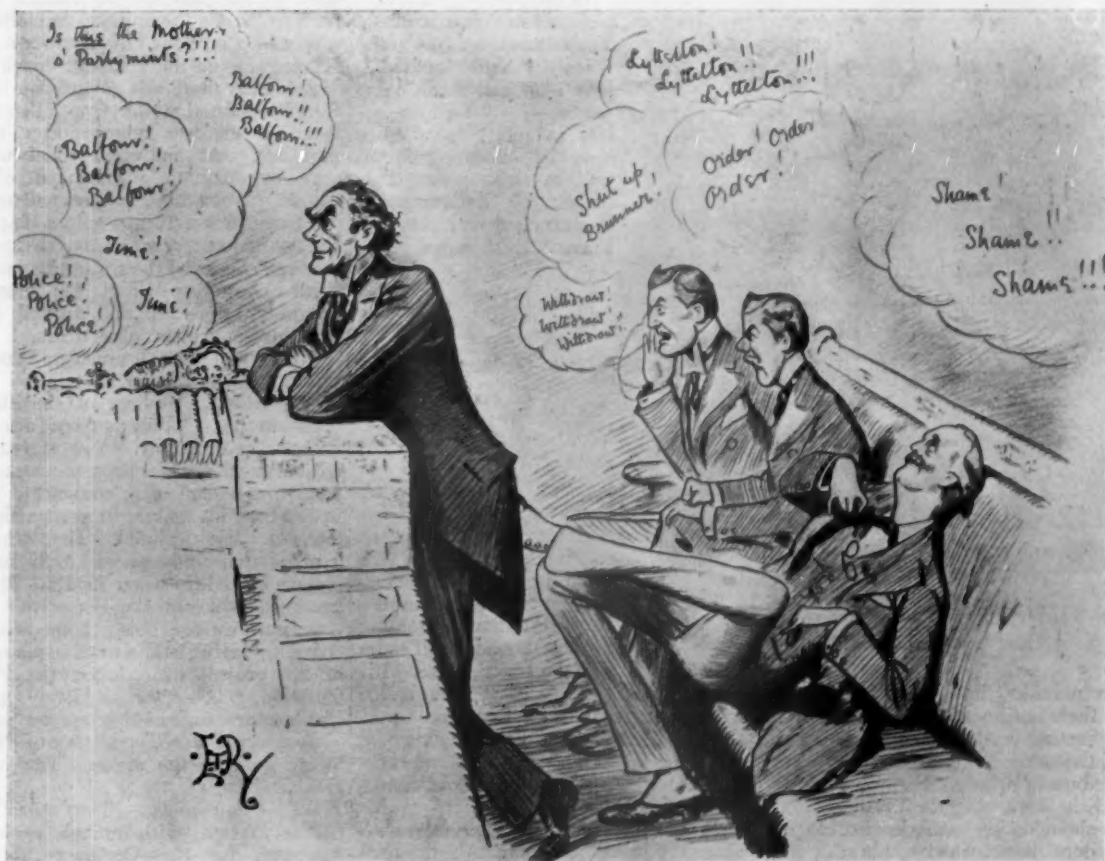
MR. PUNCH. "ANOTHER DERBY FAVOURITE, MY LORD! THIS REMINDS ME OF THE GLORIOUS DOUBLE EVENT OF '94, LADAS AND THE PREMIERSHIP."

LORD R-S-B-R-Y. "DON'T MENTION IT!" (Aside) "HOW TACTLESS!"

[illegible]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



"ORDER, ORDER!"—OUT OF CHAOS.

The Hon. Alfred Lyttelton, in an innings of fifty minutes, makes "0, not out."

House of Commons, Monday, May 22.—ALFRED LYTTELTON, Secretary of State for the Colonies, has beat the Parliamentary record. In the longest time he has made the briefest speech ever delivered by a Minister of the Crown standing at the Table of House of Commons. It consisted of three words: "The Prime Minister—"

He followed in due course Leader of Opposition, who moved the adjournment with intent to extract from PRINCE ARTHUR definition of his latest attitude on Fiscal Question. C-B, rising promptly at 9 o'clock, spoke for twenty-five minutes. His address, reasonable in spirit, moderate in tone, was in no wise responsible for what followed. "All we want," he said, regarding PRINCE ARTHUR with persuasive mien, "is a plain simple answer to a plain simple question."

There was a pause whilst DEPUTY-SPEAKER read terms of motion submitted.

All eyes in now crowded House were turned upon PRINCE ARTHUR, lolling with studied negligence on Treasury Bench. Naturally expected he would promptly rise to reply. It was his affair solely and personally. He made no move, and LYTTELTON, appearing at the Table, laid on brass-bound box notes of speech to preparation of which he had sacrificed his dinner.

A moment of dumb amazement followed. House accustomed by this time to PRINCE ARTHUR's cavalier ways, his airy disregard of precedent and conventionalities. This too much. Before LYTTELTON could open his mouth an angry roar burst from crowded ranks of Opposition. "BALFOUR! BALFOUR!" they cried. LYTTELTON looked round with appealing look. Began and ended his speech,

"The Prime Minister—" he said.

The roar of "BALFOUR!" rising with

tornadic force silenced him. He stood for full five minutes facing the music. ELLIS, custodian of Parliamentary privilege, rose from back bench behind Opposition Leaders. It was the turn of the country gentlemen, and they sustained their ancient reputation.

"Order, Order!" they bellowed, "LYTTELTON! LYTTELTON!"

After vain effort ELLIS resumed his seat, hoarse and baffled. Might as well have shrieked remonstrance to Niagara tumbling over its cliff. LYTTELTON again appeared at the wicket. The Opposition, having had useful couple of minutes' rest whilst Ministerialists took up the shouting, resumed with fresh vigour.

"BALFOUR! BALFOUR!" they shouted. LYTTELTON stood mute at the Table, with elbow resting on brass-bound box, that in days gone by GLADSTONE used to thump.

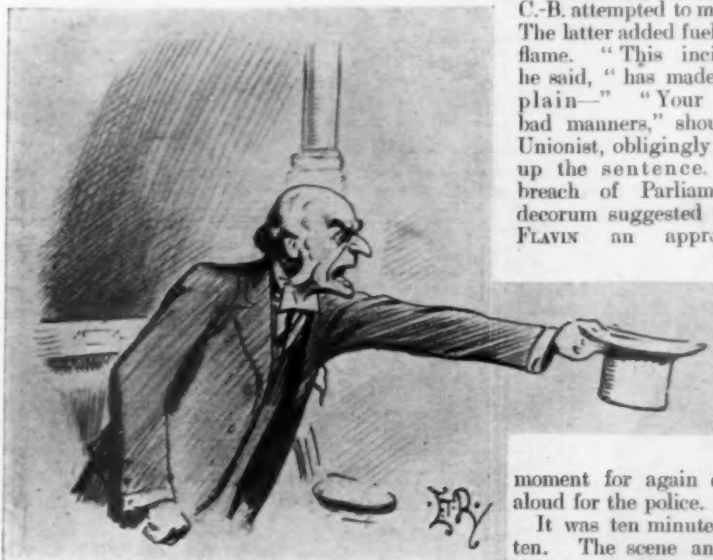
"Speak up!" shouted Mr. FLAVIN.

"We can't hear a word you are saying." Which was true.

WINSTON CHURCHILL proposing to offer

this is the Mother of Parliaments!" "Police! Police!" responded Mr. FLAVIN with freshened energy, as if the idea had only just occurred to him.

In turn COUSIN CECIL and C.-B. attempted to mediate. The latter added fuel to the flame. "This incident," he said, "has made quite plain—" "Your d—bad manners," shouted a Unionist, obligingly filling up the sentence. This breach of Parliamentary decorum suggested to Mr. FLAVIN an appropriate



Shrieking remonstrance to Niagara.

(Mr. J-hn Ell-s.)

a few remarks, the Ministerialists again took their innings, the Opposition gratefully resting. After battling for a while with the storm WINSTON invented a new procedure in debate. Stepping down to Chair, he bent over the DEPUTY-SPEAKER and shouted his remarks in his ear. This done, he returned to his seat, amid wild howls from Unionists.

With the automatic precision of the figures alternately issuing from either box to forecast sunshine or storm, LYTTELTON, once more appeared at the Table. It turned out to be storm.

The Irish Members, taking lead of the performance, gave a new turn to the shouting. A long time since Mr. FLAVIN spent such a happy evening. With recollection of a memorable occasion when he was carried forth on the shoulders of four policemen, his compatriots escorting him singing "God save Ireland," the interference of the police seemed most appropriate to the occasion. Accordingly, at the top of a voice that rose above the whirlwind, he yelled "Police! Police!" Another Irish Member of military tendency insisted on sending for the Horse Guards. Charming idea. Nothing so appropriate for clearing the Chamber as horses prancing up and down the gangways, taking the table in their stride. Still another, in mournful voice indicating a sorely stricken soul, moaned, "And

appearance at the Table was hailed with triumphant shout from the Opposition. Comparative silence reigned whilst he deprecated as absurd, unworkable, the demand that he should immediately follow C.-B.

"It is," he said, "not consistent with usage or ideas of justice that the criminal in the dock—and that is the situation I am supposed to occupy—should offer his defence before he has heard the whole of the accusation."

This said, he sat down, and COLONIAL SECRETARY, with the now familiar automatic movement, emerged on the scene. Stood at the box as before. With renewed vehemence a hearing was refused him.

At end of first half-hour JOHN BURNS suggested, in interest of the dignity of House, that DEPUTY-SPEAKER, in obedience to Standing Order added after the free fight on the Home Rule Bill, should close the scene by forthwith adjourning the House. LOWTHER (J. W.) admitted his mind had turned in that direction, but he was loth precipitately to take unprecedented action.

Another twenty minutes sped; the fingers of the clock pointed to half-past ten. The COLONIAL SECRETARY once more at the Table, dumb amid the uproar. For the fifth time he made his succinct speech.

"The Prime Minister—" he said.

The angry roar burst forth again,

and with fixed sickly smile LYTTELTON surveyed the turbulent scene. Plainly no hope of cessation on other terms than surrender by PRINCE ARTHUR. He, with gallant attempt to lighten with familiar smile a countenance flushed with anger, stretched his slim form with affected ease on the Treasury Bench.

Evidently there was no yielding there. Equally plain that the Opposition were good for another hour and a half's shouting. At midnight relief would come by automatic adjournment of the debate. Meanwhile, in present temper of House, worse things might happen. DEPUTY-SPEAKER accordingly, citing the new rule, declared the sitting suspended. With a mighty shout the crowded assembly leaped up and surged forth through the shamed glass doors.

"This will be a lesson for ARTHUR," said a jubilant Liberal.

"Possibly," replied a meditative Ministerialist. "But, you see, after all he got his own way. You moved the adjournment in the hope of extracting from him a damaging statement. You insisted on his making it at a particular moment. He declined. Then we had a scene that finds parallel only in the riot we kicked up when in 1893 Mr. G. proposed to closure the Home Rule Bill. And now we are going home without ARTHUR's having said a word explanatory of his present attitude on the Fiscal Question. It's been a lively game. But honours, such as they are, are easy."

Business done.—The Mother of Parliaments goes on the spree. The police are called for.

Wednesday night.—The other day COLONEL WELBY, with amiable desire to recapture for the Commons its old



"And is this the first deliberative Assembly in the world?!"

(Mr. M-ch-l Fl-v-n.)



BRIDGE PROBLEMS.—No. 3.

WHY DID SHE DECLARE HEARTS?



"The Mother of Parliaments" as seen on the evening of May 22, 1905;
Or, Wanted a "Ducking-chair for Scolds."

position as the most comfortable Club in London, met with a rebuff. In Committee of Supply he told a moving story of the habit of certain, happily unnamed, Members who resort to the Library at an early hour, turn up a chair at the table in token of appropriation of the place, and then go out for a drive in the Park. Without exactly formulating the request, he, in his more mellifluous tones, suggested it would be a nice thing if Lord BALCARRES, as representing the First Commissioner of Works, would take an occasional stroll round the Library, removing these fraudulent evidences of pegged-out claims.

The noble Lord rather curtly dismissed the suggestion. To-day WELBY comes up smiling, with another bright idea.

"Why not," he asks, "arrange to change the colour of the light on the Clock Tower as soon as a division is declared, so as to inform Members approaching the House that a division is about to take place?"

As the question was put, an animated scene was presented to the mind's eye. A Member of comely proportions—say MABON or Mr. CROOKS—is strolling down from his West-End Club. Approaching the crossing at bottom of Parliament Street he observes the bright flame that crowns the Clock Tower, in sign that the House is sitting, suddenly suffer a sea change, becoming a sickly green, a raucous red, or a blazing blue. A division has been called. There are still three minutes before the doors are locked. Can he manage it?

He will at least try. Behold MABON, with Mr. CROOKS a good second, bolting across the roadway to the danger of his life, taking Palace Yard with a hop, skip and jump, rushing upstairs, bounding across the central Lobby and just finding the door closed in his face.

The prospect is alluring. But BALCARRES has no imagination. Business of the Board of Works could not be carried on if he had. Talked about cost and

difficulty of manipulating the operation. Full of resources WELBY, as alternative, suggested placing in Palace Yard a gong, peradventure a trumpet. Or perhaps HOWARD VINCENT would oblige. His "Hear! hear!" murmured at the psychological moment would, in the matter of range, serve all useful purposes.

BALCARRES lingered over the idea of the trumpet. So many hon. Members would be ready to blow their own. That would, of course, meet the objection as to cost. On the whole he was not encouraging, and WELBY, retiring to the library, and finding a chair conveniently turned up, appropriated it and thought of something else.

Business done.—Still harping on the Budget.

SOLECISMS.

SOLISTRY, or character-reading by the lines of the foot, is quite the vogue in America, and bids fair to outrival the attractions of Palmistry in this country. Not only by the lines on the sole but by the size and shape of the foot can the most unexpected propensities be discovered.

Thus, according to expert solists, the short, plump, rosy-toed specimen is indicative of an uncontrollable gaiety of disposition alternating with rapid gusts of temper, and is generally found among ladies of the lower-upper and upper-middle classes, though also evident in steam laundry circles.

The nervous, sensitive and highly-strung foot indicates indifference for the feelings of others, absence of mental calibre, and an insatiable appetite for unmerited admiration. This type is most frequently found among public school-boys, inspectors of nuisances, and A. B. C. cashiers.

The square, spreading, flat-footed type shows a predisposition for decorum and a tendency to leisure, not to say lethargy. This class is confined almost exclusively to diplomatic circles and the police force.

The long, slim, vanishing-pointed foot denotes an envious, hysterical and repellent temperament, and though met with in exclusive *côteries* is generally identified with better-class burglars and R. A. Bridge-players.

The gnarled, rugged, corrugated description reveals that its owner is the dupe of his party and easily prejudiced in his own favour, and is usually limited to rural deans, motor-bus drivers, and toy-dog fanciers.

The pugnacious, excitable and explosive foot shows an undeveloped tendency to colour blindness, and a weakness for oysters and flash jewellery, and though widely distributed among materfamilias of all classes is frequently evident in boot-strikers and umpires of the national game.

OPERATIC NOTES.

Monday, May 22.—The very biggest and most brilliant House of the season up to present date. Rich and rare were the gems that everybody who possessed them, even for this occasion only, wore, so that the contrast between the misery and squalor of the attic-story of *La Bohème* and the luxury and magnificence of the front of the House, was a very striking note of this operatic performance. The punctuality of the audience was also remarkable, as within

Petit souper. Mimi-Melba chez Rodolfo - Caruso; or, The "Puff Preliminary" to the light blow-out.

a quarter of an hour of the advertised time of commencement there was not a box empty, and scarcely a seat vacant. The cast of the opera differed in no way from that made familiar to us last season, and Signor MAXCINELLI, *molto invigorato* by a few bars rest and the tonic *sol fa* of the Sea natural at Brighton, appeared up to time, with *bâton*, like himself, in most flourishing condition. The men of his chosen band rallied around their conductor, and the result was all that could be desired by the most exacting critic.

Signor CARUSO was at his very best to-night, and his rendering of "*Chi son? Sono un poeta*," was magnificent, the great effect with which he startled the house and evoked unanimous enthusiasm being obtained without the slightest appearance of effort. And what a costume, what a make-up, what a seedy out-at-elbows suspicious-looking Leicester Square refugee is this Bohemian poet, this unkempt rhapsodist, in whose *amour* with the accommodating *grisette*, Mimi, MÜRGER has so interested us that we weep when they weep, laugh when they laugh, and willingly condone their lack of principle, their laziness, and happy-go-lucky conduct, as representing the tricks and manners of a set of amusing "irresponsibles" characteristic of the Quartier Latin in the early part of last century.

Are not M. GILBERT as the musician *Schaunard*, Signor SCOTTI as *Marcello* the painter, and M. JOURNET as *Colline* the philosophic and literary gent, all perfect in their separate pictures of these jovial impecunious "good fellows," to whom

soap and water, and the services of a hair-dresser, must be among the luxuries of life that are for ever denied? What a type too is *Musetta*, played in most sprightly manner and charmingly sung by Miss E. PARKINA, with her vile temper, her slyness, her avarice, her caprice, coquetry, and good nature, constituting a character which,

suggesting comparison between *cocotte* and *grisette*, serves as a strong relief to the sympathetic, amiable, loving but wayward *Mimi*, who, but for her complacency, might have been a happily married *bourgeoise*. With Madame MELBA in this part all opera-goers are by now familiar, but rarely, if ever, has she been in more perfect voice, or given a better impersonation of the character than to-night.

The calls after every Act were overwhelming, but no encores were taken. Disappointing to some exacting persons,



"Nous voici encore! O mon p'tit chou!"

Alcindoro-Dufliche, Marcello-Scotti, Musetta-Parkina, Schaunard-Gilbert.

no doubt: but very wise action on the part of the artistes. By the way, the repetition in the Third Act of the effect created in the First, by the pair of lovers *Mimi* and *Rodolfo* walking off the stage and finishing their duet outside, seems to suggest a lack of invention in stage business.

HIS MAJESTY, with Royalties and a most distinguished company, was present, and the harmony of our proceedings at Covent Garden contrasted favourably with the turbulent scenes taking place, the very same night, in "Another Place" that would have disgraced even the traditions of an orgie in the real *Vie de Bohème*.



Mr. Whitehill as Escamillo, a Torrey-addressing an enthusiastic meeting.



CARMEN'S VOICE OF DESTINY-Y.

"No cards" (worth mentioning). "Friends at a distance will kindly accept this intonation."

Tuesday.—Good house, not equal to Monday's. **RICHTER** conducting Wagnerian *Tannhäuser* grandly; orchestra perfect as ever. Quite a queenly *Bess* is **Frau WITTICH** as *Elisabeth*, singing perfectly and well meriting enthusiastic call at the end of the Second Act. **Frau REINL** as *Venus* would not on this occasion have received the golden pippin from Paris, or from London, as a reward of the first class. **Herr BURRIAN** as the knightly, or one night only, *Tannhäuser*, is not all our fancy would have painted him. On the other hand, as *Wolfram*, **Herr VAN ROOY** acts and sings magnificently; a right Rooyal performance. **Fräulein ALTEN** as the shepherd, *Ein Hirt*, is heard to greatest advantage; it is a small part, but she would be *Hirt* indeed were no mention made of her. As to **Herr HINCKLEY**, his *Hermann* is dignified, and his singing leaves nothing to be desired, except that he should repeat his success on another occasion.

Wednesday.—*Carmen*. **Mlle. DESTINN** is not destined to make us forget **CALVÉ**. Sings well, but lacks the "go" and devilry essential to the reckless Spanish gipsy. **M. DALMORES** is a first-rate *Don José*, his singing splendid, his acting good. The better this part is played the worse it is for this weak infatuated character of the drama. **Mlle. DONALDA** as the comparatively colourless *Micaëla* makes the hit of the evening. In Act III. her charming voice seems to have gained fresh vigour from the bracing climate of the heights, and the audience is braced up to enthusiasm by the mountain air which she sings so delightfully. **M. GILBERT & Cie.** are all as lively and as dramatically amusing as ever, and the performance of the orchestra under **MESSAGER**—some way under him—is of course first-rate. We do not as yet notice any further announcement of *Don Pasquale*. Wouldn't the King of SPAIN like to see this gem?

AN ENGLISH NAME FOR CHAUFFEURS.

MONSIEUR LE RÉDACTEUR,—On dit que vous avez l'habitude, vous autres Anglais, toutes les fois qu'il vous arrive d'emprunter aux étrangers quelque chose d'utile, d'y approprier un nom national et particulier. Ainsi notre *Pas de Calais* se voit-il anglicisé—de mon plein gré—sous la forme de *Straits of Dover*. De même, la *clôture*, nom béni, se transforme, suivant votre idiotisme, en *closure*, et l'*automobile*, invention française, se traduit assez convenablement en *motor-car*. Pourquoi donc, Monsieur, ne pas donner aux *chauffeurs*, une fois pour toutes, le titre honorable de *scorchers*, que vous avez, du reste, déjà sous la main?

Agréez, Monsieur le Rédacteur, &c.,

AUGUSTE FRANÇOIS.

More Cases of Commercial Candour.

(1) At the East Barnet Valley Urban Council a letter was received from a Farm Dairy to the effect that "they had understood that a constant water supply would be provided in the district. They had been anxiously waiting, and would be glad to know when they could expect it."—*Barnet Times*.

(2) From a Bon Marché Catalogue:—

"22 PAIRS OF SUPERIOR TAN GLACÉ BAR SHOES.
Sale price, 10s. 9d.; were 6s. 11d."

"A Little Learning," &c.

It seems that a gentleman at the Parliamentary Bar recently twitted a brother barrister with having "roared as gently as a sucking-dove," and was reported as having said "sucking-pig." The learned comments of the *Folkestone Express* upon this mischance are worth preserving. "I think," says that journal, "it served him right for using such a metaphor. Doves are not mammalia, nor do they 'roar.'" Poor, poor SHAKESPEARE!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

ENCOURAGED by the welcome accorded to the *Letters of a Diplomat's Wife*, **SMITH, ELDER** issue a new volume, being *Italian Letters of a Diplomat's Wife*. They make pleasant reading, but lack the personal and historic interest pertaining to the first series when, as the wife of the French Ambassador, **Mme. WADDINGTON** visited Russia and was present during the stirring times that followed the assassination of the Czar and the enthronement of his successor. When, in 1880, she visited Italy, her husband had already gone into retirement from Ministerial life. On her later tour she was a widow, and when she went to St. Peter's to witness the ceremony of the Anniversary of the POPE she "took her chance in the Church with the ordinary sightseers," and, worse than all, "wore a short cloth skirt," an untoward circumstance, consciousness of which for her marred the beauty of the spectacle. As in the former work, the reader is frequently taken into confidence on the subject of Madame's frocks, details doubtless interesting to the family circle to which the letters were originally addressed. She records dining one night in Rome to meet a Cardinal. "When I came downstairs to dinner I found all the ladies with lace fichus or boas on their shoulders, and I was told that I was quite incorrect, that one couldn't appear *décolletée* in a Cardinal's presence." It is well to know that, and gratifying to mere humanity to learn that after dinner the Cardinal had his hand at Bridge. My Baronite gets a pretty glimpse of an old friend in another chance reference. "The young Marchesa **RUDINI** (*née LABOUCHERE*) looked charming as a white and silver butterfly, and danced beautifully." There is something incommunicably alluring in the idea of our **LABBY** becoming the father-in-law of an Italian Marquis.

Few foreigners know *Home Life in France* better than **MISS BETHAM-EDWARDS**. The result of her observation and study will be found in a collection of papers published by **METHUEN** under that title. Some my Baronite has met before in magazines. The circumstance only adds pleasure to renewal of acquaintance. There is hardly a subject, from the Baby to the Juge de Paix, from the Single Lady to the Conscript, from Brides and Bridegrooms to Wives and Mothers, that is not dealt with in a chatty, informing way. The chapter on housekeeping is peculiarly interesting just now, not only to heads of families but to politicians, as undesignedly throwing light on the influence of Protection upon so prosaic a matter as the cost of daily living.

'*Mid the Thick Arrows* (**HODDER AND STOUGHTON**) is a lively account of doings and sayings in London society, touched with tragedy in Paris and mystery in California. **MR. MAX PEMBERTON**'s skit on the *grandes dames* of London society and the feeble folk, the conies, who flutter round some of them, is entertaining. The mystery that underlies *Quentin Caird's* first marriage and breaks up his home, is, perhaps designedly, increased by the fact that it is not very clearly explained. My Baronite to this day cannot make out the story of the first wife, or understand why, when he wanted to get home to his second wife, *Quentin* was kidnapped, drugged, and carried off in a convenient sailing ship with three masts and a melodramatic captain. But that only gives pause for thinking, and novel-readers like to think they are thinking.

THE BARON



CHARIVARIA.

THE Baltic Fleet, it is true, has been annihilated. Still, as the Russians point out, it was a fine feat to have taken it all the way to the place of execution without mishap.

Admiral ROZHDESTVENSKY chose the anniversary of the Czar's Coronation Day on which to engage the enemy, and he would probably have won had it not been for the fact that the same date was unfortunately also the birthday of the Empress of JAPAN. A faulty Intelligence Department again?

The Russians have their hands full enough without any additional worries. Much relief is therefore felt in St. Petersburg that the report that, previous to the fight, the Baltic Fleet had sunk an American ship off Formosa should have turned out to be incorrect. It was only a British ship.

Meanwhile, the Czar, it is said, has pluckily resolved that his subjects shall continue the struggle.

Does War serve a purpose? is a question which is often asked. It has now been satisfactorily answered. "The struggle in the Far East," we read, "has provided Messrs. C. T. Brock & Co. with one or two ideas for the firework season."

In cricketering circles some surprise is expressed that not so much notice was taken in Tokio of the Test Match as was taken in London of a similar event which occurred about the same time near Japan.

The 2nd Volunteer Battalion of the Notts and Derbyshire Regiment has received a present of a Derbyshire ram, but this must not be taken as an indication that the Regiment is not so good at the Butts as it should be.

While the Tunbridge Wells volunteer fire-brigade was giving a demonstration last week, a spark from the steamer set fire to a hay-stack. The hay-stack was destroyed, but the fire-engine escaped without damage.

Since the announcement that Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER is to be paid £250 a week for playing the *Prodigal Son* at Drury Lane, the management, we hear,

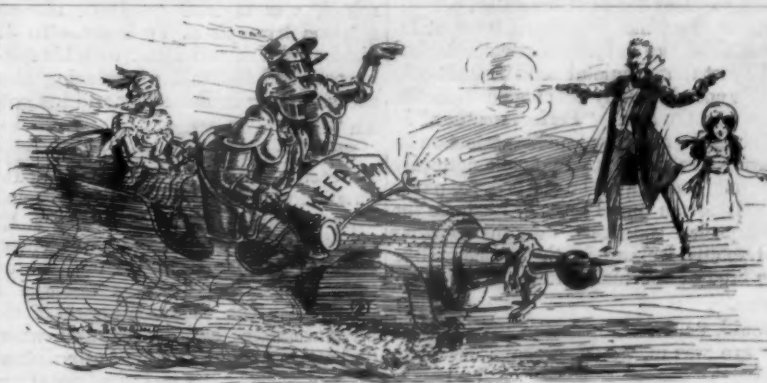
has been inundated with offers from actors who are willing to do it for less.

With reference to an accident which occurred during the motor-car trials in the Isle of Man, when a car drove into a house, we are informed that it was not the chauffeur's fault, as he sounded his horn three times.

Dr. OSLER has arrived, and all persons over a certain age are trying to look as young as possible.

A Brixton publican is said to possess a complete set of the buttons of the British Army. There is a strong suggestion of many violent ejections about this statement which we trust is unfounded.

It has been asserted once more, and this time by the *Spectator*, that women have less sense of humour than men.



WHAT IT MIGHT COME TO IF PEOPLE CARRY FIRE-ARMS FOR USE AGAINST MOTORISTS.

Our own impression is that they have more, the reason being that they know they look their best when smiling.

Turkey has ordered, in France, a torpedo-boat destroyer, three gunboats, two transports, and artillery fittings; and it is rumoured that, as soon as these are delivered, the SULTAN intends to put out his tongue at the Czar.

Nervous playgoers are now venturing out again. The epidemic of *Hamlet* is almost over—thanks to isolation having recently been enforced.

Close upon the report of a plague of flies comes the announcement that London is shortly to be invaded by motor-cabs.

Complaint has been made at a vestry meeting of a certain parish that the vicar's sermons are too short. Certainly the Day of Rest loses half its meaning if people are to have their sleep curtailed.

THE REVIVAL OF THE FITTEST.

THE Mermaid Repertory Theatre has arranged to suffer a sea-change during the hot weather, and no more performances will be given till early in September. The autumn season will include the production of the new play to be chosen by the Committee of the Playgoers' Club; also WEBSTER'S *Duchess of Melfi*, CONGREVE'S *Love for Love*, and a new verse play by Mr. LAWRENCE BINYON. These will be followed by a complete cycle of the English historical plays of SHAKESPEARE.

Mr. PHILIP CARR has merited well of a rather torpid public with his reproductions of Old English plays. Mr. GILBERT'S *Palace of Truth*, with which his season closed on Saturday, was perhaps a little affected by association with a more venerable antiquity. Certainly it had an old-fashioned air, which

possibly accounted for a somewhat amateurish tone in the acting of the very intelligent cast which interpreted its delightfully whimsical fancies.

Mr. Punch wishes Mr. Carr, for his future enterprise, the full success which he has set himself so honestly to deserve.

EDITORS.

["Editors, behind their officialism, are human just like other folks, for they think and they work, they laugh and they play, they marry—just as others do. The best of them are brimful of human nature, sympathetic and kindly, and full of the zest of life and its merry ways."—*Round About*.]

To look at, the ordinary editor is so like a human being that it takes an expert to tell the difference.

When quite young they make excellent pets, but for some strange reason people never confess that they have editors in the house.

Marriage is not uncommon among editors, and monogamy is the rule rather than the exception.

The chief hobby of an editor is the collection of stamped addressed envelopes, which are sent to him in large numbers. No one knows why he should want so many of these, but we believe he is under the impression that by collecting a million of them he will be able to get a child into some hospital.

Of course in these enlightened days it is illegal to shoot editors, while to destroy their young is tantamount to murder.

MULTUM EX PARVO.

(Dedicated, with compliments, to the "Daily Mail's" War News Editor.)

THE brilliant achievements of the *Daily Mail* in extracting matter for the best part of two solid columns out of the first meagre cablegrams which reported the defeat of the Russian Navy, and supplementing this in its next issue with a still longer exegesis based on Admiral Togo's brief despatches, is not without parallel. Limits of space preclude us from giving more than a few miserly extracts from the comments of an African contemporary on its Special Correspondent's cabled reports of the First Test Match.

FROM THE "UGANDA WEEKLY SPORTSMAN" OF MAY 30.

LONDON, May 29. 6.0 P.M.

First Test Match. Perfect weather. England all out 196. Australia, 125 for 1 wicket.—Our Special Correspondent.

The news which we give to-day from a correspondent for whose trustworthiness we can vouch will furnish a dramatic surprise to those who imagined that the Australian team had not yet finished coaling at Port Said. The fight is still in progress—indeed the above exclusive dispatch was sent off before close of play on the first day; but everything already points to an overwhelming victory for the Cornstalks.

Details are wanting, but from the graphic, if terse, statement of our correspondent on the subject of meteorological conditions, and from the fact that England took first knock, we derive strong, though not absolutely conclusive, evidence that the English captain won the toss. "Perfect weather," in "a certain place" that shall be nameless, spells perfection in the wicket, and a colossal score would therefore be naturally expected. That hope was doomed to be dashed from the very outset; so easy is it for an initial disaster to shake the confidence of an ill-compacted congeries, brought together for the first time, and totally lacking in that machine-like unity of spirit which is bred of habitual cohesion.

The Start is Disastrous.

FRY and HAYWARD would, no doubt, open the innings, and the former, before his eye was in, would probably succumb for the paltry total of 0 to one of HOWELL's off-leg breaks coming, or else going, with one or other of his arms. MACLAREN, his nerves unstrung by this catastrophe and the strain of his duties as captain, would almost certainly put his leg in front of the first straight ball: while TYLDESLEY, with a reflex spasm of Lancastrian loyalty, would follow suit. JACKSON, still under the influence of his South African experiences, would return COTTER's first cannon-ball to the bombardier who delivered it: and HIRST, over-anxious to avenge the honour of Yorks, would be immediately taken on the Pavilion tiles and burst his great heart.

A British Rot.

It is given to few to picture the appalling features of a British rot. The iterated crash of the blood-red sphere among the brass-topped timbers; the parabolic flight of the splintered bails; the sickening thud of the straight-flung leather impinging on the interposed pad; the heaven-high bounding of the Marsupial as he pouches the driven missile ere it falls to earth; the abortive return of champion after champion from the fatal crease; the shaken moral of the incoming batsman; the sullen myriad roar of infuriated spectators; the maddened questionings of those behind the bowlers' screens who can see nothing of what is going on—these are the incidents of every British rot on home soil, and they can only be imagined by those—like the present writer—who have never witnessed them.

The "Croucher" to the Rescue.

HAYWARD, alone maintaining his habitual sangfroid, would now, after batting correctly at the rate of one run per hour, be joined by JESSOP. The latter's style affords a remarkable

contrast to the patient methods of the Surrey professor. He remains for not more than six overs, but in that time, by a display of unparalleled temerity, he helps himself to a century. Then the English tail comes in and curls up, leaving HAYWARD to carry out his unbeaten bat for a round dozen of runs.

Desperate Tactics.

The sun is still high in the sultry heavens, and much may eventuate before it sets. The Australians, after their brilliant attacking movement, are in a position to assume the defensive and compel their opponents to take the field. Thither the English repair with flashing eyes, set teeth and clenched fists (opened only to receive the ball). Desperate remedies are needed if they are to retrieve their opening errors; and it would be no matter for surprise if MACLAREN should prove to have adopted the tactics of the famous old Hambledon Club in its match against All England in the year 1781, when the body-bruisers were put on to disorganise the enemy's nerves and prepare the way for the insidious lobster. The conditions would not be absolutely parallel, since over-arm bowling had not been invented at the time of that historic contest, but was first conceived about 1785, and, after fierce opposition on the part of the old under-hand school, was revived in 1805, the very year of NELSON's glorious triumph at Trafalgar. To JESSOP, therefore, with his levin-bolts, and HIRST with his fish-like deviators, would be assigned the task of reducing the Australians to pulp and so letting in BOSANQUET and his googlies.

An Historic Message.

Strategy, however, is met by strategy, courage by courage. To each batsman DARLING, no doubt, would despatch a Pavilion waiter with an iced drink and this message, to be delivered in the ringing tones of a MYNN or a LILLYWHITE: "No more of that (counting the enemy); though they outnumber you by eleven to one, let each man hit through them. A victory is very essential for Australia at this moment." The magnetic appeal of this last sentence would be irresistible; and by the time when our correspondent's despatch was sent off the Antipodeans had laid the foundations of victory on a bed of adamant and concrete.

Not till details of the final result reach us shall we be in a position to state the actual margin by which victory will have been won. And indeed, when one recalls the miraculous recovery made by the Orleans Club when playing against I Zingari in the thirteenth year of the Second Empire, one hesitates to claim prophetic infallibility even as to the broader lines of the issue. It may end in a draw. It may end in a victory for England. In cricket all things are possible.

FROM THE "UGANDA WEEKLY SPORTSMAN" OF JUNE 6.

LONDON, May 31. 5.30 P.M.

First Test Match. Great Victory for England by 213 runs. Australia, put in by JACKSON to make 402 runs in 4½ hours, plays for a draw.—Our Special Correspondent.

(Here follows full score.)

The picture of the First Test Match which was reconstructed in our last issue from the information furnished by such news as was then available proves to have been substantially correct; and our prediction that a victory for England was possible has been verified to the letter. But with the full score before us (and our readers) we are enabled to make good the few gaps in our previous narrative.

Why C. B. failed to Score.

Our statement that FRY made no runs is shown to be accurate, but the fresh news cabled by our correspondent throws a new light upon the cause of his failure. Various theories may be advanced to explain the absence of both FRY and HIRST: (1) That they were not invited to play; (2) that,



A WELCOME INVASION.

SHADE OF QUEEN ELIZABETH. "ODDS MY LIFE! A KING OF SPAIN IN ENGLAND! AND RIGHT COUSINLY ENTREATED WITHAL!"



THE HINDU DANCE

THE HINDU DANCE is a most interesting and beautiful art, and is one of the most important elements of the Hindu religion. It is a most interesting and beautiful art, and is one of the most important elements of the Hindu religion.



SELF-DENIAL.

Farmer. "HELLO, JIM, NOT GOT A JOB YET! HOW 'S THAT?"

Jim (who never would work, and has been studying the *Unemployed Question* in an old newspaper). "WELL, SIR, HOW CAN YOU EXPECT ME TO TAKE THE BREAD OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF SO MANY POOR STARVIN' PEOPLE?"

being invited, they declined; (3) that, through inadvertence, they forgot to put in an appearance; (4) that they were physically indisposed; (5) that the omission of their names is due to a clerical error on the part of our correspondent. This last may be dismissed as unthinkable.

A Modern Codrington.

The great victory at Nottingham (for there is no longer any obligation to keep secret the scene of operations) may be aptly described as JACKSON'S NAVARINO. The exploits of other members of the eleven command our admiration: but to the Captain, to the controlling spirit that shaped their individual efforts into one cohesive whole (very essential in a team in which, as was pointed out in our last issue, the inherent elements of unity were sadly to seek) must be accorded the largest palm.

Divided Counsels.

The second innings of the Australians affords a crushing proof of the dangers of a bifurcate plan of action. Two courses were open to them, either to play for a draw, or to go for the runs. The *mot d'ordre*, as our correspondent shows, was to play for a draw. Yet we find two of their batsmen stumped, evidently in an attempt to force the pace. The English, on

the other hand, had but one single object in view: to get their opponents out. Concentration is of the very essence of right strategy, whether in real or mimic warfare.

Heart-rending Scenes.

The feelings of the beaten team may be readily pictured by the expert. Crestfallen and sick at heart, some openly bite the dust, which always collects even on the best of pitches after a three-days' match; others erupt to the Bridge from which the ground takes its title and fling themselves into the Trent, which is not to be confused with the *venue* of the famous Council of that name. Rescue parties put out from both shores, while DARLING, himself preserving his aplomb in the general *débâcle*, addresses his dripping comrades with these words of memorable irony: "Dry rot is the best!"

The Rubber a Moral Certainty for England.

Practically the news which we publish to-day means the disappearance of the Australians as a factor to be reckoned with in this season's Tests. England's course is plain. She has only to draw the remaining four matches and she wins the rubber. This she can easily achieve by consistently bowling wide of the leg-stump.

O. S.

THE BALLAD OF TARRO MYAKE.*(After Tennyson's "Ballad of Oriana.")*

You challenged one and all to fight,
 TARRO MYAKE;
 I took your challenge up one night,
 TARRO MYAKE;
 They advertised it left and right,
 Thousands appeared to see the sight,
 TARRO MYAKE;
 My prospects were considered bright,
 TARRO MYAKE.

A model I of manly grace,
 TARRO MYAKE;
 Yours seemed a pretty hopeless case,
 TARRO MYAKE.

Awhile we danced around the place,
 Then closed and struggled for a space,
 TARRO MYAKE,
 And you were down upon your face,
 TARRO MYAKE.

Oh, I would make you give me best,
 TARRO MYAKE.
 A thrill of pride inspired my breast,
 TARRO MYAKE.

Then you were sitting on my chest,
 Your knee into my gullet pressed,
 TARRO MYAKE;
 Was this the way to treat a guest,
 TARRO MYAKE?

You've got me by the neck, and oh,
 TARRO MYAKE,
 There is no rest for me below,
 TARRO MYAKE.

You're right upon my wind, you know;
 I'm suffocating fast, and so,
 TARRO MYAKE,
 You've beaten me; now let me go,
 TARRO MYAKE.

O breaking neck that will not break!
 TARRO MYAKE!
 O yellow face so calm and sleek,
 TARRO MYAKE!

Thou smilest, but thou dost not speak;
 I seem to have waited here a week,
 TARRO MYAKE.
 What wantest thou? What sign dost seek,
 TARRO MYAKE?

What magic word your victim frees,
 TARRO MYAKE?
 What puts the captive at his ease,
 TARRO MYAKE?

'*Touché*,' 'Enough,' or 'If you please,'
 I keep on trying you with these,
 TARRO MYAKE;
 Alas! I have no Japanese,
 TARRO MYAKE.

I am not feeling very well,
 TARRO MYAKE.
 (They should have stopped it when you fell,
 TARRO MYAKE.)

Oh, how is it you cannot tell
 I am not feeling very well,
 TARRO MYAKE?
 What is the Japanese for "H—!"
 TARRO MYAKE?

The blood is rushing to my head,
 TARRO MYAKE;
 Think kindly of me when I'm dead,
 TARRO MYAKE.

What was it that your trainer said?
 "Pat twice upon the ground instead!"
 TARRO MYAKE!
 There . . there . . now help me into bed,
 TARRO MYAKE.

Somewhere beside the Southern sea,
 TARRO MYAKE,
 I walk, I dare not think of thee,
 TARRO MYAKE.

All other necks I leave to thee,
 My own's as stiff as stiff can be,
 TARRO MYAKE;
 My collar's one by twenty-three,
 TARRO MYAKE!

"THE WORLD'S APPEAL FOR PEACE."

Mr. PUNCH is anxious that it should not be thought that the remarks of eminent men, published by the *Daily Chronicle* under the above heading, exhaust the opinions obtainable on the subject. By means of N-rays, wireless telegraphy, and other resources of science, he has put himself in a position—unknown to the contributors—to tickle the ears of the groundlings with similar communications.

Mr. J. Chamberlain. "As a missionary of peace I am ready at any time for a raging, tearing propaganda in its interests. I should be willing for the next election to be fought solely on this question and no other. The war should be stopped—and by force if necessary. Why not tax Russian recruits, and other raw material?"

Mr. A. J. Balfour. "Why blame the combatants? Retaliation is one of the strongest instincts of our nature. And observe—it is quite a different thing from Protection against consequences."

Mr. C. B. Fry. "The war is a crime against Sport. The Great Powers should compel an armistice until after the final test match."

Sir Alfred Harmsworth. "I must decline to state my opinion. I have no sympathy with the catch-halfpenny ways of new journalism."

Mr. W. T. Stead. "I am not sure if the Theatre of War is on my list, but it doesn't matter: even without visiting it I am sure I could go on condemning it for fifty years or so, as I have done before in similar cases."

Sir Oliver Lodge. "If nothing else will stop the fighting I will lecture on it three times a day until further notice."

Admiral Togo (by cable). "Peace quite unnecessary. Can see nothing to fire at."

LONDONIANA.

BY JACK O' LONDON.

(With acknowledgments to "T. P.'s Weekly.")

MANY of my readers who are interested in London have written to ask me whether the rates were always as high as they are to-day. The answer is probably "No," for the question of rising rates in London is by no means so new as people suppose. I read in Mrs. COWDEN CLARKE'S excellent work on SHAKESPEARE that the poet used the words "rate" and "rated" some fifty times in his plays—a sure sign that he had the subject on his mind; and, according to SMITH'S *Book for a Rainy Week*, Dr. JOHNSON grumbled at the parish charges levied against him for the repair of Fleet Street (where he once took a walk), while BOSWELL, his biographer, curiously enough, echoed his sentiments. SMITH says that he was at his barber's one wet day when the younger BOSWELL related the facts as he was having his hair cut. The story runs that BOSWELL the elder called upon the Great Sham of English Literature (as JOHNSON was nicknamed by his friends), and found him fuming with rage after an interview with the rate-collector. With his customary acumen BOSWELL perceived the state of things at a glance. "Do you not think, Sir," he asked the Doctor, "that 8s. 7d. in the pound is a very high rate to pay?" "No, Sir," replied JOHNSON, "I do not think so. I know it." "I am glad, Sir," replied BOSWELL, "to have your corroborative testimony. I have thought so for a long time. Now I know it."

The subject of rates suggests to me that of Kingsway, the street which is to connect the Strand with Holborn by a cutting through a district fragrant with interest for the perambulating Londoner. Kingsway is very happily named, for its northern extremity is only a few minutes' bus from King's Cross, and within about four stones' throws of the King's Library, which was presented to the nation by one of the GEORGES. Close to the middle of Kingsway stood No. 743, Great Queen Street—probably the most historic spot in London. The hearthstone of the sitting-room is the identical slab of granite used as an altar by the Archdruid during the reigns of the Saxon monarchs EDWIN and ANGELINA (A.D. 213-268). During the thirteenth century a house was built to protect the stone, and this house was occupied at a later date by CHARLES DICKENS, a well-known Victorian novelist, one of whose works, *The Mystery of Edwin Druid*, was woven round its traditions. From another house hard by, HUNTLEY and PALMER, the joint authors of *Eat to Live and Learn*, published the first of their popular series of Reading Biscuits.

The main approach to Kingsway from the south is by Waterloo Bridge—originally called Waterlow, from the fact that most of it was built when the Thames was at low tide. The main approach from the other direction is Oxford Street, which was named after Oxford, the winner of the first inter-varsity boat-race, by way of consolation to Cambridge the loser.

THE TRIUMPH OF YOUTH.

Why should music enjoy the monopoly of precocious talent? This is a question which until recently occupied a good deal of attention in scientific circles, but it is satisfactory to learn that a series of experiments are now in progress which will, it is believed, conclusively vindicate the claims of youth in a variety of other callings.

Amongst the names of those recently appointed to be King's Counsel will be noticed that of Mr. ODO CHICK. Mr. CHICK, who is not yet twelve, has not been called to the Bar, and his promotion has caused a certain amount of surprise and even resentment amongst sticklers for the rigid observance of legal etiquette. Happily the LORD CHANCELLOR is not one of those who takes a pedantic view of his obligations. The experience of recent years, moreover, is entirely in favour of the innovation; for, if it is legitimate to elevate to the Bench a barrister who has no practice worth speaking of, only a very modest extension of the principle is required to justify the appointment of a King's Counsel who has not yet been called to the Bar.

Although there is no foundation for the report that Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN has resigned the office of Laureateship, we have every reason to believe that the choice of his successor has already been decided by a *plébiscite* held by the subscribers of the *Daily Perambulator*. The favoured Parnassian is none other than Mr. OSSIAN BANTLING, who recently celebrated his sixth birthday, and has for several years been known as one of the most formidable exponents of the school of Inarticulate Symbolism.

The vacancy in the Cabinet caused by Mr. BRODRICK's patriotic acceptance of the Governorship of the Falkland Islands, has, we understand, been filled by the appointment of Mr. METHUSELAH JENKINS, the wonderful Kindergarten statesman, whose unopposed election for the Guildford Division is confidently anticipated in Ministerial circles. As Mr. JENKINS is not seven, his colleagues have thoughtfully rigged up a small cot on the Treasury Bench, so that in the event of an all-night sitting the new Secretary of India will be able to secure some repose without leaving the House.

Sir ALFRED HARMSWORTH being about to



Bald-headed Uncle, "Your hair is much too long, Tommy. You should go to the Barber."
Tommy, "Yes, Uncle. I suppose you've just been!"

retire, by the operation of the "Too Old at Forty" rule, from the supreme control of the extensive business associated with his name, his place has been filled by the appointment of the KUBELIK TWINS, who will shortly take over the management of 71 daily, 34 evening, and 59 weekly papers.

The Baroness CLIFTON, who was born in January, 1900, has been unanimously elected President of the Society for the Promotion of Proportional Representation, and will shortly deliver her inaugural address, the subject being "Should Dolls have a vote, and if so, how many?"

A View of the Invisible.

"—'s New Patent Invisible Iron Frame Piano, the most perfect made in London. If you doubt this, call and see it."—*South Wales Daily News*.

ROBERT BROWNING would seem unconsciously to have anticipated this rare musical instrument when he spoke of the ambition of the *Old Masters in Florence* to "bring the invisible full into play."

The heat in London was recently so intense that, according to the *Daily Mail*, "Straw-hats and Panamas could be seen on every hand." This augurs badly for the glove-trade.

ESSAYS IN THE OBSOLETE.

COLLECTED FROM THE ENCYCLO-
PÆDIAS OF THE FUTURE.

THE PIANO.

REMARKABLE as it may appear there was once a time when the domestic supply of music, instead of being automatically produced, was painfully beaten out with the human finger on the keyboard of an instrument called the piano. The piano was of two shapes, the more common form resembling an upright chest; the more expensive, or "grand" piano, as it was called, suggesting a rather lofty table of peculiar conformation, broad at one end and tapering one-sidedly at the other. In either case the keyboard was placed horizontally, and occupied about four feet, the keys being made of ivory or one of its substitutes. The operator then took his or her seat on a stool, the height of which was regulated by a screw, in front of the keyboard, and by striking the notes with the fingers elicited more or less accurately the melodies and harmonies desired. The results produced were, to judge from contemporary records, often extremely creditable.

The children of our ancestors were trained to perform on these instruments; beginning with one finger at a time, and gradually acquiring dexterity with the whole hand. When proficiency was attained, it was the custom for relations and even friends to be asked to the house, nominally for refreshment and entertainment, but in reality that the performing child might be inspected and praised, a passion for praise and notice having always been a characteristic of pianists.

Some of the children grew up and forgot their early gifts; others remained children for many years—in some cases even after they had acquired a deep bass voice. These were known as prodigies, and they obtained their livelihood by playing the piano for money. Still others were willing to grow up, a few adult pianists, as they were called, being always desirable, and they too played for money, having first however insured their hair against scissors.

In these days of universal baldness—the inevitable result of the evolutionary process on the highest types of the human race—it will hardly be believed that pianists without exception were furnished with heads of long bushy hair, the shaking and tossing of which formed a regular part of their performance. The last man who ever played the piano with his hands, Herr ESAU SAMSONOVITCH, never wore a wig till the day of his death.

The economic waste involved in the

old system of hand-made music is indeed almost incredible. Our ancestors, it seems, were checked by no folly. At the time of which we write, people of ordinary means would not hesitate to spend 10s. 6d. or even a guinea—money which might have procured a quite passable luncheon at a good restaurant—in order to hear and see one of these long-haired athletes, or musical chauffeurs, pounding the keyboard for a couple of hours, and it is estimated that the most popular performers would occasionally clear as much as £500 by a single performance.

The effects of hand-made pianism were, however, not wholly restful. It is stated that certain professional pianists exercised such a powerful influence on the public that even educated ladies were wrought up into a state hardly distinguishable from delirium. Painful scenes were often witnessed in a building—long since converted into a temple of the sister and perhaps worthier art of gastronomy—called St. James's Hall, where a Polish performer was once rescued by the police from the attentions of a bevy of hysterical admirers. Needless to say, this adulation of the pianists often exercised a most unsatisfactory and degrading influence on their character. In some cases their affectation and eccentricities reached a most distressing pitch, and one Russian artist in particular was in the habit of making such terrible grimaces that he was eventually condemned by the County Council to play behind a screen, whereupon he immediately went mad.

It was not long after that event that machinery stepped in, and the new and wiser era which we now enjoy was inaugurated.

CENTENNIAL ADDRESS TO A TOP HAT.

["It is just a hundred years ago since an Englishman of original fancy promenaded the streets of London in a cylindrical hat covered with beaver, and was hissed and hooted home by the crowd."—"Débats," Paris.]

No loud perpetuating bust,
No tribute raised to native art
Adorns the mute, dishonoured dust
That built thine earliest counterpart;
But poised on man's protesting crust
Thyself immortal dost retain,
Untarnished by Oblivion's rust,
The fame of that consummate brain.

Thy lithe proportions were to him
The path that led to fair renown;
Thy sensuous elegance of brim,
The contours of thy speaking crown,
Clung lightly round his peerless crest,
A prepossessing dream in brown,
What time he bore thee forth, confessed
The cynosure of all the Town.

I would that I had been about
That blessed morning long ago,

When first the Hero sauntered out,
High hat on head, to take a blow;
Had heard the loud derisive shouts
That hailed the latest thing in lids,
The gibes of those adjacent louts,
The pleasantries of passing kids.

I see him moving down the Mall,
Perspiring anxiously the while,
Searched by the cat's elusive call,
The drayman's hoarse unfettered smile;
I mark him modishly attired
In trousers of the latest style,
And deftly perched on his inspired
Apex that monumental tile.

Yet whence he came or how he spelt
His name that first upon his pow
Enthroned the beaver's lustrous pelt
No man that lives can tell us now;
But roofed by bulbous things in felt,
That sit more lightly on the nape,
Men disregard the hand that dealt
A deathless beauty to thy shape.

Distinguished cylinder! Thy sleek
And prosperous bulk hath not a peer;
Men wear thee proudly all the week,
Whose ancestors presumed to jeer.
Thou dost acquire a comelier grace
As rolling year succeeds to year,
Pronounced by all the human race
The loftiest type of cranial gear.

Or perched upon the topmost knot
Of Piccadilly's odorous dude,
Or casting, for the Hottentot,
A saving shadow o'er the nude;
Balanced above the hairy Scot,
Or Eskimo or Caribee—
In every habitable spot
The sons of Fashion worship thee.

Since man first placed thee on his brow
A hundred rolling years have sped;
I wis the great inventor now
Adorns an aureole instead.
But thou, bright star of matchless sheen,
Roofing our universal head,
Dost keep perennially green
The memory of the mighty dead!

ALGOL.

THE ART OF EATING.

["Why don't we have classes which should instruct people in the art of polite eating?"—*The Lady.*]

MR. PUNCH, glad to find that he can be of real use to somebody, presents his prospectus of

EATIN' COLLEGE.

MOTTO—*Ab ovo usque ad mala.*

Head Master—LT.-COL. NEWNHAM-DAVIS.
Assisted by a large and competent staff.

The Upper School (under the management of the Head Master) prepares pupils for

- (1) The Carlton.
- (2) The Trocadero.

The courses are nine in number and include the usual subjects, Fish, Entrée, Joint, &c.

The Lower School prepares pupils for

- (1) The A. B. C. (under Mr. BRADSHAW).
- (2) The Whelk and Winkle Barrow (under Mr. ALBERT CHEVALIER).

In addition to these there is a *Special Side* which enables pupils to hold their own at Lyons' Popular Café. They attend the daily instruction of Dr. CHALMERS MITCHELL at the Zoo (Lions' Den Department). The methods of instruction are somewhat delicate; an endeavour being made to impart the polish of the Carlton together with the *diablerie* of the Whelk and Winkle Barrow.

Lectures for the ensuing Term include:

The Upper School.—"How to manage Meringues gracefully with a fork." By the Countess of WARWICK.

"What to do with our Cherry-stones." By the Editor of *The Lady*.

"Hints on translating the *Menu*. With pronunciations." By Mr. A. B. WALKLEY.

The Lower School.—"The knife or the fingers for peas? Suggestions for a compromise." By VICTORIA EUSTON (late of the Strand A. B. C.)

Canon LYTTLETON holds a Vegetarian Class daily.

Special care is taken of delicate pupils, to whom the A. B. C. course is recommended.

Each pupil has a separate table.

There is no charge for attendance.

The Governors are not responsible for accidental deaths.

Among recent successes may be quoted the following:—

Mr. WILLIAM BAILEY, after barely two months' instruction in the Upper School, went through a fifteen-course dinner at the Carlton, making no mistake until the very end, when he inadvertently drank from his finger-bowl.

At an A. B. C. the other day Lord REGINALD BERKLYS-QUAIR poured his tea into his saucer, and drank it like a man. Lord REGINALD had only been in the Lower School three months.

Mr. NASALHEIM GORDON-GORDON went to Lyons' Popular Café in evening dress the other night. His careful training at the Zoo showed so clearly in his manner that the chop which he ordered was, without express instructions on his part, served to him raw.

The Duke of PLAZA-TORO, in extracting a winkle at a Commercial Road barrow, bent and rendered useless four pins, but succeeded with his fifth! He had only been under Mr. CHEVALIER'S care for a year.

All these are well-known Old



Sympathetic Lady. "VERY SAD THAT YOUR HUSBAND SHOULD HAVE LOST HIS LEG! HOW DID IT HAPPEN?"

Mrs. Muggles. "WHY, HE GOT RUN OVER BY ONE O' THESE 'ERE SUBTRACTION ENGINES, MISS!"

Eatinians, and their performances speak for themselves. Other less exceptional cases are those of Mr. "ALF." GRIGGS, who entered at the Winkle Barrow stage, and in a fortnight took tea at the Mile End A. B. C. without attracting attention; and of Mr. PLUMLEY, who proceeded from the Trocadero to the Carlton after barely a fortnight's work.

Send your son or daughter Now.

Let them join the Oyster and Asparagus Classes, or (if intended for the Lower School) the Tripe and Black Pudding Courses.

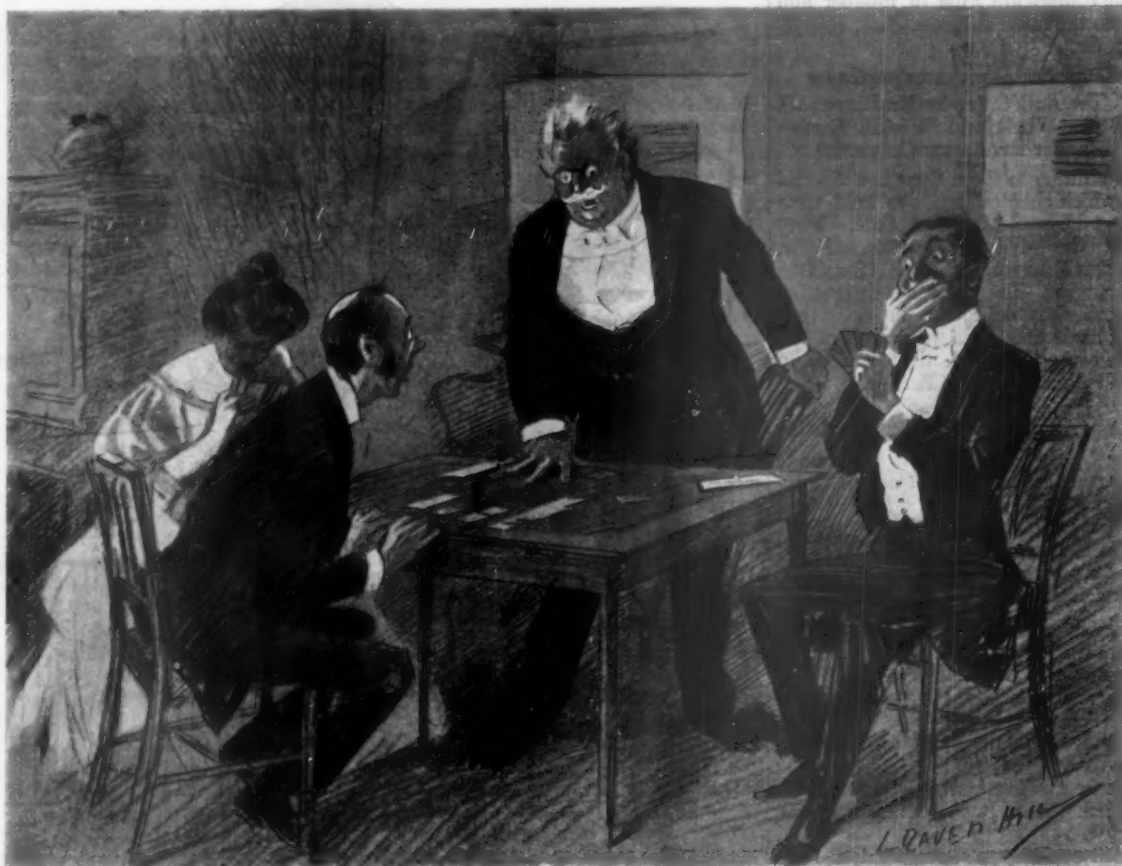
TERMS (payable in advance).

For pupils with no manners at all—intended for:

	Per Annum.
The Carlton	500 guineas.
The Trocadero	300 "
Lyons' Popular Café	50 "
A. B. C.	10 "
Whelk and Winkle Barrow	13s. 6d.

Pupils with the A. B. C. manner who wish to acquire that of the Carlton, or those accustomed to the Carlton who desire to learn the etiquette of the Winkle Barrow, &c., &c., should consult with the Head Master as to special terms.

A HINT FOR ENGLAND.—The best ship in the Japanese Navy:—The Censorship.



BRIDGE PROBLEMS.—No. 4.

WHAT HAS DUMMY DECLARED?

ARS POETICA.

[A new Rhyming Dictionary has appeared.]

O RHYME, "invention of a barbarous age,"
 Thou that canst make the stoutest heart wax faint,
 Of whom great MILTON, foiled at every stage
 By thy "vexation, hindrance, and constraint,"
 Preferred his frank and unabashed complaint,
 Thy powers are spent; thou shalt no more evade
 The painful bard; henceforth he buys thee ready-made.

For lo! 'tis noised that cunning men have wrought
 A strange, new, Lexicon, where all may find—
 And by no arduous process of the thought—
 Rhymes of all sizes, every shape and kind,
 In ordered columns visibly aligned;
 Here moves the single, trots the trochee here,
 While the light-footed dactyl canters in the rear.

Then, oh ye poets, make a merry coil,
 And in high fettle march upon the quest;
 Not with tired pallor of the midnight oil,
 Gnashings of teeth, and beatings of the breast,
 But as men confident and self-possessed,
 Tackling their task with that peculiar ease
 Which some experience, 'tis said, in shelling peas.

Also this Book shall be the written Law
 Such as e'en editors may not defy,

Cold persons, ever avid of a flaw,
 Who of their own rude dominance deny
 The 'stablished usage of the Rhyme-by-Eye;
 "Such is our Rule," they say, "to all that sing,
 And whoso likes it not can do the other thing."

But now, defiant of such petty jars,
 Love *shall* be proved in groves without a blush;
 Food *shall* be good, and wars result in scars!
 What tho' the blue-chalked tyrant thunder "Tush!
These be no rhymes!"—him straitly ye shall crush:
 "Nay, but I claim Authority. They do—
 I mean they *are!* Tush in thy teeth, proud man, and pooh!"

Wherefore, let all that need such low device,
 Buy! For, although it hardly seems the game,
 'Twill be a help! And what it costs in price
 It saves in time, which comes to much the same.
 Buy, therefore; and (that none may know your shame)
 Bind it anew, and have inscribed thereon
 History of Greece, or Works of Avon's deathless Swan.
 DUM-DUM.

The Cloth.

FROM an advertisement in an Edinburgh hatter's displayed
 during the Church Assemblies in Auld Reekie:—

CLERICAL SOFTS IN GREAT VARIETY.



“BANZAI!”

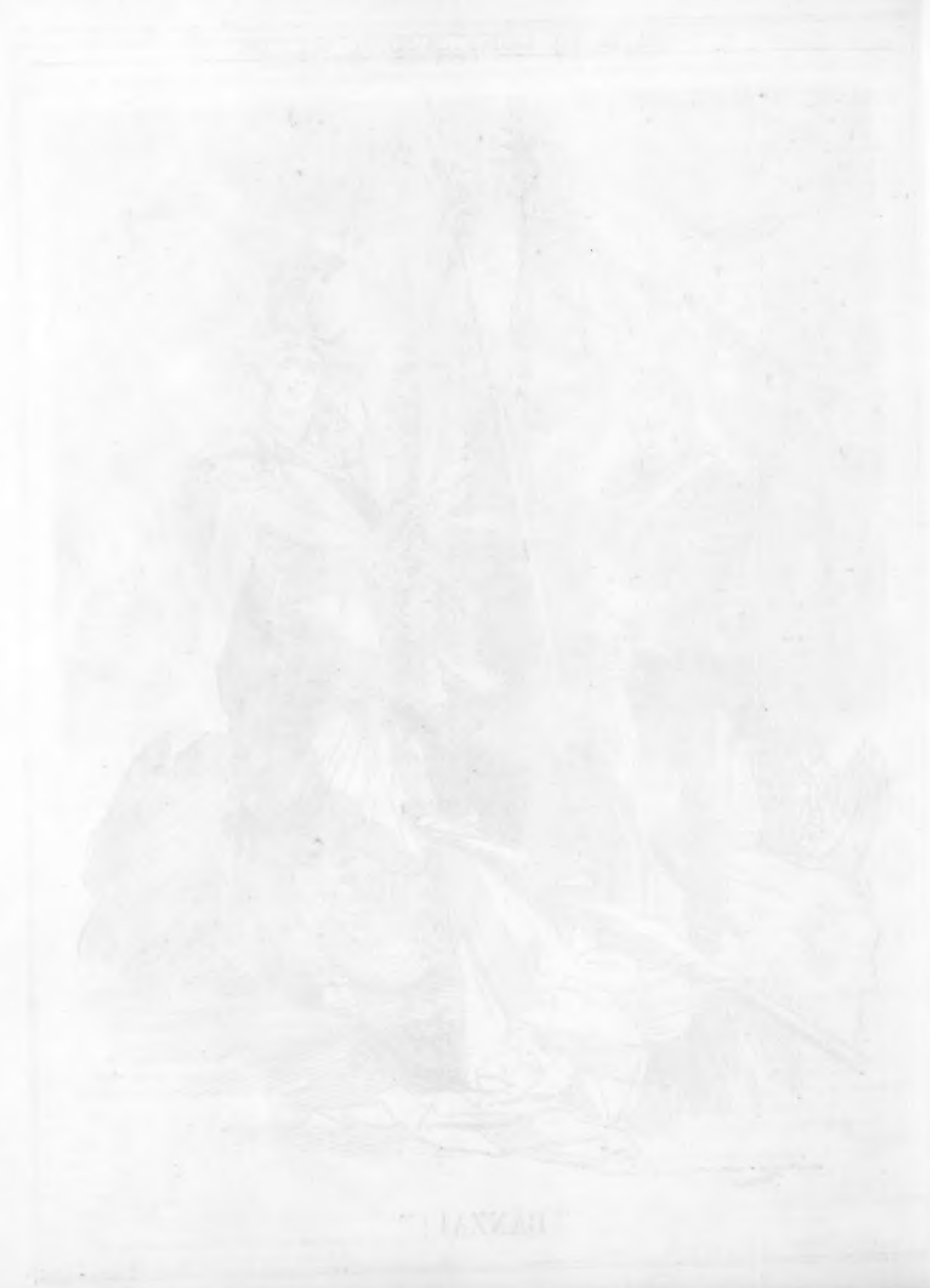


PLATE I

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TONY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 29.—When, early last Session, PRINCE ARTHUR'S illness necessitated the naming of AKERS-DOUGLAS as his deputy in Leadership of House, difficulties of position were enhanced by recent reconstruction of Ministry. Veterans like DEVONSHIRE, GEORGE HAMILTON, RITCHIE, BALFOUR OF BURLEIGH, ARTHUR ELLIOT, had withdrawn. In their place came ALFRED LYTTELTON, AILWYN FELLOWES, BALCARRES, VICTOR CAVENDISH, EARL PERCY, BROMLEY-DAVENPORT. Inevitably this state of things was recognised as a Ministry composed of "Young Men and Old Akers."

To-day House returns to old condition of affairs. PRINCE ARTHUR celebrates the hottest day of the year, the temperature 81° in the shade of London parks, by developing a chill. This especially awkward in view of the arrangements for to-morrow night, when Opposition Vote of Censure was to come on. The fight indefinitely postponed; all other business arrangements upset.

ACLAND-HOOD made the medium of communication of this turn of events. What did that mean? Was he, in addition to labour in the Whips' Room, so strenuous as occasionally to flush his pallid cheek with sunset glow, going to tack on the duties of Leader? The orderly mind of SWIFT MACNEILL perceived the inconvenience of dubiety on this score.

"Who," he asked, "will lead the House during the absence of the First Lord of the Treasury?"

Was it fancy or was there really in the voice of the hon. Member a certain



Leaving the Chair.

With cordial and respectful "Farewell" to Mr. Speaker Gully.

mellowing, in his eye a wistful glance towards the empty seat on the Treasury Bench, suggestive that, if there were difficulties in obtaining the services of a deputy Leader, they need not be regarded as insuperable?

Conjecture is not worth pursuing, since AKERS-DOUGLAS promptly rose and intimated that, at request of PREMIER, he would "to the best of his ability" act for him in his absence. The meekness with which this announcement was made, the ingratiating smile that accompanied it, would have disarmed criticism had Members been disposed to indulge in it. Having thus formally mounted the box-seat and taken the reins, HOME SECRETARY made haste to descend and was seen no more through the Sitting.

As SARK says, AKERS-DOUGLAS has mastered the elementary principle of

successful leadership of the House of Commons. It is unobtrusiveness. Resenting attempt to drive it, the House will follow a statesman who conceals to the point of total disappearance the art and habit of command.

Business done.—Budget still in Committee.

Tuesday.—Mr. Pickwick's contemporary, the Fat Boy, wasn't in it with Sir CARNE RASCH in capacity for making your flesh creep. Reference not here made to hon. Member's supernatural comings and goings, his habit (heretofore associated with a bird) of being in two places at the same time. He has a way of embarrassing Ministers and causing Members to feel creepy by plumping forth questions that open up unexpected and disconcerting vista.

For example, to-day he asked ARNOLD-



The Ghost of Rasch pervades the House.

FORSTER whether, seeing that Rifle Clubs form no part of the system of national defence, he will take steps to secure that in case of invasion members thereof shall not be liable to be hung as francs-tireurs.

As affairs at the War Office move with bewildering rapidity, it should perhaps be mentioned that Rifle Clubs are the latest device in Pall Mall. They take the place of St. JOHN BRODRICK'S Six Army Corps, vanished from sight on Salisbury Plain. Also they make it possible to dispense with services of Volunteers, abolish the Militia, cut off the Yeomanry. With these Clubs swinging in the air, so to speak, Field-Marshal PRINCE ARTHUR, CARNOT of the twentieth century, defies the armies of the world. To have it suggested by a man of CARNE RASCH'S military knowledge and special opportunities of intercourse with the spiritual world that members of Rifle Clubs are liable to be hung at sight is disconcerting.

ARNOLD-FORSTER so affected that his answer was mostly inaudible. Gathered from word caught here and there that, as usual, "it will be all right," he having his eye on the matter.

What added to terror of situation was its meteorological accessories. According to almanack this is May 30, a date at which fair young Spring falls on the plump breast of Summer and bids her sister welcome. Actually in respect of weather it was dark November. A pall as of night fell upon the House. At half-past three in the afternoon the gas streaming through the glass ceiling gave the chamber the familiar look of a midnight sitting. Presently the thunder pealed; the rain fell with tropical force; window was burst open by the storm, and the rain fell upon the just and the unjust seated below Gangway on Ministerial side. There was a stampede for the door, Members blaming their own carelessness in not bringing their umbrellas and goloshes. For full twenty minutes it lasted—thunder pealing minute guns; lightning paling the artificial illumination; rain beating on the windows with persistent fury.

We have had some "scenes" in the House of late, but nothing to equal this. When in the tragedy of *Macbeth* the curtain rises on the three witches, the scene is described as "An open place. Thunder and lightning." That's all very well on the stage at Drury Lane. But if it is to be an accessory to CARNE RASCH'S appearances on the stage of the T. R. Westminster it is to be hoped they will not be frequent.

Bad enough to have a Member's ghost occupying his seat in the House when the hon. gentleman in the flesh is snugly tucked up in bed. For the spook to bring his thunder and lightning with him, interrupting McKENNA when he is

probing the mystery of stripped tobacco, is a procedure inconveniently excessive in its energy. *Business done.*—Budget discussed in a thunderstorm.

Friday.—Struggle between Ulster and the Nationalists for supremacy may up to present moment be regarded as a drawn battle. Ulster has succeeded in having GEORGE WYNDHAM sacrificed; but ANTONY MACDONNELL remains in laager at the Under-Secretary's lodge. Meanwhile sniping goes on across floor of House. When Nationalists put to imperturbable WALTER LONG questions cunningly devised with object of indicting a fellow-countryman in the other camp,



Mr. Speaker Lowther takes the Chair.

MOORE or CRAIG give it a twist, whilst SLOAN, mounting his high horse with knees gripping its neck after the manner of his clan when "up," rides them down.

Nationalists make retort courteous in ingenious manner. Question Paper loaded with inquiries designed to show that, owing to lamentable oversight on the part of St. Patrick when he ejected other vermin, Ulster remains a black spot on the Green Isle. One Member blandly invites the Chief Secretary to state How many cases of bigamy were reported to the Irish Police during the past year; and how many of these cases were located in Ulster?

Another comes along with urgent desire to know How many cases of robbery came to the knowledge of the Irish Police last year; how many were worked off in Ulster, and of these how many in the city of Belfast?—whose representation is divided between ARNOLD-FORSTER and JOCKEY SLOAN.

A third inquires, How many cases of concealment of birth were reported to

the authorities in Ireland during the past twelve months; what percentage of these were in the province of Ulster, and how does the City of Belfast stand in the matter? Then comes along Mr. REDDY (ever ready), who extends the inquiry in the same terms to cases of burglary and housebreaking. Thus do these Irishmen love one another. Pretty to see WALTER LONG solemnly reading answers prepared at expenditure of much trouble at the Irish Office.

Business done.—Second reading of Plural Voting Bill moved.

Tuesday, June 6.—"Hats off, strangers!"

For the last time WILLIAM COURT GULLY, wearing the wig and gown of the Speaker, with the Mace carried before him, the Train-bearer following after, walks through the Lobby to take his seat in the Chair of the House of Commons. For ten years he has filled it with uprightness of character and dignity of manner that have added lustre to its ancient renown. Almost unknown when, ten years ago, he for the first time stood in the fierce light that beats upon the Speaker's Chair, he has since quietly, unobtrusively, won his way not only to the respect but also the affection of his fellow Members.

In politics a Liberal of settled convictions, there has during his tenure of office been no occasion when breath of suspicion of partisanship has attained his conduct in the Chair. On the retirement of Mr. PEEL the Member for Carlisle being put forward as the nominee of the Liberal Party, the Unionist Opposition strained every effort to defeat him, and almost succeeded. That made the more striking the testimony to his worth and character forthcoming when, four months later, the Unionists having come into power by an overwhelming majority, he was re-elected to the Chair by unanimous vote.

Mr. GULLY will carry into his ennobled leisure the double consciousness that he has done his duty, and that in fearlessly doing it he won the confidence and the esteem of the most critical Assembly in the world.

Business done.—Mr. GULLY retires from the Speaker's Chair.

A CORRESPONDENT in Assiniboia sends the following extract from the *Free Press* of Winnipeg, reproduced (in the *Times* manner) from its own issue of twenty years ago. This long interval must be our excuse for recalling an incident which at the time must have been painful, notwithstanding the physical consolation expressed in the concluding sentence:

"Corporal CODE, of the 90th Battalion, is in the hospital at Saskatchewan, and is not so well. He will probably lose one of his legs. All the others are pronounced out of danger."



NATURAL SELECTION.

Sir Allbut Cresset. "I SAY, HOW DO YOU MANAGE TO COLLECT SUCH A BEVY OF CHARMING WOMEN? I NEVER CAN. WHAT'S THE RECIPE?"
Quiet Host. "SIMPLE ENOUGH, MY DEAR FELLOW. LEAVE OUT ALL THE FRUITS."

BERLIN AGAIN.

SIR, we are having quite a blazing sun:
I never felt such torrid heat before.
Down my bronzed forehead little streamlets run;
I'm paying tribute out of every pore
To Berlin's master, WILLIAM I. *et R.*—
I bet he's thankful that he's not the CZAR!

It's not so bad, I tell you, to be here:
Music is played in every open place;
Great vats there are of ice-cold *helles Bier*;
There's many a fresh and smiling pretty face;
And children swarming out from heaps of hives,
And beaming burghers with their jolly wives.

And in the restaurants they sit and sip,
Straw-hatted man and muslin-wearing maid;
And all around the little urchins skip;
Ices there are and cakes and lemonade.
Folks of all sorts and sizes, mixed together,
Sit, sip and smile and seem to like the weather.

Or in the Zoo—a most delightful Zoo—
We see the gambols of the baby bears,
Ride on the camel, get to know the gnu,
Or watch the couchant lion while he stares
Inscrutably for ever, and defies
Our puny presence with his steady eyes.

E'en as I write all Berlin is astir
Preparing for the CROWN PRINCE and his bride;
They have a mind to welcome him and her
Standing and shouting; but a few will ride:
The Berlin butchers ride among the rest,
And have the right to do it two abreast.

I saw them practising two days ago,
Two lines of butchers riding, all arrayed
In horsey suits, and moving very slow,
A solemn and impressive cavalcade.
They had an air that seemed to scorn defeat,
And every butcher had a solid seat.

Their wives were come, *die Töchter waren da*,
A cheerful gathering of young and old,
To glory in the prowess of papa,
Or watch their husband as he caracoled;
And as each butcher passed with dauntless brow,
"Wie schön er reitet!" cried that butcher's Frau.

But, lo! a sudden trumpet blew some notes.
Oh, then there was a scattering afar
Of flying hats and agitated coats;
And some there were who, like a shooting star,
Fell to the earth, but quickly rose again,
While some kept up by clinging to the mane.

In fact, Sir, I am having lots of fun,
In spite of absence from my native land.
Think of me, shaded from the summer sun,
In some green garden listening to a band,
And draining something cold that starts with B.
And ends with r, and living on the Spree.

TOM THE TOURIST.

A GENTLEMAN, writing to the *Daily News*, introduces himself as one who has "ridden, driven, and conversed with most of the leading motorists." This statement, if we may accept it as credible, at once raises the motorist at a bound from the level of a road-hog to that of one of the nobler quadrupeds, such as the ass, or the horse.

RURAL FELICITY.

[This is the second Nature article that has recently arrived at Mr. Punch's offices through inadvertence. It was obviously intended for *The Country-Side*, the new Harmsworth-Robinson organ, which is designed to bring home to townsmen the wonders of country life.]

EVENING in the country! A Spring evening! Ah, you dweller in the close perfervid city, how I wish I could have transported you to my side yesterday, while I stood and watched the sinking fire of day (a bright, impulsive fellow this sun) waving me from his Orient window

A GLAD GOOD-NIGHT!

How I wish you could have lain near me on that pile of fresh-cut hay, redolent of clover and the scarlet vetch, lulled to sleep, it may be, by the low moaning of rats in the stack, or the melancholy hoot of the night-jar! Sleep follows swiftly, sleep such as you denizens of the crowded street can never know—sleep beneath the stars.

Up with the lark! SHELLEY's skylark! There he is, the blithe unconscious creature, hovering above the plough-share, ready to pounce upon the first unwary field-vole upturned from his

NEST IN THE LUXURIANT LOAM.

My heart is full to bursting as I pass onward into the harvest-field and watch the gleaners at their busy toil. For one thing I have my "Topical Quotations" to prepare, and am "dividing my swift mind" between the *Georgics* of VIRGIL and WORDSWORTH's "Intimations of Immortality" for a suitable selection. Then there are the straw bonnets and rough smocks of the rustics to be sketched for the fashion-plate, and my column upon the Insanitary Condition of Birds' Nests to be compiled.

Yet how difficult to fix one's mind upon mere journalism, when on this side and on that the lithe rabbit is popping up from his "forme," and beneath their white blossoms the red strawberries lurk under every springing hedge-tuft. A glass of creamy butter-milk supplied by the smiling lass at the cottage wicket, together with a light and delicious scone

EATEN IN THE STUBBLE

under the sighing alders, has served me for my simple yet hygienic meal. And now as I watch the shepherd lead his flock of lowing kine into the pastures, that stately old bell-wether bringing up the rear, I feel that here is life indeed, and here (had the exigencies of a week-end return permitted) I could willingly have spent the remainder of my days, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot," but inexorable Fate with her iron shears forbids. I must

BACK TO THE SMOKY STREETS

once more and my half-finished essay on "Cotton-spinning in our Great Public Schools." Brief dream, farewell!

Save me from my Friends.

MR. PUNCH, as a gallant supporter of Woman's Suffrage, protests against the argument employed by another supporter, who writes as follows in a contemporary, and signs herself "A Mere Woman": "From personal observation I am convinced that a large number of lunatics possess a vote. I do not see, therefore, why women should not be allowed the privilege."

The Ruling Passion.

- (1) On the Tuesday evening after the great sea-fight:—
A. Any fresh casualties reported?
B. Yes; ARNOLD has sprained his thumb.
- (2) Medical Examiner. Where is your heart situated exactly?
Student. Centre, a little inclined to leg.

OPERATIC NOTES.

Tuesday Night, May 30.—First visit of HER MAJESTY to Covent Garden, accompanied (the word comes in appropriately on a musical occasion) by the Prince and Princess CHARLES OF DENMARK, to hear *La Bohème*, which went as well as, if not



Eva-Alten. Walther von Stolzing-Herold. "For Eva and for Eva."

had been bigger probably it had to be refused admission to the choke-full gallery. So far this season *La Bohème* is first favourite and, putting *The Ring* (with its knowing ones) aside, we should be

Wednesday, May 31.—Derby Day. To adapt *Figaro's* song, it is a night of "Cicero here! Cicero there! Cicero, Cicero, everywhere!" Usual opera, *La Favorita*, not given. Evidently the musical jest is played out. Instead of title of opera suggesting the winning horse, on referring to the *carte*, we found ourselves treated to one of the works of the Warbling Wag'nar, i.e. *Die Meistersinger*. Excellent performance, but from 7 till 11.55 is too much of a good thing. VAN ROOY splendid; and the *Beckmesser* of Herr GEIS admirable both in singing and in humour. Just one line of praise for the Fräuleins ALTEN and BEHNÉ as *Eva* and *Magdalene*, both very good; so was the House. Herr RICHTER as usual the champion Wagner-conductor. Germany well represented in front: Royalty not present, but the *Herr* apparent everywhere.

Thursday, June 1.—*Faust* is familiar, but by no means vulgar. Hem! *Shakspeare*. This Opera, like its hero, requires to be rejuvenesced: it needs new blood. Why not find some music of GOUNOD's, hitherto unused, which would serve as a tenor song wherein *Faust* might describe to the audience how he was smitten by the plump and pretty Fräulein, somewhat after this fashion:—

"When first I saw sweet PEGGY,
Twins on a festal day,
The pretty lass,
She came from Mass—
I stopped her on the way!"

And so on. No fees. Messrs. MESSAGER and NEIL FORSYTH are welcome to the suggestion. But to return to business.

We love the music, we know it all by heart, but unless it be sung, as well as acted, to perfection, by an exceptionally great

better than, ever with Mme. MELBA as the merry or mournful *Mimi*, Miss PARKINA as musical, mercurial, merry-tricious, *Musetta*, and with the tenacious tenor Signor CARUSO—so economical in the employment of his highest notes that he can make one of them go farther and last longer than almost any other prodigal in his line of business—as the Bohemian poet *Rodolfo*. The House was bigger than even it was on Monday the 22nd, which is an absurd expression, as if the house would have held all who



Marguerite-Melba and Faust-Dalmores.

"Entre le rouet et le roué."

cast, the old story appears so very old, and the charming music seems to have lost so much of its sparkle. When we arrive at the "Soldiers' Chorus," which for many years created a *furor*, being invariably encored with vociferous persistence,



Sacha-Van Rooy upsetting Beckmesser-Geis's serenade. The Derby night. "Sachs to one, given and taken."

a modern audience languidly listens to the veteran warriors, approvingly perhaps, but with pulse unstirred.

The performance to-night is passably good, Madame MELBA not being at her best. M. DALMORES is certainly not at his

best. M. JOURNET's *Mephistopheles*, with tip-tilted nose, caused us to regret the devilishly amusing yet occasionally terrible M. PLANÇON; while Madame PAULIN as *Marthe* made us rejoice to remember how often we had seen the admirable impersonation of the character by Mlle. BAUERMEISTER.

Siebel is capitably played and well sung by clever Miss E. PARKINA, but what has she done, or not done, that her

second song should be omitted? M. SEVEILHAC excellent as *Valentin*. M. DALMORES as *Faust* conveyed the idea of being overburdened by his eccentric "make up" and costume, and seemed to be saving himself for some grand effect that never came off.

Sunset: exterior of *Marguerite's* suburban residence. Time—evidently after early German-sausage supper: therefore most wise of Fräulein *Gretchen* alias *Marguerite* to take a gentle spin in



A New Point, Mephistopheles-Journet.

the garden before retiring to roost in her little room on the ground floor. Is not the *Church Interior* a new "set"? It is effective. When the unfortunate *Marguerite* suffers from distractions during her prayers, the mocking voice of *Mephisto* is heard, but he himself is not visible until at the climax he appears in a pillar, or we might say, seeing that he occupies it entirely, as one of the pillars of the Church. It is effective, this keeping him invisible until the climax of the scene; only, to wall him up in this fashion is awkward, as he cannot get out in time to descend from his pedestal and take the call, hand in hand with his victim *Marguerite*. M. JOURNET, as *Mephisto*, was just visible and no more, bowing politely from within the interior of the pillar—just the antithesis of a "Pillar-Saint"—and no doubt feeling inclined to use a big, big D. (quite in character) on finding himself a prisoner. For the orchestra under M. ANDRÉ MESSAGER there can be nothing but praise; but, if *Faust* is to regain its place in public estimation, Madame MELBA, should she choose to continue the rôle, must be in her very superbly best form, and the entire cast must be up to that ideal. Then old Dr. *Faustus* will be rejuvenated, and GOUNOD's opera will enjoy a new lease of life.

Within a few hours of the publication of these notes the Opera House will be in the decorator's hands for the reception of their Majesties, who are giving their guest, his Majesty the King of SPAIN, an entertainment so brilliant as, it is hoped, will beat even the magnificent record of Covent Garden for Royal and Imperial Gala performances. But the coming of Whitsuntide imposes on us an earlier closing movement than usual in this present week, and the world for a time will be the loser by the absence, from Mr. *Punch's* Operatic Notes, of any report of this most memorable event. *Chantons, mes amis:— "Vivent les Rois et Vive la Reine, et Vive la Compagnie" de l'Opéra.*

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

WITH loving, reverent hand Sir CHARLES DILKE has gathered some manuscript found in his wife's desk after her death, and Mr. MURRAY publishes *The Book of the Spiritual Life*. It consists of a series of essays and two short stories. The final word is by undesigned coincidence called "The Last Hour," its opening sentence telling how "a woman, weary with long wandering in the ways of the world, came at last to the gate of the grave and drew near to the steps that led up to it." The essays, discoursing of Love and Sorrow, of Prayer and Praise, of Labour and of Learning, are rich in deep, sometimes solemn, thought expressed in the stately yet simple style of the old writers, English, German, French, and Italian, whose companionship was as familiar and as dear to Lady DILKE as was those of her own household. Sir CHARLES prefaces the book with a memoir from which my Baronite learns much that is fresh of a many-sided character whose charm of manner had a tendency to hide the depths of feeling and character that gleamed beneath it. Lady DILKE was a rare combination of scholar, politician, and grande dame. Laying his garland on her grave, Sir CHARLES daintily knots it with ribbon bearing an appropriate quotation from *Sesame and Lilies*: "The path of a good woman is indeed strewn with flowers; but they rise behind her steps."

The Middle Wall (HUTCHINSON) is an uneven piece of work. As long as Mr. EDWARD MARSHALL is aboard ship he is all right. When he steps ashore, more especially when he yields to the conventionality of introducing a young lady with consequent love scenes, he is, to tell the truth, as wearisome as *Norah* is wooden. Moreover, he adds to the bulk of his volume by telling stories, mostly of chestnut growth. He does not shrink from retailing at length one story, some years

ago pictured by our DU MAURIER, of a lady seated on a cross Channel steamer in the extreme agony of sea-sickness, with an equally forlorn fellow-passenger laying his head on her knee. "Your husband seems very ill," says a sympathetic passenger. "He is not my husband," responds the lady; "I don't know who he is." The only touch of originality Mr. MARSHALL adds to the narrative is where he attributes it to an American illustrated paper. My Baronite prefers, however, to recall the merits of the book, which shine in the stirring narrative of the voyage of the *Lydia*. The chapter in which, after the ship blows up, Parton saves the Captain's life, contains a fine bit of narrative.

Printers' Pie is the title of "A Festival Souvenir of the Printers' Pension Corporation, 1905," to which many litterateurs, journalists and other story-tellers have freely contributed; while drawings have been generously given by several artists whose names are on the cover, and by "many others"—a modest contingent whose names do not appear on its roll of fame. When this *Printers' Pie Annual* (and if it is to be "an annual," may it be a hardy one!) first appeared in 1904 it was completely sold out, and now, in recognition of the successful efforts of the sellers and agents, a contribution is to be made from the proceeds of this present publication in 1905 to benefit the Benevolent and Provident Institutions of the Booksellers and Newsvendors. Artists, Publishers, Papermakers and Printers, all, as the Baron is given to understand, have contributed work and material gratis. The technical title is unintelligible except to the professional "literary gents"—and not perhaps to quite all of them—and of course to the trade. *Printers' Pie* suggests a muddle which might be "suitable for Pudding-headed People," but this *Pie* is quite a different matter, being simply a capital medley of all sorts. Any Jack Horner, after purchasing a copy, may take it into his corner, and make quite sure of coming on many an excellent plum of no mean size. One of its best plums is an article headed "Can Compositors be Comic?," "entirely written by the printers" of Pearson's. An amusing picture, in colours, by Mr. LAWSON WOOD is worthy of note as the achievement of a promising pupil in the school of "Prehistoric Peeps." Probably at first sight it might be attributed to Mr. E. T. REED, the original and unrivalled "Prehistoric Artist," who took out his patent for this exceptional line in Mr. *Punch's* service some years ago. Altogether, full value for money.



The Weaver's Beam.

"WANTED, a TAPER, for country, accustomed to fancies; one with family of weavers preferred."—*Lancashire Daily Post*.

The connection of tapers and weavers is simpler than it seems. It was of the weaver's beam that SHAKESPEARE was thinking when he wrote:

"How far that little candle throws his beams!"

A Riddle from Colney Hatch.

Q. Why have we reason to suppose that a bee is a rook?
A. Because.

MR. PARR has been elected a director of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. If there's anything in a name he should make them an excellent parent.

LOST JOYS.

[In his recently published volume, *School Teaching and School Reform*, Sir OLIVER LODGE pleads for a strictly utilitarian up-to-date education, thinks the "mental gymnastics" argument in favour of Latin and Greek is largely "fudge," and says many children reach "the age of 16, having never known what a studious life is, nor experienced any of the joys of learning since their babyhood."]

O JAMES, I weep to see you strive,
With blank and ox-like look,
To master proposition five
Of EUCLID's foremost book;
Your tortured brain attempts in vain
The antiquated jangle—
Why vex your head about the dead
Isosceles triangle?

Nay worse, through long, laborious days,
O JAMES, they make you con,
With lexicon and crib, the plays
Of poets dead and gone;
The dead, dead past is round you cast,
And into you they hammer,
Benighted fools, the fusty rules
Of Greek and Latin grammar.

O, had your teachers known or cared
For Education's aims,
Through all these years you had been
spared
This purgatory, JAMES;
And school had been a joyous scene
Remote from all disasters,
Had you been taught in modern thought
By smart young modern masters.

You would have learnt those things alone
Which people ought to know,
And scorned all subjects which were
known

A year or two ago;
The musty lore of nineteen-four
To limbo you would drive, JAMES,
And treat with scorn what was not born
In learned nineteen-five, JAMES.

From Nature-Study in a cool
Green glass-house you'd have snatched
Rare joys—to every modern school
A glass-house is attached,
Where scholars stand, note-book in hand,
To mark each weedlet's way, JAMES—
How leaves are browned—how Teacher
found

A great big worm to-day, JAMES.

They would have trained your eyes aright
To note the things you'd seen:
You'd know the Putney 'bus was white,
The Atlas gold and green;
You'd take no note of HUME or GROTE,
Dismissing them as stodgy,
But you would read with eager greed
The *Evening Star* on "ROJJO."

Poor JIMMY, had your lines been cast
In such a pleasant place,
Not yours had been the wasted past
That stultifies your face;



A CURE.

She. "TELL ME, BERTIE, IS IT TRUE YOU PROPOSED TO MISS BELSIZE LAST NIGHT? I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE IN LOVE."

He. "OH, IT WASN'T THAT. SHE WAS IN BAD SPIRITS AND LOOKED SO SEEDY, I COULDN'T THINK OF ANYTHING ELSE TO SAY TO CHEER HER UP!"

You had grown rich in lore for which
Your boyish heart was yearning,
Nor had you been at ripe sixteen
Unversed in joys of learning.

THE Oxford Blues Committee has decided to award half-blues to the 'Varsity Boxing representatives, leaving it to the Cambridge team to paint the other half black.

FROM "Gossip" in the *Manchester Evening News*.—"If any article has been scorched in ironing, lay it where the bright sunshine will fall directly on it, and the scorched part will be entirely removed." Why, in fact, use scissors, when Nature will do your work for you? This illustrates the idea which EMERSON expressed with such infinite delicacy when he spoke of "hitching your wagon to a star."

GENERAL ELECTIONS AND COLONIAL CONFERENCES.

OUGHT WE TO HAVE MORE OF THEM?

AND, IF SO, HOW MANY?

MR. EDITOR,—I may be an idealist in these matters, but I feel very strongly that, before the Fiscal Problem is presented to Parliament, the country ought to have frequent opportunities of recording its views on this vital question. A couple of General Elections seems to me a beggarly allowance. I would first of all have a General Election at once to decide as to when a General Election on this issue should be held. This second General Election should determine on broad lines the attitude to be taken by the Government at the next Colonial Conference, whether automatic or specially convened. As each debatable point arises at the Conference I would have an Extraordinary General Election to determine the particular attitude to be assumed by the Government; and at the end of the Conference I would hold a Supplementary General Election to confirm the conclusions arrived at. In this way we should have the satisfaction of knowing, at any given moment, that the majority in Parliament actually represented what the Will of the People happened, *at that moment*, to be; and we should hear less of Governments clinging to office on the strength of a snap-election, long after their original mandate had been exhausted.

Yours, in the Great Public's cause,
VOX POPULI VOX DEI.

MR. PUNCH, SIR,—I am glad to observe that Sir EDWARD GREY, Mr. ASQUITH and other Liberals, re-inspired by the true Imperial spirit, are taking steps to protest against the infrequency of Colonial Conferences. I myself should be in favour of holding consultations with the representatives of Greater Britain once in every two months: but, recognising the space of time required for the sea-transit in the case of our remoter Colonies, I should be content if these Conferences were held annually. Apart from other General Elections on exclusively domestic issues, at least two would have to be held per annum in connection with each of these Conferences—one before and one after. Of course it might occur that a Colonial Conference arrived at *no* conclusions; and a subsequent General Election, to confirm them, would then be unnecessary. But in any case at least *one* General Election per annum should be the statutory minimum. This, I need hardly say, would be a death-blow to that discredited system of Septennial Parliaments of which the present Government is now taking so unwarrantable an advantage.

The extra trouble which this change would entail for some of us would be lightly endured in view of the public benefits likely to arise from a constant recurrence of General Elections.

Yours very earnestly,
LIBERAL ELECTION AGENT (paid by the piece).

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I am all in favour of this scheme for constantly consulting with the Colonies on matters of mutual and momentous interest. Take cricket, for instance, which is probably the strongest link that binds us to our Australian kin. Mr. DARLING has been criticised for wishing to confine the hours of play in ordinary matches to the period between noon and 6 P.M. My feeling and that of a large proportion of the patrons of the game (among whom I do not include those who actually play it, these being in a contemptibly small minority) is that the hours of cricket should be extended rather than restricted. At present the admirable reports of our evening papers leave nothing new for our morning papers to record on this absorbing topic. Could not matches be resumed after a dinner interval, and continued, say, till 3 A.M. by electric light, so that we might have some fresh news to assuage the breakfast hour? This and the subject of

bowlers' screens are questions which might well be brought before a Conference of delegates from the Federated States of Australia, with or without a preliminary General Election.

Yours enthusiastically, GOOGLIWOG.

MY DEAR SIR,—I write as one who may be said to have initiated the idea of Colonial Conferences. Why, I want to know, should they necessarily be held in England, one of the smallest sections of our world-wide Empire? Could they not meet in rotation at our various seats of practically independent government? I shall be most happy to inaugurate this development and to afford facilities in New Zealand for a Conference of delegates from the Home Country and our Sister Colonies. Details follow as soon as I have held a General Election.

Yours preferentially, S-DD-N.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I agree, for once, with Lord ROSEBERRY, who can conceive of nothing more "contemptible and loathsome" than "that the peoples in the regions beyond the seas should be treated as pawns in the game of party-politics." I feel this the more deeply because the cry of "Our Colonial Empire" is a Tory, and not a Radical, catchword. Let us have as many General Elections as we want (till the Tories are beaten), but my regard for the Colonies is such that I would never have their name so much as breathed on the hustings. Like our Peerage they should be kept apart, isolated from the contamination of the electioneering tub. Even in an age of profanity there are some things that should still be sacred.

Yours, more in sorrow than anger,
LITTLE BRITON.

SIR,—I am an Englishman before all else, and I will so far improve on Lord ROSEBERRY's *dictum* as to say that, for myself, I can conceive of nothing more "contemptible and loathsome" than that we Englishmen in the regions *on this side* of the seas should be treated as pawns in the net of Colonial Commercialism. Why should this passionate outcry for Preference on the part of the Colonies (if anyone has actually heard it) be suffered to break up a great historical party in England? That party stood solid and unbroken till somebody went and dragged in the Colonies. By all means keep them out of our party-politics, I say.

Yours jealously,
ENGLAND FOR THE ENGLISH.

HONOURED SIR,—Living in an era whose Teutonising tendencies have left their mark on us, from our military head-gear downwards, we yet seem to have learned nothing from the policy of the KAISER in his relations with that vast overseas Empire for whose protection he is now building two battle-ships to our one. Do you ever hear of Colonial Conferences made in Germany? When does Potsdam open its doors for a consultation with delegates from Kaoko, Mangwangwara and the Cameroons?

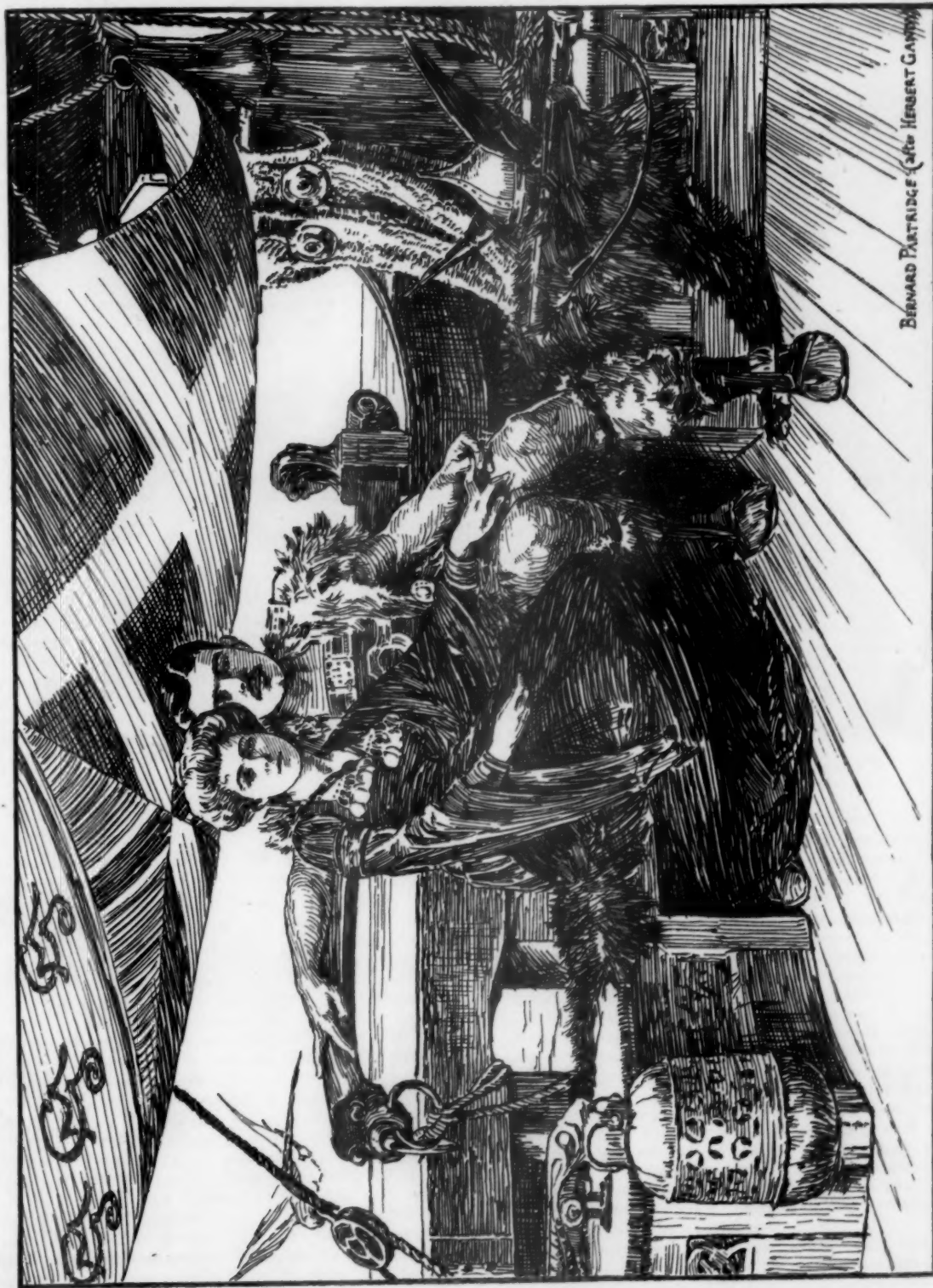
Yours, &c.,
PATEBNAL AUTHORITY.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—What is all this fatuous clamour for more General Elections? If a statesman in the course of half a lifetime sees fit to modify his views by the light of fresh experience and altered conditions he is howled at for a renegade, and his speeches of three decades ago are openly thrown in his teeth. Yet the Public is to be suffered to turn its coat as often as it chooses! If I had my way, I would give the British Elector the chance of changing his so-called mind only as often as Nature renews his ill-washed skin—namely, *once in seven years*.

I am, Your very humble servant, PATRICIAN.

N.B.—Mr. Punch's reputation for impartiality on debatable questions precludes him from expressing an opinion on these. He publishes the above correspondence without comment or prejudice, and must not be held responsible for the views therein exposed.

O. S.



BERNARD PARTRIDGE (after HERBERT GANDY)

THE VIKING'S BRIDE.

(After the well-known Picture by Herbert Gandy.)

[The marriage of Princess MARGARET of Connaught and Prince GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS of Sweden takes place on Thurs. day, June 15.]

THE GEOGRAPHICAL





BRIDGE PROBLEMS.—No. 5.

WHO DOUBLED NO TRUMPS?

A BUSINESS MEETING OF THE SOCIETY OF PENGUINS.

(A Study of Elderly Children.)

SCENE—The Garden of a picturesque old Country Inn within easy distance from London. Around the Bowling Green are rustic arbours and sheds. In the largest of these a party of ten or eleven middle-aged gentlemen of intensely serious aspect are seated at a long table, smoking cigars and drinking spirits and water. It is somewhat late in the afternoon. Suddenly the oldest and most solemn of the party rises and raps the table with an air of authority natural to one who occupies the position of a Grand Prime Penguin.

The Grand Prime Penguin. I rise, Brother Penguins—order, please. I must ask Penguin PIMBLEY to reserve the conclusion of the anecdote, or whatever it is he is relating to Penguin TITTERTON, until the business before us has been disposed of. (Penguins PIMBLEY and TITTERTON instantly assume a portentous gravity.) I will first read one or two communications received from Brother Penguins who have been unavoidably prevented from being present at our proceedings this afternoon. Penguin SHUFFERY writes: "My dear Grand Prime, your brother Penguin is awfully sick at being unable to support his Prime on such an occasion—but he knows how it is." (Here the other Penguins sympathetically murmur, "Squawk, squawk!" which is apparently the

prescribed form of approval.) I have also a wire from Penguin TOOTELL: "Regret impossible attend. Just starting for honeymoon. Needless say am with you in spirit. May Heaven guide your counsels! Yours in links of Penguinship, TOOTELL." (Renewed squawks.) Other Penguins have been communicated with, but have not written to explain their non-appearance. (Here several Penguins exclaim, "Quonk-quonk-quonk!"—which seems to be Pengquinesque for "Shame!") Before, as your Retiring Grand Prime, I vacate the rock, I will call on Recorder Penguin MINCOFF to read the agenda. . . . (They are read by a nervous Penguin in a straw hat, and appear to consist in electing a new "Grand Prime" and "Vice-Penguin" for the coming year.) Voting papers will be handed round. There are three Candidates for the rock—viz. Penguins STICKNEY, IKIN and CRONKEYSHAW. I need not remind you of the fact that Penguin STICKNEY is one of our oldest and most respected Penguins, and has already discharged the duties of Vice-Penguin with singular tact and ability.

Penguin Cronkeyshaw. I should just like to ask this. If we're all asked to pledge ourselves beforehand, what becomes of the secrecy of the ballot?

The Grand Prime (with dignity). I can only answer that if Penguin CRONKEYSHAW insists on impugning my conduct on this rock, I shall treat it as a matter of confidence and offer myself for re-election.

Penguin Cronkeyshaw. In that case, Mr. Grand Prime, I

beg to withdraw my question, and merely remark that I shall hold myself personally free to vote for any candidate I please—be he the youngest Penguin on the list!

(The Penguins fill-up their papers in solemn silence, fold them, and deposit them in Recorder-Penguin MINCOFF'S straw hat, which is then handed to the Grand Prime.)

The Grand Prime (counting the votes). PENGUIN STICKNEY, 4; PENGUIN IKIN, 4; PENGUIN CRONKEYSHAW, 1. Owing to the chivalry of Penguins STICKNEY and IKIN in each voting for the other (*commendatory squawks from all but Penguin CRONKEYSHAW*) the election has resulted in a tie. I shall therefore avail myself of the privilege of this rock, and give a casting vote to Penguin STICKNEY, whom I declare to be duly elected.

[Squawks—and a solitary quonk from Penguin CRONKEYSHAW; Penguin STICKNEY then takes the rock as the new Grand Prime.]

Grand Prime Penguin Stickney. Brother Penguins, my heart is too full adequately to thank you for the very great honour you have just conferred upon me by electing me as your Grand Prime. I can only say that I will do my best to prove myself worthy of your confidence during my occupation of this rock, though I fear I can never hope to fill it as ably and—er—energetically as the distinguished and highly popular Penguin who has preceded me. (*Squawks; a new Vice-Penguin is next elected with similar formalities.*) I will now call upon any Penguin who has a motion to bring forward to do so as briefly as possible, since our time is getting short.

A Penguin in a Homburg hat. I—ah—beg to propose that, for all future meetings, every Penguin should adopt a uniform head-covering. I would suggest a straw, with a distinctive ribbon of salmon, purple, and green, in alternate layers. By this means, Penguins would be more easily enabled to recognise one another on a railway platform than is the case under present conditions. (*Squawks.*)

Penguin Cronkeyshaw (whose temper has distinctly not improved during the proceedings). I object to Penguin JEFFCOCK'S proposal *in toto*. Are Penguins in a free country like England to submit to be curtailed and hampered in their choice of hats? Why, I ask, why should I be compelled to wear a hat that I consider eminently unsuitable to myself personally? I no longer—as some here to-day have considered it humorous to remind me more than once—possess a head of hair like some Penguins. If Penguin JEFFCOCK is determined to force a form of head-gear upon me which, viewed from behind, would infallibly render my appearance more or less ridiculous, I shall have no alternative but to send in my resignation and cease henceforth to be a Penguin. I will not make a public exhibition of myself in an infernal straw hat with a tomfool ribbon to please any Penguin alive!

Penguin Jeffcock (diplomatically). I am sure that I voice the general sentiment when I say that I should be sorry indeed to press any motion which would tend to deprive us of Penguin CRONKEYSHAW'S genial presence. For the moment I had forgotten the—ah—peculiarity to which he has so feelingly referred. I now beg to amend my original proposal by substituting for the straw hat and ribbon a distinctive badge which each Penguin will wear in his buttonhole on occasions like the present. It might be in enamel, and represent a Penguin rampant, which could be executed in artistic colours for a comparative trifle. (*Squawks.*)

Penguin Cronkeyshaw. I object to the badge as, if possible, even more preposterous than the straw! It may be all very well for Penguin JEFFCOCK to talk of the expense as a trifle. Some Penguins may not have managed to feather their nest as he has. I know I haven't. And, speaking as a Penguin, I do not see why I should be called on to put my hand in my pocket for a mere superfluity. I maintain that paying my railway fare and my share of the bill—which, considering it

was a cold lunch, I must say was nothing less than downright extortion—is as much as can reasonably be expected from a Penguin in my position.

Grand Prime Penguin Stickney. I will now put Penguin JEFFCOCK'S amended motion to a show of pinions. (*Every Penguin raises his right hand, except Penguin CRONKEYSHAW, who strenuously uplifts his left.*) The proposal is carried by eight pinions to one. (*Loud squawks.*) I therefore authorise Penguin JEFFCOCK to obtain estimates for executing the badges and to report accordingly. Has any other Penguin a motion to bring?

Penguin Cronkeyshaw (quivering with wrath). I have, Mr. Grand Prime! I beg to move that this Honourable Society of Penguins be immediately dissolved and re-constituted without any titles of office, rules, regulations, or formalities whatsoever!

[Sensation, and loud cries of "Quonk-quonk-quonk!" The Grand Prime Penguin. I consider that I should be untrue to the traditions of this rock if I were to put such a revolutionary proposal as that before an assembly of Penguins—and I therefore decline to do so. (*Squawks from all, except Penguin CRONKEYSHAW, who rises and retires into an adjoining arbour, where he sits glowering and blaspheming furiously under his breath.*) Brother Penguins, we must all regret that the harmony of our meeting should have been marred by this little contretemps—however, we all know Penguin CRONKEYSHAW—he has threatened to resign on many previous occasions, but has always come round during the return journey. In conclusion, I will call upon you to drink the usual toast. "The Penguins—and may they long flap together!" (*The toast is drunk with enthusiastic squawks.*) And now I think we had better be making a move for the station.

[The company break up and stroll off together in twos and threes; Penguin CRONKEYSHAW sulks in his arbour until the last member of the Society has left the garden, when he hurries after them—to convey, we are permitted to hope, the comforting intelligence that, in spite of all that has occurred, he has decided to remain a Penguin till further notice.]

F. A.

WHAT STOPPED THE HAMLET BOOM.

You 're shelved, who boomed a while ago,
Prince Hamlet, with your locks that flow,
Your strangled stride, your head held so,
Your "trappings and your suits of woe,"
(The neck of them cut high or low
In A.'s or B.'s revival);
Your hat, with feathers two—or three,
Your hatred of your Uncle C.
And your "To be, or not to be,"—
You 're ousted by a rival.

Another Prince attracts our eyes,
Who also grew 'neath Northern skies,
But who does not soliloquise,
Nor give weird starts and gasps and cries;
Who comes to us with smiles, not sighs,
And prospects fair as Eden;
And so you sulkily withdrew,
Knowing our gaze would turn from you,
The gloomy Prince of Denmark, to
The gallant Prince of SWEDEN.

PURELY SECULAR.—According to *The Record*, "The Irish Association for the Prevention of Temperance, which is formed upon a non-religious basis, has done good work in the past." We can well believe the statement which we have taken the liberty of italicising.

LITERATURE AS A FINE ART.

THE AGENCY.

THE Shelley Literary Agency has for its object the assistance of young, inexperienced, or (more rarely) bashful aspirants towards the pursuit of letters. The advantages of such an institution require, and indeed admit of, little comment. For the comparatively nominal sum of Five Shillings, either in postal orders or unused penny or halfpenny stamps, the manuscripts of our clients are submitted, with the Society's recommendation, to at least five-and-twenty different editors, thus ensuring careful consideration, while at the same time avoiding the inconvenience, and in some cases actual risk, that might attend a personal visit on the part of the writers. Moreover it will be obvious that the mere choice of an objective is frequently a matter calling for the exercise of considerable technical skill. Thus, for example, a manuscript unsaleable to the *Athenæum* might conceivably find a ready market in *Snappy-Snips*; and vice versa. The experts employed by us are in almost every case enabled to judge immediately of the most promising destination for any variety of article, and to act accordingly. Our terms for revising (a frequent and most useful branch of the Society's enterprise) depend on the merit of the work submitted, and vary from 2s. 6d. upwards. Our criticism is always strictly candid, a candid critic being (as has been justly observed) a true friend. In proof of this we have only to point to our testimonials, a small selection from which is appended. Any further particulars on application to:—

The Shelley Literary Agency,
Stylo House,
Great Russell Street, W.C.

N.B.—Callers please note that the S. L. A. is the third bell on the top landing.

A Few Unsolicited Appreciations.

"..... Many thanks for your letter. The fact that the vicar's daughter had died of consumption in a chapter anterior to that in which she elopes with the costermonger is a detail that in the stress of composition had escaped my notice. It is in the supervision of such matters of technique that your assistance is of the greatest value."

"..... I note your objection to the habit of the heroine in addressing the wicked baronet as 'my lord.' Still she is not supposed to know him really well. However, it shall be altered. You are probably also right in your remarks about my description of the dual reception; though in this case I consider that the discharged menial who was my informant simply stole the money. On



GYNNING KING

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Tomkins (whom she has consistently and mercilessly snubbed, and who has long nourished a desire for revenge). "Ah, how d'you do, Miss ACKRID? I HAVE HEARD THE NEWS. I'M SURE I HEARTILY WISH YOUR FIANCÉ JOY."

Miss A. (sourly). "INDEED? I FEAR YOU HAVE BEEN MISINFORMED, MR. TOMKINS. I HAVE NO FIANCÉ."

Tomkins (lifting his hat, and beating a lachrymose retreat). "YES—ER—QUITE SO. I—I CONGRATULATE HIM."

the scene at the Carlton Hotel, however, I consider that I am infallible, as when writing the story I made a point of enquiring there for a friend (non-existent), and the chapter was composed from my actual notes taken on that occasion."

"No. You are under a misapprehension. My little romance is not intended to be treated as a study of dialect. Any variations from the accepted methods of orthography are doubtless due to the absence of my dictionary, without which

I seldom if ever compose. It has now turned up again, but I am obliged to you for calling my attention to the matter."

"..... I am delighted that you have been able to place my short story 'The Spectral Doom' in such an exclusive journal as *Comic Chops*. To show the value of expert assistance such as yours I may mention that I had not previously considered the production as a work of humour. Many thanks."

GOLFERS IN COURT.

(Suggested by some recent Police-Court Proceedings.)

THE fracas which occurred between two golfers and some refractory caddies at the Imperial Golf Club, Gipsy Hill, was investigated at the Norwood Police Court on Saturday last, when CHARLES BODGER, NOAH PIMBLETT and JOHN MANGLES were summoned for assaulting Mr. HAROLD MASHAM, of Emperor's Gate, South Kensington, and Mr. BERTRAM LOFTIE, of Queensberry Crescent, Belgrave Square.

Mr. SPRINGVALE ARLINGTON, who appeared for the prosecution, said that there had been some dissatisfaction amongst the caddies of the Imperial Golf Club for some time past as to the rate of their remuneration. It appeared that some of the gentlemen frequenting the Imperial Links had been in the habit of giving their caddies, in addition to the usual 1s. 6d. per round, 1s. for lunch and 6d. for sloe-gin, and the caddies had demanded that the rule should be made of universal application. Mr. LOFTIE and Mr. MASHAM, who had refused to acquiesce in this suggestion, had, in consequence, rendered themselves very unpopular, and on the day in question, when going to the fifth hole, were set upon and assaulted by a crowd of infuriated caddies. For a long time they confined themselves to expostulating with their assailants, but at last Mr. MASHAM having received a severe dunch in the ribs from a brassie, Mr. LOFTIE came to his friend's rescue and, using his niblick with wonderful effect, felled three of the most aggressive caddies by well-aimed full shots at their heads. As in each case their skulls had been fractured and had to be trepanned, the chief offenders were unable to appear, being still detained in hospital.

Mr. MASHAM, in the course of his evidence, said that the language used by the caddies was shocking. He was a scratch player, with a full vocabulary, but found it quite impossible to keep them in check by verbal means. His ribs were still sore from the blow which he had received.

Cross-examined, Mr. MASHAM said that he was a stockbroker. He did not believe in the Simple Life, but he thought sloe-gin bad for caddies. It stunted their growth and gave them hiccoughs, and it was impossible to putt accurately when your caddie was hiccoughing. He was perfectly sober at the time of the attack; it was a malicious calumny to insinuate the contrary. He had only taken two glasses of white port at 10.45, just before starting. He never intended to fracture the skulls of the defendants: he just meant to "top" them with his niblick, but their heads were evidently abnormally soft.

After Mr. LOFTIE had given corroborative

evidence, Mr. ARLINGTON said that the Committee of the Imperial Golf Club having made an amicable concordat with their caddies his clients had very generously agreed to withdraw the prosecution. The terms of the compromise were that in addition to the usual fee for carrying, 9d. should be allowed for lunch and 3d. for cigarettes. The Club had also undertaken to pay for the cost of trepanning the skulls of the three principal defendants.

A dignified bearded nobleman, who gave his name as SPENCER COMPTON CAVENDISH, K.G., P.C., F.R.S., D.C.L., LL.D., &c., was the subject of an unusual prosecution before the magistrate of the South Western district on Friday last.

The LORD CHANCELLOR was summoned under the Prevention of Over-pressure Act for allowing the Duke, for whom he was officially responsible as chief official of the House of Lords, to play golf after the age of 70.

Mr. HERFORD BULMER, who prosecuted on behalf of the Commissioner of Police, declared that it could not be said as an excuse that there was not a reasonable opportunity of knowing the law on the subject. The LORD CHANCELLOR, of all men, should have had full knowledge of his duties, and ought to have restrained the Duke. The case, Mr. BULMER explained, came under the section concerning "restrictions," under which it was specifically enacted that no peer should be allowed to take part publicly in any athletic pastime after the age of 70. So long as the performance took place in private, the law did not interfere, but the Duke had undertaken to drive off the first ball at the opening of the new Cobden Golf Links near Clapham Junction, and these links were on a common to which the public were admitted. The Duke, it should be added, was described in the local papers as a "septuagenarian phenomenon," and was stated to be a pupil of BEN SAYERS, and it was announced that he would appear on the occasion in question.

Inspector BURBURY gave evidence bearing out Mr. BULMER's statement. Having received notice that the Duke was going to play golf in public he went to the Club-house on the day of the function and informed the captain of the Club that the performance must not take place. Mr. SLAZENGER, the captain, said it was too late to stop the performance, and that it must go on. Besides, the Duke was not going to play a round, but only to drive off a ball from the first tee.

Cross-examined, the Inspector said that he was present at the performance and was not shocked at all. As a matter of fact he was rather amused, as the Duke missed the ball three times

running, and then kicked it off the tee. He did not seem in the least fatigued, he added, though he looked rather bored while he was waiting. The spectators seemed sorry when he missed the ball for the first time, but afterwards they appeared to have considerable difficulty in containing themselves. Even the Duke himself smiled.

Mr. MANNERS-SUTTON, who defended, said he was not going to deny that the Duke was over age, but the Act was for the prevention of over-pressure in the case of septuagenarians, whereas the Duke found in golf a healthful relaxation after his exertions in the Fiscal controversy. Instead of doing harm, playing golf seemed to do him good. Besides, on the occasion in question, he was prepared to argue that the Duke did not play at all. Play in golf was defined as striking the ball with the club, and they had the Inspector's own admission that the Duke missed the ball three times, and then kicked it with his foot.

Mr. Garrett (the magistrate). Was any money taken at the gate?

Mr. SLAZENGER (the captain of the Cobden Golf Club) replied that the Duke was paid nothing for his performance. On the contrary, he had subscribed liberally towards the laying out of the links.

The Duke then went into the witness-box, and in a perfectly simple and unaffected way spoke of the great enjoyment he had derived from golf, which he had begun to play at the express desire of his medical adviser. It was true that he was a pupil of BEN SAYERS, who had said that he had the firmest stance of any Duke he had ever seen, and that if he had begun earlier he would have been a much finer player than the Grand Duke MICHAEL.

Medical evidence was called which showed that while the Fiscal abilities of the Duke were abnormal he was quite healthy and would not suffer in any way by playing an occasional round on the links.

Mr. Garrett. Is he neurotic?

The Doctor. No, Sir.

At this question an exclamation of surprise and laughter came from the Duke's friends in Court.

The LORD CHANCELLOR having given a solemn assurance that he would exert his influence to restrain the Duke from taking part in the open or amateur championship, the summons was dismissed, and the Duke and his friends left the court amid loud cheers.

THE Baltic Fleet, after its recent experience of this class of vessel, is now convinced that there were no Japanese torpedo-boats on the Dogger Bank.

CHARIVARIA.

"WHEN the King of SPAIN arrives in London he will receive a truly British welcome," prophesied a contemporary. And he did. It rained steadily.

The memory of Japan's great sea-victory will not soon be allowed to die. A Yarmouth barge has been christened *Togo*.

It is said that the heavy loss in Russian battleships was due in part to the poorness of their armour. The best quality was charged for in the bills, but does not seem to have been actually supplied. This points to carelessness on the part of someone.

A fortnight ago Admiral TOGO recalled the exploits of NELSON. But WELLINGTON has not been forgotten. Last week Sir HENRY IRVING revived "*Waterloo*."

Some annoyance was caused at Maidenhead during the theatrical motor meet last week by the number of amateur photographers who took snap-shots of the actors and actresses. It is felt that the profession's well-known dislike of publicity should have been respected.

The musical critic of the *Westminster Gazette* must really be careful. In his account of *La Sonnambula* he declared that M. BONCI "is naturally heard to greater advantage at the Waldorf than in Bow Street, where he appeared in years gone by." We are informed by the police that the allegation is entirely unfounded.

The *Gazette* announces the rescinding of the receiving order made against the Marquis of QUEENSBERRY, the Court being satisfied that all his debts have been paid in full. We understand, however, that his lordship is still under an obligation to the motorists in his neighbourhood, and is hoping for an opportunity to discharge it at sight.

The Truth about Man, which has just appeared, is not from the pen of Miss CORELLI. It is announced as being by "a well-known Novelist who desires to remain Anonymous."

Speaking last week at Oxford, Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN said that wherever he went he found the same story of reawakened interest in public affairs. In the evening Sir Henry took part in a debate, at the Union, on the motion "That the present Government is unworthy of the confidence of the country." The motion was defeated.

The Liberal Party is much hurt at



AND NO WONDER!

Budding M.P. "THAT'S THE WORST OF HAVING A REPUTATION FOR BEING A HUMORIST. NO SOONER DID I STAND UP AND OPEN MY MOUTH TO MAKE MY SPEECH THAN THEY ALL YELLED WITH LAUGHTER."

Mr. BALFOUR's statement that they are a party aspiring to office with no programme at all. As a matter of fact there is scarcely a single Liberal leader who has not a programme of some sort.

How I became a Judge is the title of a book which has just appeared. This is a mystery, however, which still envelopes more than one occupant of the Bench.

A short time ago the diet of the Navy was increased, and it is announced that the men are now being exercised with a new loading apparatus.

"We still believe," says the *National Zeitung*, "that in thought, and in sentiment, we and the English are racially akin." When will the German Press stop its campaign against us?

A clever floriculturist has succeeded in producing a rose with coal-black petals; and the highest professors of this form of culture do not yet despair

of producing a hyacinth that will smell like an onion.

A farmer has been almost stung to death by the bees of a hive which he had accidentally upset. It is only fair to the insects to state that they did not know it was an accident.

With reference to the recent cases of pockets having been picked in the Lion House at the Zoo we are informed that no suspicion attaches to the beasts themselves.

The fact that Admiral Togo's ships were outlined in art-green prompts a lady artist to express the hope that our aesthetic senses will be considered in the design of the new uniforms which are promised for our sailors. There is no reason, anyhow, why Liberty men should not justify their title.

FULL CHANGE FOR A SOVEREIGN.—The King of Spain's Tour.



Old Gent (out of depth in river). "HELP! I CAN'T SWIM!"

American (safe on bank). "WAAL! I GUESS I CAN'T SWIM EITHER; BUT I'M NOT MAKING SUCH A DURND NOISE ABOUT IT!"

MOTOR TRAGEDIES.

THE recent calamity in Norfolk, when the burning of a valuable game preserve was supposed to have been caused by a lighted match thrown from a motor-car, possibly passing at the time, is another instance of the terrible devastation for which the new locomotion is held responsible. The following tragic accidents, culled at random from an impartial press, will give point to our remarks.

Double Motor Tragedy.—While touring on the South Coast in a 20 h.-p. Pericles, the owner of the car and his companion indulged in a swim in the secluded waters of a cove near Portland Bill. The unfortunate motorists were observed to be in difficulties, and were both drowned before assistance was forthcoming.

Shocking Motor-car Accident.—We

regret to state that about 2.30 A.M. yesterday morning our esteemed fellow townsman, Mr. JOSEPH GOODFELLOW, was discovered by his wife at the bottom of the area steps with a sprained ankle and concussion of the brain. We have no hesitation in attributing this catastrophe to the reckless conduct of a large alcohol-driven car of foreign manufacture which had been seen previously in the neighbourhood, as the unfortunate gentleman's clothing smelt strongly of the above-named spirit.

The Motor as an aid to Crime.—Last night an audacious burglary was perpetrated at the residence of General GREENOUGH. The only clue left behind by the burglars was the suspicious expedition with which they removed the stolen property and got clear of the district. The under-housemaid, a person of exem-

plary character, who has served the family faithfully for several weeks, is prepared to swear that between the hours of 1.45 and 2.10 A.M. she distinctly heard a motor-car being rapidly driven in the direction of Mudtown. Surely the prevention of the Automobile from thus facilitating crime should be a fitting subject to be brought before Parliament by the local Member.

Motor Outrage.—About 10.30 P.M. on Saturday night a shocking occurrence took place outside Widow BENTLEY'S cottage on the Great North Road. It appears Mrs. BENTLEY is in the habit of turning her donkey loose at night when she retires to rest. The faithful animal, wearied by its journey to market, was inoffensively lying by the side of the road, when it was run into by two savage road-hogs, and so severely injured that it has since succumbed. The motorists, however, did not in this case get off scot-free; the chauffeur, who, we are pleased to notice, is a foreigner, being picked up next morning with a broken leg, while the owner of the car is still unconscious and the car itself practically wrecked. The chauffeur alleges that he did not see the unfortunate animal, but in the light of recent events we accept his statement with all reserve, and have much pleasure in opening a fund in our columns for the benefit of the bereaved widow.

Another Motor Outrage.—An audacious motor outrage took place in broad daylight yesterday on the high road between the villages of Foxlip and Duckport. Farmer PEPPER was driving a spirited young horse, the first time he had been in the shafts, when he heard the twitter of a motor bicycle approaching from behind, and reasonably enough raised his arm to warn the rider from coming alongside. In spite of this, however, in less than ten minutes the motor bicyclist insisted on passing, and in self-defence the farmer slashed at the ruffian with his whip as he went by. Leaving his "instrument of Satan" by the roadside the rider sprang upon the trap and assaulted the farmer with great violence. So far he has succeeded in eluding the police, though suspicion rests on a motor bicyclist seen proceeding rapidly along the London road with three large weals on his face. Surely our local J.P.'s should have power to imprison these ferocious savages who make the high road impassable for our peaceful yeoman classes.

FROM "Women's Work," by "ALICIA," in the *Daily News*.—"Yes, we women may have a weakness for talking, but who shall deny that we do not speak to the point?" That superfluous negative is really most unfortunate.



THE SIBYLLINE BOOKS.

FATE THE SIBYL. "ONCE I OFFERED YOU PEACE WITH THE REMNANT OF YOUR NAVAL STRENGTH! NOW I OFFER YOU PEACE WHILE YOU STILL HAVE AN ARMY! IF I SHOULD HAVE TO COME AGAIN——"



THE SOUTHERN BOOKS

THE SOUTHERN BOOKS, NEW YORK, N. Y. 1850. THE SOUTHERN BOOKS, NEW YORK, N. Y. 1850. THE SOUTHERN BOOKS, NEW YORK, N. Y. 1850.



"AS THE ROMANS DO."

(A Romanesque incident during certain manoeuvres.)

A.-D.-C. (to Volunteer Officer, who has had orders to hold Caesar's Camp till a certain time, and then to retire). "THE GENERAL WISHES TO KNOW WHY YOU HAVE NOT RETIRED AS INSTRUCTED?"

V. O. (enjoying an after-lunch smoke). "WELL—ER—THIS IS IT—CESAR'S CAMP, DON'TCHERKNOW. AND—ER—I THOUGHT WHAT WAS GOOD ENOUGH FOR JULIUS CESAR'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME."

MORE JIU-JITSU TRICKS.

IYAMA TERRA, the famous Japanese wrestler, whose recent work on *Jiu-Jitsu* (The Bruiseless Art) has created such a sensation in police circles, has been good enough to supply us with three short chapters which were inadvertently omitted from his book. His valued contribution is accompanied by the following characteristic note:—

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Jiu-Jitsu, as taught by me and practised by everybody, is the science of defending yourself against every known form of physical attack. The system embraces 417 separate tricks, all of which can be done. In fact, next to its infallibility, the most conspicuous virtue of Jiu-Jitsu is its almost laughable simplicity. Yours, IYAMA TERRA.

RUSES AND FALLS.

TO REPEL THE ATTACK OF A MAN WITH HATCHET.

It is very important to know how to

deal with a man who assails you with a hatchet. There are several ways of making effective resistance, but just a few will suffice. Indeed, it will be better to teach you only two or three, because if you knew them all you would, when putting them into practice, get confused and probably chopped.

Method 1.—Wait until your opponent strikes and then move. Try to move as quickly as possible. Everything depends on that. Activity rather than gracefulness should be aimed at. If your adversary delivers a really violent blow, and you successfully evade it, his hatchet will be partly buried in the ground. While he is endeavouring to extricate it approach him from behind, seize his legs and plait them in the shape of an ordinary lock-stitch. Then firmly bend them up his back and maintain them in their place with your right arm. Your left hand will be free to secure his left arm and wrap it twice neatly round his neck. To complete

the fall you can stand on his right hand, if necessary. He is now practically powerless, and you can hold him in position until he has given a promise to lead a better life.

Method 2.—This is a favourite trick of mine. For its successful performance it is desirable that your friend should be wearing a fur overcoat, a stand-up collar and knickerbockers. Your first business is to make a feint, after which you ought to have no difficulty in taking the hatchet from him. Roll his fur overcoat suddenly up over his head to prevent him from seeing what you are going to do next. Get a firm purchase on his collar from the back, and with the other hand clutch the ends of his knickers. Tilt him over quickly and swing him about with his face downwards. As to how long you need swing him there is no absolute rule. Deal with every case on its merits.

Method 3.—In the event of your antagonist being a big man with a big

hatchet, and especially if it is quite clear that he is annoyed, it is sometimes a good thing to go swiftly away. Return with several friends and bigger hatchets.

TO COPE WITH A HAT-KICKING HOOLIGAN.

To a quiet, well-behaved man nothing is more vexing than to have his hat tilted over his eyes by the frolicking foot of a hooligan. I have squelched scores of hat-doffers in my time. This is how it is done.

Method 1.—Let him try it on. When his foot is about two inches off the hat strike it (the foot) smartly to one side. This will cause him to whirl on one leg like a top. When the projecting limb comes round again, take hold of it and follow it round in the manner of a sailor at the capstan. Four or five turns and you can leave him spinning.

Method 2.—This is usefully employed when your assailant happens to be intoxicated. In such case his kicking is likely to be erratic and may miss your hat. Seize his foot when it is about opposite your waistband. Keeping tight hold of the foot run rapidly past him. This will probably cause his leg to bend at the knee. To double up his remaining leg and tattle him on to his back is the work of a moment, or a couple of moments at the outside. Then tie each leg to its corresponding arm in a loose bow-knot. If you have the time it is amusing to stand by and watch him. As he attempts to undo himself tighten the knots.

N.B.—As this second method requires a quick eye and plenty of nerve, it is well to constantly practise it at home before trying it on a stranger.

VINCENT CRUMMLES: NEW STYLE.

THAT Vincent Crummles was no more, and that a new era of theatrical and music-hall management had set in, we had dimly perceived, but a recent article in the *Chronicle* on the personality and achievements of Mr. OSWALD STOLL, the Managing Director of the Coliseum, the Hippodrome, and many other places of entertainment, puts our surmise beyond doubt. The new Crummles is philosopher, too. "His demeanour is grave and subdued, his strong face reveals the reflective temperament, his movements are deliberate, and he speaks softly, weighing his words, without gesture or demonstration. Though so deeply immersed in the whirl of mirth-making, he has a curious power of detachment; when problems innumerable press for settlement he can hold himself aloof, surveying them analytically, dispassionately."

Coming upon such a description, without its context, one would fancy that the Premier was the subject, or a

great Ambassador, or an Archbishop; but it is merely the Crummles of our later day. No more Bohemian society. No more beer and churchwarden pipes. No more astonishment that such things can get into the papers. No more seedy hand-to-mouth existence. No more jokes.

The story of Mr. STOLL's career, as told by the *Chronicle* correspondent, makes as fascinating reading as a book by the late SAMUEL SMILES. "The consciousness of a definite purpose seemed to come curiously enough with the chance purchase of a copy of LOCKE's work, *On the Human Understanding*. The lad, who had left school at fourteen, studied it eagerly, for, as he says, 'I wanted to understand something about understanding.' Then, with expanding ideas, he began to realise the limits of his powers of expression, and he undertook the extraordinary task of reading through WEBSTER's abridged dictionary. This dire ordeal, which he performed twice, did not impair the activity of his brain, and he pursued with still greater avidity his studies among the philosophers."

The evolution of the revolving stage of the Coliseum came to Mr. STOLL, we conjecture, during a fit of giddiness induced by a too protracted sitting at Webster; and thus mechanically answered a question which Mr. STOLL, or Master STOLL as he then was, had been putting to his philosophic mind for some years—"Why is an item on a music-hall programme called a 'turn'?" Henceforward, vowed the philosopher, it shall be a turn indeed.

No career based upon the steady perusal of Webster abridged can fail, and Mr. STOLL now pays salaries amounting every year to £400,000. He never allows himself to be depressed by business worries. "It is sometimes perplexing," these are his noble words, "but when I am confronted with business cares, and cannot quite see my way through, I step aside and read a few pages of JOHN STUART MILL, and after that I come back to the situation refreshed and better able to deal with it. I make a point of reading a few pages of some great thinker every day, but my reading, like my thinking, is spasmodic. It must be so in such a life as mine."

But Mr. STOLL does not merely read philosophy. He writes it. He has enlarged HERBERT SPENCER's doctrine of the relative survival of the fittest to that of the absolute survival of the fittest; and with some justification, too, for HERBERT SPENCER is no more, whereas Mr. STOLL is still young and vigorous. This work, entitled *The Grand Survival*, was written in the train. Had the journey been longer the book would have been longer too.

Such is the kind of man that arranges the programme at the Hippodrome and

the Coliseum; and we cannot be too grateful for the changes that have placed our entertainments in the control of great thinkers. For Mr. STOLL does not stand alone. Since reading the article in the *Chronicle* we have been making inquiries about other Entertainment Kings, as the Smileful journalist calls them, and we find that high thinking and plain living are the rule with all.

Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES, for example, who has just offered the town *The Spring Chicken*, is in the security of his own home deeply interested in patristic literature, and at this moment is putting the finishing touches to a new edition of *St. Augustine*. Mr. BARRASFORD, of the Lyceum and a score of other music-halls all over the country, is a poet of no mean order, and a regular contributor both to *Great Thoughts* and the *Expositor*; while Mr. CHARLES FROHMAN, the great transatlantic and cisatlantic impresario, varies the monotony of "presenting" plays with recondite researches into the properties of Kathode rays.

Lastly, Mr. ROBERT NEWMAN, the genial manager of the Queen's Hall Orchestra, has long been famous as one of the most fearless disciples of the Tübingen school, his commentary on the Code of Hammurabi having already been translated into eleven European languages.

Stem to Stern.

(A Tale for the Marines.)

"WE know at last whither the country is being steered. There is the figurehead with his hand on the rudder."—*H. W. M. in the "Daily News."* We sincerely congratulate Mr. BALFOUR (the "figurehead" in question) on his success in making two ends meet.

A WHITSUNTIDE CHANCE.—To make a profit out of pleasure is a most desirable thing, and, thanks to the Great Eastern Railway, it could have been achieved by any East Anglian who cared to come up to London by a certain excursion train on June 10. This enterprising Company advertised that "*passengers will be allowed 60 lbs. of luggage free!*" Really a most handsome bonus!

To the advice "Ne'er cast a clout Till May is out," Mr. Punch now adds the following piece of proverbial philosophy, suitable for the kind of wintry weather that came in early June: *Never put off till to-morrow what you can wear to-day.*

THE Government's latest issue of political capital in the form of Colonial Conference Stock is the subject of animated discussion in the political market, opinion being sharply divided as to the respective merits of the "Ordinary" and the "Preference" issue.



INCREASING LOCOMOBILITY OF THE PEDESTRIAN.

BLESS YOU, WE ARE AN ADAPTABLE RACE. WITH A LITTLE MORE PRACTICE WE SHALL SOON BE ABLE TO NIP OUT OF THE WAY OF THE MONEYED CLASSES IN THEIR "DESTROYERS" WITH THE QUALITY OF THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE PREHENSILE SKILL OF THE FOREST APE. AFTER ALL THEY DON'T WISE TO KILL US, AND WE CAN'T EXPECT THEM TO PLAY "BRIDGE" ALL THE TIME.

MYSTERIOUS OCCURRENCE IN THE LIFE OF A TRANQUIL TRAVELLER.

SCENE—Coffee-room, Riverside. DATE—Recent.

THREE tables, occupied. Two of them by couples; the third by a man of good appearance. He is alone. I, the Tranquil Traveller, retire to a fourth table in a corner. Here I order luncheon. While examining the bill of fare and wine list, I become conscious of being stared at with peculiar persistency by the solitary man at the third table. Every time I look in his direction our eyes meet, and his features become more and more familiar: but vaguely, like a face in a dream. Now it so happens that I am chronically haunted by a fear lest I should pass, without acknowledgment, people in the street whom I ought to recognise, and this dread is enforced upon my consciousness by the growing number who smilingly bow to me, knowing me perfectly, and whose salutes I return with considerable geniality, without having an idea who they are. "If," I often say to myself, "this happens so frequently, how many must there be who do not take the initiative, and whom I pass innocently, not remembering them, a bit, they saying to themselves, 'Haughty beast, he doesn't care to recognise me, although he was pleasant enough when we met at Blank's! Cuts me direct, does he, the stuck-up idiot! let's see if I can't be even with him another day!'"

With this apprehension ever present to my mind, and the staring of the solitary stranger continuing, I become more and more convinced that I have seen him somewhere before. By a sudden inspiration I rise, walk across the coffee-room, and in the most genial manner, whisper to him deferentially,—

"Excuse me, but your face is very familiar to me; are we acquainted?—my name is—WILKINSON."

The Solitary Stranger (somewhat frigidly). "We were fellow-passengers on the steamer,—five or six years ago, when we made the trip to Sweden, Norway, and St. Petersburg."

Myself (with greatly increased, not to say effusive geniality). "To be sure, to be sure, I remember you perfectly" (which was not strictly in accordance with fact), "I was certain your face was one I knew directly I saw you," and seizing his hand I shake it heartily, saying, "Delighted to meet you again!"

Not another word passes. He seems rather taken aback; but he is a prim man, probably business-like, and hard (or thick) headed. I return to my own table and, after a period of waiting, my luncheon arrives, and I consume it slowly, enjoying the view of the Thames. All this takes time, for I am in no hurry, having spent the morning over, or rather under, the Bushey Park chestnuts, and in visiting the Hampton Court pictures. Moreover, having done the civil thing to the ex-fellow-passenger, I do not look at him again. I have, in fact, practically forgotten his existence, satisfied with having escaped the ever threatening danger of being unintentionally uncivil by ignoring some one I ought to have acknowledged.

Just as I am finishing the meal, over which I purposely dally, the Stranger quits his table, approaches mine,

and, to my amazement, delivers himself, severely, to this effect:

"I have been thinking the matter over, Sir" (mark the 'Sir') "and I am somewhat surprised that you should have addressed me, considering what took place on board the steamer."

Myself (dumfounded and utterly taken aback, putting my hand to my ear). "I beg your pardon, would you mind repeating what you've just said? I'm a little deaf!"

Solitary Stranger (still more severely, and affecting considerable dignity). "I have no doubt, Sir, that you find it convenient to be deaf."

With these words, uttered in a tone of the most biting irony, the Stranger walks slowly away, head in air, leaving me planté là!

I shall probably never see him again. And, on consideration, the prospect does not distress me.



BITER BIT.

Man in Fur. "I HEAR YOU HAD AN ACCIDENT LAST NIGHT?"

Man with Cigar. "YES—RAN INTO A STEAM-ROLLER."

Man in Fur. "WHAT A SHAME! THEY ALLOW THOSE BEASTLY THINGS TO GO MUCH TOO FAST!"

As to what I had done to annoy him on board that steamer, I am as ignorant as the babe unborn. Why he had been offended, who he is, why he should remember presumably a trivial incident of five or six years ago, which has passed from my brain as completely as if it had never been, are, and will probably ever remain, mysteries. By what word, deed, or look of mine his indignation had been aroused, who was wrong and who was right, is, I venture to think, a subject for a prize-puzzle. I ask Mr. Punch, as the benefactor of his race, to offer a good round sum* to whoever solves this, to me at least, insoluble problem.

* Note.—Oh, dear, no! We couldn't think of interfering. But if the writer will offer a substantial reward we, on cashing his cheque, will keep the amount in hand till it is earned by somebody.

THE FIRST PAYING GUEST.

(A Legend.)

[An attempt is here made to avoid classical pedantry, and to express the facts of antiquity in homely language suited to the needs of future generations of undergraduates, when Greek has ceased to be a compulsory subject.]

ION SMITHIOS the Ratepayer rose from his early Grecian couch one lovely morning in April, B.C. 1004, feeling at peace with gods and men. In the first place, Troy had fallen on the previous day after a ten years' siege, and he reflected with satisfaction that he had been one of the first to suggest the employment of guile in order to reduce the city. Under the signature of "INDIGNANT ARGIVE" he had written to the *Argos Argus*, the popular half-obol paper of the country, exposing the futility of frontal attacks. Then, again, he had worked off all arrears in the matter of sacrifices, and what a comfort that was! In short, as he went for his morning constitutional through the hall he felt that all nature smiled. Two minutes later his pleasure was entirely spoiled by the sight of a suppliant on the hearth.

The criminal law of Greece was at that time in a very imperfect state. Briefly the rules relating to murder and other offences were as follows. If A. killed B, then it became the duty of B's nearest relative, C., to kill A. The State declined to interfere in what it considered a purely

personal affair. It was C.'s business, and he must manage it as he thought best. A.'s next move was to fly to the nearest hearth, and then the thing might be considered in Chancery. The Law was very strict on the subject of hearths. Once on a hearth a fugitive could neither be injured nor evicted.

"Morning," said the suppliant brightly, as ION SMITHIOS appeared.

The ratepayer frowned.

"To what am I indebted?" he said.

"The fact is," replied his visitor, "in strict confidence—I'm a god. Er—in fact, Zeus. I know I don't look like it, but this is a disguise. I am doing my celebrated imitation of the young man of the period. The fact is, I hope it won't annoy you or upset your plans in any way, but I love your youngest daughter with all the warmth of a noble nature. The charms of the lovely—Stupid of me! Can't recall the name at the moment."

"I'm not surprised. I have no daughter."

"No, no, of course not," said the suppliant. "Stupid joke of mine. But I see you have a feeling heart. You won't be hard on a fellow. What's really happened is that last night being Troy night, and me rather celebrating it, don't you know, somehow or other—purely by accident—I cut a man's head off. His brother chased me for three miles across difficult country, and—well, here I am, don't you know. What?"

"Well," said the ratepayer, "I wish it to be clearly understood that I in no way approve or sympathise. But—"

"Do you know," interrupted the suppliant, "this cross-country running makes you awfully peckish. You couldn't hurry breakfast along and tell me the rest afterwards, I suppose?"

From that day he became a regular member of the household. He turned out to be an unpleasant young man, and he did not scruple to find fault with the ratepayer's domestic arrangements. Once they offered him cold mutton. He turned pale, and insisted on a devilled kidney.

But at last ION SMITHIOS hit on an idea.

The first suppliant knew of it was when his breakfast was not brought to him at the usual time.

"Where's my breakfast?" he thundered.

"Where, indeed?" said ION SMITHIOS, appearing from the adjoining room, wiping his mouth with a napkin.

"If," said the suppliant hastily, "that breakfast is not ready in five seconds, there will be trouble."

"And now listen to me," said the ratepayer. "I have been looking up the law about suppliants, and it says the householder may not turn them out. There is nothing about feeding them. You take my meaning? If you like that hearth, by all means stay there. But you will pay from this moment for every meal you take, and also for attendance. Not to mention extras, and—lest we forget—fuel, lights, and washing. So now."

"I'll go this minute. I give you notice. I won't stay a moment longer."

ION SMITHIOS coughed.

"As I was coming through the garden just now," he said, "I met a pleasant young fellow with a very large spear. He seemed to be waiting for someone. I shouldn't be half

surprised, do you know, if that was your man. The brother, you know."

The suppliant's jaw fell.

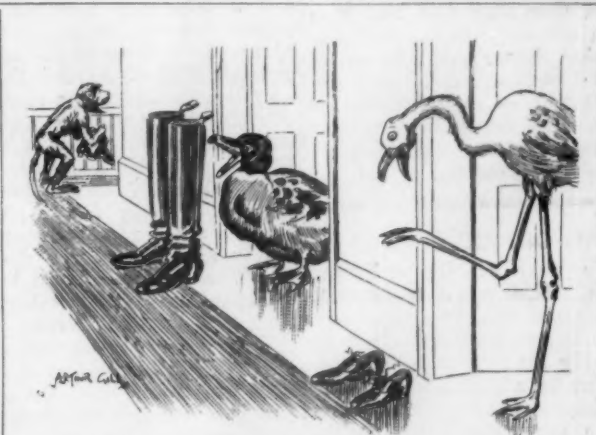
A week later it fell again. That was when SMITHIOS presented the first bill ever made out for a Paying Guest.

OPERATIC NOTES.

Tuesday, June 6.—Oh, what a night and what a day we had been having! Even the memorable visit of His Majesty of SPAIN to London was like to have been washed from the tablets of our memory by the rain that, for duration, since Sunday night, well nigh beat all records, save Noachian. "Avec moi, not après moi, le déluge," as King ALFONSO, of course confidentially, remarked to His Excellency the Duke of SANTA MAURO, Grandee of Spain and Gentleman of the Chamber, speaking in French for the benefit of Monsieur PAUL CAMBON, by whom the Royal sally was received with a courtly smile, and an appreciative chuckle that spoke volumes for the *entente cordiale* between France and Spain.

The Royal Spanish visit during the recent rain has caused the above digression, of which advantage may be taken

to complain of the dearth of cabs about Covent Garden on this dreadfully dirty night. *Die Meistersinger* over, the Hall of the Opera House was crowded with unfortunate ladies in brilliant toilets, wearing thinnest shoes, who, not being carriage-folk, were dependent, for their safe return home, on cabs unobtainable by commissionaires (not all of them obliging), either for love (of course this is only a proverbial phrase, as I am unaware of any sweet inducements having been offered by the distressed ladies) or for money, even though untold gold were proffered for the hire of any kind of vehicle. "They're all at Drury Lane," said



THE BOOTS AT THE JUNGLE HOTEL MAKES A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

one dripping and perspiring emissary, who returned, steaming, from his vain quest. Evidently the tyrant *Louis the Eleventh* had commandeered all the cabs in the neighbourhood, as there was on that night an overwhelmingly big house to see Sir HENRY as the French King, one of his most effective and most popular representations. Only the knowing *habitués* of the Opera who had left before the second scene of the Third Act of *Die Meistersinger*, being as the early birds to the worms, had caught the first cabs, and had got away with their Wagnerian enthusiasm undamped. Colds, coughs, influenzas, rheumatism, and all such-like ills that flesh is heir to, must have been having a glorious time of it since this Tuesday night. Opera programmes followed by doctors' bills. Music first; medicine afterwards. But the weather affected not the singing of VAN ROOY, admirable as *Hans Sachs*; nor did it make any difference to Herr REISS as *David*. Both excellent, as were chorus and Conductor RICHTER.

Herr MENZINSKY, however, had not escaped climatic influences, and his *Walther von Stolzing* was decidedly throaty and a trifle flat. Pretty Fräulein ALTEN won the audience as *Eva*, and with her Fräulein BEHNÉ as *Magdalene* divided the honours accorded to the "Spindle Side." Herr GEIS was not side-splittingly amusing as *Beckmesser*, but as all the others on the very long list were in good form the decided success of the *tout ensemble* was not materially diminished.

Wednesday.—Fickle *Faust*, who now falls in love with the *Marquérîte* of Mlle. DONALDA, who is pleasing, but not powerful. The House, rather poor to-night, but rich to-morrow when stalls are ten guineas a seat, compensates for its lack of numbers by its overflow of enthusiasm. A good performance, recently described in these notes.

Mr. *Punch* shutting up shop early on Thursday in anticipation of Whitsuntide holiday, his Operatic Notemonger is unable to give an account of the Grand Royal Gala Full Dress Performance on Thursday night. Thus is a brilliant piece of descriptive writing lost to the world simply through the fault of the Calendar.

"TIS MERRY IN (STEINWAY) HALL"

A COMPARATIVELY small but highly appreciative audience greeted HAYDEN COFFIN at his Concert Recital, Steinway Hall, Monday, June 5, when, under the musical management of G. SHARPE, there was nothing flat, as of course was natural. Mr. GIDDENS great in his recitations; Mr. SQUIRE, All you'd desire, A marvellous fellow, On violoncello. Monsieur MAURICE FARKOA (the French equivalent in pronunciation, we believe, for FARQUHAR), being applauded time after time, and tune after tune, obligingly indulged the audience by cheerfully accepting their encores. Another similar entertainment of the "COFFIN and SQUIRE series" (sounds rather like a sad undertaking, with the SQUIRE's heir as chief mourner) is announced for June 19, at 3.15, and if the one here recorded may be considered as a fair specimen of the others to come, the entire series ought to achieve a great success.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

In a semi-circular accompanying a novel by DWIGHT TILTON, entitled *My Lady Laughter*, its publishers, DEAN AND SONS, beg to draw attention to the illustrated cover of this book. It is a picture of a young person, in a loud-toned scarlet cloak over a black dress, wearing a big hat with a deep reddish brown lining, and carrying before her a large muff, in which her hands are concealed. Perhaps she is shy of exhibiting them. She is advancing, on a grey ground, towards the spectator, and grinning—of course presumably smiling, but decidedly showing her teeth at some person invisible—in what is, to the Baron's taste, a most unprepossessing way. Some persons may consider her pretty, and some persons' curiosity may be so piqued that, despite all obstacles, they will commence the book with a light heart—as did the Baron—and work their way through it—a feat attempted by the Baron, in which he ignominiously failed. The fanciful spelling worried him: its "neighbor" for "neighbour," its "honor" for "honour," its "marvelous" for "marvellous," its imitation Sheridan dialogue, its description of a lady's curtsy as "low" and "billowing," irritated him; while its lack both of action and interest made him give up the task after he got through a hundred pages. Therefore, except on the first part of this novel, he is not entitled to pass an opinion; but if a great treat be in store the determined reader will richly deserve the reward of his perseverance. "*So mote it be!*" "Give me," quoth the Baron, "a book with a quiet unobtrusive cover, and let all its attraction be in the matter within. The proverb about good wine is of force here. Waste not money on a catching cover; in whatever dress it may appear a well-written novel is bound to attract."

The Jackal (WARD, LOCK & Co.) opens briskly, brimming over with interest of the good old melodramatic sort. Through some chapters Mr. COULSON KERNAHAN keeps the pace with a skill and strength that would not discredit "the only begotter" of this style of modern romance, Sir A. CONAN

DOYLE. Midway through the story, probably burdened with a sense that desirable material is petering out, he introduces some padding, which includes a futile chapter on kissing. Worst of all is the explanation of the mystery upon whose ingenuity My Baronite understands that Mr. KERNAHAN especially prides himself. There is a difference between ingenuity and improbability. If probability is to be ignored, a novelist is free to be egregiously ingenious. But after all, probability must be regarded. The romancist pleases the more intricate the weaving of his web, the more genuine the surprise when, it being finished, the trick of workmanship is disclosed. The explanation of the comings and goings of *The Jackal* is infantile in its absurdity. Obviously the story would never have been conceived but for the existence of *Sherlock Holmes*. In its design and execution it is *Sherlock Holmes* and sheer nonsense.

"It is clever," Dr. JOHNSON admitted when giving his opinion on the performance of a player on the double-bass, "but I wish it were impossible." The Baron says ditto to Dr. JOHNSON, applying the remark to *Life of My Heart* (Scott Publishing Co., Ltd.), by VICTORIA CROSS. Clever decidedly, and therefore the more likely to exercise a pernicious influence on some inexperienced, over-impressionable youthful readers, from whose hands the Baron, *in loco parentis*, would certainly withhold it. It is the story of a young English girl who, besides being, as a classic, a Porson in petticoats, is a marvellous mathematician, and an accomplished linguist. In ten months after her arrival in India she speaks Hindustani fluently. Had her familiarity been confined to the language all would have been well, but this cynical, artistic-minded, heathenish young female philosopher, aged twenty, who despises her own people, becomes enamoured of a youthful Pathan, aged eighteen, a "chetai-wallah" or native "help," which, anglicised, means a kind of bottle-washer called in to assist *Jeames*. No wonder that her father, the respectable old General, retired, should put his foot down, and, when refusing his consent to such a marriage, should put his foot up and kick the coloured Apollo-like youth down stairs and out of the house. But the girl elopes with the dusky lad who has "received the order of the boot," and the rest is tragic savagery.

This, the authoress's latest, is "affectionately inscribed to the young, to the romantic, to those who possess beauty, and those who believe that love is the best gift of life," because, she says, such "alone should read it, for they alone will understand it." If the above conditions be rigidly insisted upon, the circulation would be considerably limited. And the Baron would not grieve were this the case. The vendor at the counter would have a difficult task before him; since, to any applicant, after deciding whether he, or she, "possessed beauty" or not ("passable" wouldn't do), he would have to put these questions—*Firstly*, "How old are you?" The applicant must be still "young;" shall we say between nineteen and twenty-five? *Secondly*, "Are you romantic?" This would have to be proved by statement of the applicant's literary taste generally. *Thirdly*, "What do you believe about love?" Should the answers fail to satisfy the conditions of the authoress's catechism, then the applicant will not be decorated with this latest specimen of a Victoria Cross. The Baron is not of opinion that the applicant would be a loser by the decision. The Baron places this example of misapplied talent on "The Index"—but not on that of any circulating library.



MUSICAL NOTES.

(With profound acknowledgments to the "Pall Mall Gazette.")

THERE is probably no composer more delicately susceptible to the sights, sounds, landscape, and temper of every country which he visits than the incomparable Professor BILGER. For instance, he comes to London when a Medical Congress is in session, and forthwith presents us with his matchless overture of *Morphine*, the noble *Chlorale* which is so splendidly familiar in its arrangement as a vocal triad; or he visits Italy in its dearest springtime when the bald and brown earth begins to assume its vernal *chevelure*, when the olives begin to show their flower, and when the Mediterranean, greatly daring, seems to purr like a gigantic and genial white cat. Hence BILGER's famous Balearic Rhapsody, in E Majorca and Minorca, in which the feline amenities of the meridional temperament are reflected with such superlative felicity of distinguished achievement.

Now comes the momentous—we had almost said the soul-shaking—news that it is BILGER's venture to cross the seas to conquer the Atlantic and visit South America with the companionship of Madame BILGER (*née* Contessa GUGLI DI BOSANQUETTA). It is not for us, save in the way of the sheepest surmise, to adumbrate the priceless musical inspirations which will pulsate through the cerebellum of the greatest of living composers during his most memorable and, if we may say so, mellifluous journey.

A contemporary writer has even gone so far as to give publicity to the idea that as a result of this journey we shall possibly have some impressions of Brazil, the Argentine, Bolivia, Chile, Peru, Patagonia, Tierra del Fuego and the Straits of Magellan, expressed in terms of music. This is of course a question on which it is impossible to pronounce with absolutely pontifical infallibility. BILGER is eminently a man of moods, and it may well happen that the sight of the Andes or of the Giant Sloth, so far from promoting the flow of inspiration, may act contrariwise as a styptic. Again, the contiguity of an earthquake or a volcano, or the sudden impact of a

boomerang—we think we are right in assuming that the use of this erratic projectile is not confined to the aborigines of Australia—or even the attentions of a cannibal tribe might conceivably exert an adverse effect on the creative activities of BILGER's massive and monumental brain. Madame is a host in herself, but then, as CAVOUR said of one of her ancestresses, *Una Gugli poco fa*.

Anyhow, without transcending the bounds of legitimate conjecture or venturing on any chimerical combination in

that Mr. JASPER BOGLE made his appearance at the last Enharmonic Concert. We have always had a great kindness for Mr. JASPER BOGLE, who is indeed and in truth a rare and fine artist, and we confess that it was with a feeling almost approaching to the confines of consternation that we noted the fact that an artist on whose superlatively artistic and vital sincerity of accomplishment—unless, indeed, it would be nearer the mark to say accomplished vitality of sincere and superlative artistry—we have so often insisted, had never before sung for this notable and most notorious society. We use the word "notorious" deliberately in view of certain recent happenings, but for the moment, and for reasons which will commend themselves to all chivalrous and patriotic natures, abstain from elucidating our meaning in fuller particularity.

To write with meticulous and categorical precision of a performance which you were unable to attend, and about which you are not certain whether it ever took place or not, is a proceeding which savours of unmitigated temerariousness. In such circumstances 'twere surely wiser to emulate the mental attributes of the Greeks, *qui amant omnia dubitantes loqui*, and show an exquisitely delicate care in the choice of moods and tenses.

After these necessary preliminaries we may observe that the work of the St. Elizabeth Musical Society, which was to have been expressed the other day by a performance at the Royal Agricultural Hall, must have shown—unless it was unavoidably prevented from taking place—to

what advantage its training had been pursued. Selections from *Carmen* were recorded as to be given, in which Mr. ERIC BOGLE, Miss OLGA TONKS, Miss ALICE LOPER, Mr. ARLEY GAMAGE and others were to take part. Assuming that the artists thus enumerated did actually appear, and were in their normal condition of vocal efficiency, and that the programme was not changed, it is, we think, within the bounds of possibility that they rendered as much justice as could reasonably be expected of them to the captivating idiosyncrasies of BIZET's acknowledged masterpiece.



UNFEELING.

Voice from over the Hedge. "Oh, DO MAKE HASTE, GEORGE! YOU ARE A TIME!"

the realm of illimitable inanity it may, we think, be permitted to us to assert that it will be most interesting to hear the result, couched in his own inimitable terms, whatever they may amount to, of BILGER's visit to the most voluminous and voluptuous continent which the world has ever known or seen—voluminous, because of its size and the volume of its rivers, and voluptuous because that melodious quadrisyllable also begins with the same consonant as the epithet with which I have placed it in immediate juxtaposition.

It is very pleasurable to us to observe

LITERARY STYLE IN DEPARTMENTAL REPORTS.

THE Report of the Departmental Committee on the Army Stores Scandals in South Africa is marked by a literary flavour somewhat uncommon in this class of brochure. Take the following passage: "*Are the taxpayers of this country to continue to be the sport of the many questionable contractors who are as ready to follow their several avocations in the wake of a war as they are also willing to be its pioneers?*" How nicely balanced is the rhythm of this rhetorical question; how happily inspired, how removed from narrow formality the generalisation of its climax. Again: "*Some clumsy pantaloons in putties—even some agile harlequin in a helmet—may occasionally be caught*" (observe the colour, the imagery, the unaffected spontaneity of the alliteration!), "*but the oldest member of the Committee has informed his colleagues that in the course of many years' experience he can only call to mind one case where the civil practitioner in a military scandal has been brought to justice, and in that solitary instance the offender, when released from a period of fifteen months' incarceration, was received by his fellow-townsmen with many manifestations of civic triumph.*" Could one ask for a more genial humour, a homelier play of anecdotal reminiscence in a document supposed to be confined to the unrelieved record of dry evidence and the conclusions to which it leads?

Far from echoing the sentiments of the *Times*, which speaks of "extravagant and tasteless rhetoric," and of "the obscurity of certain passages which appear to suggest imputations that either should have been made outright or should not have been made at all," let us extend a hearty welcome to this new literary form, with its arresting style, at once rococo and cryptic, lustrous and elusive. Mr. Punch, indeed, has been so impressed by the felicities of Sir WILLIAM BUTLER'S document that he has ventured to take it as his model for the editing of this week's Reports from his own Committees of Inquiry into the Scandals of the Hour. He appends a few specimens.

EXTRACT FROM REPORT ON THE ARMY CAP SCANDAL.

Are the tax-payers of England to be for ever the playthings of collusion between the War-Office and the military milliner? Must every day bring forth some fresh variation on the preposterous pork-pies of Potsdam? . . . the impenetrable mystery which shrouds the periodical forage-cap refunds, the intangible personality of those dealers, if any, in head-gear at second hand, through whom our discarded patterns filter on to the skulls of city scavengers? And always in the background that nebulous figure of the nursemaid in her Park finery, ever ready to follow in the wake of the military popinjay, whom her allurements first decoyed into the service of his country. What inscrutable consideration does she pay to the officials of Pall Mall in return for those changes in her hero's trappings which are so vital to her rage for variety?

EXTRACT FROM REPORT ON THE MOTOR ABUSE.

. . . intolerable with their dust and odour and roar that make day hideous and night a nameless horror. How long will the ruminative rustic, how long will the patient pedestrian continue to be the butt of these gore-spillers in their goggles, these baby-scrunchers in their bear-skins? . . . And, behind them all, the consenting silence of the makers of macadam, the studied indifference of the patentees of dust-defying sprinklers, who trade on the ruin wrought by these road-swine! And, yet again behind these, the unfathomable passivity of the police, screening who knows what quagmires of corruption!

EXTRACT FROM REPORT ON THE DEARTH OF TUBES.

. . . the impervious mystery of those unseen hands gagging at its very source—the great congested throat of the

Metropolis—our bitter cry for more tubes . . . a curious note of irony in the fact that the Press itself—the very mouth-piece of the public—has no means of underground transit from its work-centre in Whitefriars to its Club in Piccadilly. One is tempted to ask—What is the nature of the sinister relations existing between the Parliamentary Tube Committees and the Association of Pirate Buses? Legal evidence may be lacking through the deplorable hiatus interposed by the destruction of compromising documents; but blackmail is strongly indicated.

EXTRACT FROM REPORT ON THE INCREASE OF BALDNESS.

. . . impartial inquiry into the causes of that decadence of the hair which has so injuriously affected our marriage statistics. . . . According to the best scientific evidence which we have at hand the hair of the head has lost its prehensile uses, active and passive; has mislaid, during the Hat Age, its original purpose as a protection for the apex; and by an inexorable law of utilitarian Nature is being evolved out of existence. But under cover of this popular theory and several commercial aliases, we have dimly traced the nefarious workings of a Syndicate of Depilators. Employing his art of hair-cutting as a mere device for inveigling customers, it is from his so-called restoratives that the barber looks to derive the bulk of his revenue. But his scheme is more complex than that. It is a matter of common experience that his lotions habitually promote the very curse which they pretend to combat and to cure. The theory of pardonable inefficiency must yield to that of culpable contrivance. Insidiously and with far-sighted ingenuity, working less for himself than for his posterity, he aims at nothing short of the total baldness of the race—to the end that wigs, once a universal fashion, may become a universal necessity. . . . Though we recognise that it is rather our duty to diagnose the evil than to prescribe a remedy, we may venture to suggest that the Government might be well advised to create, possibly in conjunction with Lord ROBERTS' proposal for Rifle Clubs, a national scheme for promoting capillary exercises, and, without actually compelling the youth of the country, encourage them to practise hanging by their locks from parallel bars, and to engage in tugs of war, using their natural hair in place of a rope.

EXTRACT FROM REPORT ON THE CRISIS IN MOROCCO.

Just as the preliminaries of a war may be rigged by the Army Store-contractor, so the present crisis in Morocco is the result of market manipulations. Not content with the spoils garnered from the Manchurian campaign to whose failure his disloyal corruption has so largely contributed, the Russian financier has flung his drag-net across the Mediterranean. It was a question of leather. An international imbroglio at Fez would paralyse the Moroccan output; the Moorish tanner, like his compatriot *Othello*, would find his occupation gone, and the price of rival varieties would harden. The KAISER has been a mere catspaw in the hands of these Russian operators for the rise . . . Yet there are other conspirators whose identities escape investigation. The fatuous middle-man of Muscovy, raking in his roubles, openly signalling on the samovar the success of his greed, is relatively easy to detect. But somewhere behind him, more felt than seen, impalpably beyond the veil, are the elusive shapes of the Crocodile, and the Half-calf. The oldest member of the Committee has informed his colleagues that in the course of many years' experience of the exigencies of the tanning trade he can only call to mind one case of a Half-calf, and one of a Crocodile, being brought to justice for a similar scandal, and in those solitary instances the offenders, after suitable punishment, were received back by their friends, in Alderney and on the banks of the Nile respectively, with many manifestations of civic triumph.

O. S.



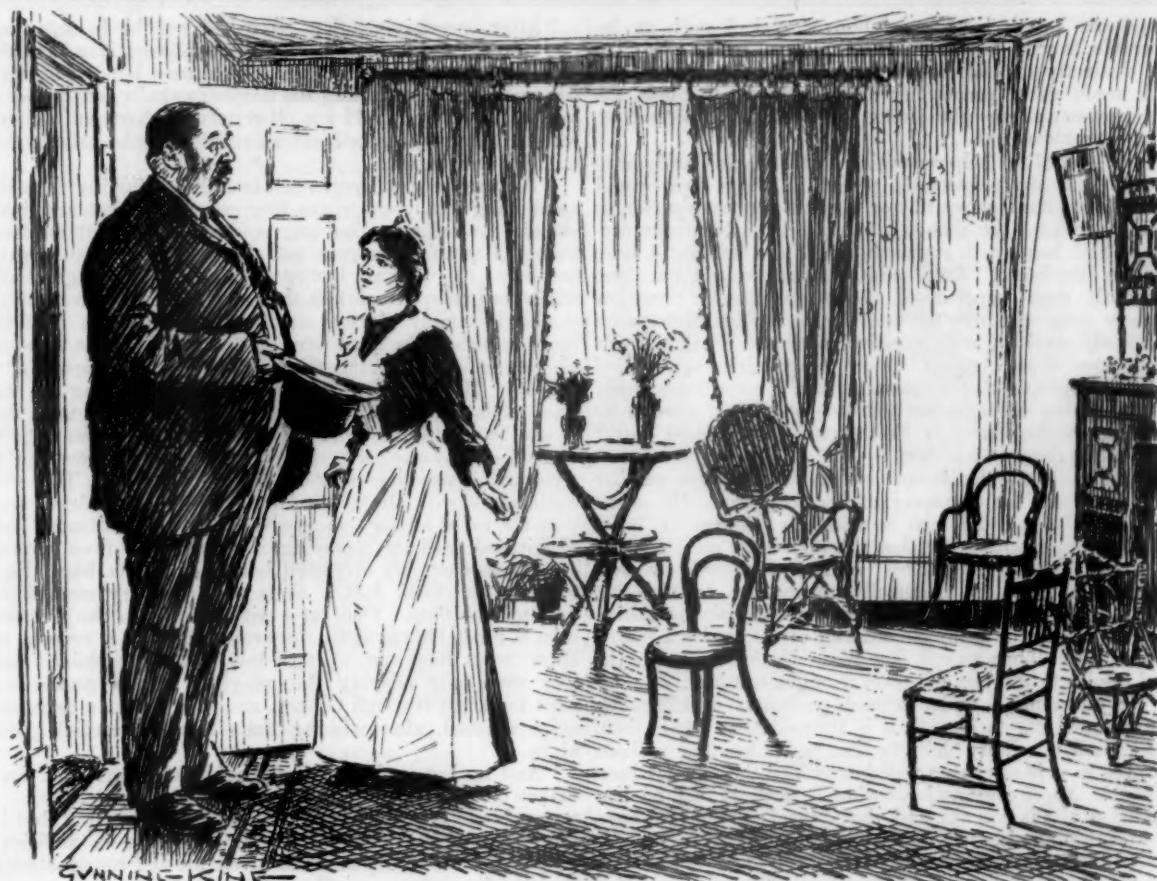
Bernard Partridge ./.:

THE BOA-WAR-CONTRACTOR.

TAX-PAYER RABBIT. "TAKE NOTICE! THIS IS POSITIVELY THE LAST TIME I SUBMIT TO THIS TREATMENT!"

["Are the tax-payers of this country to continue to be the sport of questionable contractors?"]

Report of the Committee on the Army Stores Scandals.



Farmer Twentytone, from Mudshire, visits his recently married niece at Lavender Villas, Brizton.
Housemaid. "WILL YOU SIT DOWN, IF YOU PLEASE, SIR?"

THE MAGIC H'S.

(A Society Story of Up-to-date Diablerie, in Three Parts.)

PART I.

[I DID not invent this story myself—I should not have dared. Nor will I pledge myself—even in a political sense—for it as being true in every particular. There is much in it that I can only accept under considerable reserve; there are even certain things that strike me as frankly incredible. However, I tell it as it was related to me by a communicative and rather seedy stranger, in the Tube between Shepherd's Bush and Tottenham Court Road Stations, on Saturday the 1st of April last. I am able to fix the precise date, because it was the day I lost my pocket-book. The stranger began abruptly with a remark on the singular value of the letter "h" as a passport to polite society. "I happen," he said, "to know a rather striking instance in point, if you would care to hear it." Whereupon he told me the following narrative, for the somewhat inflated diction of which I must decline to be responsible:—]

"HAROLD HIPPERHOLME seemed, at the time when I first knew him, a young man on whom Fortune had showered her choicest gifts. Of respectable, though not distinguished, origin, he possessed exceptional good looks, a commanding intelligence, considerable accomplishments, and wealth that was absolutely phenomenal. But alas! there was a dash of

bitter irony in the cup of his happiness—he had everything—everything he could possibly require—except "h's." The unhappy young man had never yet succeeded in aspiring even his own name!

"For a while he could scarcely be said to suffer acutely from this infirmity. Indeed, he was scarcely conscious of it. Not till he became acquainted with the beautiful Lady ICILIA CHILWELL, daughter of the Earl of STONISTAIRS, was his deficiency brought home to him in all its full horror. He met her first at a Charity Bazaar, where she was assisting at a stall of fancy goods, and he fell hopelessly in love with her at first sight. After purchasing a 'toilet-tidy,' worked, as she assured him, by her own hands, for the sum of ten guineas, he had ventured to remark that 'the 'eat was simply 'orrible.' It struck him afterwards that she had shuddered—but he thought nothing of it at the moment; and at their next meeting (which took place at a Flower Show in the Botanical Gardens) he addressed her more boldly with an inquiry whether she was 'going to 'Urlingham that Saturday.' Once more he observed her shudder, but, gathering courage as he went on, he ended by making her a formal offer of his hand and heart. No doubt his handsome appearance and faultless attire, together with the fact (which he did not try to conceal) that he was a person of unbounded affluence, prevented Lady ICILIA's refusal from being as harsh as might otherwise have been expected. But she made it abundantly clear that it *was* a refusal. Even

should she herself have been able to overlook such an insuperable barrier as utter "h"-lessness in a suitor, she gave him distinctly to understand that her haughty father, the Earl, would never permit her union with one to whom the very existence of an eighth letter of the alphabet seemed so entirely problematical. . . ."

[Here I could not help remarking that I should hardly have thought that any aristocratic parent in these days would reject an aspirant as wealthy as HAROLD HIPPERHOLME for so trifling a reason. For, though I cannot boast an acquaintanceship at first hand with any members of the nobility, I have read the diatribes of "RITA" and Miss CORELLI, and have also frequently seen impecunious peers in Society Comedies welcome proposals from the most impossible outsiders, when sufficiently wealthy, with positive effusion. So that I felt pretty sure of my ground. The stranger, however, replied that my objection merely showed that I must temporarily have forgotten the extreme fastidiousness that notoriously characterises the House of STONISTAHES. I admitted that I had, and he resumed his story:—]

"Needless to say that HAROLD endeavoured to overcome her decision by all the eloquence at his command. He urged that a true heart could beat as faithfully without its 'h' as with it. He reminded her that the very letter on which she laid such unnecessary stress modestly ignored its own existence, since it is universally pronounced 'aitch'—not 'haitch.' All was in vain. Unless, or until, she told him, he could acquire a complete mastery of the elusive aspirate, he must never hope to call her his! He left her with the fixed resolve to win her, whatever it might cost him.

"He put himself under several professors of Elocution. They taught him to elocute, it is true—but not one of them could instil a solitary 'h' into him, and Elocution without aspirates is as illusory as a puff from which the jam has been omitted! There came an hour when he realised that he had exhausted all human aid, and that henceforth his sole hope lay in seeking assistance from the Powers of Evil!

"By the merest chance he saw on a railway bookstall a volume of one of the admirable 'A. B. C.' series, entitled 'The A. B. C. of the Black Art. By a Black Artist,' with an appendix containing fifteen different formulae for invoking fiends. He purchased the book—for, to one of his vast means, a shilling net was the merest trifle—took it home, and, locking himself into his study, traced a pentagram on the floor, as directed, and set to work to raise some unemployed fiend who should help him to attain his ends.

"For whole days and nights he laboured without conspicuous success. Occasionally some evil spirit with nothing worse to do would obey his summons, but no sooner did they hear the purpose for which they had been invoked, than (whether in disgust at its utter triviality, or to conceal their own incompetence) they indulged in demonstrations of fury so violent as almost to frighten him out of his wits. But the fifteenth and last formula produced a more satisfactory result. This time the fiend who answered his call was both less appalling of appearance and more obliging in disposition. In comparison with his predecessors he was almost undersized and, though inky, he was sympathetic and even resourceful.

"I suppress his name for obvious reasons—but he seemed to see no difficulty whatever in the affair. According to him, all HAROLD had to do was to procure certain articles, of which he gave him a list, and be at a given spot by the following midnight. There the fiend undertook to meet him with a magic type-foundry, and together they would turn out as many 'h's' as possible before cockcrow. It is conceivable that the fiend may have been inspired by reminiscences of the opera of *Der Freischütz*. Or it may have been his own idea entirely. That we shall never know now!

"After ascertaining that he would not be in any way prejudicing his future prospects by compliance, HAROLD made a note of the appointment, and the demon left. The next day was spent in collecting the necessary skulls and braziers, &c., and, shortly after 11 P.M., HIPPERHOLME chartered a four-wheeler to convey himself and his occult paraphernalia to the midnight rendezvous.

"The precise spot I prefer not to indicate further than by mentioning that it was where four cross-roads met, and just outside the radius. You may readily believe that on that journey HAROLD's heart was not altogether free from apprehensions. He could not but be aware that proceedings which might well escape remark in the seclusion of a German forest would inevitably attract attention in a London suburb. Suppose he and the fiend were brought up before a London magistrate for disturbing the traffic? What an opportunity for, say, Mr. PLOWDEN! However, after arriving at the cross-roads and dismissing the cab with an extra sixpence, he found the fiend punctually awaiting him with a curious contrivance, something between a cauldron and a type-casting machine on the Linotype principle. They set out a circle with the skulls and lamps and sundries, and then the weird labour commenced. But not, as HAROLD had anticipated, without annoying interruptions—from motor-cars, market-wagons, nocturnal hansoms, and the like. Fortunately, the fiend had a short and summary method of dealing with them. Once, at a critical stage in the proceedings, a constable on night duty came up with a request to know 'what they were up to'—but the fiend explained that they were only relaying the gas-pipes under instructions from the Local Borough Council, and the policeman departed quite satisfied, after wishing them a not uncordial good-night.

"And at last, well before the earliest village cock had shaken off his slumber, the dread task was accomplished. I am unable to furnish the exact figures of their output, but it may be safely estimated at several millions—a sufficient supply of h's to set up the most inveterate and conversational Cockney for eighteen months at the very least!

"I must not forget to mention that the fiend, before taking his leave, remarked, with a diabolical giggle to which HAROLD at the time was too elated to attach any importance, 'By the way, my friend, I had better warn you that six of those h's are "wrong 'uns!"' With which he sank through the soil, and HIPPERHOLME never saw him again.

"But his spirits were high as he hastened home with his ill-gotten acquisitions. I hear you ask "I had not opened my lips, but the question had certainly occurred to me" "by what possible process a supply of typed aspirates, even from an infernal matrix, could be introduced into any mortal's system? I can only reply that I have not the smallest idea—but that the assimilation undoubtedly took place. For no sooner had HAROLD reached his quarters than he hastened to put his new powers to the test. It so happened that he had accepted a generous offer from the *Times* newspaper to lend him their new *Century Dictionary* for a week, gratis, on approval, and he now went all through the h's in one of the volumes without a single mishap. He was just exulting over the fact when his Guardian Fairy unexpectedly appeared. . . ."

[I suppose the Fairy, coming so soon after the Fiend, must have caused me to exhibit an involuntary surprise, for he immediately explained:] "You may or may not be aware of it—but certain individuals *do* possess a Guardian Fairy, whose business it is to see that they do not get into scrapes, or to pull them through when they have done so. HIPPERHOLME was one of these favoured persons. Well, as I was saying, his Guardian Fairy—"

[At this point the train stopped at Lancaster Gate Station—and this story must follow its example till next week.]

F. A.

THE TUCKSHOP.

[Canon EDWARD LITTLETON, the future headmaster of Eton, has commended the school "tuck-shop." It taught boys, he said, to some slight extent how to spend money.]

LONG its worth was held in question,
Long the sad, alarming state
Of the national digestion
Stood against it on the slate;
Now, a sage's dictum hushes
Lies that base tradition told;
Whitewashed by his generous brush is
Every shop where "tuck" is sold!

Falsely would Roast Beef take credit
For the strength of Albion's sons;
No! The mystic germ that fed it
Hides in Bath and Chelsea buns!
Youthful souls are fired and mettled
In the venerable shop;
Waterloos are fought and settled
By the virile ginger-pop!

Then again—oh cynic, scorning
This encomium—answer me!
Who can tell but every morning
Youths predestined soon to be
Chancellors of the Exchequer,
Members of the Board of Trade,
Haggle o'er a modest "brekker"
In the tuckshop's steaming shade?

So this institution's gentle
Influence, and wholesome joys,
Aid the physical and mental
Progress of our hopeful boys.
Growing gracefully rotunder
They shall gain commercial zeal,
To our foes' invidious wonder,
And the nation's lasting weal!

CONVERSATIONAL PLAYHOUSES.

At a West-End theatre, says the *Daily Telegraph*, where a musical play is now in successful progress, the orchestra have hit upon a plan for counteracting the *ennui* of the long periods during which it is kept idle by introducing sets of miniature chessmen for the working out of knotty problems. We have here the germ of an idea which might be profitably developed for the benefit of the sociably-minded occupants of the auditorium who wish to amuse themselves, conversationally and otherwise, at the theatre or opera without bothering to attend to what is going on across the footlights. Why not, therefore, lower the floor-space of one half, say, of the stalls a few feet, and roof it over with thick but transparent glass? This would enable the Smart Set, or rather, the Loud Lot, to chatter to their hearts' content without being distracted by the noise on the stage, and yet to display their dresses to the wondering denizens of the upper regions, while they could move about freely all through the piece without being hampered by persons who



T'OTHER WAY ROUND.

He. "THAT'S LADY PASSEL. SHE'S GOT AN ACTION ON AT THE COURTS, ASKING FOR £5000 DAMAGES."

She. "DAMAGES! I SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT SHE'D HAVE ASKED FOR REPAIRS."

unreasonably persist in sitting tight in their places.

Cosy corners might be made for Bridge parties and flirtation. The roof could of course be "practicable," and slide back occasionally, if any "strong" or suggestive scene were positively clamouring for attention.

Certain of the boxes, also, should be glazed in, with the same praiseworthy objects. Possibly those of the largest dimensions might be supplied with billiard tables or platforms and such-like facilities for amateur theatricals, charity bazaars, &c., so as not to waste the valuable time of Society while the tedious professionals were singing or walking through their business on the boards. There is vast opportunity, too,

for improvement in the foyer—which should be converted into a real ice skating-rink or a ball-room, at least. This would be a godsend to the more gregarious and active patrons and patronesses of the dress-circle. In fact, if these desirable alterations are effected, we doubt if there will be a necessity to mount any plays at all in the more up-to-date houses for the benefit of the mere pittance and gallery-boy.

Anyhow, we commend these suggestions to enterprising theatre architects and West-End lessees; also to the M.C.C. for future Test Matches at Lord's.

THE HATCH OF THE SEASON.—*The Spring Chicken* at the Gaiety.

THE HEALTH HUNTERS.

[With apologies to "H." (Ah! Harold, did you think to escape us?) in the "Daily Mail."]

LET us start with a vivid simile. The soul is a chauffeur, and the body is a motor-car. The desires of the soul are the hands of the chauffeur laid upon the brain, which is the engine of the motor-car. Everybody is an engineer at heart—for the engineer is only the grown child who wants to know—and so the body is always being tampered with for improvements. We cannot leave it alone.

How to get the most out of our engine?—that is the question. Some men can go up life's steep places at top speed, others go slowly, stubbornly, drearily, but with greater security, at bottom speed. Everybody knows the fine fellow who goes round fortune's corners on two wheels, and who has not envied the discreet and quiet soul who travels downhill with the brakes on, and with no appetite for rush? But whether we go fast or slow, whether we make life's journey a furious business or a sauntering pleasure, at every stop we engineers step outside ourselves and examine our engines with curious and anxious eyes.

That's not bad, I think. It has all the requisite qualities: it is up-to-date, everyone now being either a motorist or mourning a relative killed by a motor-car; it is forcible; it is picturesque; it arrests the attention. "What the De Dion is this all leading to?" the reader asks, and to make a reader say that is one of the secrets of journalism. And now for the real matter of the article—Health Hunting.

We all desire health, poor man and rich man, tramp and CARNEGIE alike; and that we are continually trying new experiments the advertisement columns of the papers show only too conclusively. But let me tell you that every pill that is puffed, every bottle that is boomed, is but another nail in the coffin of English sanity.

"*Mens sana in corpore sano*" is a true saying, although I did not invent it. It means, dear reader, a sound mind in a sound body. Note the order: not a sound body with a sound mind; but a sound mind in a sound body. The mind comes first. Let that be a lesson to the health hunters: the mind comes first. In other words, instead of deferring to a drug, think a thought; instead of playing with a palatinoid, listen to a sermon; instead of being vanquished by a vaulette, read a book, look at a picture, interview a politician; in short, do something intellectual.

Now let us look at our motto again. How wise was that old Roman seer who first penned the deathless words with his Fons Bandusian stylus on the fragrant

palimpsest! We have few such sages now; we are in the trough of the wave. *Mens sana in corpore sano*. A sound body. And how does one get a sound body? By exercise. Not cricket, of course; I do not approve of cricket; but riding one's horse. I remember chatting to Lord ROBERTS on this subject. "Yes," he said, "H., my boy, there is nothing like riding. I attribute my health to my horse." Let every man then ride. We cannot ride too much. Let us begin at once, forgetting all about that simile of the motor-car with which I began. And yet I suppose there are great difficulties: not only are there not enough horses to go round, but quite a number of people could not afford to keep them. Why are there not more horses? And why are horses so dear? I must write an article about it. Very well, then, take music. I recollect Mr. BALFOUR telling me that he got more genuine useful rest, recreation and refreshment from music than from any other pastime. After a bad night at the House defending his honour, he has but to sit down to his piano and play his favourite airs, to be quite well again. "There's nothing like it, my dear H.," he has often said to me. Let us then all repair our shattered engines at the piano. Yet here again is an obstacle. Even the piano costs money, and requires much time. That is the drawback of taking all one's examples from our wealthy and most illustrious friends.

Perhaps then I had better work in the peroration and stop. Poor and unhappy body, driven to and fro about the earth by the meddlesome and dissatisfied soul of man! It is drugged, exercised, and fed in twenty different fashions a week; it never can tell what its tyrant would be at. A horse so treated would die in a month; a motor-car would collapse in a month. Wonderful, indeed, is the strength of the body to endure all the fiddling and "improvements" devised by its master, the soul!

"The Malaria of Ambiguity."

Admiring Friend (to Captain of College Boat-club). I say, THOMPSON has been slanging you like anything about putting JONES into the Henley boat. He says the fellow's the biggest fool in the 'Varsity.

Captain. Oh—and what did you say?
Admiring Friend. Oh, I stuck up for you of course, old fellow.

The "Simple Life."

FROM the Aberdeen Evening Express:

COOK GENERAL wanted for good place in the country; washing, but no dressing.

Is not this carrying the Simple Life rather too far?

CHARIVARIA.

It cannot be too clearly understood that it is solely out of personal regard for President ROOSEVELT, who seems to have set his heart upon the thing, that the CZAR is now willing to discuss the termination of the War.

Now that the Russian papers are permitted openly to debate the question of Peace, fears are being expressed in the outlying portions of the Empire lest the Baltic Fleet may have suffered a reverse.

Considerable satisfaction has been caused in St. Petersburg by the report that General LINIEVICH is at last in a position to defeat General OTAMA. The only fear is that, unless an armistice be proclaimed at once, the Japanese may drive him from it.

Germany will consent to the proposed Conference of the Powers on the subject of Morocco, but there is still some question as to whether they will be able to get together a quorum.

There was a fire, last week, at the Welcome Club, Earl's Court Exhibition, but it is not proposed to change its title to the Warm Welcome Club.

The MULLAH has become Mad again. The relapse is due to a statement by the Italian Minister for Foreign Affairs to the effect that adequate measures have been taken to prevent his obtaining arms.

Professor TIZZONI, of the University of Bologna, claims to have discovered a cure for rabies, and dogs are delighted at the prospect of not being shot when their brains give way.

After two years' study a leading nerve-specialist of Philadelphia has come to the conclusion that the fear of cats is a definite disease. Over here it has long been recognised as such, and treated as a special form of Misogynitis.

There is good news for pedestrians. A clever American gentleman is at work on a motor-car which he claims will be so light that it will only make slight indentations on the persons it runs over.

Princess MARGARET OF CONNAUGHT and Prince GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS OF SWEDEN were prevented attending the second Test Match on Thursday last owing to a previous engagement.

Mr. JOHN BURNS is much hurt at the report published in several papers that Mr. CROOKS, M.P., was the only guest at the royal Garden Party last week who

did not wear a silk hat. As the misstatement is calculated to harm Mr. BURNS politically, we have much pleasure in reporting that he himself wore a bowler on the occasion in question.

The CZAR, it is announced, is to have a change of prison. He is to be removed shortly from Tsarskoe Selo to Peterhof.

The Grand Duke ALEXIS has resigned the position of Commander-in-Chief of the Russian Navy. For similar reasons the analogous office is also vacant in Switzerland.

The Army Stores scandal has called forth a flood of indignant protest in the Press. Indeed, the *Evening News* even went so far as to say, "Is anyone to be brought to book? And, if so, whom?"

MRS. CHARLES WATERLOW's powerful bull-dogs succeeded in carrying off all the prizes at the French Bull-dog Show last week. There must be something in a name after all.

LAYS OF A LONDONER.

SOHO.

I love old London's busy streets,
Her teeming marts, her stately palaces;
At sight of them my bosom beats
As entering Wonderland did ALICE's,
What time she popped, confiding soul,
Into the rabbit hole.

I love the Strand's unceasing din,
The Temple's rare mysterious mazes,
And those remoter squares wherein
The wanton monkey-grinder raises
A futile dole of cast-off pants
From the inhabitants.

But most I love those quaint old haunts
"Twixt Oxford Street and Shaftesbury
Avenue,
Where the Semitic sausage flaunts,
And, if you're poor and chance to
raven, you
Can get a most ambrosial blow-out
And pay your bob and go out.

Delightful region of Soho,
The murmurous home of PIERRES and
GEORGES,
Whereto the Latin races go
To celebrate their artless orgies,
I love you and your fragrant alleys,
Blithe with potential SALLIES.

Borne on the cosmopolitan breeze
Divinely blended odours trickle;
The louder forms of foreign cheese
Contend against the home-made pickle.
The gross effect, at first a bore,
Grows on you more and more.

There is a shop off Wardour Street—
The merchant's name to me unknown
is—



MR. MUGWUMP'S MISFORTUNES.

(The Adventures of a Beginner.)

NO. 1.—MR. M. BOOKS A HEAVY TROUT.

Where you can purchase Kosher meat
And Bismarck herrings and polonies,
And other awesome foodstuffs dear
Unto the furrineer.

There you can buy a rude cigar
Of beetling girth—no label decks it,
The kind that, lit inside a bar,
Encourages a general exit;
These searching engines of offence
Are five for sevenpence.

Oft armed with such a one I stroll
Along some well-frequented highway,
And puff away with tranquil soul,
Thanking the gods for what comes my
way,

And watch the loiterers disperse,
Breathing the ready curse.

And then I seek such fare as he
Whose means are slightly insecure
may
Find at those cafés "d'Italie,"
Or other restaurants "de Gourmet";
Where even tuppence can beguile
The waiter's wintry smile.

And going home I envy not
The millionaires their motor carriages,
Nor crave the loud distended lot
Of those who always feed at Claridge's.
These eat too often, I opine,
Ever to really dine!

ALGOI.



A MARTINET.

Peppery Captain. "THE FIRST MAN WHO SPEAKS I PUNISH! EVENS IF IT IS NOT THE ONE!"

THE INVITATION OF VENUS.

["All the bachelors in the universe have been invited to a festival in June by the young ladies of Ecausines-Lalaing, in Belgium . . . They will meet you in a public square, show you round the venerable church and the ancient castle, and give you a concert, a ball, and a torchlight procession."—*Daily Chronicle*.]

O BACHELORS of every clime and every sort of hue,
Come hither in your thousands—we are waiting here for you!
Come, dark and fair; come, fat and spare;
Come, youngsters in your teens!
But, most of all, hear ye our call,
O bachelors of means!

O come by third-class carriages, and come by Pullman car!
A galaxy of Venuses will greet you at the Gare.
We'll lead you down our little town
And show you all the scenes,
And chiefly you, thrice-happy crew,
O bachelors of means!

We'll take you round our ancient church, suggesting with
sweet smiles
How charming would a wedding look amid these solemn aisles:
Imagine showers of snow-white flowers
About the altar-screens,
And, at your sides, delicious brides,
O bachelors of means!

We'll serve a dainty *déjeuner* with every kind of dish
To show we are such housewives as a bachelor would wish:
Fresh eggs and ham, mint sauce and lamb,
And turtle in tureens—
And you not least we'll try to feast,
O bachelors of means!

Then while you dally sweetly o'er your coffee and cigars,
We'll trill you songs of Arcady like operatic stars;

We'll sing as sang the Siren gang
To wandering marines,
And chiefly you we'll warble to,
O bachelors of means!

And when we've gently sung you into mood of soft romance,
We'll ask you, gay young bachelors, to come and join the dance;
And gaily dressed in all our best—
Bewitching pinks and greens—
With guileless arts we'll win your hearts,
O bachelors of means!

And lastly, as the shadows fall, our torches we will snatch—
A subtle hint that Hymen's brand is ready for the match.
Come, fair and gold; come, grey and old;
Come, youngsters in your teens!
But, most of all, hear ye our call,
O bachelors of means!

A *Times* Correspondent states that one of Admiral Enquist's officers has telegraphed to the *Russ* "claiming that the Japanese shot wildly" in the battle of Tsushima. It is rumoured that evidence to the contrary is about to be raised by our allies, and that it will be found to hold water.

Nothing, it would seem, is sacred to the Kodaker, neither age nor physical ruin, if we may judge by the following notice culled from the *Southern Daily Mail*:

"Lost, a Cabinet Photograph, an old lady, cracked in two."

It is a bad workman who complains of his tools, yet even the best of them may be justly annoyed when his spanner goes completely off its nut.



THE MAN OF THE MOMENT.

KAISER WILHELM. "MODESTY FORBIDS MY SUGGESTING THE RIGHT MAN TO INTERVENE, BUT"—(bitterly)—"I SUPPOSE IT WILL BE ROOSEVELT AS USUAL!"



THE END OF THE WORLD

DISEASES FOR DUKES.

OUR Scientific Enterprise continues,
And still discovers almost every week
A new disease to sap the Nation's sinews,
And justify her decadent physique;
And close to Science, speedy though her flight is,
Fashion on polished foot is pressing fast,
And sees in every novel sort of "-itis"
Exactly what was wrong with her at last.

And this is why we laugh at rank and riches,
For choice of malady is really what
Marks, in a world of common people,
which is
The true nobility and which is not;
We've found a new distinction far more vital,
And far more suitable to modern needs,
Which forms—above the empty claim
of title—
An aristocracy of invalids.

The common man may catch a nervous crisis,
Pneumonia may meet his vagrant whim,
Or any other ailment that suffices
To keep his head up in the social swim;
But there's a *milieu* locked against the lowly,
Where, as it seems, the suitably *élite*
Contract Bradyphagy by dining slowly,—
Tachyphagy from "wolfing" what they eat.

These happy ones, as fate or fancy pleases,
Aided by medical experience,
Can riot in the most obscure diseases
Ad libitum, and blowing the expense;
Till after hours of prandial exertion
They find Hyperphagy becomes a bore,
And somehow feel a horrible aversion
(Misophagy) from eating any more!

THE FORCE OF IMPULSE IN SPORT.

THE following sensible and temperate remarks are to appear in one of the Silly Season issues of the *Spectator* :—

"... is, in a word, this—How far should an athlete permit himself to be carried away by his feelings? Unless he throws himself whole-heartedly into his sport he is, of course, useless. But there is, in our opinion, a limit, beyond which a true sportsman should not pass. Our readers will perhaps remember the case of the jockey who was alleged to have struck the horse of a rival two severe blows on the head during the race for the *Grand Prix*. Another unpleasant incident occurred during the Australians' second innings in the Third Test Match.



- A. T. SMITH -

"O NOBLE FOOL! O WORTHY FOOL!"

Uncle (to Nephew, who has just come into a fortune). "YOU MUST REMEMBER, MY BOY, THAT 'A FOOL AND HIS MONEY ARE SOON PARTED'!"

Fair Cousin. "OH, BUT I'M SURE SAMMY WILL BE THE EXCEPTION THAT PROVES THE RULE!"
[Sammy is delighted.]

TRUMPER, who had then scored ninety-eight, was shaping at one of RHODES' deliveries, when LALLEY, who was standing up to the slow bowler, stretched out a hand, and, seizing the New South Wales representative by the leg, drew him sharply away in the direction of the umpire. The result was that the Australian 'star' was clean bowled. As this was probably the direct cause of the Cornstalks' defeat by five wickets, it is not to be wondered at that some little feeling was aroused in the ranks of our visitors. Professional cycling has also suffered from the prevailing taint. We can make allowances for excitement, but we cannot but condemn the act of 'JIMMY' PILLINGSHOT, who, when riding a neck-and-neck race with 'BOBBY'

BRADSHAW, of Leeds, produced a pistol loaded with swan-shot, and riddled his rival's back tyre. It is time that the sporting public definitely set its face against these practices. Something might be done by way of starting the campaign if all athletes were compelled to leave their guns, bludgeons, tomahawks, and other weapons in the cloak-room before the race or match, as the case might be. In this way, though damage to a certain extent could still be done with the instruments required for the particular sport, much unpleasantness would be averted. But such reforms, though they may alleviate, will not cure. In the main, the matter must be left in the hands of the athletes themselves, to whose good feeling and love for fair play . . .

THE HIGHLANDER.

TAH { AAAAAAAAAAAAAA.....
EEEEEEEEEEEEEE.....

UP and down a thirty yards' stretch of the hot wood-road marches the kilted Highlander, discoursing traditional music from his national pipes. His cheeks are energetically distended; one eye is fixed and glassy, the other, filled with the cold light of calculation, roves from the pavements to the windows above. As he reaches either end of his prescribed pitch he swings round mechanically, whisking his kilts behind him, and remeasures his beat, deviating only now and again to avoid a passing omnibus or cart, with a marked indifference to the jocund comments of their Saxon drivers. To and fro he marches with automatic precision, filling the air with music.

TAH { AAAAAAAAAAAAAA.....
EEEEEEEEEEEEEE.....

A little group of school children stand in the shade cast across the pavement by the tarpaulin above the butcher's shop, watching this new distraction with all the rapt attention of youth. As my eyes fall on them the proprietor, a little bearded man in a striped blue apron, emerges from the deeper shadow within the shop and jerkily bids them move away.

The children reluctantly move a little further along the pavement and the butcher remains, gazing with disfavour upon the approaching figure of the Highlander. After a moment or two he leaves the shade, and stepping out upon the bright road addresses the musician, just swinging round at the end of his beat.

"Move along there," he cries, waving his arm authoritatively. "Further down!"

He remains standing in the sun, his eyes following the retreating kilts. At the same moment a gentleman carrying an inverted footbath on his head arrives upon the scene, and stops in the middle of the pavement.

"'E's a 'Ighlander," he remarks to the butcher with an air of explanation. "Don't you 'ear it's the bag-pipes wot 'e's a-playin'?"

The butcher steps back upon the pavement.

"I 'ear," he observes crisply.

"A 'Ighlander," repeats the gentleman with the footbath. "Don't yer see 'is kilts?"

"I 'ear 'is noise," responds the butcher unsympathetically.

"Noise!" exclaims Footbath in astonishment. "It's the bag-pipes! Ain't you ever 'eard the bag-pipes before?"

"I 'ear 'em now," says the butcher laconically.

There is a pause. The Highlander has halted at the other end of his beat, and turning so as to face one side of the street is blowing with a despairing energy, while both eyes vigilantly scan the windows.

"A 'Ighlander," repeats Footbath, "that's what 'e is. A Scotchman.—My wife's grandfather was Scotch."

The butcher receives this item of information without enthusiasm.

"Hey for bonny Scotland!" cries Footbath with unabated good humour. "Did yer give 'im a penny?"

"I'll give 'im in charge," replies the butcher, "if 'e stays there much longer."

The gentleman in the footbath regards him with a change of expression.

"Ain't yer got no petriotism?" he demands coldly. "Blood's thicker than water, ain't it?"

The butcher turns abruptly and re-enters his shop.

"What about Maggersfontain?" calls Footbath after him. "I s'pose it was *Englishmen* wot got caught on the barb wire was it?"

This is apparently a poser for the butcher, for no reply is forthcoming from the interior of the shop. Footbath turns triumphantly to me.

"Hey for bonny Scotland's wot I say!" he exclaims exuberantly.

Feeling that something is expected of me I observe, "Hoots mon," adding, with some resource I think, "I'm a braw laddie ye ken the noo," which is well received.

"You're like me," he says. "Your blood's thicker than wot water is."

I accept the compliment.

"Wot about Dargai?" he demands corroboratively.

Suddenly mindful of the bystanders I cut short an incipient cheer.

"Wot I say is," he observes sententiously from beneath his footbath, "Scotland is Scotland, and it always was Scotland, and——" he concludes with inspiration, "it always will be Scotland."

I murmur "Hear, hear."

"Shake 'ands," he responds promptly.

I do so, at the same time expressing a hope soon to hear him at Westminster.

Meanwhile there has been a respite from the music, the only sound that has greeted our ears being the occasional dull clink of a copper thrown upon the road. Now suddenly the bag-pipes begin again. The Highlander is sidling slowly back towards us, cheeks distended, both eyes raking the windows as he comes.

"'Ere 'e is!" cries my elated friend. "Bonny Dundee!—Got a penny for 'im, mate?"

I fumble in my pocket. At the same moment the butcher emerges from the interior of his shop.

"Go on! Move on there!" he cries to the advancing Highlander. Footbath turns.

"Where's yer petriotism?" he demands severely. "Ain't a Scotchman got no right t' earn 'is livin's well as an Englishman?"

The butcher pays no attention to him. "D'you 'ear?" he cries to the piper. "Or d'you want me to fetch a pleece-man to yer?"

Suddenly the Highlander, now almost abreast of us, lowers his bag-pipes and speaks.

"'Oo are you a-gittin' at?" he demands hotly of the butcher.

The butcher repeats his injunction to move on.

"Dirty tyke!" exclaims the Highlander, mechanically accepting my proffered penny. "Cawn't yer let a man earn a h-onest livin'?"

He lifts the bag-pipes to his lips again and distends his cheeks truculently.

TAH { AAAAAAAAAAAAAA.....
EEEEEEEEEEEEEE.....

Suddenly he breaks off.

"'Oo d'yer think you are?" he demands scathingly.

He raises the bag-pipes once more, then thinking better of it lowers them again, putting them under his arm.

"You're a meat-seller," he observes, with a manifest joy in the sting of this opprobrium. "That's wot you are. A meat-seller."

He gazes triumphantly at the butcher for a moment, then begins to move off. After a few yards he stops.

"A meat-seller," he repeats over his shoulder. "A dirty tyke wot 'as ter sell meat. A bloomin' meat-seller."

And full of the joy of victory he moves slowly off down the street.

The affronted butcher retires inside his shop. The bystanders are melting away. I look round for the Caledonophile of the footbath.

He is nowhere to be seen.

Sallies in our Gallies.

OF all the jokes the Press reports

There's none, for quip or sally,

To match our DARLING'S—of the Courts—

For filling up the galley!

A Little Behind the Times.

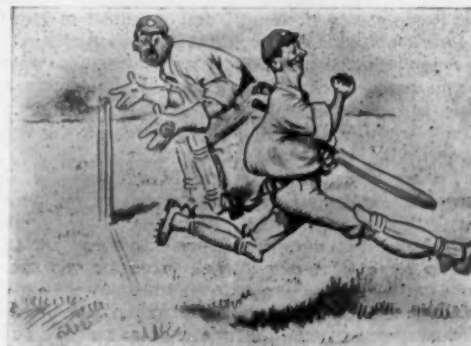
Ancient Village Dame (to Parson's daughter). But tell me, Miss, these 'ere Japs of 'oom I 'ear speak—are they fightin' for us, or for the Boers?

FROM a speech at a meeting of the Associated Chamber of Agriculture.—"A volcano is simmering under motorists, and when the working classes are thoroughly roused by their behaviour the volcano will break forth." No wonder the motorist is apt to scorch!

MR. PUNCH'S GUIDE TO CRICKET PHRASEOLOGY.



"Bowling 'lobs' with three short legs."



"'Hooking' it to leg."



"The Australians fielded well on the floor all day."



"Maclaren and Hayward started for England."



Captain. "Will you take 'cover,' please?"



—He takes cover.

MUCH PLEASURE AND LITTLE PAYNE.

The Spring Chicken at the Gaiety has so much spring in it that, having at once sprung into popularity, it is likely to equal its predecessors in length and strength of run. *The Spring Chicken* would be a croupy, superannuated old fowl, were it ever permitted by astute Farmer GEORGE (EDWARDS) to reach such a stage (not certainly that of the Gaiety, where, as at Bath in Pickwickian days, "no one is old or ugly") of existence as would necessitate its being withdrawn from the weary gaze of its last remaining patrons.

The Spring Chicken is avowedly adapted by GEORGE GROSSMITH, Junior, from *Coquin de Printemps*, and we should say that, if this be a faithful reproduction of the incidents in the original piece, its authors, Messrs. JAIME and DUVAL, were indebted to more than one French farce for the use of the two powders that, respectively, possess the power of restoring youth and of inducing somnolence. When the piece starts, such theatre-goers among the audience as may be still prejudiced in favour of a good plot, even in a Gaiety piece, begin to congratulate themselves that *The Spring Chicken* is going to "supply a want." But these too sanguine persons will soon be disillusioned; the Gaiety spirit, that feeds the lamp of extravaganza effectively shining from its place in the drop-curtain, is not to be watered down, nor is the brilliancy of the flame it feeds to be dimmed by anything so banal as legitimate development of a dramatically constructed plot. So "the Office of M. Babori at his residence, Paris," becomes, instead of a place of steady business, a hall of dazzling light, where there is plenty of "stage-business" going on, where we have anybody and everybody *dans le mouvement*, and what they may have directly or indirectly to do with such scenes as these does not matter to anyone as long as the girls are prettily, and the men smartly, costumed, and as long as there is "go" in all of them, singing, dancing, and behaving as is only possible with the Gaiety choruses in musical plays, in whatever surroundings they may find themselves.

Mr. GEORGE GROSSMITH, Junior, has in the second scene of the second Act a capital comic topical song, introducing most of the theatrical celebrities of the day, who are impersonated by capital caricaturists, and his duett with Mr. EDMUND PAYNE (who, of course, is the low comedian *par excellence*, keeping the audience in a roar as Mr. Girdle) is one of the best things in the piece.

Miss GERTIE MILLAR is delightful; in the first place she can act, and succeeds in imparting to the character of the maid *Rosalie* an interest which the slight plot of the piece does not allow her to develop. Her songs are all good, and all sung with the perfect grace and charm that characterises not only her dancing but indeed all that she has to do. Absurd Miss CONNIE EDISS makes the most of Mrs. Girdle, a comparatively small part, as also does Miss KATE CUTLER of the still smaller part of *Baroness Papouche*. Miss OLIVE MORRELL, as *Madame Babori*, sings a piquant song with taking dance and refrain.

That all the songs are encored over and over again goes without saying. "There is no such word as 'fail'" in the Gaiety Dictionary. At this theatre, when any song, or dance, or dialogue, doesn't "go," it goes off, is heard no more, and is replaced by something that catches on.

Mr. LIONEL MACKINDER makes as much as can be made out of an old-fashioned part of a young and impressionable clerk named *Boniface*, who is always quoting poetry (we have met this party before!); while popular Mr. ROBERT NAINBY as *Feliz*, head waiter at "The Crimson Butterfly," scores a distinct and separate success.

The lyrics by Messrs. ADRIAN ROSS and PERCY GREENBANK are far above the average, some of the rhymes being very original, and, fortunately for the authors, the words are clearly enunciated by the experienced singers.

Messrs. IVAN CARYLL and LIONEL MONCKTON do not rise above

the ordinary Gaiety level in their musical compositions, but they know their business, and wisely give the public exactly what it wants. So the "numbers" and the incidental music are all bright, sparkling, catchy, and there is not a dull moment, musically or Terpsichorically, throughout the entire entertainment.

Altogether, *The Spring Chicken* is not likely to be chuck-chuck'd out for a very long time to come. It is sure to have, what all chickens want, a good run.

THE BRITISH BREAKFAST.

Oh, when one has travelled a thousand miles
By land, and a few by sea, Sir,
There's one little treat that always smiles
To an insular man like me, Sir:
It's this:—when the chalk-cliffs loom in sight,
And you're eager to quit the deck fast,
You know that before to-morrow night
You'll have eaten a British breakfast.

They may talk as they like; but I wish to say
That I don't know a fraud more utter
Than the *café* that's usually called *complet*,
With its roll and its pat of butter.
You think it's a breakfast? Much you know,
With your *Baedeker* book to guide you!
You swallow the lot, and away you go,
With nothing at all inside you.

And before you have handed in the key
Of the room where your modest bed is,
You've a pang of fatigue in either knee,
And your head is as heavy as lead is.
A pestilent buzz invades your ears,
As if from a *soufflet flanqué*;
There's a cold in your nose, and your eyes drip tears—
All due to a breakfast *manqué*.

But think of the sole so fresh and slim,
The sole with his crisp brown coat on;
And honour the cook that fashioned him
For an Englishman's heart to dote on.
What a new strength comes to your arms and legs,
As with appetite still unshaken
You follow the sole with a dish of eggs
On a stratum of streaky bacon!

And someone you know pours out your cup
From a pot she has put good stuff in;
And you sip at your tea, and then close up
Some chinks that are left with muffin.
And I fancy you'll find you are well repaid
If before you have left your post there
You tackle a mountain of marmalade
And an acre or so of toast there.

So I pray that never a change may mar,
Until the old Reaper reaps us,
The meal that has made us what we are,
And as it has made us keeps us.
By the light of the sun that shines above,
Whose rays as he climbed have kissed it,
I pledge you the breakfast Britons love,
Especially those who've missed it.

TOM THE TOURIST.

A CORRESPONDENT who has been reading in the papers about the cheese cure writes to say that he noticed a bit in a horse's mouth in Cheapside last week.

"CONTRIBUTED BY OUR READERS."

[We are indebted to the Editor of *The Suburb-Side* for the following letters, crowded out of his last week's column under the above heading.]

Hopping the Hoop.—The other day, as I was sitting at my window, which commands a view of the croquet-lawn, I amused myself by watching the strange behaviour of a jackdaw. Gravely approaching the left-hand bottom hoop, the bird hopped through in the right direction for croquet; seizing something in its beak it immediately flew away and I never saw it again.—"LOVER OF BIRDS," *Surbiton*.

[Similar instances of bird intelligence will be welcome.—Ed.]

Is the Frog Slippery on purpose?—It has often been stated that all frog-eating animals invariably scrape, scratch, or scrub their unhappy victim with their bare feet before eating him, with the object apparently of getting rid of the slime. Can you tell me if this is really the case?—J. A. L., *Hammersmith*.

[Observation tending to show that the frog is intentionally slimy will be appreciated.—Ed.]

Fatal Affray at Richmond.—In Richmond Park some time ago a wood-pigeon's nest was found which contained a clutch of eggs belonging to the proprietor, and also another egg which had been left till called for by a starling. Close by was the dead body of the latter. Everything goes to show that there had been a violent quarrel as to which egg the starling was entitled to, and she had sustained shocking injuries in the scuffle which subsequently ensued.—"ON-SERVER," *Wimbledon*.

[Authenticated accounts of bird-murder are eagerly solicited.—Ed.]

Can Fish Smell?—With reference to this interesting discussion, about three weeks ago I caught some fish and took them home, fully intending to have them for breakfast the next morning. Business took me away that same night, and I only remembered their existence on reading your excellent little paper in the train to-day. On reaching home I went to my fishing basket, and am now in the position to answer the above query decidedly in the affirmative.—"PISCATOR," *Teddington*.

[Evidence on points such as these would be valuable.—Ed.]

Gruesome Burial Party.—Last Saturday I unconsciously interrupted perhaps one of the strangest ceremonies which any human being has ever been privileged to witness. I was walking on Wandsworth Common when I came upon a small fox-terrier enjoying a nap. Presently I noticed that the dog was slowly sinking into the ground. On closer inspection I saw to my surprise that four burying-beetles were carefully undermining the poor creature with the diabolical intention of interring it alive! The dog woke up

when I whistled, and the beetles quickly made off in the direction of Clapham Junction.—"CAVE, CANIS," *Balham*.

[One would like to know whether others observed this. Corroboration would be invaluable.—Ed.]

OPERATIC NOTES.

Saturday, June 10.—Two days after the Fair. Decorations in honour of the King of SPAIN still adorn the house, which shows a somewhat beggarly array of empty boxes, but the stalls are full, and there is a strong gathering to welcome *Aida*, which is superbly done. Mlle. DESTINY delightful, in splendid voice, acting dramatically and, in fact, making a big success. Madame KIRKBY LUNN's *Amneris* is good but not great. Signor CARUSO as *Radames*, excellent: applauded to

the echo which, thank goodness, does not exist at Covent Garden. Signor SCOTTI as *Amonasro* is a *père magnifique*, "sure such a *père*," &c. M. JOURNET as the High Priest *Ramfis* is not called upon to go higher than the vocal gifts of nature permit him. His Right Reverence has not much to do, but the laity in front and his attendant clergy on the stage, are evidently quite satisfied with his mode of exercising his alto-sacerdotal functions. Scenery gorgeous: orchestra admirable. All old hands playing their trumps skilfully, and Signor MANCINELLI assists in the scoring of one of the big successes of the present season. Opera repeated June 15 with same cast.

In the meantime RICHARD WAGNER still with us. "O Richard! O mon Roi!" as some, and a considerable number, loyally exclaim. *Die Meistersinger* and *Tannhäuser*, with HANS RICHTER in the chair. For details see previous records.

Friday, June 16.—MELBA as the Bohemian Girl, and CARUSO as the Bohemian Boy in PUCINI's *La Bohème*. The Hulloo-Bellew and Regular-

Stock-company Choir of Boys in Second Act. "What price MELBA?" Extra four shillings on guinea orchestra stalls; for which the public is given, in exchange, MELBA's Notes.

Saturday, June 17.—GOUNOD's *Roméo et Juliette*; Mmes. SELMA KURZ and PARKINA being, respectively, *Juliette* and *Stephano* the page-boy, "with a song."

At the Leeds revival, according to the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle*, "there have been a thousand converts, the greatest blackguards being reached. Sceptics, church organists, and lady authoresses had found salvation, and it is stated that one of the Leeds Labour leaders was influenced by the revival."

We anxiously await the comments of Miss MARIE CORELLI and Mr. WILL CROOKS, M.P.

MOTTO FOR THEATRICAL MANAGERS (adopted from certain barn-door methods in the cricket-field).—Always "play for a draw."



First Houlet. "BLOW MY FEATHERS! WOULD'N'T YOU LIKE TO BE A PEACOCK, DEAR?"

Second Houlet. "NO, THANKS. FANCY MAKING LOVE WITH ALL THOSE EYES ON ONE! I SHOULD BE TOO BASHFUL."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IN spite of the unwieldy length of its title, *What I have seen while Fishing and How I have Caught my Fish* (FISHER UNWIN) has already gone into a second edition. Possibly



Mr. GREEN was right. As an old angler he knows the proper length of line, and has certainly caught the public. My Baronite has never qualified for the Presidency of the Anglers' Association held by Mr. GREEN for twenty-seven years. To be quite frank he knows nothing about fish beyond passing acquaintance made at the dinner-table.

That this breezy narrative, brimming over with fun, should have held such as he in thrall is a special tribute to its attractiveness.

"If it's 'sensation' you want," read *The Scarlet Bat*, by FERGUS HUME (F. V. WHITE & Co.), but the reader is hereby considerably warned by the Baron that, except for the novelty of the ultra-sensational melodramatic situation in the penultimate chapter, there is nothing out of the ordinary Fergus-Hume-ous scheme of story to repay anyone for the trouble of attempting the elucidation of the mystery. Given a wet day in June such as we have lately experienced, and this book may relieve ennui. Mr. HUME's method, almost invariably, is to commit a murder in the first chapter, and spend the remainder of the book, barring the two last chapters, in trying to discover "who killed Cock Robin."

Looking back from the pinnacle of his eighty-sixth birthday, Mr. FREDERICK LEVESON GOWER recalls memories of *Bygone Years* (JOHN MURRAY). They were placid but not uneventful. His family relationship with men in the foremost rank of public life gently pushed him to the front. He sat in the House of Commons through thirty-three memorable years. His genuine merit, untrumpeted by his own speeches, was recognised by Mr. GLADSTONE, who in succession offered him two important posts. One was the Postmaster-Generalship, which to-day carries Cabinet rank. The other, Chief Whip of the Party, an office upon whose due fulfilment the life of a Ministry frequently depends. In knowledge of men and affairs, in tact and in all the qualities that inspire confidence, Mr. LEVESON GOWER would have made an admirable Whip. My Baronite doubts whether his imperturbable good nature, his extreme desire to add to the pleasantness of other peoples' lives, would not have handicapped him in a post at which the late Lord KESSINGTON for some years bristled. To tell the truth there are two episodes in this gentle life that strike one as incongruous. Being in India Mr. GOWER went out tiger hunting. Later in life he joined the board of direction of the great firm of ARMSTRONG & Co., who make big guns to slay people withal. In the first instance he got up a tree and surveyed the scene from that coign of vantage. As to ARMSTRONG & Co.'s business, he apologetically writes, "I will only say that I abhor every war of aggression, but consider it the duty of every Government to be adequately prepared for defence."



Mr. LEVESON GOWER has known most famous folk who have lived and worked during the last three quarters of a century. His Memoirs make a delightful book, vocal with the talk of a genial, cultured companion.

Lord ELGIN is not so well known as many men who took a less prominent part in the making of the British Empire. Tardy but effective justice is done to him by Mr. GEORGE WRONG in his monograph, *The Earl of Elgin* (METHUEN). He came

to his predestined work sixty years ago, at a time when the necklace of the Colonies hung heavy on the languid throat of England. His first mission was to Jamaica, an island he governed from 1842 to 1845. Thence he went to Canada, where he earned an early tribute of rotten eggs hurled by the Colonists, and after seven years' sojourn left amid salvos of regretful farewell, the most popular man in the Dominion. In the meanwhile he had established the principle of Colonial self-government, which bears fruit in to-day's splendid prosperity of a lusty offspring. The handy man of the Empire, whenever there was difficulty at its extremities the Ministry of the day looked to Lord ELGIN for help. He went to China in 1857, the first barbarian Ambassador who appeared in Peking insistent on ratifying a treaty. Forty-seven years ago he concluded a commercial treaty with Japan, foundation of the present intimate friendly relations of the Island Kingdoms. He completed a second mission to China in 1860, and finished a splendid career as Viceroy of India, where at the close of his first year he died in harness. My Baronite finds in the volume the story of a noble life fitly recorded.

In her latest novel, *Just as it Was* (furnished with a brilliant binding by its publishers, F. V. WHITE & Co.), "JOHN STRANGE WINTER" gives us a disappointing story which, commencing well, turns out to be only a commonplace record of generally uninteresting events in the lives of a very ordinary set of individuals, six in number, equally divided, whom we will represent by "A., B., C." male, and "D., E., F." female. "A." is in love with "D." and "D." with "A.," but "A." jilts "D." and marries "E.," who only accepts him out of pique, because, a letter having miscarried, "E." has had no answer from "C." (with whom she is in love, as he is with her) who marries "F." (sounds rather "confoozelum," doesn't it?) The jilted "D." in the meantime has become the devotedly attached wife of "B." When these couples have been married for some years the couple "A. E." turn up unexpectedly in the society of "B. D." and "C. F." Whereupon "A." who is not living happily with "E." and is still in love with "D.," makes an unsuccessful attempt to ruin the conjugal happiness of "B. D.," while "E." would have utterly upset the domestic felicity of "C. F." but for the, in this instance, lucky circumstance of "E.'s" being in a rapid decline, and so, before she can do very much harm, "E." makes her exit from this weary world. Such a story, briefly told, might have proved about as interesting as one of Poet CRABBE's village tales; but, spun out to 290 pages of ordinarily readable-sized print, it is, though beginning well, a stodgy bread-and-butter-missy sort of novel, hardly worthy of the clever authoress of the inimitable *Boodle's Baby*.



From "Messrs. Sawyer, late Knockemorf."

Surgical Query. What is the most simple and at the same time most effectual treatment for any one with water on the brain?

Scientific Answer. Give him a good tap on the head.

From the *Liverpool Daily Post and Mercury* :—

HOTEL PROPRIETORS. — "Bus, seat eight; also rubber-tired Governess; cheap.

Many governesses have been tired, but not like this.

CHARIVARIA.

THE Russians have not scored so many successes in the War that one would think they would want to hide any. Yet a *Daily Telegraph* correspondent is the first to tell us of a smart little affair in which a body of Cossacks attacked a Japanese field hospital, and practically annihilated all attached to it, even burning the medical supplies and surgical instruments.

Advices from Sahara state that the entire Empire feels deeply humiliated at the recent escapades of its Sovereign.

The sensational reports to the effect that the new Penny Steamboats were turning out to be Twopenny-halfpenny ones prove to be exaggerated.

A member of the Lowestoft Council has complained of the number of stray dogs on the beach, and has declared that they were driving people from the town. The licensed fly-proprietors certainly have a grievance here.

The miscarriage of justice by which a prisoner was made to serve a month's imprisonment instead of a fortnight's is, we hear, to be rectified in a common-sense manner. The victim is to be allowed to commit a further crime for which the sentence would be two weeks' imprisonment, without receiving any punishment whatever.

The constant strain of driving motor-cars is said to be responsible for a form of nervous break-down which shows a decided tendency to increase. One certainly comes across a number of cars afflicted in this way.

Two cars were smashed in the French eliminating trials for the Gordon-Bennett race. We should have thought that this was carrying the idea of elimination unnecessarily far.

"Eat all the sweets you can, if you would be strong," says HACKENSCHMIDT. The great wrestler will now, we understand, be elected an honorary Vice-President of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

The *Lancet* has published an article pointing out the danger of talking and eating at the same time, and it is felt that a powerful blow has been struck at the practice of speaking with one's mouth full.

Enigmarelle, an automaton which does several things on the stage almost intelligently, is attracting more attention at the Hippodrome than many similarly gifted actors think it is entitled to.



NO EXCUSE FOR NOT BELIEVING.

"THEN YOU DON'T BELIEVE IN PHRENOLOGY?"

"NO, RATHER NOT. I ONCE GAVE ONE OF THOSE FELLOWS A SOVEREIGN TO READ MY HEAD, AND, AFTER FEELING IT A LONG TIME, ALL HE SAID WAS, THAT I HAD NO IDEA OF THE VALUE OF MONEY."

The title of Mr. SUTRO's forthcoming play is *The Way of a Fool*. This is clever, as we shall all go to see whether we have been libelled in it.

The Best Ways Out of London has just appeared. The title strikes us as being gratuitously rude.

We understand that the publishers of *The Masterpiece Library* are being inundated with manuscripts for inclusion in that undertaking. In the same way many young authors, we hear, used to

forward their works to the editor of *The World's Classics*.

As regards the Statutory Commission on the Army Stores Scandals a foreign gentleman writes to point out that the provision that any person who gives false evidence will be liable to the penalties for perjury will press more hardly on some witnesses than on others, and asks if this is our boasted British justice. He suggests that the evidence shall be taken on oath, but that there shall be no penalty for perjury.

AN END OF DANCING.

"Nunc arma, defunctumque bello
Barbiton hic paries habebit."—HORACE, *Carm.*, iii. 26.
"UNARTH, EROS."—SHAKESPEARE, *Ant. & Cleo.*, Act iv., Sc. 14.

TIME was, a few brief lustres back,
When in the many-damsel'd dance,
Ere I had grown supine and slack,
It was my purest joy to prance
The whole night long,
Returning with the milkman's matin song.

My waist was relatively alim,
And to the waltz's amorous flow
None brought a lustier turn of limb,
A lighter, more fantastic, toe;
It was a treat
Merely to sit and watch my mobile feet.

But now the jumping movement jars
Upon a frame maturely stout;
And when I've borne a dozen bars
I find my wind is giving out;
I wheeze; I puff;
I tell my partner I have had enough.

And while I undergo repair,
And she, impatient, paws the ground,
I ask myself what brought me there,
Why should I go careering round,
Hustled and hot,
And talking unimaginable rot?

Dear JOAN (contemporary flame)
Is now a fixture by the wall;
And JOAN the Second, with the same
Red hair that held my heart in thrall,
Has not, I see,
Inherited her mother's taste for me!

Such, roughly, be the reasons why
At 10 P.M., replete with food,
When o'er a pipe my pensive eye
Betrays the after-dinner mood,
I loathe to rise
And irk myself with choric exercise.

Ah, Ladies, you whose halls of light
Lament the dearth of dancing males,
Have pity! Though my heart is right,
Think of the solid flesh that quails!
Ask me no more
To pound with ponderous foot the shining floor!

And you, Terpsichore, the One
I wooed the most of all the Nine!—
Now that my palmy days are done,
Now, ere my drooping powers decline
By further slumps—
To you I dedicate these pious pumps! O. S.

Should Motors carry Maxims?

UNDER the title "Murderous Magistrate," the *Daily Mail* printed some observations made by a barrister who reproves Canon GREENWELL for remarking from the Durham County Bench that if a few motorists were shot no great harm would be done. The same paper subsequently published an article headed, "Maxims for Motorists." Retaliation in kind is natural, and a maxim is an excellent retort to a canon. But why abuse the canon first?

VEGGERS IN CONCLAVE.

(Special.)

THE International Congress of Vegetarians, owing to the pressure of politics and cricket, was most inadequately reported in last week's papers. Mr. Punch is happily enabled to supplement this deficiency by the notes kindly furnished him by some of the principal speakers.

Mrs. WALLACE, the head of the Wallacite sect, who do not touch salt or white bread, related a curious story of a vegetarian boy of ten who once remarked, "I wonder what my future wife is doing now. I do hope she is not injuring her health by eating white bread." No carnivorous child would ever have exhibited such tender solicitude. Whatever might be alleged against Vegetarians they were never guilty of priggishness.

Mr. J. A. PEASE, M.P., wished to enter a strong protest against the hostile attitude assumed towards beans by certain Vegetarians. It was true that PYTHAGORAS had advised his contemporaries to eschew beans, but as ROTHENBÜCHER had pointed out in his masterly monograph on the Samian philosopher, the phrase was not to be interpreted in a literal sense. It merely meant that they were to abstain from politics, beans being used as counters in the ballot.

Mr. BERNARD SHAW reluctantly agreed with the last speaker. He liked to give everyone beans, as became a conscientious Fabian, a society which derived its name from the Latin word *fabia*. The pedantry of some Vegetarian purists, continued Mr. SHAW, led them to paradoxical extremes. For example, how could a man be healthy if he had no pulse?

Mr. ANDREW LANG said that he was proud of being a Wallacite. He was in short one of the "Scots who hold wi' Wallace bread." Attic salt was occasionally permissible, but the true aim of diet was to diffuse sweetness and light. As he was no mathematician he never could tell how many beans made five. JOHN KNOX was certainly not a vegetarian, and knew nothing of totemistic eschatology, hence the imperfections in his strangely mixed character.

Dr. ROBERTSON NICOLL emphasised the fact that the Kailyard school of literature rested entirely on a vegetarian basis. GEORGE MEREDITH had written a novel called *Farina* in praise of whole-meal bread, and he had the best authority for saying that when Mr. HALL CAINE was writing *The Eternal City* he lived entirely on spaghetti and Neapolitan ices.

Mr. THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON wished to put in a word for pines as the most satisfying and palatable fruit. They could be grown anywhere—he had raised some splendid specimens at Putney—and could be eaten with impunity at any time, preferably before sunrise.

Mr. G. R. SIMS attributed his robust health entirely to having subsisted so long on an exclusive diet of mustard and cress. The Vi-Koko-Kings from whom as an hereditary knight of St. Olaf he was lineally descended were enabled to perform their famous feats on the fjord largely owing to their abstinence from meat. He thought it worthy of note in this connection that BALDER the Beautiful—whose title was a contradiction in terms—was alleged to have a palace in the Milky Way.

Sir OLIVER LODGE said that he varied his food according to the subjects on which he was occupied. Thus for Higher Criticism he took cranberry tart and Stilton cheese, for motoring an abundance of nuts of all sorts and sizes, for skirt-dancing jumping beans, while for Bimetallism he restricted himself rigidly to an 18 carrot lunch.

Mr. EUSTACE MILES finally pleaded eloquently for the berry diet, which he humorously noted was only connected phonetically with the complaint of beri-beri. The nomenclature of some fruits, he added, was not by any means satisfactory, and he suggested that an alternative name should be found for the gooseberry, which had a decidedly carnivorous innuendo.



SPORT OF THE WINDS.

(The Imperial Weather-vane.)

DIARY OF THE LATE RUSSIAN NAVY.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Now that Russia has, for the last time (if we except certain subsequent occurrences), ceased to exist as a naval Power, it is an opportune moment to consider the extraordinary career of its Navy during the last sixteen months. I cannot claim to be an expert in technical matters, but I have followed the course of the war very carefully in the pages of my *Daily Mail* and *Times*; and have kept a diary of the ups and downs (if I may say so without being thought to jest) of the Russian Fleet. I append this for the benefit of your readers.

February 8, 1904.—War breaks out. *Czarevitch* and *Retvisan* torpedoed, and placed out of action for the rest of the war. *Sevastopol* rendered useless.

February 9.—*Poltava* and four cruisers placed out of action for the rest of the war. The Russian navy practically ceases to exist as a fighting force. Naval fight off Chemulpho. Russia definitely ceases to exist as a naval power.

February 10.—Japan virtually obtains command of the seas. March 9.—Russian destroyer sunk. Russian navy ceases to exist as a fighting force.

April 13.—*Petropavlovsk* sunk by a mine, and may be regarded as out of action for the rest of the war. Japan obtains command of the seas.

April 25.—*Vladivostok* squadron suddenly appears and sinks Japanese merchant steamer. Balance of power restored.

July.—British vessels stopped by Russian volunteer cruisers. Russian navy branded as filibusters. More British vessels stopped. Russian navy branded as piratical freebooters.

August 23.—*Sevastopol* again rendered useless for rest of war.

September.—Russia discovers that it has a Baltic Fleet. Baltic Fleet regarded as a cipher.

October.—Baltic Fleet makes several false starts. Japan undoubtedly mistress of the seas.

October 21.—Hull fishing fleet fired on. Russian navy branded as cowards, drunkards and poltroons.

December 3.—*Czarevitch*, *Retvisan*, *Poltava*, and many other ships broken up by Japanese naval brigade, and may be regarded as virtually out of action for the rest of the war.

December 12.—*Sevastopol* again rendered entirely useless.

January, 1905.—Baltic Fleet settles down at Madagascar. Russian navy branded as drunkards and poltroons.

April.—Baltic Fleet arrives at Kamranh Bay. Russia discovered to have a slight preponderance in battleships which effectually restores the balance of power.

May.—Russian navy keeps on leaving Kamranh Bay, with excellent chance of victory.

May 27-28.—Russian navy sinks, and so loses control of the Eastern Seas.

May 29.—Russian navy ceases to exist as a fighting force.

May 30.—Escaped ship arrives at Vladivostok. Nevertheless Russian navy practically ceases to exist as a fighting force.

June.—Russia sweeps British commerce from the seas.

My diary ceases here, Mr. Punch, but I open my papers in daily expectation of seeing that the *Sevastopol* has again been rendered useless. It is certainly time for it.

Yours faithfully, (Rev.) THOMAS LEMUEL.

FROM a recently published Guide to North Wales:—

"Beaumaris Castle (founded by EDWARD I. 1295) is in splendid preservation, and in the courtyard there are no less than four lawn-tennis grounds.—The massacre of the bards is said to have taken place here. Admission 2d."

We are not surprised at this tragedy. Players in tennis tournaments have before now been put off their game by the band, and lost their temper.

CONSOLATION.

YOUNG man, you have a wild and wintry air;
Strange moods of silence (tempered by profanity)
Drive you aloof; your eyes emit a glare
As of insanity;

Last night you groaned till nearly four o'clock;
To-day you have not shaved; you did not eat your
Herrings; young man, you must have had the knock
From some fair creature.

Well, it's a thing we all of us go through.
These trivial hurts have driven most men frantic
More or less regularly—I, like you,
Am most romantic.

But be consoled. The wound is quick to heal.
Before another month has rolled behind you
You'll be surprised to find how glad you feel
That She declined you.

(Ah, but you say, your love must needs endure:
Time could not make your ardent fires wax colder!
Couldn't he, though, my friend? You wait, till you're
A little older!)

Marriage is no light matter. Once it's done,
It's done for good and all; if things miscarry,
There's no way out of it—and that, my son,
Would be Old Harry.

Just for the sake of argument, assume
That, having donned the matrimonial fetter,
You came across another maiden, whom
You liked much better.

(Never, you cry! CLORINDA stands alone,
Peerless in charm, unrivalled in her graces!
Yes, we have all said that, but I have known
Some painful cases.)

Think, too, how surely up the female sleeve
There ever lurks that universal dagger,
Which makes each daughter of her mother, EVE,
A latent Nagger!

Potential, maybe; but one never knows!
E'en this fair thing, with whom you strove to pair off
So wildly and so vainly, if she chose,
Could nag your hair off.

Young man, there be two teachings of the Wise,
Potent to soothe the pangs of disappointment:—
"Brevity is the Soul of Love"—and "Flies
Can spoil the Ointment."

'Tis not in mortals to command success;
And, if you come to look at matters coolly,
It's just as well; so you need not distress
Yourself unduly. DUM-DUM.

More Commercial Candour.

"SUITS FROM 35s. TO ORDER.
BEWARE OF FIRMS THAT COPY US."

The Irish Bull in India.

(From the "Rangoon Gazette.")

FOR SALE.—ELEVEN ELEPHANTS, Male and Female, priced low to effect speedy sale. Full particulars from PAT DOYLE, No. 11, Brooking Street, Rangoon. Note.—Four of the above have been sold.

In the *Daily Mail* a firm advertises "CORRECT BILIOUSNESS—FREE!" "Mine," writes a Correspondent, "may not be the correct kind, but I wish for no other."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Tuesday, June 20.

—Admiral HENRY FREDERICK STEPHENSON, K.C.B., Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, knows a thing or two, including value of that half-sheet of note-paper whose agency in political life PRINCE ARTHUR has popularised. HENRY FREDERICK has heard how in recent times a predecessor, despatched to Commons to bid honourable House to repair to another place to hear Royal Commission read, stood speechless by the Mace, his tongue cleaving to roof of mouth, refusing to utter the well-conned lesson.

That might do for the Army; quite in keeping with business ways at War Office. For a man who entered the Navy just fifty years ago, has served his country in all seas and climes, such catastrophe to be avoided. So Black Rod borrows half a sheet of note-paper; writes down the text of his message; tacks across the Lobby; crosses Bar of Commons close hauled; brings up by the Mace; and, taking the half sheet of note-paper from his locker, in loud voice, suggestive of use of speaking-trumpet in westerly gale, hails the skipper in the chair at the Table, who in default of a sou'-wester has clapped a bob-wig on his head.

Message bids the Commons repair to the Lords to hear the Royal Commission read preliminary to the Sovereign's assent to election of LOWTHER (J. W.) to office of SPEAKER. From the Distinguished Strangers' Gallery fourscore-years-and-four look down on the scene in manner modelled on that of the Pyramids observing the march of NAPOLEON's army in Egypt. 'Tis the father



THOROUGHLY JUDICIAL; OR, A COURT OF NISI (PAUL) PRY-US.

"Bob" Reid. "What do you think, Bannerman? Suppose we sentence him; he's sure to be guilty—he always is!"

of the new SPEAKER, who took his seat for Westmorland thirty-eight years ago, holding it for just a quarter of a century. When WILLIAM LOWTHER came to play his quiet part in the historic scene over which his son to-day presides, GLADSTONE was in the prime of his strength, approaching with rapid stride the height of his power. The Member for Westmorland heard his most famous Budget speeches; was in his place when he introduced measures for the Disestablishment of the Irish Church and the Emancipation of Irish Land; saw Army Purchase abolished, the Ballot Act passed, compulsory education enacted.

Few of his contemporaries of PALMERSTON's time survive. For himself, he retired from Parliamentary life when GLADSTONE returned to power in 1892. Comes back to-day hale and hearty to see his son installed in Speaker's Chair amid acclamation of all sections of party.

A proud moment for the father; a well-earned prize for the son.

Business done.—LOWTHER (J. W.) inducted in Speaker's Chair. Long known him in lower position at the Table, flouting the afternoon sunlight with dinner dress, worn in capacity of Chairman of Ways and Means. Now transmogrified by full-bottomed wig dazzlingly new, glossy silk gown and shoes with silver buckles. Wonderful how much the stately dress adds not only to dignity but to authority. LOWTHER a pretty hard nut for Irish Members and

others to crack when he sat, white-neck-tied and swallow-coat-tailed, in chair of Committees. In stately garb of First Commoner he, as CAPTAIN TOMMY BOWLES swears, presents all the difference between a frigate under full sail and a tug-boat on duty.

Members on both sides hear with pleasure of early action of new SPEAKER. Has appointed as his Private Secretary the son of his predecessor, thus maintaining a link of personal connection between the House and one who, through ten years of peculiar difficulty, earned in the Chair its esteem and affection. "TED" GULLY inherits the business capacity, unaffected good nature, and pleasant manner of the late SPEAKER. He knows his business in every detail, and, not less essential to the smooth working of things at Westminster, he knows how to carry it on without making enemies.

Wednesday.—The stars in their courses continue to fight against PRINCE ARTHUR. A week ago things were beginning to look pretty well. That pesky fiscal question had for the moment subsided. Either DON JOSÉ had squared him or he had squared DON JOSÉ. Anyhow some kind of a bargain had been patched up. Seated on Treasury Bench, with head forlornly held in hands, PRINCE ARTHUR in silence heard DON JOSÉ declare that there was in the matter "no essential difference between his right hon. friend the PRIME MINISTER and himself." It was true one had declared in favour of taxing



"Hails the skipper in the chair."
(Black-Rod Admiral Sir Henry Stephenson, K.C.B.)



The "Laird, Advocate" shepherds the Scotch Estimates.

food, whilst the other protested he could never think of such a thing. That seemed vital. It was merely verbal. In fact the more they differed the more it was *la même chose*.

At question time fiscal affairs had retired into the background, leaving room for Mr. WEIR to resume his old predominance. From time to time Mr. BLACK, emerging from his study with marks of a wet towel palpable on his lofty brow, propounded one of his elaborate conundrums, designed to elucidate PRINCE ARTHUR's attitude towards fiscal question in general and the Member for West Birmingham in particular. PRINCE ARTHUR too old a bird to fall into net thus elaborately spread in his sight. In form judiciously brief, acid with satire, or genial with humour, he made non-committal answer.

By thee, thee only, could be sent
Such gentle mists as glide,
Curling with unconfirmed intent,
On that green mountain's side.

"Delightful!" said the MEMBER FOR SARK. "It proves afresh how the poet is prophet. When WORDSWORTH wrote his musical invocation to May he must have had floating in his mind some forecast of PRINCE ARTHUR in a tight place talking to the House of Commons. Can you imagine anything more precisely or picturesquely descriptive of his answers and speeches on the fiscal question than 'curling with unconfirmed intent'?"

That all very well for the fiscal question. Suddenly, from unexpected

quarter of the horizon, fresh cloud gathers. In a moment, after much ominous murmuring, down comes thunderstorm of disclosure of Ministerial ineptitude, administrative stupidity, guilelessness of Hebrew army contractors in respect of stores in South Africa. The wildest fancy of the most bilious romancist could not have conceived stories such as are told in matter-of-fact manner in Report of the Butler Committee. A babe in arms, offered five-pence for its feeding-bottle on the understanding that it should be promptly resold to it for ninepence (plus charges for storage and depreciation) would turn up its infantile nose in scorn. Yet in the undisputed evidence given before the Committee there is a close parallel with this imaginary case. Only the babe in arms would be found shrewder than were the War Office, its heads in Pall Mall, and its emissaries in South Africa.

PRINCE ARTHUR admits the business is very bad, promises inquiry, but is genuinely angry when hon. gentlemen opposite insist on holding His Majesty's Ministers responsible. Just now practical Mr. LOUGH asked "Whether the course adopted towards certain officers implicated by the Report of the Butler Committee would be adopted in the case of Ministers responsible for the direction of affairs. Would they, too, be relieved from their duties?"

"Does the hon. gentleman propose," said PRINCE ARTHUR, glaring upon LOUGH as if he were giving him away with a

pound of tea, "that the First Lord of the Treasury adds to his multifarious duties the supervision of contracts for meat and milk?"

It is really too bad. Hard enough that Don José, having, to serve his private ends, gone mad on Protection, should impose on PRINCE ARTHUR the almost daily necessity of saying nothing in speeches or answers assuming to define his position on phases of the fiscal question. On top of it to come responsibility for the breaking out in fresh places of War Office blunders is more than the gayest courage can bear up against. The business of His Majesty's Ministers is to administer Imperial affairs from snug offices in or near Downing Street, and to keep C.-B. out. If things go astray, if millions of public money are wantonly wasted under the eyes—actually with the collaboration—of officers of a particular department, it is regrettable. PRINCE ARTHUR will appoint either a Select Committee or a Royal Commission to inquire into the matter. But even to imply that the SECRETARY OF STATE, autocrat of the Department, is in any measure responsible for the systematic procedure described in the Butler Report, is more than long-trained patience, cast-iron endurance, can stand without angry protest.

Business done.—Royal Commission on Army Stores scandals promised.

FROM a notice at the Garrick Theatre:—
"Owing to loss of voice, Mr. SYDNEY VALENTINE will play *Jack Froisher* at this performance in place of Mr. BOURCHIER." Mr. Punch has not the heart to wish Mr. VALENTINE a swift recovery of his vocal organ, if by the loss of it he gains so good a chance.

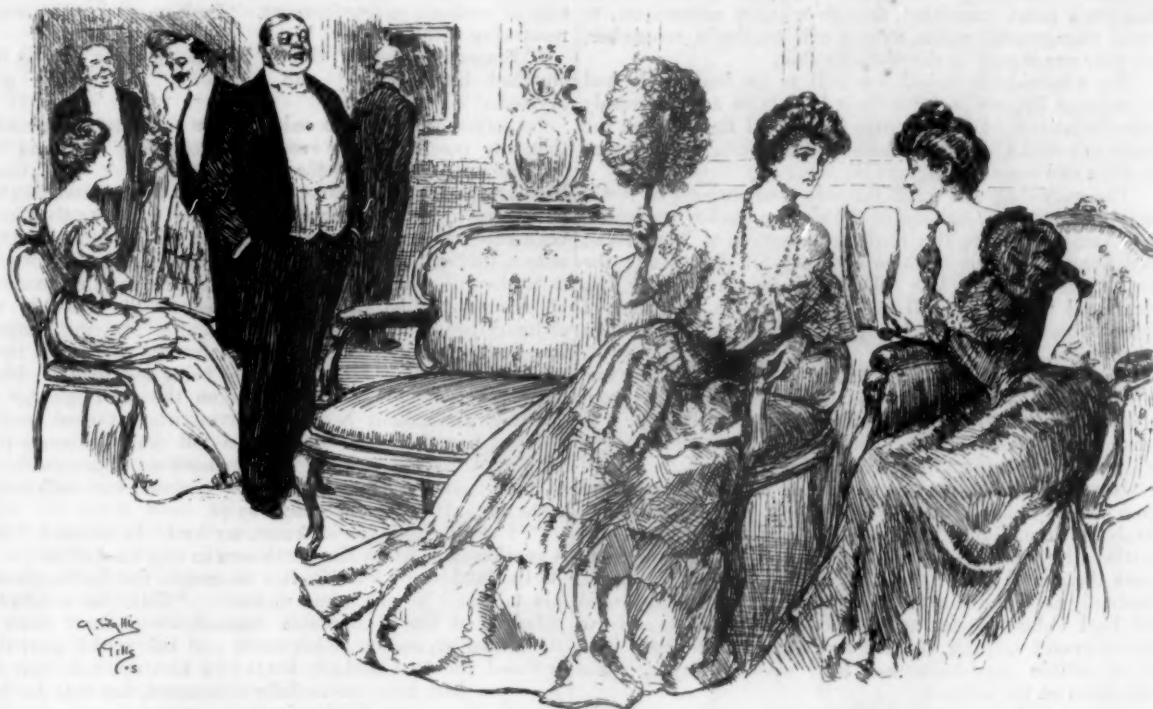
In a leader on the sinking of a German steamer by the Russian auxiliary cruiser *Don* (formerly the Hamburg-American liner *Fürst Bismarck*), the *Irish Times* says, "In this case the Germans 'winged the arrow that impelled the steel.'"

As a combination of BYRON's lines,

- (1) "Winged the shaft that quivered in his heart,"
- (2) "Nursed the pinion that impelled the steel,"

this is excellent fooling.

At the Pan German Congress Dr. HASSE said that the surest means of maintaining peace was "to double our naval armaments." This advice was received with "loud cheers." Dr. HASSE is clearly very far removed from what his name implies. He must be written down a Hasse, but he isn't one. ¶



Lady A. "HERE COMES THAT DREADFUL MAN WHO SAT NEXT TO ME AT DINNER. HE HASN'T THE MANNERS OF A FIG!"
 Mrs. B. "HOW FUNNY! I THOUGHT HE HAD!"

THE MAGIC H'S.

(A Society Story of Up-to-date Diablerie, in Three Parts.)

PART II.

"HIPPERHOLME'S Guardian Fairy," continued my seedy acquaintance, "on hearing his account of the lurid scene that had transpired at the cross-roads, naturally expressed strong disapproval of his proceedings. She considered he had acted most imprudently in having any dealings whatever with a fiend, who was almost certain to do him in the long run. HAROLD replied that this one seemed a decent sort enough, and had made no attempt to bind him by any obligation whatever, and that, anyhow, he was several millions of h's to the good by the transaction.

'But I understood,' said the Fairy, 'that six of those h's are—to use your new friend's slightly common expression—"wrong 'uns"?"

'So they are,' said HAROLD; 'but what are half a dozen out of all those millions?"

'Still,' she said, 'if but a single one of the six were to slip out in the hearing of Lady ICILIA or her father before she has become your bride, it would suffice to undo you!'

"HAROLD said that, according to the theory of probabilities, it was uncommonly long odds against a wrong 'un turning up at all.

"The Fairy retorted that, probabilities or no probabilities, he might take it from her that it *would*.

"In that case," he said, 'I think you might have warned me before, instead of after, I had embarked upon such an enterprise as this.'

"She said that it was his fault, not hers—for, if his previous conduct had not been so invariably discreet that her office was practically a sinecure, she would never have

felt free to take a brief holiday, during which all the mischief was done. 'Fortunately, however,' she added, 'it is not too late to repair it—even yet. Take this talisman,'—and here she handed him a small crystal locket, containing a model of a ladybird coloured after Nature, but lacking in finish—in fact, just such a trinket as you may see in almost any jeweller's window, marked as low occasionally as eighteen-pence, though the price will vary according to size. 'Take this,' she said, 'and should any vowel escape you at some unguarded moment unattended by its rightful aspirate, you have merely to touch your locket, and all will be well!'

"Immediately after her departure HIPPERHOLME attached the charm to his watch-chain, though he did not, even then, expect that he would ever be reduced to put its powers to the test. That same afternoon he repaired in rich apparel to the Earl's portals, and, giving his full name to the butler without the slightest effort, was ushered into Lady ICILIA's presence.

"At first she could scarcely credit him when he gave her the joyful intelligence that the sole obstacle to their union was now removed—but when she had the unspeakable happiness of hearing him triumphantly reel off a long string of words beginning with h, and including such compounds as 'hedge-hog,' 'heart-whole,' and even 'hen-house,' her last doubt vanished, and she acknowledged that he could now speak to her parent with no fear of the peppery old peer summoning his menials to eject him from the premises.

"If HIPPERHOLME behaved with some lack of candour in encouraging Lady ICILIA to believe that his proficiency was the result of the lessons he had taken in Elocution, we should not condemn him too harshly on this account. How few of us in his situation would have had the moral courage to admit the dubious means by which such h's had been actually obtained! Rightly or wrongly, he preserved his sinister secret to the end.

"Lord STONISTAIRS, when HAROLD applied to him for his daughter's hand, consented, though without enthusiasm, to a trial engagement, which, as you will no doubt remember, was duly announced in the *Morning Post*.

"But a formidable ordeal was still to be faced. He had to undergo inspection by ICILIA's high-born and extremely critical relatives. For this purpose the Earl had invited the family to partake of a sumptuous and *recherché* High Tea at his town residence in Belgrave Square.

"The gathering was small but select, comprising as it did ICILIA's aunt, the Duchess of MARSAYE and her daughter, Lady FRESIA DEBBOOTT; the Earl and Countess of NORTHPOLE; Lord NORMAN BEAUOE (another cousin); Sir BASIL ISKE; the Hon. MEDUSA GLATRE; Mrs. "JACK" FROST, and one or two others—all names that will be familiar to you, and some of whose owners you have probably met in Society on more than one occasion."

[I could not remember ever having even heard of any one of them—but does there breathe an Englishman with a soul so dead as to confess to ignorance of his own Peerage? I murmured an assent from which almost any inference might be drawn, and the Stranger proceeded:]

"HIPPERHOLME was a trifle nervous at starting; he found them rather difficult to get on with—in fact, they literally paralysed him. But Love put him, so to speak, on his mettle. He exerted all his considerable social powers to break the glacial spell, and he succeeded beyond his hopes. Gradually there came a general thaw, until even the proud old Earl unbent so far as to recommend him strongly to have a second helping of ham and eggs, and to rally him, in an affable good-humoured way, upon betraying some indecision on the subject.

"This set HAROLD completely at his ease: 'Since,' he replied, with a graceful deference that sat well upon him, 'Since your lordship is so pressing, I will take another poached egg—without any more 'am.' . . . The word had slipped out before he could prevent it. He had felt so absolutely sure of that h—and it had turned out a 'wrong 'un'!"

"Already the haughty aristocrats around the board were perceptibly stiffening; Lady ICILIA had turned deadly pale; her noble father rose, bristling, with the obvious intention of declaring the engagement 'off'—when HIPPERHOLME suddenly bethought him of the ladybird in his locket. He touched it with frantic haste, and, as he did so, heard himself serenely finishing his sentence with—'biguity.' He was saved! He regained his former control of aspirates, and by the time the powdered lackeys appeared to clear the table he was now fully recognised as one of the family. All the same, it had been an unpleasant shock for the moment, though the effect soon passed from his memory. He told himself that it was over, and most unlikely to occur again.

"Nor did it, for several delirious weeks—and then, once more, he found himself on the very verge of a similar abyss. He had been invited, together with his fiancée and her father, to join certain members of the Smart Set in an excursion to Epping Forest, and the distinguished party was driving in a break drawn by four spanking steeds along an avenue of magnificent beeches. The sense of intimacy with such a company, the charm of Lady ICILIA's society, the azure sky, the glorious sunshine, the surroundings generally, all contributed to render him intoxicated with sheer happiness. He became almost lyrical in his ecstasies.

"'Oh the relief,' he exclaimed, 'the unspeakable refreshment, for jaded worldlings like ourselves, to escape—if only for the day—from the fevered social round to such rural scenes as these! To revel in the scent of bracken, the song of birds, and the 'um——' He broke off in horror; he had intended to say, 'the hum of insects'—for the flies were unusually persistent that summer—but another spurious 'h' had perfidiously betrayed him!

"'Yes?' said the grim old Earl, who sat opposite, in a tone of sardonic encouragement. 'Pray proceed. You were remarking, "the um——"'

"'Brageous foliage!' HAROLD just managed to gasp as he clutched his talisman—and, as before, the danger was averted.

"Another interval succeeded of such absolute immunity that the possibility of ever again omitting anything so obvious as an aspirate seemed unthinkable. . . . And then, like a bolt from the blue, out came a most unmistakable wrong 'un! He had arranged to escort his betrothed to a Gala Fête, which was one of the principal functions of that season, and which Royalty was expected to attend. It was at Rosherville Gardens, and Lady ICILIA, having in a moment of caprice insisted that the party should go down by an ordinary penny steamer, HIPPERHOLME, after arraying himself in a faultless frock-coat, had, very naturally, thought it more prudent to put on a billycock hat as being less likely to blow off. When he joined the others on the landing-stage at Charing Cross, Lord NORMAN BEAUOE, who, as usual, was in a blue striped lounge suit and a tall white chimney-pot, permitted himself to pass some remark on HAROLD's choice of head-gear. It was not precisely a sneer, but sufficiently so to nettle HIPPERHOLME's high spirit.

"'I would have you to know, my lord,' he retorted, 'that a gentleman can look the gentleman in any kind of 'at!' . . . As the fatal word left his lips he caught the Earl's eye and his talisman at the same moment. 'Tire,' he concluded calmly, and the ill-concealed discomfiture of Lord NORMAN, the milder expression of his uncle, and the proud glow that suffused the face of Lady ICILIA told him not only that his *faux pas* had been successfully obliterated, but that he had actually risen a step higher in their esteem!

"What wonder then if, when the date of their nuptials was fixed and the invitations issued for the ceremony, he ceased to have any further misgivings? And yet, little as he suspected it, beneath the roses which strewed his path to the altar there lurked still another pitfall, and the moment was fast approaching when he would see it yawning in front of him—and *this time*—!"

"Was, I should imagine," I put in, suppressing a tendency to imitate the pitfall, "exactly like the other three. If not, what on earth was the good of giving him a talisman at all?"

"Don't be in such a hurry!" said the Stranger, patting me significantly on the chest (he had a most unpleasant habit of pawing me about in the course of his narrative). "Wait till you have heard the sequel."

We had by this time arrived at Bond Street, and I *did* wait for the sequel. As I was getting out at the British Museum, I could not very well help myself.

F. A.

A REMONSTRANCE.

"AN INDIGNANT ENGLISHMAN" writes to us saying that in the *Times* report of the first appearance of the new SPEAKER when presenting himself before the LORD CHANCELLOR Mr. LOWTHER was attired in "Court dress, without any robes, and having a bob-wig on his head." Our correspondent asks what necessity was there to mention the place where the bob-wig was worn? Except "on his head," where could he possibly have worn it? But more important is it to inquire why, with all the wealth that England can command, should Parliament be unable or unwilling to expend more than a shilling on the wig that represents the concentrated wisdom of the House of Commons? Had we been informed that Mr. LOWTHER was wearing a five-guinea wig of exquisite texture, or, better still, a superior ten-guinea wig, then the dignity of the office would have been upheld. But a shilling shocker, "a bob-wig"! What next? Will the SPEAKER come to be grudging even a sixpenny wig, or a second-hand one at threepence?

WOOD NOTES TAME.

[Being a summary of Lord AVEBURY's fascinating and erudite speech on Wood at the presentation of prizes to the Carpenters' and Joiners' Exhibition.]

THE life of a tree, Lord AVEBURY began, was often compared to that of a man, not always to the advantage of the latter. A hundred years was a life—indeed, a long life for a man—seldom reached and scarcely ever exceeded. It was nothing for a tree, combining with the strength of age the spring and elasticity of youth.

Solid in its substance, his Lordship proceeded, wood was ethereal in its origin, wonderfully and mysteriously built up from the air of heaven and water derived from grateful rain, worked up by the exquisite machinery of the delicate and lovely leaves.

Into our houses it brought the sunshine of young and summer days, the moonlight of summer nights. It filled them with the sweet scent of innumerable flowers, the freshness of mountain air; it seemed to combine the charms and advantages of the delicious warmth of summer and the bracing cold of winter.

Wood was useful in one thousand ways, and beautiful in one thousand ways; you might destroy it, but you could not vulgarise or degrade it.

When BEN JONSON wrote a volume of poems, what did he call it?—*Timber*. Wood everywhere, "O ancient wood," as the poet said. What was the title of his friend Mr. MAURICE HEWLETT's most popular romance?—*The Forest Lovers*. Were those present, his Lordship inquired, not all forest-lovers? Ah yes, indeed.

As the poet said, "Heart of oak are our ships." How true that was! Heart of oak. Nowadays of course iron was exclusively used in shipbuilding; but in the past the poet's words were only too true. Heart of oak. One of the best of the friendly societies was called the Foresters. How nice it was to think of friendliness in the forest! Alliterative too. "Alliteration's artful aid," as the poet said. There were also Buffaloes, but for his purpose, his Lordship remarked, the Foresters were more suitable. Not that his Lordship had anything against the Buffaloes. Far from it. Although inferior in interest to an ant, bee or wasp, the buffalo was yet a noble creature.

In Holland shoes were made of wood; and in desert islands fires were lit by rubbing two pieces of wood together. What lessons we might read here. As the poet said, "You in your small corner, I in mine."

We owe everything to wood. Look at the War Office. Where would they be if their heads were made of any other material? Look at English music. Was



MR. MUGWUMP'S MISFORTUNES.

(The Adventures of a Beginner.)

NO. 2.—MR. M. DISCOVERS THE ONE KIND OF FLY THE TROUT ARE TAKING; BUT, UNFORTUNATELY, HE HAS ONLY ONE OF THE PATTERNS, AND THAT IS FIRMLY FIXED IN THE MOST INACCESSIBLE PART OF HIS BACK.

it not mainly in the hands of a Wood? Look at the stage. Was there not a TREE in an exalted position?

Wood is of universal utility. If it were not for wood, what should we sit on? His Lordship could hardly think of cast-iron chairs as articles of indoor furniture, however they might suit esplanades and pleasure gardens. We have wooden chairs and wooden tables. The backs of hair-brushes were often made of wood—far safer than celluloid, which had a habit of ignition. In the

words of the poet, "The inahogany tree!" or, as his friend the late Lord TENNYSON put it, "the immemorial elm."

One of the hardest of woods was called *Lignum vitæ*, the wood of life. Was that not an allegory, for is not life hard too? And yet, just as the circular saw can overcome the hardness of *Lignum vitæ*, so can a cheerful heart overcome the hardness of life.

Let us then, his Lordship concluded, never despise Wood. Wood has come to stop. [Loud and prolonged cheering.]



OUR FÊTE.

Village Worthy. "IT AIN'T SO BAD FOR SLOWCOMBE, MUM; BUT, LOR' BLESS 'EE! 'TAINT NOTHING TO WHAT THEY 'UD DO IN LONDON!"

FOR OUR METROPOLITAN MERCURIES.

ON certain rare occasions *Mr. Punch* ventures to plead for some cause that thoroughly deserves the public's heartiest support. Now, ladies and gentlemen, he earnestly calls your attention to the "*District Messenger Boys' Seaside Camp*." Started just five years ago, the fund has, so far, successfully achieved its object. Within that time nearly two thousand five hundred boys, without any charge to themselves, have enjoyed their annual week's holiday at Felixstowe, being taken there and back by *Belle* steamer. Although it sounds like a contradiction in terms, yet is it true to say that everyone who gives a cheque to these proceedings will thereby encourage the performance. Address your donation to Sir THOMAS H. C. TROWBRIDGE (the very best form of "Bridge"), 7, Drapers' Gardens, E.C., for account of "*District Messenger Boys' Camp*."

N.B.—Be careful, when speaking of this fund, not to omit "seaside" before "camp," as otherwise "*Messenger Boys' Camp*," as pronounced, might produce a wrong impression. We are assured that, among the whole lot of 'em, there is not "a Boy Scamp."

CONTRARY to considerable experience an evening *fête* at the Botanical Gardens a week ago went off in perfectly fine weather! Was this because the management defied the elements by giving an open-air performance of *The Tempest*? Being an out-of-door show, of course the Pastoral Players did not require "a drop" (the technical abbreviation of "drop-curtain" dividing the Acts), and fortunately did not get it.

COOK (Plain) wishes situation where deafness is no object.
Advt. in "*Scoteman*."

CONTENTMENT.

GIVE me a lawn that cools my feet,
Close-grown and fresh and soft and clean,
A clump of trees to check the heat,
A flush of roses on the green;

An ancient stream that flows thereby,
With all its thousand smiles displayed;
A hammock swinging not too high,
Well hung within a magic shade;

Three little maids with hair of gold,
Whose laughter scarce disturbs my dream;
A jug of cider icy-cold,
A dish of strawberries and cream;

And for a guardian of our ground,
Well tried through many changing years,
A fond and faithful little hound,
With bandy legs and spreading ears—

And let the world go ringing past;
Let others range from shore to shore;
These simple pleasures bind me fast;
Give me but these, I ask no more.

IN a report, published by the *Manchester Evening News*, of a charge brought against a motorist from Sheffield, we are told that a constable "said he saw the defendant pass a spot where some 76 men were working in a trench laying a cable at 16 miles an hour." Where, now, are the people who talk of the decadence and sloth of the "British workman?"



ON THE TRACK.

BRODRICK AND ARNOLD-FORSTER (to ARTHUR BALFOUR). "YOU 'VE DONE IT NOW!"
ARTHUR BALFOUR. "COULDN'T HELP IT, DEAR BOYS. HAD TO LET HIM GO."



HEAVEN HELPS THOSE WHO HELP THEMSELVES.

Doctor. "WELL, JOHN, HOW ARE YOU TO-DAY?"

John. "VERRA BAD, VERRA BAD. I WISH PROVIDENCE 'UD 'AVE MUSHY ON ME AN' TAKE ME!"

Wife. "'OW CAN YOU EXPECT IT TO IF YOU WON'T TAKE THE DOCTOR'S PHYSIC?"

OPERATIC NOTES.

June 19.—Excellent house for VERDI's *Un Ballo in Maschera*. Royalties present. That this should be so must always be highly satisfactory to the present representatives of composer and author entitled to receive "royalties" for every performance. Opera went magnificently. Signor CARUSO, as *il Duca Riccardo*, in magnificent voice and in best dramatic vein. Approbation from Mr. Punch's Representative is praise indeed, and after such a rendering of this part as was Signor CARUSO's, any inferior performance, to quote Sir HENRY's inimitable *Corporal Brewster*, "wouldn't do for the Dook." The *Oscar* of Mlle. SELMA KURZ is as brilliant as it was when she first played it. Signor SCOTTI as *Renato* gave the "*Eri tu*" with all that power of sweetness that has made this airy tune one of the most popular arias in this tuneful opera. Are there any wobbling Wagnerites here to-night? If so, they must cease to wobble, and, temporarily at all events, vote for VERDI.

It was a nervous time for Mme. JEANNE RAUNAY, whose first performance, vocally and dramatically, of *Amelia* achieved a remarkable and undisputed success. *Amelia* is a namby-pamby name for an operatic heroine, but, curiously enough, a certain young person, introduced by one HENRY FIELDING some years ago into English literary society, bore this same milk-and-watery appellation, and was also associated with a Masquerade, an Opera House, and additionally a Booth.

The foregoing is merely a note of coincidence, and quite a divergence. Let us return to our Operatic lambkins.

In the last Act Mme. SELMA KURZ was at her very best, creating a trilling effect, and in accepting the encore that would take no denial repeated her marvel of vocalism, going one better than before. That thoughtlessly enthusiastic persons would have tripled the encore is probable, but Mme. KURZ, with a graceful Kurzy, declined the honour.

Miss EDNA THORNTON does not put enough powder (not violet powder, but explosive) into her rendering of *Ulrica*, whom she represents as milder than any of the many gipsy women this pretty gentleman has had the fortune (and been told it, too, over and over again) to meet in the days when "he went gipsying a long time ago," to quote the ancient song.

All the rest good. MANCINELLI at the wicket, helping the score and carrying out his *bâton* with honours. Most enjoyable evening.

Once again are we to be rejoiced by a sight of Mlle. BAUERMEISTER, for whose last appearance (alas, that it should be so!) generous Mme. MELBA is organising a Grand Operatic Benefit Matinée, on Wednesday, July 12, when the *beneficiaire* is to bid "farewell" to the public whose devoted servant she has been for so many years. Pity it is that for this exceptional occasion we cannot see her just for once, for the last and only time, in all the various characters she has impersonated so inimitably. The list would be too long, the

fatigue too great. As at present announced, Mlle. BAUERMEISTER is to appear as *Gertrude* the nurse in *Roméo et Juliette*, Mme. MELBA being the *Juliette*. Without much change the clever *artiste* might have subsequently appeared as the wickedly skittish *Martha* in *Faust*, a kind of twin-sister to *Nurse Gertrude*; then she might have appeared as one of the gambling gipsy girls in *Carmen*, and in some other part, such as a fairy, or in any one of her numerous rôles inscribed on the scroll of her operatic fame which could be exhibited, much after the style adopted by *Leporello* when giving a list of gay *Don Giovanni's* conquests.

For the second part of the entertainment Madame MELBA is to appear as *Mimi* in the Third Act of *La Bohème*, with Signor CARUSO as *Rodolfo*, Miss PARKINA and Signor SCOTT being *Musetta* and *Marcello*. There is yet time to alter the programme. Could not Madame MELBA find something brilliantly lively to finish with, sending all home as happy as may be possible after a "farewell" to an established favourite? A scene from the *Barbiere* (Mlle. BAUERMEISTER used to play a small part in this), or from *Don Pasquale*, or from *L'Elisir d'Amore*, in fact from anything gay and lively that may cheer us up a bit, Mlle. BAUERMEISTER included. Why rub in the sadness? Why depress us with the notes of the dying swan in the top storey of *La Bohème*? Worth consideration. I see it somewhere announced that in this last Act of *La Bohème* Mlle. BAUERMEISTER will sing a duet with Signor CARUSO. "It is not so stated in the bond," nor can I see where it is to be lugged in. Certainly Mlle. BAUERMEISTER's name does not appear in the printed cast of this Act of *La Bohème*. Anyhow, we all wish "a bumper at parting" to this most excellent of Operatic artistes.

Thursday.—The new opera, *L'Oracolo*, by Mr. LEONI, was to have been given to-night after GLUCK's *Orfeo*. The *Oracle* being dumb, or rather not quite ready for delivery, *Orfeo*, by a simple process of subtraction, remained alone. Performance commencing at 8.30. Hot summer night, but audience somewhat refrigerated. Difficult to imagine *Orfeo* without JULIA RAVOGLI.

To-night Madame KIRKBY LUNN is the *Orfeo*. She represents only half of that classic-operatic character, being apologised for as rather "off." *Orfeo* with a cold, especially on a visit to the Shades, is to be sincerely pitied, but when, in addition to this, *Orfeo* on his return journey has to face a chilly audience, the effect upon this love-lorn young person might be serious. Not so, however, with Madame KIRKBY LUNN, who, in spite of the *apologia pro voce sua*, sang magnificently. When next she descends to the Shades may I be there, that is, in the stalls, to hear. Costume perfect. Mlle. JEANNE RAUNAY is a splendid classic edition of the fair *Eurydice*, well worth the risk any true lover would run in going to Pluto for her.

M. MESSAGER personally conducted the distinguished visitors through the Shades. Where there is so much descending to be done, it is pleasant to note that the "mounting" was worthy of the best Covent Garden traditions.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

My Nautical Retainer writes: Whether trusting to his own invention, or, as here, collaborating with AGNES, his wife, EGERTON CASTLE has never made a better book than his latest novel—*Rose of the World* (SMITH, ELDER). This partnership, as fortunate as it is rare, furnishes the best possible guarantee for an intimate portrayal of character in both sexes. Handled with the nicest reserve, and held always within the limits of the probable (except, perhaps, in the matter of the English officer's disguise as a Pathan amanuensis to the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province), it is remarkable how many romantic elements have gone to the making of this delightful

book. Everywhere it shows a vivid sense of contrast both in nature and humanity: as between the glare and glamour of its Indian scenes—treated with a sufficient feeling for Eastern colour, but without pedantry of detail—and the half-lights of its Devon landscape about the quiet manor-house; between the rotund pomposity of the Lieutenant-Governor, and the lean hard-bitten taciturnity of *Bethune* of the Guides; between the world-weary *Rosamund*, twice wedded before she learns, almost too late, the passion of youth, and the light-hearted *Aspasia*, in the first dawn of womanhood and love; and finally between the racy, detached curiosity of *Châtelard*, travelling expert in feminine psychology (a most happily-conceived type, with his moral deductions, so delightfully French and futile), and the patient, watchful silence of the man brought back from the grave.

The fundamental idea of the story, the return of a husband, long supposed as dead, to find his wife re-married, does not pretend to be new. But here the old story is told with a difference so freshly original that it gives to the whole design an air of pure novelty. For it is from the study of her husband's last letters and diary, written in the leaguered frontier fort and kept apart, unread, under lock and key, that she learns, with her riper knowledge of life, to reciprocate in thought the passionate devotion which she had been too young to understand when it was hers to take and enjoy.

The authors' style, though here and there it betrays a touch of conscious rhetoric, and at the close declines a little upon that popular conventionality which seems inseparable from a "happy ending," has in the main a natural ease and dignity of movement. While not attempting any great subtlety of analysis, this book is an achievement of real distinction, and, though assured of popular success, is very far removed from popular standards by the ambitiousness of its purpose, and the artistic restraint with which that purpose is pursued.

The Day's Journey (CHAPMAN AND HALL), by NETTA SYRETT, must certainly be ranked among those rare modern novels that, besides well repaying the reader for every minute bestowed upon their first perusal, can be studied with advantage, re-read with pleasure, and recommended to sympathetic friends. The story of *The Day's Journey* shows on the part of the authoress an intimate knowledge of what is best, what worst, or conventionally indifferent, in human nature. This quality of sharp analysis of character is not often to be found in our modern writers of romance. The scenes illustrating certain phases of life are graphically set out in so clear a literary style, and with such strong dramatic force, that the action is brought before us as vividly as if we were spectators of a powerful drama. The Baron, when reading it, trembled for the *dénouement*. He was anxious to learn whether the authoress would be tempted to her ruin by the suggestion of showy originality, or would be satisfied with the result that, logically, the varied action of her characters must bring about? Fortunately for the work and for its readers, she has chosen well and wisely, and with exquisite art has known exactly when to stop. The Baron will reveal no more than this; not for one instant will he set down aught that could possibly detract from the reader's pleasure. It is a story of modern English life, or, more correctly speaking, of London life; but place it where you will, it is independent of any particular time and of any particular nationality, for it is, and will ever be, an old old theme with skilfully effective variations.





IT was during an idle summer walk amid the pines and heather of a Surrey hill that Mr. PUNCH, on one hot day of this very month of June, found himself suddenly and unexpectedly at the white gate of a spacious enclosure in the midst of which he observed an extensive bungalow and a number of young men in strange garb—hatless, collarless, sockless, and sandalled—going through what seemed to be organised although fantastic evolutions.

One of them, catching sight of the Sage and instantly recognising the unexpected but always welcome figure, came quickly to bid him enter, and Mr. PUNCH forthwith did so, and was for the first time in his life within the portals of the new Utopian College for the Promotion of National Efficiency. Entering the central hall of the College, Mr. PUNCH noted the austere simplicity of its decorations. There were no chairs or carpets, but the walls were hung with portraits of various hierophants of the Simple Life, amongst whom he recognised the ascetic lineaments of Mr. ARNOLD WHITE, Lord ROSEBERY, CATO, President ROOSEVELT and the Hon. C. R. SPENCER. In the corner was one of the Professors in the undress uniform of a Samurai preparing China tea in a huge Samovar. After a brief inspection of the class-rooms, laboratories and kitchen, over the door of which was inscribed the legend, "All meat abandon, ye who enter here," Mr. PUNCH passed out again by the main entrance and surveyed the pupils still engaged with stoical persistence in the mysterious evolutions which had already excited his surprise.

"And so it is in these playing fields," the Sage remarked pleasantly, "that the battles of the future are to be won?"

The young man looked at him with sorrow mingled with perplexity. "We have no playing fields," he said. "The very term strikes at the root of our scheme. A field, as we understand it, is a tract of land intended for toil and tillage."

"Then you don't play cricket?" Mr. PUNCH replied.

"Oh, no," said his companion. "Professor BEGBIE is opposed to it. But," he added eagerly, noting that the face of his companion darkened, "we skip quite a lot—half an hour every morning—and we have the most charming scientific breathing exercises."

"Indeed," said the Sage; "and do you bathe?"

"Very seldom. Since the condemnation of Shower Baths by the Dean of Canterbury our code of ablutions has been revised."

"And have you any indoor recreations? You read novels, I suppose?"

"Novels," said the young man firmly, "are forbidden, as tending to impair the moral fibre and interfere with that control of nature which has recently and wisely been said to be man's destiny and his greatest need."

"I see," said Mr. PUNCH, "that I am touching on painful subjects. Permit me to apologise and to request you to instruct me upon the more serious side of your life in this strenuous Utopia."

"Our curriculum of studies," the young man began with obvious pleasure, "has been arranged by one of the greatest and weightiest of modern scientists, Professor RAY LANKESTER. The time-table is as follows:—From 7 to 8 Geology; from 10 to 12 Physics; from 3 to 4 Chemistry, and from 8 to 10 Biology—thus placing in our hands the four passports to that control of nature which is man's destiny and his greatest need."

Mr. PUNCH experiencing and displaying suitable emotions, the spritely Utopian proceeded:—"Professor RAY LANKESTER is, however, only one of the Board of Control. The Chairman is of course Professor WELLS, who called the College into being. Among his colleagues are Professor EUSTACE MILES, Professor BEGGIE, Dr. HAIG, Mrs. EARLE and Baron SUYEMATSU. The last-named pioneer of civilisation has recently introduced bracken into the commissariat department; and we shall take it as a high compliment, Sir, if you will join us at a bracken lunch to-day. I might explain, however, that our meals are silent, since we make a point of chewing every mouthful thirty-three times, and it has been noticed that if one talks one is liable to lose count."

Mr. PUNCH politely excused himself, but expressed a wish to hear more. "Do you," he asked, "resort to Japan for any other customs?"

"Oh yes," said his companion, "we take advantage of advanced civilisation wherever we find it. Our conduct, for example, is regulated by the Code of Bushido, and our physical culture is based on the principles of Ju-jitsu. We sleep in the open air on wooden pillows, like the Japanese, and we abstain from cigarettes, like the Esquimaux. In short, our one aim is to allow nothing to prejudice our control of nature, which is, as you may not perhaps know, at once man's destiny and his greatest need."

"But do reconsider your decision, Sir," he added, "and join us over our bracken and China tea."

"No," said Mr. PUNCH, "I must be going. I have stayed long enough. But before I go let me say that you seem to me to be making a great mistake; you seem in the way of overdoing efficiency as completely as it was underdone in, say, the Supply Department of the War Office after the Boer War. Efficiency is to be gained only by maintaining a level head and a healthy body, working hard and abstaining from extravagances of every kind. A few shrill prophets of evil should not cause us to run to such extremes as you have described to me. To acclimatise exotic habits and encourage anti-social ones can never lead to an efficiency worth the name."

"Be English," the Sage continued, "but be sensible. Eat well and drink well; work well and play well; burn your skipping-ropes and throw away your bracken; talk over your meals and sleep in beds; read good stories and forget scientific catchwords. Above all, don't be prigs."

"And that reminds me," Mr. PUNCH added, "that I have here what is probably the very best antidote to crankiness and educational faddism, and the best guide to a reasonable English efficiency in the world, and also the very safest preventive of taking oneself too seriously——"

And so saying the Sage handed to the young Utopian his

One Hundred and Twenty-Eighth Volume.





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